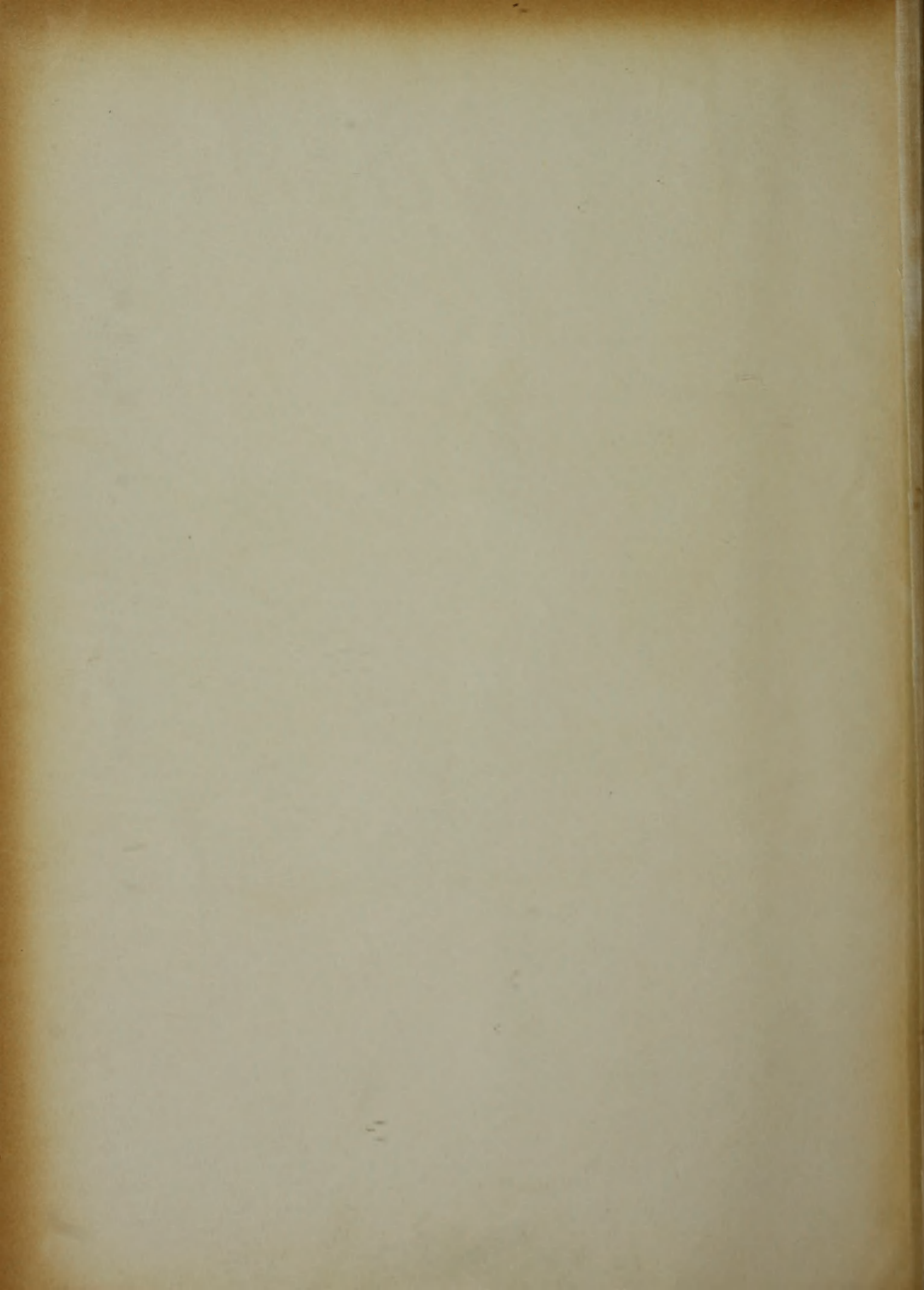




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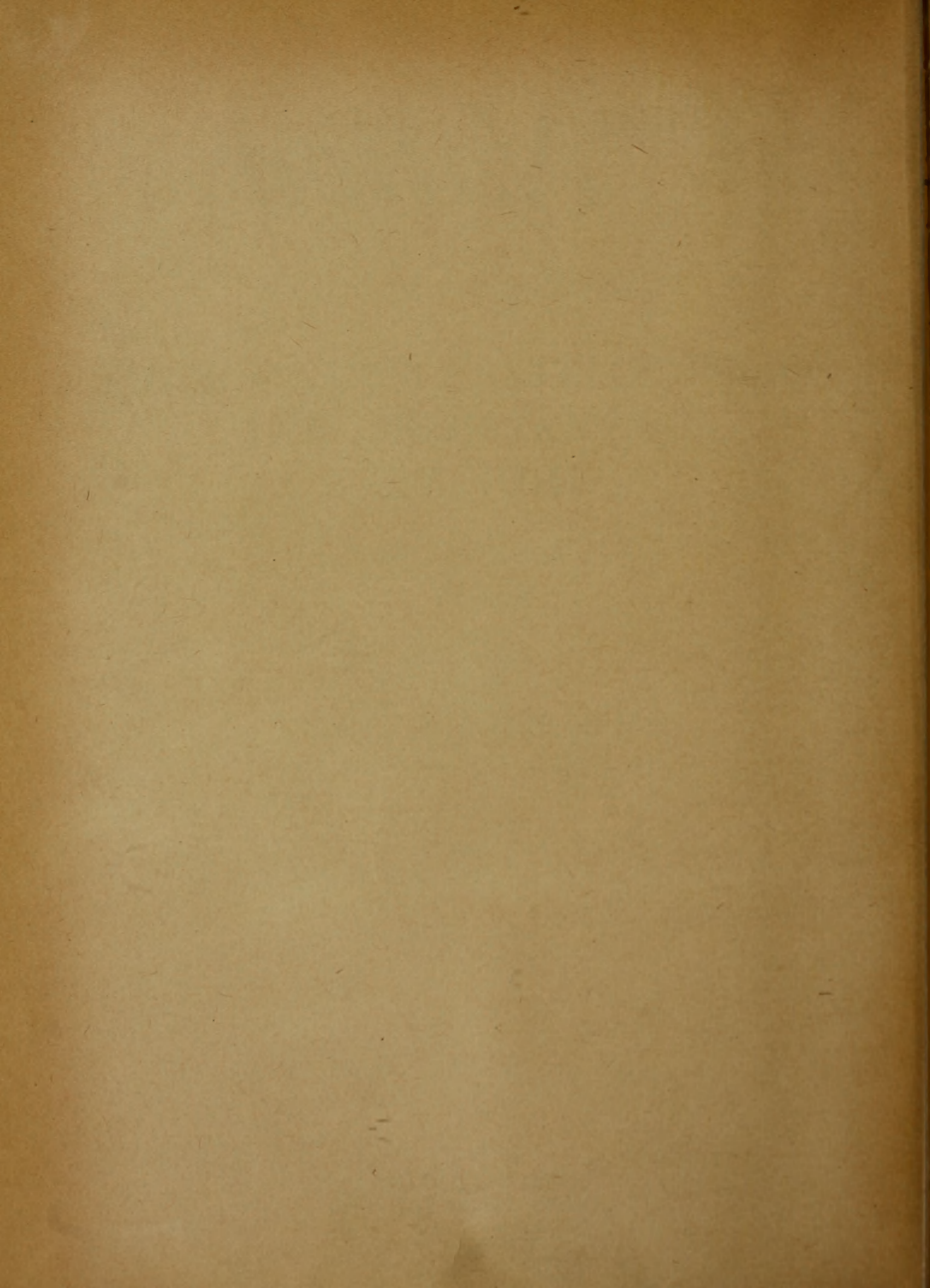
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VOLUME CXLIV

JANUARY 2, 1937, to JUNE 26, 1937

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The Shape of Things

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WITH A GENIUS FOR DOING THE RIGHT thing at the wrong moment, Senator Pittman of Nevada is reported to have suggested that citizenship be taken away from all Americans participating in the Spanish civil war. For years American adventurers have served in the armies of Central and South American dictators who held power only by force of arms. As recently as 1934 American aviators aided Chiang Kai-shek in his struggle against the Chinese red army. Yet the moment a few American idealists enlist in the defense of Spanish—and world—democracy, agitation is started not only to punish future volunteers but to apply it retroactively to all Americans fighting on the loyalist side. The case is but one illustration of the danger of rigid neutrality laws which take no account of political realities. Many others could be cited. Mr. Villard, who supports a mandatory neutrality on another page of this issue, would be the last to deny, for example, that Hitler is the greatest threat to world peace today; yet any policy which would arbitrarily cut off all American trade with belligerents in the event of war would react directly to the advantage of Hitler and to the disadvantage of England, France, and the other democratic states which are normally dependent on American supplies. It is probable that no neutrality policy could keep us out of a war once it was started, but a discretionary policy might be a powerful weapon to prevent war if the United States would throw its economic strength in support of collective security.

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THE CHANCES FOR A BATTLE OF THE TITANS between the President and the Supreme Court in the coming year seem rather slim. The justices have thus far this term shown a new sweetness and light toward state legislation and administrative measures, and the President may be expected at least to meet them halfway. We welcome the new attitude of the court, but we have learned to fear Greeks bearing gifts. We cannot believe that the recent decisions mark a definite change of heart on the part of the court majority. They represent in part a response to the Roosevelt electoral sweep, in part a reflection of the new and more tolerant mood of the business community toward the Administration, and in part the temporary victory of the minority judges, who have throughout been arguing against the assumption of legislative power by the court. But the crucial court battles are yet to come. It is significant that the Labor

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Relations Act cases have been deferred to the week of February 8 to allow Justice Stone time for recovery. This indicates that the decisions, at least in the cases that do not involve interstate commerce directly, are likely again to depend on the "odd man." Meanwhile the sentiment for a constitutional amendment to equip Congress with adequate power seems to be lagging. It is likely to be revived only when labor groups or farm groups have once more felt the impact of the Supreme Court ax.

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HARRY HOPKINS IS FIGHTING FOR A RELIEF budget based on the expectation that we shall have a permanent body of unemployed far exceeding that of the pre-depression years. Specifically he wants an appropriation of \$750,000,000 for work relief for the first half of 1937 instead of the \$500,000,000 generally reported to be the President's figure. Against him is ranged the business man—and his name is legion—who got a dividend check one morning and decided that relief should stop the next. Louis Stark has recently contributed to the *New York Times* a comprehensive survey of the problem of unemployment and relief which should convince every thinking person that a long-range plan of work relief is essential. The ever-rising productivity of labor must throw an ever-increasing number of workers into the discard unless new industries spring up. The WPA is one substitute for non-existent new industries; and business men, if they knew their own best interests, would be the first to support a device designed to bolster capitalism, not destroy it.

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THE TERMS ON WHICH CHIANG KAI-SHEK was released can only be surmised from subsequent political developments at Nanking, but it is probable that they were not unfavorable to the anti-Japanese faction. Chang Hsueh-liang's sensational journey to Nanking has all the appearances of a face-saving gesture by a man who had obtained his demands by rather dubious tactics. The best indication that the settlement may have included a commitment for a firmer stand against Japanese aggression is to be found in the fact that the negotiations were carried out by T. V. Soong, former Minister of Finance, who is known to be strongly anti-Japanese and is being mentioned as the next Premier. It happens that Soong is the one man in China who can command support from both Nanking and the opposition. As a brother-in-law of Chiang Kai-shek, he is tied by unbreakable family bonds to the present ruling clique. His sister, Mme H. H. Kung, is credited with being the power behind the Nanking throne. At the same time he has the prestige of having served in the left Hankow government in 1927, and is the only member of the Soong family who has kept on friendly terms with his elder sister, Mme Sun Yat-sen, the chief spokesman of the left opposition. Soong is an exceptionally able man and is known to harbor ambitions for national leadership. If China is to achieve a genuine united front against Japan, he is the logical leader.

POPE PIUS'S CHRISTMAS BROADCAST, PLANNED to offset anxiety about his illness, has only served to aggravate it. The faltering speech, the painful pauses, and the news that followed of his exhausted condition leave little doubt that this is the last time his voice will be heard. To his successor he will leave a throne that is no longer a rock but a raft tossed on the waves of the world's social and political struggles. Threatened from the right in Germany, from the left in Spain, the Pope, though he took issue in his speech with the "false and fatal" ideas of those "who pretend to be defenders of order against subversion," has more outspokenly aligned the church against the left. By identifying his crusade against communism with opposition to the government in Spain, he has directed the Catholic church, with its more than 330,000,000 members, to become the enemy of any people's-front movement in any future crisis.

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EVER SINCE THE ELECTION OF MIGUEL GOMEZ as President of the Republic of Cuba, Colonel Fulgencio Batista has been telling his best friends that the façade of democratic government would be dismantled immediately after the American Presidential election of 1936. The prediction has been borne out, except that the dismantling took place in December when it had been expected in November. Laredo Bru is now President, but well-informed observers expect Batista himself to take over the office within a short time. Batista is not a lone dictator. He is rather the spokesman for a military junta whose members are also ambitious. With Batista in the Presidential chair, José Eleuterio Pedraza y Cabrera, inspector general of the army, chief of police for the whole island, and officially designated successor to Batista, can become commander-in-chief; this in turn will open the way for promotion to other members of the army clique who are anxious to dip their hands deeper into power and gold. This clique will control, for instance, the appropriation for army schools which Gomez vetoed; and the moneyed classes of Cuba will continue to find such appropriations a cheap enough price to pay for complete suppression of labor unions and strikes.

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WHEN GLASS WORKERS GO ON STRIKE AND shut down 90 per cent of production, the supply of windshields gets low; when the supply of windshields gets low, the automobile belt slows down; when the conveyor is shut off, the need for steel falls off; and when the demand for steel slackens, the noise of the steel mills is muted. In the ensuing silence along the industrial front the mere worker, who has not been able before to make his voice heard over the roar of machinery, can talk turkey to employers who like to think that the machinery and the executive brain are the real creators of automobiles and profits. The lack of unionization in the mass-production industries has given color to that illusion. To William S. Knudsen of General Motors the realization that he could not afford to ignore the demand for a conference with Homer S. Martin of the United

Automobile Workers and the Committee for Industrial Organization must have come as a bit of a shock. By breaking the bottle neck of craft unionism the C. I. O. has loosed strong forces for economic and political change which are already in motion. "The present trouble," as the president of a brokerage firm put it, "differs from previous happenings" in that it involves "dreams of political power" as well as the desire for dues-paying members. N. B.: William Green has issued a statement in which he congratulates the A. F. of L. for its organizing work in the mass-production industries! In the same statement he sets the wage necessary for a family at \$3,600. Given time, the C. I. O. may accomplish even that.

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THE GREAT FRIEND OF SYPHILIS AND THE worst obstacle in the way of its elimination is the taboo under which the subject has been buried. Surgeon General Parran's convention to control venereal disease just concluded in Washington discloses a significant change in the public attitude. Euphemisms are being discarded, and syphilis and gonorrhea are being openly discussed. Indications of the change are the warm indorsement of the conference by Mr. Roosevelt, the series of articles in the *New York Daily News*, the Institute of Public Opinion's poll, which was 90 per cent in favor of a government campaign of public education on venereal disease. These are encouraging signs but they are not enough. While Great Britain has halved its syphilis rate since 1920, while Scandinavia, with a population equal to that of New York State, has reduced its rate to 2,000 new cases annually in comparison to New York's 50,000, in this country syphilis continues to attack half a million persons each year, more than are the victims of scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and automobile accidents put together. With Wassermann tests made a routine part of every physical examination, compulsory reporting of cases, and free treatment for all cases, we could do what Scandinavia has done.

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IN SPITE OF ITS RATHER GRANDIOSE TITLE the new Women's Charter is a good working outline of the present objectives of most progressive women's organizations. It combines demands for equal opportunities in education and public life with a realistic grasp of the need for protective legislation in industry. Representatives of some fourteen organizations, as well as the Department of Labor, collaborated in formulating the charter, which will be submitted to women's organizations throughout the world and ultimately to the League of Nations and the International Labor Office. Obviously the document will meet with objections as well as indorsements. The National Women's Party in the United States has already denounced it for supporting the discriminations implied in protective legislation. Their position is, as always, logically sound and theoretically progressive. Humanly, however, it is impractical and reactionary. As the charter emphasizes, minimum-wage laws and restrictions on working hours are essential for

men as well as women. But in the present phase of our industrial development, to oppose such laws for the protection of women until they can be passed—and sustained—for both sexes is to delay indefinitely the achievement of decent standards.

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WE CANNOT ADD OUR OWN WREATH TO the garlands of praise that have been heaped upon Arthur Brisbane. Granted that he was a successful newspaperman, granted that he had the power of simple speech to reach and influence millions of Americans, one must still inquire into the nature of his success and the way he used his power. His success was tied up with that of Hearst, and he was part and parcel of the degradation of American journalism that Hearst's name implies. He used his power over words to express not the interests of the masses and the middle class who read him but their prejudices. Despite Mr. Roosevelt's delight in "exploring with him the teachings of history and the philosophy of our civilization," he was neither a cultural historian nor a social philosopher, unless those terms are denuded of all meaning. His importance in American life will not lie in his achievement but will be documentary: men will read him in later generations and say, "This is the sort of stuff Americans used to read in those days and think they were reading philosophy." As one compares him with his father, Albert Brisbane, a genuine and militant reformer who saw the possibilities of American life, one can measure in the span the thinning out of the American tradition.

Drift, Not Mastery

EVERY indication is that 1937 will mark time. Neither the program that the Congress now assembling will draft, nor the message that the President reads to them, nor his inaugural address is likely to contain the stuff of decisive action. None of them will be in any real sense progressive. They will be part of a new policy of drift and indecisiveness.

Harbingers of this new policy are already to be seen all around us. The budget-balancing crusade is on. Relief expenditures are being cut. The tax structure may, with luck, stay as it is: it is likely to be revised downward. Further bank legislation is being soft-pedaled, and whatever is proposed will strike a snag in the feud between Senator Glass and Governor Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board. The much-mooted farm-tenancy program is likely to fall short of the projected Bankhead bill. The power program is caught tragically in a Capulet-Montagu tangle in the Tennessee Valley. Further regulation of the security market may be pushed eventually, but investigations now under way will take some time, and some legislation is not probable until the next session of Congress. In fact, the most hopeful activity going on now in Washington consists of investigations. While they are doing much to lay bare the ribbed structure of finance

capitalism, no further steps seem contemplated for tightening the control over the finance capitalists. And as for the vaunted struggle between Mr. Roosevelt and the Supreme Court oligarchy, or the plans for constitutional amendments, they are gone with the wind that blew through the country on Election Day.

Some will attribute the gloomy outlines of this picture to the biliousness of progressives. To us it seems to represent only the obvious deductions and projections of what is happening today in and out of Washington. Paul Ward, who writes on the subject elsewhere in this issue, sees in the whole matter the triumph of bureaucracy over good intentions. But one may go farther and build up a logical defense for the new "mellow mood" that the newspapermen tell us the President is in.

That defense would run as follows: The emergency which originally inspired the New Deal is now over. Recovery, as the recently issued Roper report tells us, is definitely on its way. In fact, it has about caught up with us, the index of industrial production for November being 114, using 1923-25 as a base. There must be an end therefore to the harrying of business with new tax measures and devices for control. The most that the government can be expected to do is to consolidate the positions it has won. The real sphere of activity for the next four years is in foreign affairs. America has a mission to perform in showing that a capitalist democracy can regain prosperity, preserve order, and achieve an equilibrium of social forces. To attempt at this point to push the program of government control farther would be to court the forces which have in Europe produced fascism and revolutionary disturbance.

So runs the argument, and to some it may prove persuasive. But the pity of it is that such an argument should ever be made. If it is the pattern of thought uppermost in Mr. Roosevelt's mind now, he has traveled a good way from the Roosevelt who said as late as November, 1936, "We have only just begun to fight." Can it be that the President is really taking in good faith the cries of "Kamerad!" coming from the National Association of Manufacturers, the newspaper publishers, and others who so recently regarded him as the Antichrist?

We are not arguing for a policy of vengeance. But millions of Americans have supported the New Deal program not only as an emergency measure but because it promised a controlled economy and a progressive social system. Mr. Roosevelt's stature, for them, lay in his decisiveness, the sense that he gave of mastery over an economic system that had formerly been allowed to drift. Our premise is that Mr. Roosevelt was sincere, but that he is now yielding to the atmospheric pressure of business recovery, widespread public fatigue with "problems," and general good-fellowship. And he is thus falling into a policy of drift which must breed dismay.

To be fair to Mr. Roosevelt, one must say that it is a different kind of drift from that of the Coolidge and Hoover administrations. They were concerned to have the sort of government in which big enterprise practically ran the country. Mr. Roosevelt, if we understand him rightly, is concerned with maintaining a balance of social

forces and letting well enough alone. During the depression, when the business men of the country were in panic and their forces were demoralized, Mr. Roosevelt was able to crack a whip over them and give the impression of mastery. Now that business has recovered from its demoralization, he finds that if he wishes to push his program farther he must actually place himself at the head of the common people who voted for him and force the issue. That might mean a social struggle, continued rancor, the sort of class bitterness that has gathered around the Blum government in France. And that Mr. Roosevelt seems unwilling to risk.

The President has a chance in his message to Congress, in his inaugural address, and in his guidance of Congress to show that he has not slackened in his determination to build a progressive society in America. Otherwise the American people may yet see through the illusion of reform governments under capitalist parties. They will know that even the Roosevelts cannot give them the sort of mastery over their economic fortunes which is essential for achieving real living standards. That can come only when the labor forces have put themselves at the head of their natural allies among the farmers and the middle class, and learned to act on a political plane.

Hitler's Tangled Web

GERMANY'S demand that Spain release the steamer Palos has precipitated the most serious international crisis of the Spanish civil war. The Basque government at Bilbao has indicated that it will ignore the demand on the ground that the Palos was carrying contraband materials. This leaves Hitler in a position where he must either intervene openly on the side of the rebels, as he has apparently been requested to do by General Franco, or back down and suffer a disastrous loss of face. The firm stand taken by England and France against the further dispatch of German troops under the guise of "volunteers" makes Hitler's choice doubly difficult. Under the circumstances intervention might lead not only to a general European war but to a war in which Germany's chance for victory would seem extremely slim.

For there can be no question that England as well as France would be arrayed against the Reich in a war growing out of the violation of Spanish neutrality. Somewhat belatedly Britain has realized that its imperial interests would be very seriously threatened by a German occupation of the Iberian peninsula. Reports from London indicate that a French request for an increase in the British expeditionary force in case French North African troops were delayed by German control of the Mediterranean was the immediate cause of Britain's sudden shift in policy. Baldwin was apparently made to realize that inadequate French man-power might enable Germany to seize the Channel ports and possibly invade England before the cumbersome British defenses could be perfected.

There is every indication, moreover, that Mussolini,

under British pressure, has agreed to withdraw his active support of the Spanish rebels, leaving Hitler to hold the bag. Italy has even more reason than England to fear the permanent occupation of Spain by Germany; and success for the rebels under present circumstances would amount to just that. In addition, Mussolini appears to have obtained a substantial quid pro quo from the British government, including de facto recognition of the conquest of Ethiopia and the offer of much-needed financial assistance in exploiting his new African empire. To make the situation even worse for the Nazis, Germany's latest ally—Japan—is torn at the moment by a grave domestic crisis growing out of the German-Japanese pact.

Threatened by complete isolation Hitler is most unlikely to provoke a war. As the result of years of exchange difficulties Germany is practically denuded of important raw materials. Military preparations have not yet been fully completed. And most important of all, the Reich is deficient in essential foodstuffs. While it might be argued that a serious domestic situation is the sort of incentive which would cause Hitler to gamble everything on a foreign war, there is little evidence that the current food shortage has yet created an internal political crisis. On the contrary, the offer of colonies which France is alleged to have made would probably assure Hitler of mastery over the internal situation for an indefinite period.

But the danger of war is by no means eliminated. Hitler will doubtless try to play both sides of the game. He may seek to conciliate Britain and Italy while continuing to support the rebel cause secretly. In this way he may avoid an immediate showdown and yet seek the advantages which would accompany a rebel victory. The difficulty of this course of action lies in the fact that the rebels seem to be beaten unless they can obtain immediate large-scale assistance from the Reich. If this is actually the case, Hitler will be compelled to retreat unless he wishes to be caught in the sort of tangled diplomatic web which he so carefully prepared for the Soviet Union.

Gold Is Dethroned

QUIETLY and without fanfare the Treasury has taken a step which may well have more effect on the economic well-being of the American people than all of the laws enacted by the Seventy-fourth Congress. Hereafter the Treasury will buy outright all newly mined and imported gold so as to prevent it from serving as a basis for potential credit expansion. The former practice of issuing gold certificates to the Federal Reserve system will be discontinued. Similarly, gold exports will be withdrawn without any contraction in the credit structure. This action has been taken as a safeguard against inflation. In the past two years the United States has added approximately three billion dollars to its gold reserves, sufficient for a credit expansion of at least twenty-five billion dollars. While this expansion has not occurred, more than two billion dollars

has accumulated in the Reserve Banks as excess reserves ready to be used as a foundation of an epoch-making boom once the momentum of business demand gets fully under way.

Sympathy with the immediate objectives of the Treasury's policy should not blind us to its rather menacing implications. Before the depression all countries, including the United States, depended on the ebb and flow of gold not only to adjust international prices and standards of living but to mitigate the rigors of booms and depressions. While the system has not worked any too well since the war owing to the imposition of various forms of governmental control, it remains the only known means of achieving an equilibrium of economic forces throughout the world. The Treasury's action constitutes a complete break with the automatic mechanism of the gold standard, and places the United States unequivocally on a managed monetary basis. This is unquestionably a necessary step, but it carries great dangers if the men in control are influenced, as has been so frequently the case in the past, by narrow nationalistic prejudices or are preoccupied with short-run problems. For American monetary policy of necessity has profound effect on the entire world, and a step which may seem to our immediate advantage may ultimately have catastrophic consequences.

It happens that one of the best illustrations of this occurred in connection with a previous attempt to "sterilize" gold. In 1928 the Federal Reserve authorities became alarmed at the huge flow of gold to the United States and took steps to render a portion of the imports "inactive." The move doubtless prevented the 1929 boom from going to greater extremes, but it also prevented a natural adjustment in American prices which would ultimately have permitted gold to flow out again to the hard-pressed debtor countries. Many economists attribute the depression primarily to the "sterilization" policy of the Reserve Board and the board's subsequent failure to raise the rediscount rate quickly and drastically enough.

The same error might easily be made again. Since devaluation American prices have tended to be somewhat below the world level, and any attempt to curb their natural rise might accentuate the unhealthy condition whereby more than half the world's supply of monetary gold lies idle in the vaults of the United States while much of the rest of the world is desperately in need of the metal. Our high tariff makes payment in goods difficult, and a continued influx of gold is the last thing to be desired. The conflict between immediate national interest and world stability was not created by the Treasury's recent action. It existed prior to the depression and was greatly intensified by devaluation. But once we have cut loose from the moorings of an international standard, a much greater responsibility devolves on our monetary authorities. If they are to act in the interest of economic stability, they will frequently have to make decisions which run counter to the immediate interests of powerful pressure groups. Conceivably this is possible even in a society dedicated to quick profits. But we have yet to see it work out that way.

Stubborn Facts in Palestine

JEW S and Arabs struggle for control of the land of Palestine—the dry and bony soil, the barren mountains, the bitter waters of the Dead Sea, the narrow green valley of the Jordan. And their struggle dates not from the World War or the Balfour Declaration but from the earliest incursions of the harried Jews who fought their way into the land some fifteen hundred years before Christ and maintained a precarious and intermittent control until finally under the rule of Rome they lost hold altogether. A sense of the unhappy history of Palestine is useful chiefly as a reminder that the problems besetting the country today are old problems—rooted in age-long rivalries and intolerances and economic suffering. Being old the problems are also tough, and are as little likely to be solved by a British commissioner as by a Roman governor. They are, in fact, not likely to be solved at all. That conclusion should be taken not as the end of hope, but rather as the beginning of wisdom. Admit the fact that a problem is basically insoluble and you may learn to live with it.

To live with the problem of Palestine means first to accept its unchanging elements. One of these is the firm resistance of the Arabs to the idea of a Palestine politically controlled or dominated by Jews. Argue that the Jews have brought to Palestine prosperity and culture and sanitation; argue that Arab leaders whip up the passions of the peasants who, left to themselves, would harbor no anti-Jewish feeling; make a dozen equally convincing points, and the answer remains the same. The threat of Jewish domination will be resisted literally to the death.

Another element similarly to be accepted is the determination of the Jews to stay in Palestine. This, too, is a position easy to assail. Ask any Arab. The Jews are interlopers in a country that they left nineteen centuries ago. They want to run it; they hope to outnumber the indigenous inhabitants, to draw a living for their immigrant millions from a land too poor to feed decently its own population. Under what possible interpretation of the doctrine of self-determination should a people be asked to allow the mass occupation of their land by aliens speaking an alien tongue and demanding superior political rights? Such argument is logical, and futile. The Jews are there. They will stay. More will come. Immigration may be checked or more rigidly regulated, but it will not be ended—either as the result of riots or petitions or commissions of inquiry. Jews may go to Biro-Bidjan or Kenya or Brazil; but no other refuge will wipe out the will to found a home if not a state in Palestine. For racial nostalgia is also an unchanging element.

Another stubborn fact on which both Jew and Arab have gagged is the fact, with all its implications, of British imperialism. After all, it is said, imperialism is the root of the whole trouble—the source of conflict, of economic insecurity. Lift the paw of the Lion and the people will work out their own destiny—or fight it out.

This, too, is a hopeless suggestion. Great Britain needs Jews in Palestine to offset Arab nationalist agitation, to provide an oasis of loyalty and order. But they must be kept dependent on British arms and British financial help, and they must not get an upper hand with the Arabs. Play one off against the other and keep both groups hopeful and insecure. That is not only traditional imperialist strategy; it is the only strategy possible as long as the Empire is to be maintained by force.

So what? If solutions are to be foresworn, what remains? Only the hope of such modest improvements as emerge from the facts, a program that might be described as enlightened muddling. It can easily be sketched, but it will not in practice follow any outline. In the first place it will accept the Arabs' unwillingness to permit the development of a Jewish state, but it will resist their efforts to stop Jewish immigration. It will tie the immigration of Jews to the capacity of the land to support them. It will undertake a careful survey of the potential resources of the country to determine the numbers it can absorb. It will provide for a broad program of reclamation of land and other resources at the expense of the government—on the theory that the Empire should pay at a decent rate to have its chestnuts raked out of the Near Eastern coals. It will encourage Jews to take up new lands and develop them rather than buy farm land already in use, but it will not prevent the sale of land by Arabs when no hardship is caused.

As for administration, it will go on for the present as it is. Much as we should like to support Mr. Viton's scheme for the international control and neutralization of Palestine, a look at the Near East forces us to dismiss the idea. Palestine will be held by Great Britain as long as British control of the Mediterranean and the approaches to the Suez Canal continues to seem of first importance to the Empire. The same may be said of the proposal, frequently made, of a pan-Arab federation, with Palestine as one of its states. That, too, would be rejected by Great Britain unless it were faced with the alternative of a general Arab war; and by the Jews as well, unless they were in a clear majority. But even under British rule much can be done to extend local autonomy, encourage participation of Jews and Arabs in government agencies, and develop education as far as possible as a joint enterprise. Labor restrictions should be done away with as general labor standards improve. But to insist that Arab labor should at this time be allowed to compete with Jewish labor in a free market would wreck the labor movement and play directly into the hands of unscrupulous employers. On the other hand, unions should be freely open to Arab workers. Only organizational unity can end the existing competition.

Zionists must be content with less than most of them want, less than the Jewish masses of Europe need. They must curb their intransigent elements, make heavy concessions to the Arab masses, establish good relations with the more enlightened Arab leaders. Even now in the midst of conflict such men as Judah Magnes and some of the best of the Jewish labor group are supporting such efforts. They should be adopted as official Zionist policy.

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1936

FOR the ninth successive year *The Nation* offers a roster of Americans who, either as individuals or as groups, deserve the applause of their countrymen. In a world in which courage is at a premium, they have been courageous; they have been intelligent when intelligence was sorely needed; in public affairs, journalism, or the arts they have made a contribution, by a particular act or by their general behavior, which is worthy of honorable notice.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS, HARLAN F. STONE, and BENJAMIN H. CARDOZO, justices of the United States Supreme Court, for maintaining in a crucial year and against heavy odds the best traditions of the court.

Three federal investigating committees and their staffs, headed by Senators ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, BURTON K. WHEELER, and GERALD P. NYE, respectively, for painstaking and illuminating revelations designed to protect the Bill of Rights, to examine the more predatory aspects of railroad finance, and to further the cause of peace by curbing the munitions manufacturers.

J. WARREN MADDEN, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, and his associate, EDWIN S. SMITH, for their unspectacular but effective work in implementing the spirit and the letter of the Labor Relations Act.

JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, formerly Railroad Coordinator, now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and ROBERT H. JACKSON, of the Department of Justice, for showing that government administrators can combine courage, character, and expert knowledge.

The STEEL WORKERS' ORGANIZING COMMITTEE; its chairman, PHILIP MURRAY; its regional directors, CLINTON S. GOLDEN, VAN A. BITTNER, and WILLIAM MITCH; and its rank-and-file organizers in the steel towns for their organizing campaign in steel.

HARRY BRIDGES, for his outstanding leadership of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, and JOSEPH CURRAN, for his pioneer work in building a maritime federation on the East Coast.

JOHN L. LEWIS, of the Committee for Industrial Organization, for continuing to give strength and a backbone to the American labor movement.

CHARLES P. HOWARD, president of the International Typographical Union, a craft organization, for his far-sighted advocacy of the principle of industrial unionism as a means of organizing the unorganized.

ELINORE M. HERRICK, for her intelligent work as Regional Director of the New York Labor Relations Board and for her effective management of the campaign of the American Labor Party.

EDWARD S. CORWIN, professor of constitutional law at Princeton University, for his scholarly analysis of the

history and functioning of the judicial power, and especially for his address, *The Constitution as Instrument and Symbol*, at the Harvard Tercentenary celebration.

GEORGE MCLEAN, the courageous editor of the Tupelo (Mississippi) *Daily Journal*, who has for the past year successfully conducted a liberal newspaper in the dark regions of Mississippi, where poverty and political dictatorship have produced our first corporative state.

PAUL C. SMITH, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who went to Salinas, California, to see for himself, in the best editorial tradition, what was actually happening to the lettuce strikers and wrote a series of plain-speaking and vigorous articles entitled *It Did Happen Here*.

JAY ALLEN, of the Chicago *Tribune*, LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH, of the New York *Times*, and LOUIS FISCHER, of *The Nation*, for courageous, informative, and unprejudiced reporting of the civil war in Spain.

PAUL W. WARD, for his reporting of the election campaign, which demonstrates that news writers are likely to be more successful at predicting election results than are the most "scientific" straw votes.

CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE, member of the American Legion, for his pamphlet "Americanism—What Is It?"

ART YOUNG, for his great contribution to the art of the political cartoon in America and for his firm, good-humored faith that the world can be improved—which has persisted against heavy odds for half a century.

The AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES, DUMAS MALONE and the late ALLEN JOHNSON as editors, and an able staff, for the completion of the "Dictionary of American Biography" a work conceived and executed on a plan which makes it unequaled by anything else of the sort in England or America.

H. L. MENCKEN, for the joyous as well as solid scholarship of his "American Language," appearing this year in a completely revised edition.

JOHN GUNTHER, for "Inside Europe," a brilliant piece of journalism which has contributed much to the American public's understanding of European affairs.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, for "The Flowering of New England," probably the most notable work yet written by a man long regarded as one of America's finest critics.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, for carrying to completion in "The Big Money" a trilogy which affords in terms of the novel an analysis of recent American society.

CARL SANDBURG, for "The People, Yes!"—a new poem celebrating, as have all his important works, the American folk tradition as a historical and cultural force.

ROBERT TURNER, for "Daughters of Atreus," one of the most distinguished plays written in this country.

SPENCER TRACY and FRITZ LANG, for their work in "Fury," a courageous indictment of lynching.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Nothing Red but the Tape

Washington, December 28

PERHAPS in the next few weeks, and certainly in the next few months, the national retina is going to catch more than one glimpse of a New Deal aspect that heretofore has been visible only to those of us who, working in Washington, see the Roosevelt Administration at close range. It is, moreover, the New Deal's most depressing aspect. I refer to its bureaucratic trends and, more particularly, to its overwhelming demonstration of the speed with which bureaucrats are made.

To understand what has made this demonstration so depressing one must go back to the New Deal's beginning and recall that the hopes it inspired were in very large measure based upon the character of the personnel it brought to Washington. The army of jobholders that began trooping into the nation's capital in March, 1933, was not the usual horde of boozy precinct runners, police-court bailiffs, ambulance chasers, and assorted party hacks bent solely upon fattening themselves and their kinsmen at the public trough. It was instead—or so it seemed to be—a quite different crowd, a throng of youngish lawyers whose concepts of justice had outlived their contacts with the judicial processes, and of youngish professors whose flair for cold, bold thinking the cloisters had not diminished. And these were merely the leaders of the invading host that promised to raise the civil service to a new high.

The distinguishing characteristic of this throng which comprised the New Deal's one substantial gift to American government was that its members respected facts, knew how to sift and winnow them, and were prepared to follow facts to their logical conclusions. They were objectivists, and hence it seemed that they could never fall heir to the diseases of bureaucracy. But sicken they did. It was only a matter of months before the symptoms began to manifest themselves. Now, less than four years later, most of them are in the final stages of the bureaucratic illness. Their zeal is gone; the only ambition that now consumes them is a desire to maintain their prestige by increasing their duties and powers no matter how needlessly, and by raising the number and salaries of their underlings so that they themselves may, in turn, lay claim to higher salaries, swankier offices, and more resounding titles. Press agents in some departments have become more difficult to reach than the Cabinet members who head the departments. Many bureau chiefs who prior to November 3 operated almost constantly in the public eye have since that day hidden themselves away even from their closest friends outside the Administration.

I realize that what I have said may sound like nothing

more than the grouching of a reporter who is having trouble with his news sources, and that a bill of particulars should be provided. However, you yourself will begin to detect the symptoms of the New Deal's bureaucratic paralysis soon after Congress meets a few days hence. You will notice that in such battles as the coming session produces the participation of the executive branch will be limited almost wholly to quarreling over bureaucratic prerogatives; there will be almost no attempt by that branch to revive the New Deal's early promises and to force legislation of fundamental importance. To be sure, the executive branch is not supposed to have any part in the legislative process under the Constitution, but the truth is that most of the vital legislation passed by Congress is shaped and drafted in the executive branch. It is also true that, under the New Deal at least, the participation of executive departments in the legislative process has not been channeled exclusively through the White House and that in past days of zeal executive departments have contrived to press forward in Congress measures too strong for the President's stomach. As the New Deal enters upon its second term, you will find most of the departments, bureaus, and agencies lacking in anything recognizable as a legislative program, and you will note this down as a manifestation of the lassitude that accompanies the bureaucratic plague.

I use the phrase "bureaucratic plague" to describe not the excessive officiousness usually associated with bureaucracy but that far more dangerous condition in which the jobholders place their personal fortunes and comforts above those of the nation that employs them. That disposition is not confined to the New Deal's bureau chiefs and their underlings. It is alarmingly apparent at the White House, which has never been as zealous about the New Deal's avowed purposes as many of the subordinate officials of the New Deal were in the beginning and a few still are today. It is too much to hope that a Congress even more overwhelmingly Democratic than the last one will show a contrary disposition and carry on where the New Deal's titular leader all too obviously has left off. We may expect instead to see a Congress performing in the true tradition of party wheel horses and party drudges, obediently turning out only those statutes the White House requests or smiles upon and using the brute strength of the majority to crush and stifle minority opposition. We may expect to see the President requesting and smiling upon very little, unless forced into new fields of positive action by developments beyond his control. The chances either for NRA legislation of the O'Mahoney-bill type or for simpler wage and hour regulation are hardly worth reckoning, and there is even less chance of action toward amendment of the

Constitution. The executive branch will concentrate its attention on getting from Congress extensions of its present powers, including the President's monetary manipulation authority and the State Department's power to negotiate reciprocal trade agreements without ratification by the Senate. If Roosevelt has not misled his rich friends, there will be some softening up of the last tax bill.

The Great Peacemaker—who is about to have the most militaristic inaugural Washington has seen since the war years—also seems ready to press for a softening of the neutrality bill to the extent of demanding for himself broader discretionary powers in picking our next war. There will be legislation setting up a form of crop insurance for the benefit of speculative wheat producers—"suitcase farmers"—in the Plains states; meanwhile,

without legislative or Supreme Court sanction, the AAA openly will return to production control, having at last found how to make its "soil-conservation" program perform that feat. Legislation aimed at the farm-tenancy problem but falling far short of the mark is certain to find a place on the session's agenda, but anything properly describable as housing legislation is likely to get little attention. The Social Security Act may come in for some administrative amendments, but its basic flaws almost certainly will be preserved despite fright-born campaign insinuations to the contrary. And the tea leaves indicate that the coming session's record on public-works and unemployment-relief legislation will be worse than that of the last, as a result of Mr. Roosevelt's desire to make a stab at budget-balancing.

Hitler's House of Cards

BY WALTER DURANTY

THE European situation is really simpler than it looks. It can be regarded in two ways. One theory is to sum the whole matter up as the attempt to undo the Treaty of Versailles and redraw the map of Europe. That is a well-known historical process which has been repeated after every war for the last two thousand years. The other theory, which Hitler enunciated somewhat too assiduously at Nürnberg, is that Europe now faces a struggle of rival ideologies, or as he put it, a fight between the benign forces of law and order, known as Nazism or fascism, and the dark elements of barbarism, anarchy, and the destruction typified by Soviet Russia.

Last summer, at the time of the Nürnberg speeches, I was inclined to the first theory and credited Hitler with playing a more subtle game than he was playing. I thought—and wrote—that it was essential to bear in mind that the coming struggle in Europe was fundamentally the attempt of Germany to recover what it had lost by the defeat of 1918. I knew that Hitler had come to power by his appeal to the wounded pride of the strong German nation, that he had said to them, "I will lead you out of the wilderness of despair and defeat and break this wicked treaty which shackled you with chains of gold, which humbled your hearts, and tore away from you the brothers of your blood." That, in short compass, is the substance of "Mein Kampf," which is a not uninteresting book. In point of fact, the golden shackles had already been broken before Hitler came to power. His first act, therefore, was to remove the second cause of German humiliation, which, as it happens, was particularly humiliating to the Germans. I refer to the armament clauses of the Versailles treaty. How Hitler dealt with that problem is a matter of history. He rearmed Germany and one early cold morning last March took the chance of sending troops into the Rhineland. The French might have fought him back and could

legally have called upon the British for help because the forward march of the German legions was an infraction of the Treaty of Versailles and of the Locarno pact. The French did not act for the excellent reason that they were unsure of the support of Britain.

I assumed at the time that Hitler's purpose was clear enough, that he wanted no more and no less than to redress the Treaty of Versailles, which every German felt was an intolerable outrage to Germany. The logical conclusion was that Hitler's next step would be an attack upon the territorial clauses of that treaty—an attempt to bring back to Germany those of its sons who had been torn away from it in Silesia, northern Bohemia; and Poland, and to replace the overseas colonies with nearer colonies like the Ukraine, of which Hitler spoke rashly at Nürnberg. In support of this view one had only to look at the intensive reconstruction of German military power, not merely in terms of troops but in terms of planes and tanks, artillery, gas and munitions, and last but not least the great new motor highways which have been built across the country, aimed like a dagger at the Russian border. That was the obvious deduction and perhaps it was correct. On the other hand, there were the Nürnberg speeches, which I interpreted as an attempt to evade or disguise the issue. I thought that Hitler was trying for the sake of world opinion—which is most important to Germany, as the last war showed—to substitute the myth of a crusade of civilization against the dark forces for the blunt facts of an aggressive war.

Perhaps, at that, I was right. But I am now inclined to think that I was wrong, and that the second of my two theses is the more accurate. The world today, and not only Europe, is in a period of transition no less important than the transition from feudalism to capitalism. I am not trying to talk bolshevism, but I do say that a transition from capitalism to something else—call it collectivism or what you will—is not only inevitable but is

occurring before our eyes. In both Germany and Italy, as well as in Soviet Russia, the restrictions upon the private use of money grow sharper every day, and by private use I mean what Mr. Hoover once termed "rugged individualism" or the right of the capitalist to use his money for his own advantage without regard to social interest. I think Hitler understands this and that when he spoke at Nürnberg he was not just trying to evade an issue but was expressing a much more fundamental truth than he imagined. For the choice is not one between capitalism and collectivism, but between two tendencies within collectivism itself. The issue, as Hitler described it, was between civilization and the dark forces. But the question remains: Which is civilization and which are the dark forces?

Therefore, I now accept Herr Hitler's thesis—backwards. There *is* a struggle of ideologies going on in Europe. It is the struggle of cruelty and reaction against all that noble men from Socrates to Jefferson have fought for throughout history. The Russians understand it too, although—or perhaps because—they have so recently emerged from a state of feudal absolutism. The new Soviet constitution may or may not be functioning completely in the U. S. S. R. today, but it is, nevertheless, a pledge of future freedom. I maintain that the Italian and German systems are unfree and therefore wicked.

But these are theories and one must look at facts, which, as Lenin said, are stubborn things. One dreadful fact of the modern world is that there are three great nations, Germany, Italy, and Japan, which are being driven into war by the pressure of population. The Marxists say that the causes of war are basically economic, and they probably would argue that population pressure is an economic cause. That may or may not be true, but in any case it is *necessary* for a strong and virile people to obtain for itself the standard of living to which it believes itself entitled and for which it is prepared to shed its blood. That, I fear, is the case of these three countries, and that is why I believe that another war cannot be avoided. If, perhaps, the nations richer in possessions and material resources were more intelligent, a compromise might be found. For it is just within the bounds of possibility that in rearming Germany Hitler has understood that unless it is strong enough to be alarming to the others, Germany cannot obtain what it knows to be necessary for its national life. The same may be said of Italy, or even of Japan. There is a very faint chance that the leaders of Europe may recoil from the horror of war, and work out a plan for distributing resources. It would be the intelligent thing to do if the world were ruled by intelligence, of which unfortunately one sees few signs.

As things stand today, however, the World War has already begun—in Spain. No matter what nonsense or propaganda was written some months ago, no one now can doubt that the Spanish civil war was begun by Germany with the aid and connivance of Italy. For a time it looked as if they would win, but there were three reasons against them which operated with all the force Lenin

attributed to stubborn fact. First, there was a revolutionary situation in Spain in the Marxist meaning of the phrase—that is, 90 per cent of the population were utterly dissatisfied and 10 per cent were over-satisfied. That is a thing which people will not endure. The pressure of such a condition made possible the French and Russian revolutions. Its absence in the United States has allowed America to go through the greatest depression in its history with no greater disturbance of the public peace than the somewhat artificial scuffle of the "bonus army" in Washington. The second reason is that the French finally realized that a fascist Spain would expose them to attack on both flanks instead of one. They saw also that it would involve the virtual occupation by Italy of the Balearic Islands; and that, of course, meant the cutting of communications between France and its African possessions. The third reason is that the British, usually slow to make up their minds and always inclined to waver and wobble and wonder and wait and see, became sharply annoyed by the German-Japanese agreement, which trod on their Dutch East Indian toes.

That is a story in itself, involving imperialist rivalries and the enormously important question of oil concessions, but it happens to be true. Germany had overplayed its hand. And so British influence, which hitherto had been, if anything, in favor of the Spanish fascists, suddenly swung the other way. That gave the French the feeling of security which hitherto they had lacked; so they threw in against Franco. I venture to guess that if the Germans should continue to pour troops and planes and tanks into Spain, the French could send three men and three tanks and three planes for every one the Nazis send. And they can do it more easily because they are much closer, and have come to understand that it is pleasanter to fight a war in Spain than to fight it in northern France. Thus the unhappy Spaniards are the guinea pigs of an experiment. If the Germans and Italians dare carry on, they will be foolish, because geography is one of the things which counts in war. If not, Franco will share the fate of Kolchak or perhaps, like Denikin, be more lucky and escape.

As for Russia, which is today the greatest power in Europe, it has at last begun to realize that one of the ways to avoid war is to pursue an active policy. I do not mean that Russia has been as active in Spain as Hitler asserts. But I do say that the Russians also are beginning to feel that war on someone else's territory is preferable to war on one's own. If the Germans are looking for trouble, they may find it rather soon.

My belief is that the Nazi-Fascists will drop their Spanish experiment, but the question which interests me now is whether or not they can successfully pursue what appeared to be, and is generally assumed by well-informed people in Europe to be, the next logical step in Hitler's action, that is, an attempt to reunite with Germany the 3,500,000 Germans in Czecho-Slovakia. Three months ago it looked as if they could have done this successfully, which would have involved German domination of Austria, Hungary, and Rumania. At this point I may be developing my argument too fast to do it justice, but lack of space prevents me from giving it in detail. Three

months ago it seemed that the French would *not* fight for the sake of Czecho-Slovakia, and it must not be forgotten that the Russian pact of mutual assistance with Czecho-Slovakia was contingent upon French assistance too. Today, I think, the situation has changed. For the first time Hitler's hitherto uninterrupted forward march has been sadly checked, not by the defeat of Franco at Madrid but by the tactical error of the agreement with

Japan, which trod on a British toe. That started the French going and that helped the Russians to take some action—if the Russians need help, which I rather doubt—and the result is that German plans in regard to Czecho-Slovakia are by no means so likely to succeed as they were before. This all sounds like the "House That Jack Built." The structure that Hitler is building, however, seems little more solid than a house of cards.

Bill Hutcheson's Convention

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

THE Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, pillar of craft-union opposition to the industrial organization of the mass-production industries, epitomizes in its structure and policies all that is worst in craft unionism. The recent convention of the brotherhood at the Carpenters' Home in Lakeland, Florida, where General President William Hutcheson permits good carpenters to idle away their old age, brought these traits into clear focus.

Craft Imperialism. The brotherhood has absorbed, with or without the consent of the workers concerned, members of the machinists', coopers', bridge and structural iron workers', brewers', longshoremen's, metal lathers', and loggers' unions. "God made the forests," as one man put it, "and gave them to Bill Hutcheson." While the brotherhood inveighs against John L. Lewis as an invader of jurisdictions, it accords itself a jurisdiction as wide as the nation. The general president, says the constitution, "may issue charters to auxiliary unions composed of persons working at an industry where organization would be a benefit to the brotherhood." While denouncing industrial unionism, the brotherhood takes the per capita dues of 74,000 wood workers in the Northwest organized in industrial unions. It virtually sells its union label to any locals which will pay the full per capita tax, and insists that no branch of the diverse industry may have its own label. It exacts what General Secretary Frank P. Duffy called a "service charge" for "non-beneficial" members who wish to enjoy the privilege of a card in the union.

Craft Autocracy. Among its 300,000 members are 130,000 "non-beneficial" members who enjoy neither voice nor vote in the affairs of the brotherhood. As Mr. Duffy told these members at Lakeland, they are in the family only "on probation," and if they do not like it they can get out of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Hutcheson is a potentate. He may revoke local charters, grant "dispensations," decide points of law, appoint organizers, suspend officers, and expel or fine duly elected convention delegates.

Social Backwardness. Mr. Hutcheson repeatedly heads the labor committee of the Republican National Committee; he opposes social legislation—including the demand for a thirty-hour week; he kept the executive coun-

cil of the A. F. of L. from carrying out the command of the 1935 convention to work for a constitutional amendment. Mr. Duffy at the Lakeland convention, calling the role of great Presidents, found good words only for Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and William Howard Taft.

The bugaboo of communism was paraded as though it were not a discredited scarecrow. It served to silence all opposition to the reelection of Mr. Hutcheson. It was used as an excuse for the tabling of resolutions aimed at depriving Mr. Hutcheson of some of his many prerogatives. It was decided that any members who signed "Communist" resolutions were to be expelled. And all critical resolutions were declared to be "communism." "All in favor of the motion rise; all opposed give their names to the secretary," Chairman Hutcheson said in taking the vote. When Delegate Stewart suggested that the constitution of the union grants the members the right to their political views, President Hutcheson announced that he had ruled that communism was not a political theory and that therefore Delegate Stewart was out of order. Delegate Dunn then opined that "every dog that comes out of a litter is a dog, no matter what its breed," and that, logically, every man who "went to a meeting and sang the International" was a Communist. This closed the argument. For the rest, the convention raised dues to \$1 a month, denounced the C. I. O. as a "wild dream," and amended the ritual so that those who are tainted with belief in revolution might be expelled from membership forever.

The disturbing moments to the stand-patters were furnished by the "fraternal" non-voting delegates representing 74,000 woodworkers in the Northwest. The men are members of the vigorous locals of loggers, sawmill, shook, and veneer workers, furniture makers, and cooper-age workers which dealt a deathblow to the company union, the Loyal Legion of Lumbermen and Loggers, in National Labor Board elections. Until the summer of 1935 they were organized in federal locals of the A. F. of L. Mr. Hutcheson suddenly decided that their per capita dues belonged to him, and they were duly turned over by the executive council. The special dispensation granted them by Mr. Hutcheson did not include the right to share in the financial benefits of the brotherhood. The

locals were willing to accept this provision since their per capita tax of 25 cents was lower than the usual 75 cents, but they were greatly pained to find that they would have neither voice nor vote even in those affairs of the union in which they were concerned. Last September they met in Portland, Oregon, and formed the Federation of Woodworkers. They indorsed the C. I. O., demanded democratic rights within the carpenters' brotherhood, asked to be allowed to use the carpenters' label, and insisted on the right to choose their paid organizers. The only response came from a spokesman for the lumbermen who said that he had heard that Mr. Hutcheson was planning to invite in such craft unions as the teamsters, the machinists, and others in order to dismember the Northwest locals.

The demands of the Northwesterners were presented to the Lakeland convention through Duncan Campbell, a beneficial delegate from Longview, Washington. Mr. Duffy at first railed against "these fellows" who were looking Mr. Hutcheson's gift horse in the mouth. He accused them of ingratitude and of permitting a United Mine Workers' leader to address the Portland convention. He challenged them to carry out their threat to secede from the brotherhood and join the C. I. O., promised them "the sweetest fight you ever had," and indicated what the mechanics of this fight would be. Carpenters' locals would be instructed to give the Northwest locals no assistance; and the brotherhood would "notify firms with which we have contracts for the timberworkers

that if they want to continue employing you outside of the brotherhood we will put them on the unfair list and your manufactured stuff won't be handled anywhere."

Mr. Campbell, refusing to be intimidated, reminded the convention that the rebellious locals expected to pay \$150,000 in per capita dues during the next year. At that point discretion seemed to overcome Messrs. Hutcheson and Duffy. They appointed a committee which bargained with Mr. Campbell and the others for more than three days. No complete agreement was reached. Finally the committee reported without the approval of the second party to the negotiations. The convention sanctioned the report, which promised an investigation of the timber industry, ordered that a label be issued to designate "fair lumber," placed several notably anti-union lumber firms on an unfair list, promised an organization drive among the non-union lumbermen, and permitted six fraternal delegates to address the convention. The demands for democratic rights—for some autonomy for the locals and for the privilege of selecting their own organizers—were rejected.

The atmosphere of conciliation and conviviality induced by Florida sunshine and good-fellowship served to mollify some of the fraternal delegates, but it was noticed that the entire delegation departed for Washington to seek council there with Mr. Lewis. Talk of secession has been revived. It will come up again at a special convention which is scheduled for February but which may now be advanced.

Promise of Zionism

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

WRITING as a liberal I shall attempt to demonstrate to liberals why the success of the Zionist enterprise is indispensable to the welfare of European Jewry and of the Arabs of Palestine. It is with special feeling that I write, for I have recently visited most of the important centers of Jewish life in Europe.

In Rumania I came upon the aftermath of a pogrom. In the village of Balaceano I saw Jews sitting like Job in the midst of their desolation but without hope. The sentiment of the masses as well as every agency of the nation's life was opposed to them. Although inhabitants of Rumania for centuries they remained strangers in a strange land, unwelcome, unprotected, and unhappy.

In Poland, where the largest Jewish population of Europe lives, half the Jews are in dire need and all regard themselves as unwanted. I have visited large families living in one barren room and spoken with numberless children who have never even seen meat or sugar. In the dislocated, post-war economy of Poland, cut off from natural markets and resources in Russia, the Jews, never too popular, are being crushed. What

little they have either evokes bitter envy, oppressive legislation, and pogroms, or is taken from them. Their misery and degradation have touched such tragic depths that even the Polish Foreign Minister has petitioned the British government to facilitate their emigration.

The Jews in Germany are doomed. Deprived of almost every opportunity to earn a livelihood, abused and humiliated at every turn, the constant victims of fear and precarious insecurity, they know neither life nor death, but only black despair. Their whole tragedy was expressed in the little girl's prayer I overheard, "O Lord, why did you make me a Jew?"

Anti-Semitism has as yet discovered no impenetrable frontiers. No nation is free from its threat. What is happening today in Rumania, Poland, and Germany may tomorrow overtake Austria, Hungary, Lithuania, and even countries farther west. The overwhelming majority of European Jewry lives under the shadow of actual or impending persecution.

To these miserable millions the true liberal, the humanitarian, has a moral obligation. He cannot be content with pity or indignation. These are not enough. He

must think through the problems and support the solutions which realistically promise relief.

What, then, can be done? The obvious answer is that the Jew should stay where he is and fight for his rights. Let us analyze this solution as it applies, for example, to German Jewry. In the first place, every realist knows that resistance to the Nazi regime is futile and suicidal. With the Nazis controlling every instrument of propaganda and force, nothing can prevent the annihilation of the Jews. Second, the minds of the German children have been so thoroughly poisoned against the Jews that even the overturn of the Nazi regime, at present entirely unlikely, would effect no change in the Jewish situation. Finally and most important, the factors which produced Nazi anti-Semitism will continue to operate long after Hitler is forgotten, as they did before he was heard of. The peculiar middle-class position of the European Jew that makes him the ready victim of popular ill-will in every period of distress, the bitter envy with which he is regarded by competitors in every field open to him, the profound and unalterable anti-Semitism of European Christianity, those internal and external conditions of his life which forever make him different from his neighbors, the strange and often unpleasant characteristics which these in turn evoke from him—all these are segments of the vicious circle from which there seems to be no escape.

Communism is a possible solution of the Jewish problem, as various writers in *The Nation* have suggested. But communism would destroy religion; most Jews are religious. Communism is totalitarian; most Jews are individualists. Communism necessarily implies violent revolution and dictatorship; Jews are traditionally pacifist and democratic. Apart from these ideological considerations, the espousal of communism by the Jews of Germany, Poland, and Rumania as a program for the redemption of Jewry would be mass suicide, nothing less. It would lead to the most terrible pogroms in all Jewish history.

HOME TO PALESTINE

No one can foretell what will happen in the distant future, but it is clear that in the near future the only hope for the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe is emigration. But where shall they go? The great democracies of the West—France, Great Britain, and the United States—have been compelled by economic conditions and intensified nationalism to shut their doors against such immigration. The mass wisdom of the Jews points to the only solution of the problem. In Berlin and Warsaw and Bucharest I saw the Zionist offices besieged by thousands of Jews seeking immigration certificates, financial assistance, or information. They *knew* their only hope was Palestine. All over Europe I saw the collective training camps where erstwhile students, professional men and women, and business people are acquiring practical knowledge about farming and the manual trades in preparation for working in Palestine. Two hundred and fifty thousand Jewish youths are gathered in the Zionist pioneer movement, living only for the day when they will be granted immigration certificates. To deny them

these certificates would be to cut them off from life. For they are doomed if they remain where they are. There is hardly a Jew in Poland who would not fly to Palestine if he could.

The reasons for this are three. First is the Jew's age-old devotion to Palestine. Neither Britain with Uganda nor Soviet Russia with Biro-Bidjan nor his own philanthropists with the Argentine could seduce him from his first love. Other conditions being equal, 90 per cent of Europe's Jews would prefer Palestine to any other haven.

Second is the fact that Palestine has accepted more Jewish immigrants since the war than any other country. It has welcomed more Jewish refugees since Hitler came to power than all the other countries of the world combined. From 70,000 when the war ended, the Jewish population in Palestine has grown to over 410,000. It now constitutes 32 per cent of the total population, the largest percentage in any country in the world. In 1935 alone 65,000 Jews entered Palestine. Even during the period of the Arab strike in 1936, when life and property were unsafe, no month saw fewer than 3,000 immigrants reach its shores. At the present time every boat brings scores of young pioneers, eager for their own and their people's renaissance. This has been possible because Palestine has been neglected and underpopulated. Its present population of 1,300,000 is but a quarter of that which the land contained in Bible times. The experts say that even the land between the Jordan and the Mediterranean can support over three millions if modern industry and intensive agriculture continue to be developed as Jews are developing them. In the light of the great numbers the country has already absorbed without depression or unemployment, in the light of the experience of such small progressive countries as Holland, Belgium, and Denmark, in the light of the great undeveloped markets of the Near East, Palestine should in the course of time be able to accept most of the unhappy Jews of Central and Eastern Europe, at least the unwanted excess population.

Third is the wonderful fruit of the Jew's remarriage with the soil he loves. He has irrigated deserts and drained malaria-infested swamps. He has covered barren hills and desolate valleys with fields of grain and orchards. Where once was wilderness, he has reared clean modern cities. In two decades he has created a Hebraic culture which already promises to rival that of Bible times. The vibrant Hebrew language lives again. A progressive school system crowned by the great university on Mt. Scopus brings the best in modern education to a generation of healthy and happy young Jews. Symphony orchestras, folk theaters, native art, newspapers, and magazines have sprung up. Can one wonder that the miserable Jews of Europe yearn to enter this new life?

There is another element in modern Zionism which makes it greatly appeal to Jewish youth, as it should to all progressive forces. Themselves the victims of terrible wrongs, the young Jews who went to Palestine determined to prevent injustice there. They organized the Histadrut, the General Federation of Jewish Labor, which is today the dominant element in Palestine and in world Zionism.

Its program rests fundamentally on the principle that Jews should do their own work and not exploit others or one another. It builds its colonies—there are now 159 of them—on the land of the Jewish National Fund, which permits no private ownership and thereby eliminates exploitation and speculation. It insists that Jews do their own hard work and do not become exploiters of cheap Arab labor. This policy has led to some ill-will but ultimately it will prove to be sound. For since Jews require higher wages than the native workers they are not employed by Arabs and Christians. If Jews would not employ Jews, there would be no work for the young Jews who wish to enter Palestine, and therefore no immigration. By maintaining high standards for themselves, Jewish workers are gradually raising the standards for all workers. Whereas if Jewish employers were permitted to employ the cheapest native labor, they would not only degrade all labor to its level but would reproduce in Palestine the vicious system which forced them out of Europe.

The Histadrut is transforming the economic life of the country. It has raised wages from 100 to 1,000 per cent above the pre-war level. It has reduced the hours of work to a reasonable number. It has introduced sickness and unemployment insurance.

Jewish labor has established collective farms of two types. The *Kvutza* is a commune where each worker labors according to his ability and receives in accordance with his needs. The *Moshav* allows each man or family a piece of land in an area owned by the Jewish National Fund. Because it belongs to the Jewish people they cannot sell it, nor may they employ—"exploit"—labor to work it for them. Machinery and equipment are owned by the community, and all purchases and sales are made cooperatively. These collective farms have multiplied and prospered, and they are now the backbone of Jewish agriculture in Palestine. The largest recent British loans were made on the basis of their success. This is all the more significant because these collectives, unlike those in Russia, are entered voluntarily. For the most part those who come, remain because they find spiritual satisfaction as well as economic security in these socialized farms.

The cooperative principle has been extended by the Histadrut to all of Palestine. Producers' and consumers' cooperatives now abound in the land. They not only handle agricultural products and other merchandise but also provide services, trained labor, building, contracting, irrigation, insurance, and credit on a cooperative basis. The Histadrut also supplies educational, cultural, and health services to its members.

THE LOT OF THE ARAB

What the Histadrut is doing in Palestine constitutes a social revolution. It is transforming an ancient, backward, feudal economy into one that is modern, efficient, and thoroughly socialized. This has been achieved within the Jewish community without bloody violence. As the Western democracies seek to infuse their institutions with the cooperative spirit and forms, they may well look to the Histadrut's bloodless revolution for an example.

Equally important is what the labor movement has done for the souls of the Jews. Former students, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and *Luftmenschen* have returned to the soil and from it have learned to appreciate the dignity of labor. And it has made them normal and healthy and freed them from their Ghetto complexes. They have proved to themselves and the world that the Jew can be a successful farmer and at the same time can achieve a rich cultural life. They have so effectively learned the art of disciplined self-defense that during the recent disturbances not one of their colonies was openly attacked. The Arabs limited themselves to sniping and burning trees at night. These Jewish workers also displayed the quiet courage of true pacifism, for although well able to return the attack, they refrained in order to prevent minor disorders from becoming bloody warfare.

All these benefits have been achieved without any hurt to the Arabs. Not an inch of land has been *taken* from them. The Jews own today less than 10 per cent of the land of Palestine, and every inch of that was purchased, usually at prices which made the sellers rich. Over 80 per cent of the land that Jews have acquired was purchased from Effendis, rich, often absentee, landlords who are glad to get Jewish money but resent interference with their ancestral feudal privileges. Most of this territory, being swampy and wasteland, was uninhabited and considered uninhabitable until the Jews acquired it. In fact, the Hebrew phrase to describe such acquisition is *Geulat Haaretz*—not purchase but *redemption of the land*. Wherever Arab tenants were displaced, the law required resettling them at the expense of the purchaser. Mr. Viton writes that after the 1929 disturbances evidence was presented to show that two thousand Arab peasants had been dispossessed.* He is apparently unaware that the government offered these peasants the opportunity to return to the soil and that all but a handful preferred to remain in the neighborhood of Jewish colonies, where wages and working conditions were good, rather than return to their own unprofitable agricultural labors. Evidence offered at the present inquiry indicates that fewer than two hundred were so displaced. Not once was compulsion employed either by Jews or the British authorities to seize land from Arabs for the use of Jewish immigrants. Where in all the history of national land acquisition is there a record so just and so considerate as this?

Nor have the Jews taken work from Arabs. This is clearly proved by the fact that there is today no appreciable Arab unemployment despite an increase since the war of 300,000 in the Arab population, including an immigration of over 100,000 non-Palestinian Arabs who were attracted by the country's prosperity.

Not only have the Jews not hurt the Arabs, but they have improved their condition in every way. A glance across the Jordan River will indicate how the Arabs of Palestine lived before the modern Jews came. For Transjordan was artificially separated from the rest of the country at the close of the war and therefore did not receive the benefits of Jewish immigration. Its peasants

* Albert Viton discussed the future of Zionism in two articles published in the December 19 and December 26 issues of *The Nation*.

live together with their wives, children, and animals in one-room mud huts. Their wage when work is available is but a few cents a day. They live in indescribable filth and suffer from dreadful diseases which primitive hygiene could prevent. They breed rapidly and die early. Of course they are illiterate.

This was the condition of most of the Arabs on both sides of the Jordan at the end of the war. Today this picture is hardly recognizable in Palestine, and no Arab would return to it if he could. Jews brought prosperity to the natives by providing new markets for their products. Even today, with Jewish agriculture and industry so highly developed, the Arabs sell far more to the Jews than they buy from them. The average wage rate in various occupations has risen 300 to 1,000 per cent. It is from 100 to 500 per cent higher than in other Arab countries, including Egypt and Iraq. Skilled Arab laborers now earn the same wage as Jews—over a dollar a day—and enjoy a standard of living comparable to that of well-paid workers in Europe. Since 90 per cent of the employees in government services and public undertakings are Arabs, the tremendous increase in these activities caused by the Jewish immigration has brought unprecedented prosperity to large sections of the population.

Public education has greatly improved the condition of the Arab. In 1919 there were only 30 rural schools. Today, with 26 new schools about to open, the total is 309. These are supported by the government largely from taxes paid by Jews (the Jewish educational system is supported almost entirely by Jewish funds). Jewish taxes have enabled the government to establish secondary schools, training colleges, and agricultural institutes for Arabs. The result has been a significant reduction in illiteracy and ignorance among the Arab masses and a consequent improvement in the level of living. Today the percentage of literacy among Palestine Moslems is higher than that found among Arab Moslems in any other country.

The Jews have brought important benefits in sanitation and health. They have introduced preventive medicine and are stamping out Palestine's worst scourges, trachoma and malaria. Many of the Jewish hospital and clinic services are available to Arabs. Prodded by the Jews and largely supported by them through taxes, the government is now spending annually \$1,250,000 on health services, 90 per cent of which go to Arabs. The net result has been not only a general improvement in health but a higher birth-rate, a lower death-rate, and a decidedly lower infant-mortality rate among the Arabs in Palestine in contrast to health conditions among Arabs in other countries, which have either remained the same or become worse during the past twenty years.

More important even than the actual benefits already attained are the possibilities of well-being that the Jews are opening up for the Arab masses. It must be remembered that the Arab rulers—the Effendi, the money lenders, the officials, the religious leaders—did not lift a finger to improve their social condition. They deliberately kept the peasants docile, poor, and ignorant. It was precisely because the Jews threatened to upset their apple

cart that they so bitterly resented their intrusion. Like Krupp and Thyssen they, too, are exploiting nationalism in order to prevent the overturn of a social and economic system of which they are the chief beneficiaries. But in Palestine they are probably too late. For the Histadrut has already supplied the stimulation and the example of a highly intelligent, well-organized, thoroughly disciplined labor movement which cannot be permanently suppressed. The hope of the Arab masses for social betterment lies not with their present rulers, who up to this moment have not advanced a social program, but in joining forces with the Jewish masses for their common advancement.

However, even the best organization is ineffectual if a country is hopelessly poor and oppressed. The organization of Arab peasants still scratching a barren soil with ancient wooden implements would produce meager results. Here, too, the Jews are helpful, for by the introduction of modern agriculture and industry they are showing the Arabs how to develop the full economic possibilities of the country. As the Arab peasant sees the Jew with the aid of irrigation and modern implements producing more on one acre than he can coax from five, he will soon learn, for he is naturally intelligent, what must be done in order that he too may have water and tractors. As he sees the Jew's hens laying twice as many eggs and the Jew's cows giving five times as much milk as his, he will learn about the breeding and care necessary in order that he too may be well fed and prosperous. In industry the Jew will show him how to create wealth, and the Histadrut will teach him to demand his rightful share.

I do not mean to imply that the Jews are speedily bringing prosperity to all the Arabs of Palestine. The Near East is poor and backward, and generations will be required before its economic and social life will approximate that of the West. My point is that the Jews alone are improving it and that the welfare of the Arab masses is bound up with the success of Zionism, especially labor Zionism, and not with their exploiters, who in the name of nationalism wish to continue their exploitation.

As to the difficulties, they are serious, as has been pointed out. But there are moral factors in the situation of which the critics hardly seem aware and which ultimately defy their logic. I remember that in the summer of 1928 Louis Fischer solemnly assured me in his home in Moscow that the Zionist experiment could not possibly succeed because the government, the natives, and even the soil were hostile. Whereas, he maintained, the Biro-Bidjan project, then beginning, would certainly prosper because the Soviet government, the people, and the soil were all felicitous. Logically Fischer was right, and yet in the eight years that have passed Biro-Bidjan has been a colossal failure, attracting but a handful of Jews and losing more through emigration recently than it has acquired through immigration. During the same period Palestine welcomed nearly 200,000 Jews and enjoyed unprecedented prosperity while the rest of the world was suffering from a catastrophic depression.

The Jew waited 1,900 years for the present opportunity in Palestine. He will not be lightly turned aside.

Fascism Charts Its Course

THE Nazi war chariot may not yet be ready to start on its death-dealing European tour, but Herr Dr. Goebbels, Hitler's minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment, is laying out roads for the new German juggernaut. In preparation for the war of aggression which the whole world fears, fascist Germany has set its propaganda machine in motion inside and outside the Third Reich. At home Minister Goebbels uses every means at the disposal of authoritarian government to whip up a frenzy of nationalism that will insure blind obedience and a willingness to undergo privation and death for the fatherland. Outside Germany he is spending huge

sums on a thorough and ruthless campaign to stir up all the forces of chauvinism and self-interest which may prove useful to German designs. His propaganda pours into Scandinavia, Poland, the Danubian countries, Belgium, Britain, even into Palestine and the Far East. Results are not always what the Nazis would wish: they cause the Swiss to increase their defenses on the German frontier, and they impel Englishmen to assume a still greater tax burden to build planes and tanks to stop a Nazi thrust into Belgium.

There are German groups scattered over Europe from Metz to the Volga, from the Gulf of Finland to Serbia.



National Socialism spares no effort to inspire in these Teutonic minorities a spirit of rebellion against their respective governments. On these pages are reproductions, in muted blacks and whites, of three of the brilliantly colored maps issued from German and Hungarian propaganda mills.

The large map was made in Germany by the Volksbund für das Deutschtum im Ausland to incite irredentist sentiment among the Teutonic minorities in neighboring countries. It is significant that northern Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Sweden are shaded to indicate their close ethnic relationship to the Germans of the Reich. The large Teutonic population of Switzerland, the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine, Luxembourg, the Sudetendeutschen of Czecho-Slovakia, the Austrians and South Tyrolese are summarily represented by the same color as the Reich itself. The small dots are Teutonic islands. On the original map they are represented in red—fever spots on the expanse of Europe. The Nazis are inflaming them by instilling dreams of a pan-German empire.

The ethnic map of Czecho-Slovakia, designed to show how the nationals of its revisionist neighbors impinge upon almost every mile of its borders, is a product of Budapest. Not only does it disagree with Czech maps; it disagrees with German ethnic maps of the same area. On the Hungarian map the main body of Slovaks nowhere touches Hungary. The Germans, in this respect, are more generous. They permit the Slovaks to overflow



the Magyar frontier. Furthermore, the designers of this map portray the Moravians in a color different from that of the Czechs, an idea that is novel but hardly accurate.

The small map is a work unique even in this campaign of misrepresentation. Its purpose is to brand Czecho-Slovakia as the "sally-port of Bolshevism." The original map, thirty-four by forty-one inches, is captioned "Menaced Europe" in French, German, Italian, Polish, and English. The shaded portion of Poland denotes the area which Berlin and Budapest charge is threatened by a Czecho-Soviet invasion. This attempt to stir Polish suspicions against the Czechs is characteristic of the entire Nazi-Magyar propaganda offensive.

HENRY C. WOLFE



Hollywood Index

BY M. B. ZERWICK

ON SUNDAY, December 13, some twenty million American Catholics renewed in unison their annual pledge to support the National Legion of Decency in its great crusade to keep the movies clean. The formality of the vow, however, was almost superfluous, for the efforts of the faithful during the past year had been so effective that the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, who came to America to solidify the anti-Communist movement, was able to announce on his return to Rome that motion-picture producers in the United States had achieved a standard higher than was ever known in the history of the industry.

Before the spring of 1934 the industry was not so exemplary. The motion pictures with subtle blandishments were still luring the young and mentally weak into paths of un-Christian error. This fact was given wide currency through a survey published early in 1933 by a committee of impartial educators. The survey stated that most films were bad object-lessons for the young, romanticizing such activities as safe-cracking, robbery, murder, seduction, divorce, and marital infidelity. As a sop to rising protests Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, had prepared as early as 1930 a production code which had been duly adopted.

This production code was a complete index of forbidden subjects, and if it had been carefully enforced, nothing but the less anthropomorphic animated cartoons would now be distributed. It was printed in large, easily readable booklets, and Hays and Hollywood were roundly praised for their joint efforts to elevate the standards of the industry. Everybody waited for the self-imposed morality to take effect. What really happened was that the producers put the code to sleep and continued to make pictures glorifying murder, cracksmen, highwaymen, and divorces. Whereupon the protests mounted again. Ministers, educators, and incipient John Sumners once more raised the cry of indecency. It was the Catholic church, however, which expressed the gravest concern.

In November, 1933, eighty bishops met in Washington in annual conference. Organized action was decided upon. An Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures, under the chairmanship of Archbishop John T. McNicholas, was appointed to study the problem and to root out the evil. In April of the following year the Legion of Decency was launched.

Such was the beginning of the most important censorship group in the history of our country. Its implications were not lost upon Will Hays. With the threat of an organized boycott suspended over the industry, he issued a call to arms and insisted that the producers abide by the production code signed some three years before. No major company dissented. The Pope had definitely come to Hollywood and in the space of six months had sent the jitters running through the industry. Hollywood

readily submitted to self-regulating codes in all phases of the business. Czar Hays instituted a Code Authority and appointed as Czarevitch, Joe Breen, a Catholic strongly recommended by church authorities. Breen's single duty has been to keep pictures clean.

The method is simple enough. Breen examines all scripts before the actual shooting begins and supervises each step in production so that the end-product conforms with the code's requirements. When a picture is released with Breen's seal of approval it is unlikely that the Legion of Decency will disapprove. Breen gave early promise of success, and by November 17, 1933, Hays had created a similar authority to supervise all motion-picture advertising.

This watchful guardianship over America's second largest industry is no namby-pamby nonsense. The number of pictures condemned by the Legion has dwindled so rapidly that recently the objectionable films never number more than four or five and these are mostly foreign-made. More important, the Catholic church has found in the Legion a model for development of a worldwide control of motion-picture production. In the United States that control is now almost perfect, based as it is on the potential sales resistance of the country's largest minority group, and strengthened by a system of interlocking directorates: Breen, a Catholic, is head of the Production Code Authority; Mrs. James F. Looram, chairman of the Legion's reviewing board, is also a member of the National Board of Review; Martin Quigley, publisher of a group of motion-picture papers, is a member of the New York Archdiocesan Council of the Legion.

Although the Legion disclaims any interest in values other than moral ones, it has persistently played possum with productions of the Soviet Union. The effect is a blanket condemnation of all Russian pictures. Such sterling productions as "Son of Mongolia," "Gypsies," "Abyssinia," and "Song of Happiness" have been ignored. A spokesman for the Legion said that "Son of Mongolia" could not have been judged because no one on the examining board understood the obscure Mongolian dialect spoken by the characters.

The Legion does not disregard with similar thoroughness the output of the studios of Nazi Germany. Of the 256 pictures listed in the moral estimates of December 10, some 27 were made in Germany; one of these, "Wald-Winter," was deemed partially objectionable because "the plot is solved by divorce."

These are slight indications of some of the basic implications in the work of the Legion. More significant is the potential use which the church has for its new control over motion pictures at a time when its power is endangered. The Pope himself took official cognizance of the movies' value as a stabilizer of the status quo in the Encyclical "Vigilanti Cura" of July 2, 1936.

So important does the Pope consider censorship of film themes that he urges the bishops to set up special reviewing boards in their own dioceses to strengthen the criteria of the National Legion. "They may even," he says, "censor films which are admitted to the general list [approved list]."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE Supreme Court's upholding of the joint resolution of 1934, which authorized the President to proclaim embargos of arms and munitions, tremendously heartens all who believe that the existing neutrality legislation which will expire shortly should be reenacted and that everything possible should be done to reinforce it. If there is one thing that the American people want above all else it is to be kept out of the next war, and they are willing to make any sacrifice to that end. That the President and Secretary Hull realize this is plain from Mr. Roosevelt's peace speeches at Chautauqua and in South America and from Mr. Hull's earnest and moving address at Buenos Aires. Everyone who like myself constantly travels up and down this country knows that, as the late Admiral William S. Sims testified last winter, there are few audiences which do not voluntarily bring up the question of war and peace.

Despite this there is a distinct rift in the government and another in the peace forces on the question of neutrality. The State Department sticks to its position that legislation should not be mandatory for the President but should give him the power to interpret any war situation and apply an embargo according to his judgment. The President himself desired this when the fight for neutrality legislation began, but he subsequently modified his position and accepted provisions to which he was at first reported to be opposed. In the peace movement Raymond Leslie Buell, of the Foreign Policy Association, is against rigid mandatory legislation because, so he says in a recent bulletin, the neutrality proposal made by Secretary Hull in his draft convention at Buenos Aires "would penalize the victim of aggression to the same extent as the state violating its obligations." He fears that if the proposal is carried at Buenos Aires, the Latin American states will "drift away" from the League of Nations.

But the proposal that Washington shall have the right to decide as between the aggressor and the aggrieved seems to me to insure our taking part in future wars. It means setting ourselves up as judges in a war with which we may have no concern. It means that we shall aid those whom, at the hysterical moment of the explosion, we believe to be aggrieved. Who can be sure under such circumstances? It took years for the historians to bring out the relative responsibility and guilt of the nations which took the world to war in 1914 and to establish that Germany was by no means the sole criminal. President Roosevelt has on several occasions said that the aggressor nation is the one whose troops first cross another's boundaries. Do we really know today whether or not French troops crossed into Alsace-Lorraine

before the Germans entered Belgium? We certainly did not in the fall of 1914. Not only is the role of deciding which is the aggressor in a conflict extraordinarily difficult; it would obviously be extremely dangerous if the aggressor should hold us accountable for aid to the nation we considered aggrieved.

The American people, I believe, want no risks of this kind taken. They want cast-iron, automatic, mandatory laws—I do not undertake to say now how extreme—that will say, "A plague o' both your houses, we are going our own way." They will not be moved by the argument that the wrong may triumph. They are thoroughly convinced that right and justice were not born of our participation in the World War, and that they were deceived into entering it by lying propaganda, the entanglement of our big business men with the English war machine, and the false Wilson slogans. They have no desire to usurp again the seat of the Almighty and pass judgments to be backed up by war. They will not be moved this winter by frantic arguments that this policy will wreck the League of Nations, for they wish to have nothing to do with the League. They will not be swayed by assertions that this would be an ignoble and selfish course and perhaps lead to the downfall of civilization. They will reply: "We had enough of all that bunk from Woodrow Wilson with his war to safeguard democracy and end war. We propose to be purely for ourselves this time."

That mandatory neutrality legislation will take us on uncharted seas is perfectly true. We shall be reversing our historic neutrality policy, and we shall have no precedents. But there are many untried departures in international relations, and anybody's guess as to how any policy will work out is little better than anybody else's. The American people are ready for the risks involved in mandatory legislation, and it is theirs to decide. They are, many of them, aware that the power to make war has slipped away from Congress, where it was placed by the Constitution, and now rests squarely in the hands of the President, as President Roosevelt admitted when he declared at Chautauqua that no neutrality legislation would keep us out of war if a President and Secretary of State wished to put us in. Can the people be blamed if they are opposed to granting the President more power to get us into war? He has usurped that power from Congress as it is.

I most earnestly appeal to every reader of these words and every lover of peace to make his wishes felt in Washington by the time-honored method of addressing his Senators and Congressman and President. There is no more pressing or patriotic duty than this.

BROUN'S PAGE

Kennel Revolution

YOU may ask me what racing dogs have to do with the progress of the labor movement in America. Of course, I could answer that I never asserted there was any connection, but I am minded to draw a few moral lessons from the hounds of Miami. As *Nation* readers probably know, the greyhounds are induced to run by a mechanical white rabbit, electrically controlled, which spins around a quarter-mile track.

Trainers tell me that even the stupidest of their charges come to know in time that there isn't any Santa Claus and that the rabbit is a fabricated myth. But even so, the dogs are conditioned to the job of running, and when the false foe spins by, they pretend an eagerness to crunch him between their jaws. All this is play-acting. The rabbit doesn't smell right, and neither does the industry in which they find themselves engaged. But being hounds instead of humans they accept their lot and pretend an eagerness for the chase in order to please their exploiters.

Still, primitive instincts are stronger than acquired ones, and the dog trainers have found that out. Indeed, many of them use a clever trick, which persists in spite of the frowns of the officials of the Kennel Commission. It is the custom to take a dog which is beginning to lose interest, a skeptic if you please, and allow him to run in the morning in vain pursuit of an authentic rabbit. When he comes to the track that night, part of his doubts have been dispelled. He says to himself, "I'm pretty sure they were playing me for a sucker last night and the night before. In fact, I've got a sneaking notion that I've been deceived ever since I got into this racket."

"But," ruminates the greyhound, "that rabbit this morning was the real McCoy. My nose knows. Perhaps these fakers are going to play ball with us working dogs after all. Maybe my interests do lie along with those of my employer. There's no point in being a malcontent. The man played fair with me this morning and why shouldn't I trust him now? This could be a new deal. From now on it's going to be nothing but real rabbits."

And the over-naïve animal gives of his best for three or four nights until he learns he has been fooled again. Sooner or later it becomes necessary to give him the real thing once again in a morning work-out. And the difference between greyhounds and human beings lies in the fact that the dogs can be fooled over and over again. It is easy to make them accept each cut of the cards as a brand-new deal.

But this article is written to celebrate the discovery of an exceptional dog in the racing world. Since owners are sensitive, I will invent a name for him and call him Australian Bill. I wouldn't like to see him blacklisted.

Upon the signboard where the odds against each dog

are listed I saw the price of forty to one set opposite the name of Australian Bill. Since only eight dogs are entered in each race this seemed to me a most generous offer. For a two-dollar straight ticket in the mutuels I could get eighty-two dollars if Bill came home in front. But I looked up his record in the chart of past performances, and this dossier showed that he had won no races and generally finished eighth. Indeed, upon his two most recent appearances he had done a little worse than come in last. The chart rebuked him with a star and the curt explanation, "Australian Bill quit."

I turned to a trainer who sat in a seat beside me and said, "This is funny. What's the matter with this dog? Isn't he any good?"

"As a matter of fact," the trainer said, "Australian Bill is one of the fastest dogs in the country. He used to win a lot of races. Then he slumped a little, and one night when they opened the door of the box as the mechanical rabbit went by, Bill just wouldn't come out. They had to push him and of course by that time the race was over. The next time he did leave with the rest of the dogs, but after running about ten yards he sat down and waited for the rest to round the circuit. His owner is still trying to get something out of him, but you never can tell whether he'll sulk in the box or sit out the race."

"There's nothing wrong with him physically. But sometimes a racing dog loses his interest or his spirit. Don't tell anybody, but in cases like that we often take them out in the morning and let them go after a real rabbit. That seems to pep them up."

"I've heard of the practice," I told him.

"Well, his owner took Australian Bill out and let him loose after an honest-to-god rabbit. There was certainly nothing wrong with his speed. We had a terrible time saving the trial bunny from sudden death."

"That night, of course, everybody expected that Australian Bill would be so full of get up and go that he'd win by as far as you could throw a rock. He was in with a lot of no-account dogs which didn't compare with him on the line of his natural form, but on account of his tendency to quit you could get as good as forty to one against him in the morning line. A lot of us who knew about the morning experiment poured money into the machines and Australian Bill closed an even-money favorite. What do you suppose he did?"

"He won by as far as you could throw a rock," I guessed.

The trainer looked at me in scorn. "He broke all right," he said. "In fact he was away with a four-length lead. But as soon as he got a look at the mechanical rabbit he stopped running, turned around, and walked back into the box. What can you do with a dog like that?"

"Change his name," I said; "he ought to be called Agitator."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE HALF-TRUTH OF THE WHOLE TRUTH

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LIKE most reviewers I am frequently guilty of saying that a book or a play is worthless because it lacks some specific virtue. I hope, at least, that I am usually right both as to the absence of the virtue in question and as to the general worthlessness of the work, but it should not require much reflection to conclude that I am almost certainly wrong in assuming that the existence of the specific defect is in itself a sufficient proof of the nullity of the whole. We say glibly that some novel is "destroyed" because the author has no sense of structure, because he understands only one kind of person, because he cannot write English, or because he has no social consciousness. And yet the fact remains that there is scarcely an artistic or intellectual virtue so important that it may not be lacking from some work of real importance.

Fielding lacked at least one-half of all the "finer feelings"; the structure of Goldsmith's one novel would shame a kindergarten; Jane Austen regarded the failure to possess an inherited income as placing a man outside the pale of humanity; Dickens had the sentimentality of a nursemaid; Theodore Dreiser cannot write the English language. Yet the works of each are far from valueless. A writer, in other words, stands or falls by his virtues, not by his defects. There is no one specific thing which he is required to do, no specific quality that he may not be without. When we dismiss a book because it fails in some one direction, we are really giving only an excuse, not a reason, for the general judgment. That judgment may be correct if the book has no virtues; it may be wrong if we are simply unable or unwilling to see them.

Just as there is no one technical virtue which is absolutely indispensable, so too there is no attitude or emphasis or scope which can be made to serve as a universal criterion, and that is the reason why, of all the clichés of criticism, the phrase about "seeing life steadily and seeing it whole" is one of the most pernicious. The "steadily" may, I suppose, be either accepted or dismissed with indifference on the ground that it probably doesn't mean anything anyway. But who ever saw "life whole," or who is capable of judging whether another has seen it whole or not? A certain number of us agree with jesting Pilate about the difficulty of knowing truth, but even to assert that one knows the truth is to make a very modest claim beside the assertion that one knows *all* the truth. Yet that is what a great writer is supposed by Arnold both to know and to communicate. A true picture of any aspect of any part of life is something near to a miracle, but a picture of the whole is too much to expect even of a magician.

How little Arnold himself meant, or at least how little he was able to make of what he thought he believed, is plain enough from his own touchstones for the judging of poetry. Sometimes he makes it appear that "seeing life whole" meant to him simply seeing its elegiac aspects, and that "seeing life steadily" meant simply seeing it through a romantic mist. By implication he was paying a very high compliment to the particular poets he was discussing. He was, that is to say, revealing the fact that they said what they did say so vividly and so persuasively that he was for the time being under the illusion that nothing else could exist, that this was "life whole." But if he was thus unconsciously revealing what the great poet does do, he was also, and at the same time, making nonsense out of his own pronouncement.

In recent years "seeing life steadily and seeing it whole" has seldom been quoted—largely because the phrase has come to be surrounded by a certain stuffy, Victorian atmosphere. In its place the more esoteric critic got to substituting the more scientific-sounding term "synthesis." Writers were praised or blamed for having achieved or failed to achieve a synthesis, that is, for having seen or failed to see "life whole"—though of course few ever stopped to realize that what they really meant by a "synthesis" was a treatment of those aspects of life which happened to seem to them most important or interesting or fashionable. Most recently of all the accepted phrase, now ostensibly more simple and more complete, has become "giving a picture of society"—as though, in the first place, even the longest novel were not, on the scale of the whole, almost as inadequate as the shortest lyric as a "picture of society," and as though there were any reason why every work of art should treat of everything.

"Mr. A is an unimportant novelist because he seems unaware of the extent to which the motives of his characters are conditioned by the class status of his family"; "Miss B's novel fails of excellence because her Chicago has no meat-packers in it." Undoubtedly the meat-packers aren't there; probably enough Miss B's novel does fail of excellence. But one is rash to draw the conclusion that a meat-packerless novel set in Chicago would have to be bad. Only a very unobservant critic would fail to note that Jane Austen does not "see life whole." As a matter of fact, what she does see is so small a part of it that most intelligent and sensitive people have passed it over entirely. But that is the reason why she is one of the indispensable novelists.

In all seriousness I believe that one of the reasons why excellent contemporary artists are not commoner is that,

by expecting too much of them, we have made them expect too much of themselves. The real business of the artists is not to say everything or even to say any one particular thing. His real business is to say *something*, and when he has done so it becomes our business to recognize what that something is. If his partial picture of life is vivid but never any more than that, then he is a minor artist. If he succeeds for the time being in making the part he pictures seem the only or most significant part, then he is a great one. Indeed, unless we are very careful indeed, he will be credited with having given a picture of society, achieved a synthesis, or "seen life steadily and seen it whole."

Pattern for Death

BY JAMES STILL

The spider puzzles his legs and rests his web
On aftergrass. No winds stir here to break
The quiet design, nothing protests the weaving
Of taut threads in a ladder of silk:
He is clever, he is fastidious, and intricate;
He is skilled with his cords of hate.

Who can escape through the grass? The crane fly
Quivers its body in paralytic sleep;
The giant moths shed their golden dust
From fettered wings, and the spider speeds his lust.

Who reads the language of direction? Where may we
pass
Through the immense pattern sheer as glass?

BOOKS

Text and Pictures

PORTRAITS AND SELF-PORTRAITS. Collected and Illustrated by Georges Schreiber. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75.

MR. SCHREIBER has hit upon a capital idea, almost a talisman, which out of hand transforms serious writers into wits. Like all great discoveries it is simple, and consists in having them write two-page autobiographies! Among forty authors only six exceeded their allotted space, and most of the others wrote less, in one case only six and one-half lines—a volume of literary pemmican, so to speak. The result is a sort of modern miracle: before our very eyes, as it were, the staidest and solemnest of them become the most humorous.

The book is fascinating. Above all one wonders how most of our literati found time to write. First this one and then that one has been a sailor, lawyer, factory manager, school teacher, day laborer, dish-washer, sparring partner, government employee, banker, farm hand, waiter, professor, gar-

dener, editor, impersonator, member of parliament, broker, railroad man, and so on until one's head reels and one wonders if literature is like hives and breaks out while you are doing something else.

As for the unexpected humor, conscious and unconscious: Henri Barbusse refers to the time when he was an "intellectual" and "ignorant as are most authors and intellectuals." Leon Feuchtwanger gravely informs us that he has "twenty-seven teeth" and is "five feet three inches tall." Thomas Mann remembers the city fathers of his home town, who were "somewhat humorously" addressed as "Your Wisdoms." John Masefield alludes to his "strange experiences, which imaginative writers have made to appear more strange." Hugh Walpole, when young: "I enjoyed greatly being told by my elders how I ought to write." And Thomas Wolfe plumps out with "I do too much of everything." This entire review could be filled with quotations from the autobiographies as good as these set down.

Were this a written book with illustrations instead of a picture book with writings, one wouldn't focus criticism on the drawings. But the book is delightfully turned around—almost as if the pictures were the text and the text the pictures. The reviewer has met about half of the men represented and the drawings are perfectly good picture-writing. But the faces are, may one say, too much like simple surfaces with bosses—in a word too topographical? One misses the underlying structure. The result is characterization of features but not rounded characterization of the whole. The artist, however, thoroughly understands accents—as Spanish women understand them in facial make-up—and shows great cleverness and wit in matters of silhouette and line shading.

By and large the forty autobiographers evince a pronounced distaste for autobiography. Few of them would have suggested the book, and probably a majority would agree with Franz Werfel, who begins his one-fifth of a page with "I have an insuperable aversion to writing my autobiography even if it be only two hundred words long." Some of these short contributions are beautifully done, a few of them are very beautiful, and one or two surpassingly so. Besides being great fun, the pages contain plentiful hefty and profound stuff—a book worth looking at, reading, and keeping.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT

Philosopher's Content

ON THE CONTENTED LIFE. By Edgar A. Singer, Jr. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

MAKE no mistake; this is not an easy book to read, for all the apparent innocence of its title, nor is it a homespun homily on bucolic pleasures. Its title does something less than justice to the serious substance and the disciplined and subtle manner of mind revealed in its pages. This book is free, on the whole, from technical terms, and consists of scattered essays, but each of these is dialectically closely knit—Professor Singer professes a preference for mathematical language—and though there is unmistakable ardor in these pages, it is the heat of banked fires.

In a brief review one can only state with a looseness that should be anathema to its author, and perhaps a treachery to his thought, what seem to be the main themes of his analysis. These are "fugitive papers," but bound together by an inner and essential consistency of mood and insight. This can be exemplified by the closing paragraph of the first essay, on Esthetic and the Rational Ideal:

If it is not in his love of beauty that man's deepest craving lies, is it in his love of knowledge; is it in his love of goodness? Or is it perhaps in his reaching out for ■ something more ultimate than anything science, or morality, or art can offer; yet ■ something only to be approached ■ humanity advances in its science, its morality, its art? Whatever the answer, however difficult to find, there ■■■ be no more practical question than this; our one chance of living contentedly in an essentially painful world is our chance of finding what we would live for.

The content considered is the philosopher's content, the modest, almost tragic remnant of happiness open to ■ mind cured of easy hopes and unexamined illusions. Content is arrived at only after one has traversed the fires of successive incredulities, finding the "suspicion" of ulterior truths in insights successively inadequate. The "philosophies of wine and love" are really imperfect avenues to forgetfulness; the only perfect forgetfulness, we are reminded, is death. Progress, the cooperative conquest of nature, is meaningless unless one's goal be defined. Evolution may move to a superman, but the "superman is not ■ goal, unless he is a god."

Mr. Singer prescribes no goals, except the movement toward a realization in which the "temporal" and the "eternal" may both be embraced. One loves the temporal, some unique manifestation, something irreplaceable that dies. But one is "loyal," as Royce suggested, to an ideal limit involved in all specific objects of love, and in all cooperating wills. "Shall the lonely griefs and joys of men forever remain a pluralistic universe? Need they, if thought and will are bent in common religious interest on making this universe one?"

There are many implications to that sentence which a careful reader of this careful book will find: the ineluctable individuation of personality—Mr. Singer sees and clarifies the points of the great mystics; the importance of indefinables in life; and the moral urgency of definition if we are to "make secure for eternity the treasures of the moment." Mr. Singer might be described as an empirical idealist; Royce is stamped on these pages, but so is scientific method. He defines with rigor and austerity, yet with a tender sense of "ancient magic in new philosophies," the movement of individual will toward a common beckoning good, always distant, yet always implicit in love and in understanding. The essay *Confessio Philosophi* is a candid and touching account of how one fastidious mind came to this conclusion, now not very fashionable but recurrent in the history of thought, and perhaps in any age—or so one is tempted to believe after reading this book—the only alternative to callousness or despair. It is challenging to have this thesis so closely argued by a professional philosopher notable among his colleagues for precise analysis and intellectual candor.

IRWIN EDMAN

Images in Contemplation

NEW POEMS. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

THE truly poetic mind confined within itself, "alien to what will be and what has been," may create art. Frederick Mortimer Clapp, one of the finest though one of the least-known of our imagist poets, now organizing director of the Frick Art Museum, has such ■ mind. It was evidenced in his earlier books, "The Overland and Other Poems," "New York and Other Poems," and "Joshua Trees." These poems were concerned always with the mind, as it selected sense impressions, turned them over, and thought them through,

and always ended upon the theme of individual isolation. Love, in the earlier poems, was part solace and part emotional ecstasy. The theme of this new book, the only one Mr. Clapp has published in fifteen years, is the contemplation of death ■ the end of his own significance.

As the author of scholarly works—"Des Dessins de Pontormo" (in French), "Jacopo Carucci, His Life and Works," and other essays—Mr. Clapp is ■ recognized authority. Poetry has been his passion, however, though he could devote himself to it but seldom. A classical and Elizabethan scholar, a lecturer on the history of art, and an appraiser and collector of paintings, he has led a busy life. The imprint of his years of travel in many countries and of his study of painting is on his poetry. His lines are packed with exact pictures of what he has seen and of what has become most significant to him.

If Mr. Clapp's poems lack the simplicity of H. D.'s more emotional imagist poems, they have more richness of coloration. He has, moreover, always handled the more conventional rhythms in a unique way. I have remembered for many years certain lyrics in the earlier books. In "New Poems" we have a richer rhythmical music, a greater use of rhyme. Free verse as a form is rarely used these days. Mr. Clapp's ability to make it choral, to give it ■ intellectual and emotional coherence is very unusual. Now and then, to be sure, we find in the new collection poems in which too many images pile up. Others, however, though they begin in complexity, flow suddenly into ■ conclusive definition of meaning, such a summary as the mind makes after the body has reacted to sensuous impressions. Nevertheless, I think that the stricter poetic forms suit better Mr. Clapp's austerity of feeling. Despite his ability to recreate sounds, sights, and smells, he is essentially a thinker who would resolve feeling into an austere contemplation.

TALONS

As death comes nearer fiercely the hoofs beat
On the stampeded days, Yet age is not
These sloping shadows that bury the noon's heat
But the collapse of thoughts that chill and clot
In the dimming brain. Once like citadels,
Cliff-perched to dare adventure to their gates,
They seemed, those thoughts, that now the mist that dwells
In the heart itself of time obliterates.
Hoofs in the mist! There is no pathway back
Out of this place blown bare of tree or flower.
Age stumbles on, and stalling to attack,
Hovering, circles, circles an unseen hour.
Then, like a hawk, seeing the prey it likes,
Snaps shut its wings and, flashing headlong, strikes.

Too much statement of thought destroys, of course, the pure imagist technique. Usually, however, Mr. Clapp speaks for himself out of the image. He does not, as does H. D., allow the image to stand alone pictorially and represent his emotion. Born in another age this poet would have been a mystic. Born in this, his tortuous process has been to free himself of solace, to cast aside fear, to observe clearsightedly the process of annihilation through which we all must go. He sees the poet's problem ■ that of the individual mind, peculiarly sensitive to impressions, turning upon itself for food. As the senses fail with age, the intellect registers whatever reactions there be to all that is accumulatively known by a single spirit. All the poems in this book are in one way or another the reflections of a poetic mind which holds no brief for past, present, or future, but would know itself.

HARVARD
YEN-ING-AM
PUBLIC
LIB

Our Far Eastern Policy

THE FAR-EASTERN CRISIS. By Henry L. Stimson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

OFFICIAL apologies are frequently so distorted as to be practically useless as an accurate record of the events which they concern. To this general rule Mr. Stimson's book is a brilliant exception. Nowhere except in the report of the Lytton committee will one find a fairer or more comprehensive treatment of the crisis arising from the Japanese occupation of Manchuria and subsequent invasion of Shanghai. And while the Lytton Report traces the course of League action from a contemporaneous point of view, Mr. Stimson, from his experience as Secretary of State during the crucial period, presents the official position of the American government. He also has the advantage of viewing the struggle with the perspective made possible by the subsequent unfolding of Japan's grandiose ambitions on the continent of Asia.

Perhaps the most controversial aspect of American policy in this crisis is that which concerns the first few weeks of the struggle. When word first came of the attack on Mukden and other vital centers in Manchuria, the State Department had no illusions regarding the nature of the conflict. It was immediately recognized that the attack was provoked by the extreme military party in Japan without regard for international law and world public opinion. It was also evident that Baron Shidehara, the Japanese Foreign Minister, together with other civilian leaders, was completely out of sympathy with the action of the military clique. It was therefore an open question whether the civilian elements, if not handicapped by too much pressure from outside, could regain control and check the aggressive tendencies of the militarists. On this point the State Department guessed wrong. While the United States was refraining from open pressure against Japan in the hope of strengthening Shidehara, the military leaders were pursuing their preconceived course of action, which could only result in the complete elimination of the moderates. Meanwhile the United States had blocked an early effort of the League's to send an investigating commission, and had contributed, to take the kindest view of the effect of America's action, to the fatal procrastination which permitted Japan to take over the whole of Manchuria without effective protest. No one can say definitely that Japan could have been stopped, but it is obvious from subsequent events that the time for decisive action was in the first days of the invasion. And if such action was to have any effect on the military mind, it would have had to consist of more than note writing. Collective pressure by the powers, involving the threat of economic or military action, might have succeeded where efforts at conciliation were spurned. At the worst it could have scarcely provoked retaliation as long as it involved cooperation among all the leading nations.

Whatever mistakes may have been made at this time, it cannot be denied that Mr. Stimson possesses a clear understanding of the necessity for collective action. Few more persuasive or substantial arguments for collective security have been written than that contained in this book. And contrary to the generally expressed opinion, Mr. Stimson believes that the joint action taken in the Sino-Japanese dispute, while falling short of its immediate goal, laid the groundwork for future cooperation. Although the failure to

curb Japan was discouraging, such action as was taken seems to have prepared the way for sanctions against Italy four years later. Mr. Stimson would not give up the struggle merely because the aggressors have won a temporary victory. Above all, he does not think that the United States should abandon its interests in the Far East, basing his position not only on our substantial financial and political stake in the East but even more on the necessity for preserving and strengthening the system of cooperative action which has already been created.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

The Art of Hogarth

WILLIAM HOGARTH: THE COCKNEY'S MIRROR. By Marjorie Bowen. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$5.

THE danger noted by Lamb when he wrote that "we look at other painters but we *read* Hogarth" is not entirely heeded in the present work. The statement of Sir Walter Armstrong that "of no considerable painter has so little been written in his primitive capacity of an artist" still holds for Hogarth's English biographers.

In this respect it is interesting to note how the paths followed by Austin Dobson and Miss Bowen tend to converge. Dobson began his biography with the premise that Hogarth's chief claim upon posterity was "as a pictorial chronicler of life and manners and as a satirist and humorist on canvas." He concluded that this was "an exceptional genius, not to be entirely accounted for by any preconceived theory respecting his race, his epoch, or his environment." Miss Bowen, at the start, stresses the fact this was the art of a cockney inhabitant of Georgian London, and at the end reluctantly admits that if Hogarth failed fully to achieve himself the lack lay in the man rather than in the uninspiring temper of the times.

Before arriving at this conclusion, Miss Bowen attempts to set the stage for an actor who frequently refuses to play his part. Thus we have the spectacle of a distressed biographer struggling to account for an engraver who, despite the fact that he produced the century's most trenchant satires, never properly mastered his craft, of a colorist whose chromatics were sometimes inferior to the "black masters" whom he reviled, of a portraitist whose late work was occasionally technically less able than his early. How is a biographer to reconcile the conflicting characteristics of a man who, blind to all art but his own, attempts a burlesque of Rembrandt; who quarrels with every friend except his faithful Jane; who, while contending that the not unprovoked attacks of Wilkes and Collins dealt a mortal blow, is unsparing of the physical infirmities of Pope? With such a one the only consistency which the biographer can hope to achieve is in the frank admission of his inconsistencies. For this kind of candor it is only at the end that Miss Bowen's stomach is sufficiently stout. That she also considers Hogarth the victim of a tasteless and unappreciative age seems somewhat too thin-skinned an attitude toward genius, which nothing short of physical starvation can stop; for Hogarth "a bitter age, coarse, heartless, tinged with despair" was fertile soil for satire.

She does, however, rate much admiration for the fashion in which she has recreated an unregenerate age and for her appreciation of the side of Hogarth so long neglected by his compatriots; that side which, in defiance of time and tradition, brought forth, not in the satires but in such rare performances as *The Shrimp Girl*, England's unique contribution to the art of painting.

VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

Shorter Notices

THE LONELY WAYFARING MAN: EMERSON AND SOME ENGLISHMEN. By Townsend Scudder. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Scudder has gathered together all the available material on Emerson's English friendships and organized it into a surprisingly well-constructed and lively book. The period considered, between Emerson's first and last trips to England, covers the important years of his life; the emphasis is particularly on his English lecture tour. Mr. Scudder gives us brief glimpses of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, and a half-dozen other Victorian figures, but it is Carlyle who steals the show; his long friendship with Emerson provides a unifying theme for the book. Because of the vitality, the humor, and sympathy of Mr. Scudder's picture of Carlyle and partly because of the man's naturally dramatic personality, the Scotchman elbows Emerson out of the place of honor. The story of the friendship between these two men so antithetical in character and ideas makes good reading. The secondary figures—John Sterling, Jane Carlyle, Clough, Crab Robinson, and the irrepressible Harriet Martineau—are all vividly presented. The chapter on Clough suggests much of the tragedy of that almost forgotten poet's life. Mr. Scudder's aim has been to construct a biographical study of Emerson as seen through the eyes of his British contemporaries, and he has collected a good deal of new information about Emerson's friendships and about the English attitude toward him. But Emerson himself remains indistinct in the midst of these fine studies of his English friends.

BURROUGHS MITCHELL

PRELUDE TO "ICAROS." By John Williams Andrews. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

This is one of the more readable, as it is one of the more ambitious, of the numerous aeronautical epics composed since our poets became air-minded. Although it is a first book, its author appears to have taken both his craft and his subject with uncommon seriousness. His story moves in nimbly cadenced free verse to whose making the work of his Yale contemporaries MacLeish and S. V. Benét may have contributed. According to the publisher, Mr. Andrews became a licensed pilot in order to gather material, and he is obviously erudite in the literature of flying. As a result, he is able to tell interestingly the history of flight, from mythological times through the French balloonists to the Wright Brothers—and there is promise of more to come about Lindbergh. The best parts of the book are those dealing with the tinkering at Kitty Hawk, where the neat handling even of technical detail contrasts with the gusty profusion of the mythological sections. Mr. Andrews is interested in flying for the sensations it gives him, for the drama of its invention, and for its appeasement of his romantic escapism. On the day I first read the poem the news came that fifty noncombatants had been killed in an aerial bombardment of Madrid. There is no indication in the poem that the airplane has such potentialities. One concludes that Mr. Andrews has not seen all round his subject, as did, for example, Muriel Rukeyser in her "Theory of Flight."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

WARD EIGHT. By Joseph F. Dinneen. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

This account of the rise of a machine politician in Boston's historic Ward Eight is a novel which might better have been

written as non-fiction. Mr. Dinneen has a great deal of interesting material on the organizational aspects of ward politics, much of it no doubt remembered from his childhood in Boston's North End, some of it probably picked up during his years as a reporter on the *Boston Globe*. Unfortunately, his choice of medium seems to have hampered him in the presentation of this material. Having limited himself to the story of one man's life, he has accordingly limited his field of vision. The whole social, economic, and political life of Boston forms merely a border for the figure of the hero. The ward itself is fairly clearly delineated, but the city and the state are shadowy. Mr. Dinneen is not a creative writer of sufficient authority to make this emphasis seem anything but false. What Mr. Dinneen has observed seems inevitably of more moment than that which he has imagined.

MARY MCCARTHY

AROUSE AND BEWARE. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

The author of "Long Remember," a large and complex novel about the Battle of Gettysburg, offers in this shorter book a simpler narrative of the escape made by three persons through the Confederate lines above Richmond in 1864. Two of them are soldiers who have broken out of the prison camp at Belle Isle; the third is a woman, Naomi Kincaid, who has stabbed a Confederate officer and is flying north for her life. Stumbling, stealing, starving, and sleeping together for many days and nights in a war-infected wilderness, they reach the Rapidan River at last; but not until after the men have become rivals for the woman, and not until after all three of them have suffered every torture both of mind and of body. The story of the triangle is less interesting than the larger story of war which Mr. Kantor tells with so much learning and imagination. His wilderness is truly terrible because it is a human wilderness, inhabited by a population out of which almost every virtue has been drained by the slow tide of war. Somewhat in the manner of Stephen Crane, but with a heavier emphasis befitting the time for which he writes, Mr. Kantor constructs this wilderness and hands it to us without comment. It is an excellent document, worth preserving.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

What Porridge Had John Keats?

RECENT discoveries are said to indicate that Fanny Brawne was not the heartless creature she has always been supposed and that she was not, after all, wholly unaware of the fact that the John Keats who loved her with so feverish a love was no ordinary man. They do not, I believe, give any reason for supposing that, Romeo-like, he actually spent one night in her arms before embarking upon the fatal journey to Italy, but that privilege is granted him a century later by the author of the play called "Aged 26," which undertakes to tell his story at the Lyceum Theater. For the most part it is, however, much more cautious in handling the facts, and it is marked by a kind of artless sincerity which holds the attention once one has grown accustomed to seeing great men trotted out for the sake of

atmosphere and immortal poems being perused in manuscript by trusting publishers who murmur, "Hm, this is very good, indeed. We shall have another volume soon." At one point in the first act, when not only Keats himself but also Byron, Shelley, Gifford, and Lockhart are on the stage at the same time, one is reminded of some of the deathless stage directions in "Savonarola" Brown's life work, and when everybody is so carefully explaining who everybody else is, one expects momentarily to hear something like, "This is Mr. Lockhart, who will one day write a great biography of Sir Walter Scott."

I shall not pretend that Robert Harris in the leading role ever quite persuaded me that he had actually just tossed off the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" or that, after a struggle, he had actually just hit upon the line "Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness" as exactly what he had been looking for as the beginning to an "Ode to Autumn." No one, I suspect, could quite do that. To me, at least, it is easier to believe that an actor is George Washington about to cross the Delaware or that he is Napoleon and has just won the Battle of Waterloo than it is to believe that he has just written a great book or just painted a picture I have seen in the Louvre. That is one of the reasons why an artist seems to me one of the worst possible subjects for a play, and why I hope that the strange epidemic of plays about writers will not last very long.

The fact remains, however, that Mr. Harris does pretty nearly everything except the impossible, and that it is doubtless largely due to him that "Aged 26" takes on no little life once one has got over the impression unfortunately created in the beginning that we are in for nothing more or less than a painless—or at least moderately painless—course in the history of English literature. Mr. Harris is simple, restrained, gentle, and not unimpressive. He accepts the fact that Keats, like most great artists, probably bore few visible signs of his greatness and behaved in general very much as any other young man who was like him in everything except genius would have behaved. The result is to make the portrait extremely engaging and about as convincing as Keats as anyone could make it. Linda Watson is also extremely good as Fanny, and Kenneth McKenna as one of the devoted publishers.

What interests me most is the question why so many biographical plays should suddenly have made their appearance, and it is hard not to suspect that there is a genuine if negative significance in the fact. It must mean some sudden emptiness, some inability on the part of playwrights to discover themes which seem to them significant, and a consequent tendency to look not only for ready-made stories but for ready-made stories to which history has contributed a significance that cannot be questioned. Perhaps the present emphasis upon sociological themes has something to do with the situation. Perhaps the playwright whose interests do not go in that direction has been made to feel that the only way a play without sociological significance can be made to seem "important" at all is to give it a subject whose "importance" is already established. Or perhaps, as the sociologists themselves would prefer to argue, there are no contemporary subjects the significance of which is not in some way sociological. In either event it is difficult to regard any biographical play which is essentially no more than a dramatization of known facts as other than a sort of stop-gap. It cannot be really first-rate dramatic creation. There is not enough of the playwright in it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Ethiopia and the Red Square

IN TWO quiet weeks before the Christmas storm I have seen nothing on the screen that was more interesting than a series of Russian newsreels (technically known as documentary films) at the Cameo. This is not to say that the two weeks were wasted, for good documents are good things, and these were miles out of the ordinary. They possessed that special power which all natural things have, the power of stimulating the observer to think quietly—and sometimes queerly—by himself. The leading film in the present case, called "Abyssinia" because it was about "The Fascist Rape of Ethiopia," prodded me for instance to think some thoughts of which I am not proud but which I must record. I was duly horrified by the bombing of hospitals, and I certainly saw nothing to make me glad that the Italians had ever left Italy; but I found it impossible to accept the Ethiopians as figures in a tragedy. Had they been savages I might have seen them so, or had they been civilized. The pathetic and even ridiculous thing about them was that they were neither; they were halfway between—hybrids under umbrellas—and in some nerveless, listless way irrelevant either to pity or to wrath. They were too long out of darkness to remember it, and they had not yet emerged into light. The camera painted them a transitional gray, just as it molded them into the thin shapes of ghosts. Many of their faces were beautiful, but the bodies below them had lost their dignity; at about the same time, I suppose, that the villages had lost their character. It was unspeakably pathetic, this rape, and decidedly nothing for a European nation to boast about. But I could not see it as the fall of a great people, or even of an interesting one.

Whereas the Russian people in the films which followed "Abyssinia" seemed greater than the camera knew how to say. My reflections at the moment were doubtless naive, but they sprang directly from what I saw, and this is what I saw—particularly in the film called Youth Day March in Moscow. A nation of young men and women marched across a huge square, and everyone of them was happy. They were strong first of all, for they were by way of being athletes; but each of their faces glowed with smiles that could be seen a block off. I seem to be making them out a waxwork army, a poster people. They were not that. The smiles must have had a deep inner source, for they kept on coming and they broke over the faces with an entirely natural joy. There could have been no rehearsal for this; nobody could have taught the art of smiling so, for it is not an art. I felt like the old Philadelphian who upon being taken for the first time to Niagara Falls stared at it a long time and then was heard to exclaim: "But it *can't* be artificial!" This couldn't be propaganda. Which means that it was excellent propaganda—the best, in fact, that has come out of Russia to my knowledge.

Someone told me that I should see Shirley Temple in her latest and best picture because in this picture she was more herself than usual, and less the dancing doll. I have no prejudice against child actors—quite the contrary, in fact—and so I went to see "Stowaway" (Twentieth Century-Fox). She dances only once, but she is still a doll. This remains a pity, for if someone could be induced to let the child alone for a minute she might smile in the right places and discover that her voice was her own.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

Sitdown in Java

Dear Sirs: Whatever Louis Adamic touches he endows with the qualities of his forceful and colorful personality. None of your readers can escape the charm of his story of the sitdown in rubber in *The Nation* of December 5. But Mr. Adamic's cheerful narrative neglected to mention the fact that Goodyear is completing its first twelve months' operation of a giant new factory at Buitenzorg, Java, where in the midst of a plantation of some 8,000,000 mature rubber trees the docile Javanese are being taught to make tires. The project has Mr. Litchfield's particular blessing, and naturally the Dutch are enthusiastic.

If this is not the industry's answer to the sitdown, if the flight of rubber to this "Sans Souci" and others has not, as other writers claim, already doomed Akron, will Mr. Adamic tell us why? One other point. Mr. Adamic describes the police as helpless in the face of a strike in Akron. But elsewhere the management's reply seems to be tear gas.

BERNARD RAYMUND

Dublin, Ohio, December 15

Chain Stores and Independents

Dear Sirs: I read with a great deal of interest the article in the November 28 *Nation* by my colleague, Representative Wright Patman, entitled *Curbing the Chain Store*. I vigorously opposed the passage of this legislation on the floor of the House and before the Judiciary Committee, of which I am a member. It was opposed by practically every economist of note, including Professors Malcolm P. McNair of Harvard, M. C. Waltersdorf of Washington and Jefferson College, W. A. Carter of Dartmouth, C. C. Huntington of Ohio State University, Walter E. Spahr of New York University, and T. R. Snavely of the University of Virginia. I have yet to discover any worthwhile economist who has espoused it.

My distinguished colleague states that as a direct result of this bill "small business is expanding, new buildings are being built and vacant ones occupied, men and women are being employed, the farmer is being aided by getting a fair return for his crops, . . . consumers . . .

are getting lower prices because monopoly has been checked and competition increased." Congressman Patman has assigned to his bill (which only became effective June 16, 1936) the cumulative results of more than three years of effort by the present Administration.

He speaks of a boon to the farmer but fails to indicate that the farmers were directly opposed to the passage of the act and continue in their opposition to it. The American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the National Cooperative Milk Producers' Federation, the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, and the Northeast Farmers' Union Legislative Committee, to name a few of the more important organizations, opposed it. It is pertinent to observe that Secretary of Agriculture Wallace was a vigorous opponent.

As a ranking member of the Judiciary Committee of the House, I opposed this bill primarily because it would be a raw deal for the consumer. It involves an annual increase in cost of food to the consumer of approximately \$750,000,000. The increase in the cost of clothes and other essentials is comparable. Professor Harold G. Moulton, of the Brookings Institution, recently said: "This bill, in so far as it would strike at all those who have heretofore been effective in reducing prices, to that extent will raise prices."

Large distributors, buying large quantities, are able to pass benefits in reduction in price on to the consumer. The Robinson-Patman Act, in so far as it would strike at quantity discounts, even if they be discretionary, to that extent impedes the passing on to the consumer of savings in price.

The bill was expected to assist the small retailer, but I fear the small retailer who urged its adoption has been following false prophets. Small wholesalers and retailers have written me advising that they are being dropped by their sources of supply and can no longer purchase the articles essential to their continuance in business. Many manufacturers are refusing to sell to small dealers and are confining their sales to large purchasers, to whom they grant discounts. Therefore the retailers and small wholesalers must buy from large distributors. The ultimate consumer must thus pay for the profits of several middlemen.

A rather new and unfortunate note in legal procedure is struck in that the bill provides that a defendant in proceedings before the Federal Trade Commission must prove that he is innocent. He must exculpate himself. A mere charge constitutes a prima facie case. Contrary to our time-honored tradition, he is considered guilty unless he proves his innocence.

EMANUEL CELLER,

M. C. Tenth New York District
New York, December 12

The Fall of Weirton

Dear Sirs: A few weeks ago the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee staged what might be called a coup at Weirton. Seven thousand employees of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company have been on strike now for several weeks. To keep up the workers' morale and increase the solidarity between plants, several steel organizers arranged for a caravan of 25 cars, holding 100 glass workers, to go to Weirton to help distribute *Steel Labor*. With them were several S. W. O. C. organizers, the committee's attorney, Lee Pressman, and a man ready to file \$10,000 in bond in the event of anyone's arrest. There were also three investigators of the La Follette committee. Papers were distributed at every mill gate. A few of the workers looked at the papers guardedly and put them in the rubbish barrel; most of them stuck them in their pockets and walked off with them. Weir's police stood along the curb, said nothing, but wrote down, presumably, the names of those who took the papers. The La Follette committee investigators stopped their car and took a picture of the deputy writing down the workers' names. The deputy was so busy he did not even notice he was being photographed until someone from the office across the street cried: "Hey, you're going to get a free ride to Washington for this. You had your picture taken."

The workers have not had such a sense of freedom since the summer of 1933, after the NIRA was enacted. The organizers are signing them up right in the Weirton mills. Incidentally Steve Barron, who was beaten up by company police shortly before the election, was elected constable in Weir's own stronghold.

ROSE M. STEIN

Pittsburgh, December 20

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Personal History

Dear Sirs: Yesterday I visited a department of the city government with the object of collecting a bill. About a year ago our company erected a building for this department, under PWA supervision, since which time we have repented, confessed, and begged for absolution.

At the end of my five-hour interview, it appeared that only one item blocked payment of our last \$10,000—a hitherto overlooked claim by the city that we might have provided a typewriter sooner than we did. It was tentatively suggested that we might have saved \$24 by our delay.

Behold me arguing about that \$24 for five hours with three well-paid officials! Why? Because to admit their claim would necessitate a change order.

A change order starts with a request from the architect for the building (who is at loggerheads with the department architect and would be reluctant to make it) and a reply from us, in two originals and nine copies, all signed. These reside on the desk of the department architect for six weeks. Eventually, if our papers do not get lost, they are moved from the department architect's desk to the deputy commissioner's office for signature, then back to the department architect for transmittal to the department auditor. The auditor loses them with surprising promptness. If I spend a morning in his office, he finds them. If it happens to be a Wednesday morning, he will probably stamp them Thursday. Then away they go again, through channels, to the Director of the Budget.

This good man works fast and obligingly—but one never knows how or when the papers reach him. In his turn he transmits them to the State Director of the Public Works Administration—which means in effect that they get lost in the mail department at 2 Lafayette Street. A visit to a rather temperamental old engineer who represents the state director on this project may produce them. If and when this individual, in his turn, receives a report from the resident engineer inspector in the field, he comments on our proposal and returns it to the mail department. From this point one week will generally suffice to get it across the street to the city department in question, and in three weeks more we may receive a letter some fine morning stating that our \$24 credit is accepted, and the way is clear for our \$10,000 payment, which can then be had in two months.

The saddest part of all this is that the men who, through force of unfortunate

circumstances, have become government officials appear to be scrupulously honest, most of them intelligent, many of them well-intentioned, some extremely hard-working. The incredible madhouse which results from their labors is a sore discouragement to anyone who favors a planned economy.

For every dollar our company spends in supervision of construction we spend just about two on paper work.

I offer no answer. I merely add that our company views the return of private enterprise to construction with unmixed joy.

A HARASSED CONTRACTOR
New York, December 14

Help the Seamen

Dear Sirs: As a survivor of the Mohawk disaster I came to learn about the conditions suffered by the men who man our ships, and am writing you on their behalf. I know how just their demands are in the present strike and am convinced that victory for them will mean greater safety for crew and passenger alike.

I most urgently ask the readers of *The Nation* to help the strikers win. To do this, they must have food, clothing, shelter, funds.

Contributions may be sent to the Citizens' Committee to Aid the Striking Seamen, 232 West Twenty-second Street, New York. The telephone number is WAtkins 9-7447.

SARAH JACKSON SMITH,
Secretary
New York, December 22

Reward of Confidence

Dear Sirs: It may interest you to know that the accurate information and forecast of *The Nation* and Mr. Ward brought me in \$300. I had absolute confidence in the impartiality of the election news in *The Nation* and rejected the public press, which gave an entirely different picture, and the *Digest* poll, which turned out the best farce of the period.

C. O. GRIFFIN
Lindsay, Cal., December 15

Correction

[In our issue of November 28 we referred to the Anarchist newspaper *Man* as having discontinued publication in 1929. On the contrary, *Man* was not born until January, 1930, and, as its editor assures us, is still very much alive. At present it is being published in New York City.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

WALTER DURANTY is an Englishman by birth whose dispatches from Russia since the early years of the Soviet regime have made him perhaps the best-known foreign correspondent of the American press. His book, "I Write As I Please," was among the earliest of the sagas of foreign correspondents which have made such vivid reading during the last two years. After a brief period of reporting the civil war in Spain he is now on a visit to this country.

EDWARD LEVINSON is labor editor of the *New York Post* and author of "I Break Strikes," an account of the activities of Pearl Bergoff and his scabs.

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The Shape of Things

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AS WE GO TO PRESS THE PRESIDENT IS ABOUT to deliver his annual message to Congress. We shall comment on it editorially next week. Meanwhile we submit to the attention of Congress a tentative legislative program of our own. It represents, obviously, only the bare bones of a policy. In the weeks that follow, *The Nation* will deal with each issue at greater length in editorials and articles, and will seek thus to clothe the skeleton in flesh and blood.

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WHATEVER HOPE HAD EXISTED FOR A SPEEDY termination of the European crisis disappeared over the week-end when it became apparent that not only Germany but Italy was sending a large number of new "volunteers" to the support of General Franco's rebels. The German action was not unexpected, especially after the Reich's refusal to accept the release of the freighter *Palos* as final settlement of that controversy. But the renewal of Italian assistance to the rebels came as a bitter surprise following the Anglo-Italian pact. Britain obtained a definite pledge that "so far as Italy is concerned the present territories of Spain shall remain intact." It also received full assurance that Mussolini would not seek to undermine its present position in the Mediterranean. But it apparently did not receive any guaranties regarding Italian intervention in the Spanish conflict. This raises a suspicion that Britain may have agreed to an Italian-aided rebel victory in Spain on the condition that foreign troops be withdrawn at the conclusion of hostilities. In support of this possibility, it is known that the British Foreign Office has consistently favored a rebel victory and has only been concerned in recent weeks lest Spain be permanently occupied by German or Italian troops. On the other hand, the developments of the past few weeks make it increasingly evident that even if General Franco wins he cannot hold power without permanent occupation by foreign troops. And whatever Britain may do, France cannot afford to see an insurgent victory. Such stubborn facts may yet restore Britain to sanity.

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MEANWHILE, IN SPAIN, THE INFLUX OF German and Italian troops seems not to have stemmed the tide which has been running strongly in favor of the loyalists in recent weeks. The new year found the government troops definitely on the offensive in every

sector except possibly Andalusia—where a strong rebel attack has just been repulsed. The failure of the well-trained German troops to make a better showing against the workers' militia has been attributed to the "haphazard conditions" of the Spanish war in contrast to the mechanically perfect conditions under which they were trained. Considerable friction also appears to have developed between the Germans and their Spanish allies, who cling to the outmoded idea that Spain belongs to the Spaniards. At the same time reports from Catalonia indicate much closer harmony between the Anarchists and Popular Front parties than has hitherto existed, despite official notice that Catalonia will never assent to domination by Madrid such as existed prior to July 19. It is not unlikely that the improvement in organization and discipline in the government militia may have more effect on the final outcome than two divisions of German troops.

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TWO MORE UNANIMOUS DECISIONS BY THE Supreme Court make it appear that the judges are trying very hard to present a united front to a hostile public opinion. One, upholding the constitutionality of the Ashurst-Summers Act implementing the state laws (already enacted by thirty states) against prison-made goods, will be good news to the labor movement, which has fought the competition of convict labor. The other, overruling the conviction of Dirk de Jonge under the Oregon criminal-syndicalism law, is even better news for the civil-liberties movement. De Jonge's case, since the only accusation against him was that he spoke at a Communist meeting called to protest against police activities in a seamen's strike, was one that struck a blow at the whole organizing movement in labor. Both decisions are clearly sound and enlightened, although we wish that Chief Justice Hughes in the De Jonge case had directly ruled the state criminal-syndicalism law unconstitutional. Meanwhile Senator Robinson's statement on the need for a wages-and-hours amendment looks perilously like an attempt to smooth his path against labor opposition to his possible appointment to a Supreme Court vacancy.

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THE PARDON OF CHANG HSUEH-LIANG AFTER a nominal sentence of ten years' imprisonment for having kidnapped the country's dictator is consistent with the suspicion that an anti-Japanese deal was arranged in connection with the release of Chiang Kai-shek. Further evidence of the success of Chang's coup may be seen in the apparent abandonment of Nanking's recently announced anti-Communist campaign, and in the fact that the troops of the rebel Chang and Yang Fu-chen have been allowed to retain their positions in contact with the red army. While it does not seem probable that T. V. Soong, Chiang's anti-Japanese brother-in-law, will immediately assume the premiership, a general Cabinet shake-up is anticipated that will give a much larger representation to left-wing elements and may be the forerunner of a genuine Popular Front government for China.

AT LEAST ONE FUGITIVE INDUSTRY HAS BEEN stopped in its flight to the promised land of low wages and other "favorable conditions" in those small towns where there is a thriving chamber of commerce but no trade unions. Supreme Court Justice Philip J. McCook last week decreed that two affiliated dress companies must live up to an agreement with the garment unions in New York City not to move their shop or factory "from its present location to any place beyond which the public-carrier fare is more than five cents." In October the two dress firms locked out their workers and moved their machinery to Archbald, Pennsylvania. They have been ordered to move it back and to reimburse the 200 locked-out employees. This is a notable and entirely sensible decision. While it will have no legal bearing on those similar situations in which no such agreement exists, its psychological effect is salutary. There has been much talk of the ingratitude of labor in "forcing" employers to decamp from New York City because of alleged prohibitive labor costs. "With the end of NRA," said Justice McCook, "appeared a new need for such contracts as the one in suit. Without a remedy as wide as that need, unscrupulous employers of labor will be tempted to play one community off against another, unlawfully depriving New York City of her business and her inhabitants of their livelihood." At the risk of being branded ingrates, the labor unions no doubt will continue the attempt to raise the standard of living of their members and to fight the small-town sweatshop.

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TWENTY-SEVEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED LAST month in airplane crashes. We do not intend to follow up this statement with an angry attack on the airlines, for in spite of these fatalities they have passed the best year in their history as far as safety is concerned. But December's tragic total of air deaths does call attention to grave problems in aviation which should be and can be rectified. To blind flying under dangerous weather conditions most of last year's accidents have been due, and until technical improvements make radio beams infallible, blind flying should be prohibited. More important is the necessity of transferring the regulation of commercial aviation from the Bureau of Air Commerce to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Remembering Secretary Roper's secretive policy in connection with the investigations into air and sea safety last spring, we may expect nothing of any value to emerge from the bureau's coming secret investigation of the December crashes. Nor, in view of the bureau's notorious incompetence and negligence, do we believe that its requested \$10,000,000 appropriation for improving safety devices will help matters much. As was recommended by Joseph B. Eastman, former federal Coordinator of Transportation, the I. C. C., which already regulates bus lines and railroads, is the logical body to put in charge of commercial aviation. A bill to give the I. C. C. the necessary powers was introduced in the House of Representatives last session. Its passage should be one of the first acts of the new Congress.

LAWRENCE WESTBROOK ON ANOTHER PAGE of this issue presents a design for dealing with the evils of the agricultural system as it crumbles toward final extinction in the South. With his major point we agree. The logical solution would be to set up a separate administration to take over the functions of rural resettlement, and as Mr. Westbrook suggests, to draw upon the specialized knowledge and services that have been developed in a number of federal agencies. But this solution, simple on paper, bristles with difficulties in practice. To tackle simultaneously a knotty social-economic problem and a problem of interdepartmental, federal-state coordination and still to keep the red tape from throttling both efforts is a task of staggering proportions. With this single warning we indorse Mr. Westbrook's plan in its larger aspects. We support particularly his proposal that representatives of the tenant farmers' union be drawn into all discussions of legislation; we would go farther and urge that union men be included in any administrative agencies that may be set up. And we also urge that the government give legal protection to the legitimate activities of the farm organizations in the South. In the end the success of any plan of reform will depend on the ability of the croppers and laborers to organize for improving their own conditions and voicing their own grievances.

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THE OLD GAG OF STEALING A MAN'S PANTS in order to prevent him from going out and doing whatever it is you don't want him to do has been adapted to new purposes in England. Parliament has passed the Public Order Bill, which prohibits the wearing of political uniforms and the maintaining, organizing, or training of private armies. Spurred by the Blackshirt parade which caused the East End riots last October, the act was drafted for the express purpose of curbing Sir Oswald Mosley's fascist organization and as such is all to the good. Under a similar act Scandinavian fascist groups, deprived of the glamor of uniforms and with their parades rendered innocuous, quietly melted away. At this moment Sir Oswald doubtless feels as frustrated and furious as the man without his pants. Nevertheless, the act cannot be regarded with unmixed rejoicing. The original draft contained many clauses which, in allowing the police to suppress demonstrations and parades at their own discretion without having to answer for their action in court and in other ways, constituted serious violations of civil liberties. Some of these were amended in committee, and all may since have been eliminated. But if the act stands as it was, it is an example of how democracy may trip itself up in trying to avoid fascism.

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THE PLAN MOOTED IN WASHINGTON TO centralize the government press handouts strikes us as dangerous. For one thing it will shut hardworking newspapermen out of news. More important, it is a step toward the totalitarian state. A democracy can never afford to build a Chinese wall around public opinion.

Fourteen Points for Congress

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS: The editors of *The Nation* take the liberty of addressing this message to you. This is the first session in eight years not completely dominated by the shadow of the depression, and therefore one in which you can build a program of progressive legislation in more permanent terms. You will be told on all sides to be hard-headed and practical, not to go chasing after Utopias. We agree. But our social system is confronted today by certain hard facts which make their own demands and set their own pace for solution.

We shall waste no time in rhetoric. In the modern state the dispatches to a legislative assembly should be as brief and clipped as communiqués from a battlefield. We are setting down therefore a fourteen-point program, which represents not an ideal social system but the next steps that must be taken in social advance for America.

1. *Relief and Unemployment.* There must be no curtailing of work relief except as the unemployable are put on direct relief and the unemployed but employable are absorbed in industry. Until the end of the fiscal year the estimate of \$877,500,000 made by the relief survey of the Conference of Mayors must be accepted as a minimum. A permanent relief and employment policy must be accompanied by a census of unemployment and the setting up of an adequate system of government employment exchanges.

2. *Social Security.* The present Social Security Act needs revision as follows: (a) Establish immediately federal health insurance; (b) provide for the inclusion of agricultural workers, domestic servants, and other exempt employees under the unemployment and old-age provisions; (c) eliminate employee contributions from both the unemployment and old-age provisions, and make up the difference with federal funds drawn from progressive taxation; (d) substitute a state-subsidy plan for the present cumbersome tax-offset plan for unemployment insurance; (e) eliminate the huge reserves contemplated for the old-age annuity plan, future deficits to be made up by taxation; (f) provide for an increase in the benefits under both plans, and advance the effective date for the old-age annuity plan to January 1, 1938.

3. *Housing.* A long-term program of low-cost housing construction, to be financed by federal subsidies to municipalities, trade unions, and public-housing groups, and to be carried on under the final control of a Federal Housing Corporation, but to be immediately subject to decentralized supervision. The construction is to be done under union wages and working conditions, with tenant and labor representation on the supervising groups to insure that rents will remain low.

4. *Labor Standards and Labor Relations.* To carry out President Roosevelt's expressed determination that "something must be done" to end child labor, starvation wages,

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and long hours in industry, we recommend: (a) a federal licensing measure, on the lines of the O'Mahoney proposal, whereby firms whose products enter into interstate commerce will be licensed by the federal government and must comply with child-labor provisions, minimum-wage rates, and maximum-hour and collective-bargaining provisions; (b) a plan of control in particular industries, as coal and textiles, unless it injures the consumer interest; (c) a constitutional amendment.

5. *Trade Practices.* While the existing anti-trust laws are not adequate and have never really been enforced, the present pressure to suspend or repeal them is dangerous. Pending more adequate legislation, it is imperative that a strong food-and-drug act be passed to protect the consumer, and that methods be studied for protecting the low-income consumer, both as to price and quality, in such basic necessities as milk and coal.

6. *Public Utilities.* The Wheeler committee's evidence of recklessness in the financial control of railroads should be gravely weighed, and the problem raised whether government control of railroads can be effective short of nationalization. Similar studies should also be made for the public utilities in gas and electric power. The control of holding companies in public utilities should be protected from judicial assault. We favor taking air-transport regulation from the Commerce Department and placing it with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

7. *Power.* Ratification of the St. Lawrence waterways treaty will reduce the cost of power in the region affected. In the TVA controversy, principles must be placed above personalities, and every effort made to preserve the government's most promising experiment in making increased power available at low rates.

8. *Security Control.* The powers of the Securities and Exchange Commission in ordering the segregation of brokers and dealers, and in developing control of the over-the-counter operations should be supplemented by (a) legislation empowering the commission to regulate the activities of protective committees and other groups in reorganizations; (b) regulation of investment trusts.

9. *Budget, Taxation, Monetary and Credit Policy.* It is desirable to have a balanced budget, but no fetish should be made of it, and balance should not be achieved at the cost of necessary social services. The corporate-surplus tax should be retained. The need for increased revenue should be met by strengthening the income tax in the intermediate brackets. No great harm will be done if the President's power to fix the value of the dollar is allowed to lapse. The great danger now is from too rapid monetary and credit inflation, which should be discouraged as a concealed form of taxation resting on manual labor and the white-collar groups.

10. *Agriculture and Land Settlement.* While soil conservation and crop insurance are both desirable, amendments to the Soil Conservation Act are required to restore an adequate measure of federal control. The work of the Resettlement Administration must be continued in giving immediate aid to the landless in our derelict areas and to the impoverished landowners in drought-stricken and eroded areas. For a more permanent pro-

gram we favor a government corporation as provided in the Bankhead bill, with adequate annual appropriations and power to finance the taking up of land by sharecroppers and tenant farmers. But this should be only part of a larger program of agricultural education, public health, and cooperation.

11. *Personnel and Government Service.* In effecting a reorganization of government agencies, care should be taken that, in the interest of either economy or efficiency, essential social services are not sacrificed or placed in hostile hands. The formation, by a regrouping of existing agencies, of three new Cabinet departments—Public Welfare, Public Works, and National Defense—is desirable. Government employees not under the merit system should be placed under it.

12. *Civil Liberties.* We favor (a) additional grants for the La Follette civil-liberties investigation; (b) legislation to insure greater freedom on the radio, the treatment of controversial subjects from all sides (as in political campaigns), and the exemption of the radio stations from libel suits; (c) an adequate anti-lynching bill, on the Wagner-Costigan model, providing federal prosecution of lynchers where the states fail to act; (d) legislation providing for jury review of the decisions of the Post Office Department solicitor banning material from the mails on the grounds of obscenity and sedition; (e) legislation to give the Labor Department wider discretion in handling "hardship" deportation cases; (f) repeal of the Blanton "red rider," muzzling the freedom of teachers in the District of Columbia.

13. *Neutrality, Munitions, National Defense.* We favor, as a neutrality policy, an embargo on the sale of munitions and basic war materials or the extension of credits to belligerent nations. Such an embargo should be imposed at the outbreak of war, but the President is to be empowered to suspend the embargo in case the majority of the signatories of the Kellogg Pact find that a country has been attacked in violation of the pact. We favor also the Nye plan for the nationalization of the munitions industry, and legislation "freezing" war profits in other basic industries to a minimum rate. We favor a unified national-defense policy which shall be restricted to the defense of the continental territory of the United States, and we ask a special Congressional investigation to determine a reasonable budget for such a policy.

14. *Court and Constitution.* We do not believe that action looking to a constitutional amendment precludes Congressional action regulating the exercise of the judicial power. Otherwise steps toward an amendment could be used as a screen to postpone indefinitely action to curb the Supreme Court's power. We favor therefore (a) a clarifying amendment, stating that the commerce clause shall apply to industry and agriculture wherever the products cross state lines, and giving Congress thus clear regulatory power; (b) a wages-and-hours amendment for the states, if later decisions should prove it necessary; (c) legislation either giving Congress the power to override a Supreme Court veto by two-thirds' vote, or providing that the court shall not invalidate an act of Congress except by at least a two-thirds' vote.

General Motors Meets the Enemy

THE ice age of craft unionism having come to an end, the forces of industrial unionism are spreading over the Great American Desert of unorganized mass-production labor with a speed that has outrun all expectations. The present crisis in automobiles, which had been more or less expected in the spring, had its beginning in an 85 per cent tie-up in flat-glass production; its end may be a stoppage in steel and coal. Such is the nature of industrial unionism. No wonder A. P. Sloan, Jr., and William S. Knudsen of General Motors want to divert this terrifying unity into as many separate ditches as the corporation has plants.

With sure instinct automobile employers have set out to discredit the unions with all the resources at their command. The first of these is publicity—and smoke bombs labeled "One Happy Family" and "Outside Agitators" have already been tossed into the public prints. Having fought collective bargaining tooth and nail they now self-righteously accuse the union of failing to bargain collectively before going on strike. Having for years cheated the workers out of a living wage or anything resembling security of employment, they now talk, more in sorrow than in anger, of the vast sums being lost in wages, of the thousands of "loyal" employees kept from jobs. Having agreed upon a uniform wage-and-hours policy in a directors' room in Detroit—or in Wall Street—they refer the union to plant managers, as if plant managers were anything more than glorified foremen.

Behind this smoke screen of publicity, the employers are preparing their real offensive—economic and, if necessary, physical attacks upon the workers and their unions. The united front of the automobile, steel, and coal operators is assured. Word comes from Toledo that officials of the struck glass plant there, under pressure from the automobile employers, have suddenly become reluctant even to discuss the new agreement proposed by the union. The coal operators meanwhile, in a flank attack designed to divert the energies of John L. Lewis, have served notice on the United Mine Workers that they intend to lengthen the work week in the next agreement. We may have no doubt that steel will also do its part.

We may have no doubt either that Mr. Knudsen's decrees holding up advertising and canceling orders for steel, rubber, and accessories are among the weapons agreed upon for ending the strike without benefit of collective bargaining. It is even possible that the industrialists are ready to sacrifice the rosy-cheeked child Recovery rather than allow the unions a victory. As for the cruder forms of coercion to be applied directly to the workers, there is the "legal" injunction. It has already been invoked—the stop-and-desist order issued in Flint makes it difficult to believe in the existence of an anti-injunction law—and it will lead all too logically, as it has already led in Cleveland, to tear gas, police clubs, and broken heads.

The industrialists know just how crucial this battle is. The United Automobile Workers and the Committee for Industrial Organization also know its significance. It remains for the rank-and-file citizen to realize its importance. Let him get the matter straight—before he reads another line in his local newspaper. We are witnessing the first great upsurge of labor's strength under the banner of industrial unionism. Its demands are just. Its leaders are able and sincere. If it wins this first major skirmish, the victory will send new confidence and fresh energy streaming into every union in the country. It will strengthen the hand of the democratic rank and file; it will speed the organization of the unorganized. In a word, it will hasten the establishment of a strong mass labor movement which is the best defense against reaction and the only solid or enduring basis for a political party whose "liberalism" is dictated by principle and not by pressure.

It is because the industrial monopoly knows its implications that the automobile, steel, and coal owners will fight this strike to the bitter end. Mr. Roosevelt and his Administration know its implications. The President must also know that the workers who helped elect him are watching his every move with a new-found political awareness. They are able to recognize strike-breaking in any form; moreover, they have learned from Roosevelt himself that Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., is an economic royalist—to be resisted in the name of American democracy.

Some time ago we wrote in these columns that "history may record that in 1936 the giant of American labor cast off the tight but puny bonds of craft unionism and started going places." On New Year's Day, 1937, the giant was shouldering his way into the open-shop paradise of Detroit.

Pro-Fascist Neutrality

A MAJOR sensation was created this past week by the "discovery" that the Neutrality Act had no bearing on the Spanish conflict. Although this fact was pointed out last August by the State Department itself, some of the sensational newspapers have sought to give the impression that the crafty Robert Cuse—alleged to be a Soviet agent because he once made sales to Russia—had ferreted out a "loophole" in the existing neutrality legislation and through it was planning to dispatch a lot of airplane parts to the Spanish government. The result has been a veritable clamor from the reactionary papers, supported we regret to say by Mr. Roosevelt himself, for a broadening of the act to include civil conflicts. Suggestions have also been made that all Americans who participate in the Spanish struggle be deprived of their citizenship, and that the law be strengthened to include raw materials and other potential war supplies.

To much in the argument of the neutrality advocates we can give unqualified support. We agree, of course, that America's commercial and financial relationships led it into the last war and are likely to lead it into the next one. We agree as to the necessity for adding raw materials and other war supplies to the list of articles to be em-

bargoed in the event of war. We would give full support to Senator Vandenberg's contention that the rules of neutrality must be laid down in advance of a war because "the exercise of discretion after a war has started inevitably invites an unneutral interpretation by any belligerent which is curtailed or offended by the decision."

Unfortunately, neither the President nor Senator Vandenberg appears to have noted the pertinence to the Spanish situation of this last argument. Here is a war already in existence. Under international law American citizens are prohibited from aiding the military clique which has risen up against the duly elected government of Spain. In the past the United States has never challenged this law. On the contrary, we were insistent, at the time of our own Civil War, on the scrupulous observance of the rule; and have repeatedly hidden behind it when supporting puppet Latin American dictatorships of our own choosing. To take action now in denying supplies to the Spanish government in its hour of need would be a deliberately unfriendly act. It would be worse than merely to accord the rebels belligerent rights to which they are not entitled. With Hitler openly aiding the insurgents, a general embargo by the United States, like the European non-intervention agreement, would be denying the government the resources of which the rebels are actually availing themselves. An embargo against Spain and Germany would be as bad, since no munitions are normally shipped to the Reich. The United States would in effect be taking sides in the Spanish conflict, and taking the side of the Spanish militarists, Hitler, and Mussolini against the government chosen by the Spanish people. Nor could there be any pretext that Congress was merely enforcing a principle agreed upon in pre-war days. There was never any intention of applying the Neutrality Act to civil war. In acting in the midst of the battle Congress is responding to the passions of the moment. And we need not look very far to find what interests in America are anxious for a fascist victory in Spain.

Much the same indictment can be made of the movement to enact neutrality legislation which would be mandatory in its application. We have already moved past the point where neutrality can be considered in terms of a hypothetical next war. The next war is upon us, and it is almost certain that it will be a war of aggression precipitated by Hitler with or without the aid of Mussolini. Ranged against the fascist powers will be France, the Soviet Union, and almost as surely England. It happens that England and France are much more dependent on supplies from the United States than Germany. Any announcement by the United States that it will not under any circumstances furnish the belligerent countries with the sinews of war is an open invitation to Hitler to launch his attack. Supplies that are denied the democratic countries would be just as useful to Hitler as the same amount of supplies sealed and delivered to Nazi Germany. Neutrality regulations which could be lifted in case the League found a certain country to be the innocent victim of aggression would not be open to this objection. If this country is to depart from traditional neutrality, let it at least be sure that it is not actively supporting fascism.

Birth Control Today

THE birth-control movement has passed out of the first long phase of its development into a new and more respectable one. It is no longer primarily a struggle, a social and moral revolution productive of heroes and martyrs, police raids, recriminations, and hysterics. It has won through to what might be called a safe period—though the phrase must not be taken in its common or Roman Catholic sense. On the contrary, never did the cause of birth control show fewer signs of even temporary sterility. Its newly won security has given it an opportunity to do the work that it was founded to make possible. Actual education in birth-control methods, the control and standardization of contraceptive appliances, scientific experiment and the development of safer techniques—these are the functions it will concentrate on in the coming years.

The roots of this change are imbedded partly in the long struggle itself, culminating in the successful fight conducted by Morris L. Ernst to establish by court decision the legal right of a physician to prescribe contraceptive measures and to transmit or receive contraceptive materials. But the change stems also from the evil years through which the country has just passed. Out of the lower depths of the depression arose a demand from sources that could not be ignored—public-health authorities, social workers, relief officials—that simple, safe, cheap methods of birth control be made available especially for the benefit of those on relief and the unemployed generally, and to all whose economic security was threatened. In some cities contraceptive advice was actually provided by the authorities. Even the Catholic church, sensitive to the pressures of the times, promoted the "safe period" theory and, by so doing, not only yielded an important doctrinal point but encouraged some fruitful research into the actual uses and limitations of the sterile segment of the menstrual cycle.

A third reason for the emergence of the movement from its period of civil war and revolution is the steady work through thirteen years of the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau—a record of persistent experimentation coupled with service to more than 56,000 patients. This work has gone on almost literally under fire. The material amassed will form an invaluable basis for the scientific and social work that remains to be done. For this, credit must go first to Margaret Sanger, whose valiant and stubborn fight made the whole development possible, and second to Dr. Hannah M. Stone, who has headed the bureau and directed its work. Now it is in a position to call and conduct such meetings as that just concluded in New York, the Conference on Contraceptive Research and Clinical Practice, at which reports were made by a group of some 200 leading biologists and physicians working in this field. Next week we plan to print an article by Dr. Stone analyzing the chief scientific achievements of the year. Meanwhile we note with satisfaction the emergence of the movement into the bright light of scientific acceptance and friendly publicity.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, January 4

JUST as Congress is about to make its opening bid for the center of the national stage, the Committee for Industrial Organization has preempted that spot, and as a result the major question in Washington suddenly has ceased to be: What legislation will the Congressional mills grind out in the next few months? Instead, it is: What will the government—and Roosevelt, in particular—do about the strike that under C. I. O. leadership is rapidly spreading paralysis throughout the automobile industry and threatening to bring the whole structure of industrial recovery tumbling down?

It is too early to formulate an answer to that question. At the moment Washington knows very little about the situation beyond the fact that this promises to be the toughest and most crucial labor dispute any President has had to face, and that if the struggle is not quickly terminated, its militancy may infect the Congress and drastically reshape the legislative program. We know that the shutting down of the automobile plants will cripple whole sectors of American industry supplying and transporting raw materials and semi-manufactured and finished parts to the motor makers. We know, too, that if the strike itself does not spread through those same sectors of industry, including the nation's steel mills, its eventual solution will form a pattern that quickly will be forced on labor relations in all those sectors.

We think we know, in addition, that the automobile magnates will fight to the last ditch against unionization, that they will bring to that fight a vicious resourcefulness fully equal to that which their feudal progenitors in steel have always displayed, and that, if their wiles fail them, they will not be above taking refuge in the Supreme Court's bosom and from that vantage point defying Roosevelt, Lewis, and the public through the people's representatives in Congress assembled. But we cannot be sure of this until we know whether Henry Ford will fight shoulder to shoulder with his rivals. It is barely possible that the two groups, distrusting each other, will angle for preferential position in the labor struggle and thus play into the C. I. O.'s hands. Reports have been received here from Detroit to the effect that it was Ford himself who forced the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Company to capitulate to the union week before last.

Ford's position in the fight is only one of its vital uncertainties. It is already apparent that the strike has been beautifully timed even to the inauguration of Michigan's new Governor, Frank Murphy, who is counted on to see that the state police forces do not become shock troops for the manufacturers and that the judiciary conducts itself with a minimum of indecency. It also is apparent that the strategy chosen—the attack through key

manufacturers of parts—makes for maximum economy in effort. But we do not know how far the barons of the A. F. of L. can or will go in desperate self-defense to sabotage the C. I. O. by lending aid to the manufacturers, just as we do not at this time know the answer to that much more vital question: How long can John L. Lewis and his chiefs of staff hold in line the green recruits to unionism who are their followers in this automobile strike? It must be granted that because of their semi-monopolistic position and financial resources, the motor magnates can withstand even a completely effective strike for many weeks.

We may expect that when, as, and if a stalemate is reached, Roosevelt will intervene with a compromise proposal that will be weighted in favor of whichever side seems at that moment to be the stronger. In 1934, faced with a strike threat in the same industry, he imposed upon labor a peace formula so heavily weighted in the manufacturers' favor that the International Harvester Company later adopted it in place of its old time-tested company-union plan, as the NLRB recently found in a decision that indirectly denounced Roosevelt's formula as a fraud upon the workers. But in 1934 the automobile strike was merely a threat and not an accomplished fact, and instead of Lewis the Bold, Roosevelt had Green the Pusillanimous to deal with. Roosevelt this time will have to find a better formula.

There are, of course, dozens at hand, or will be when the New Deal's lawyers finish digging them up for him, for contrary to popular impression the history of federal intervention in labor disputes is a long and rich one. The lawyers need search no farther than Edward Berman's "Labor Disputes and the President" (Columbia University Press, 1924), or they may turn to the record of the NLRB *vs.* Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation (Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, No. 8088, 1936) for an exhaustive review of precedents in federal intervention. The NLRB, which prepared the review, prefaces it with this summary of three sentences, the final one of which has ominous significance in the present situation: "Governmental intervention of some kind has been the rule in major labor disputes for more than half a century. Some of it has been without precedent or legislative authorization, much of it without preliminary planning or research. It has been most effective in those cases in which the government acted prior to the outbreak of the strike to remove its causes."

Not the least valuable aspect of the NLRB's review is that it forces recognition that court injunctions in strikes are also a form of intervention. There is strong likelihood that courts in the motor-strike areas will so splatter the scene with restraining orders as to make it

almost impossible for the Administration to extract a peace formula from the resulting muddle and bitterness. The federal government itself has sought ten—and obtained eight—anti-labor writs under the Sherman Act, and more than 500 injunctions have been issued by the federal courts in labor disputes.

Executive intervention has divided itself into three categories. In the first of these is indirect intervention, which includes the investigation of strike issues under the direction of the White House or some federal department, the writing of letters to either or both sides urging settlement, conferences with the employers and union leaders, personal mediation or conciliation by the President, and, finally, the making of definite proposals for settlement or legislation. A classic example is Wilson's handling of the situation in 1912, when negotiations between the railroads and the conductors and trainmen broke down and the unions voted to strike. President Wilson called the disputants together to propose arbitration, found the railroads unwilling to accept the machinery of the Erdman Act of 1898, arranged a conference of the disputants and Congressional leaders, and evolved and pressed to enactment the Newlands Act, which provided the requisite arbitration machinery. In 1916, when another railroad strike threatened, Wilson, after the dispute had narrowed down to the issue of a basic eight-hour day, personally appeared before Congress and obtained enactment of the Adamson Act, which established an eight-hour day for rail workers.

The second category of executive intervention is a midway step between friendly indirect intervention and coercion. It consists of the use of publicity such as the publication of the results of the President's mediation efforts and the findings of his investigators—all with the purpose of hastening settlement of the strike. The third category, which takes in the coercive forms of executive intervention, has several subdivisions. One of these is the securing of legislation granting to the strikers at least

some of the working conditions which their employers had refused them and for which they had struck. A more common stratagem in the field of coercive intervention is the threat of a federal investigation of the industry or one of its key members, with particular reference to prices and profits; it is aimed at obtaining concessions from the employers to avoid the threatened probe. Another form of executive intervention is the obtaining of injunctions to avert or end strikes, a practice first resorted to in the Pullman strike of 1894, when Cleveland obligingly appointed as special United States Attorney a management man, who in turn obtained the necessary injunctions and some 5,000 federal marshals to enforce them. Executive resort to the injunction device was had again in the railway shopmen's strikes of 1919 and 1922 and in the bituminous coal strike of 1919.

The use of federal troops is another coercive form of executive intervention. Cleveland called them out in the Pullman strike in 1894, Roosevelt sent them into Arizona and Colorado in 1903-4, Wilson sent them to Colorado in 1914, to Gary in 1919, and in the same year to West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Washington. Harding sent them to West Virginia in 1921. The wholesale use of federal marshals in lieu of troops has already been noted in the case of the Pullman strike.

Every President from Cleveland's time to date has been confronted with major labor disputes, and few of them have been satisfied with the weapons they had at hand. Even Coolidge complained of this when, in connection with the 1925 anthracite strike, he told Congress that "authority should be lodged with the President and the Departments of Commerce and Labor, giving them power to deal with an emergency. They should be able to appoint temporary boards with authority to call for witnesses and documents, conciliate differences, encourage arbitration, and, in case of threatened scarcity, exercise control over distribution."

Spain's "Red" Foreign Legion

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Alicante, December 7

THROUGHOUT the centuries men have left their homes to fight on foreign soil for liberty. Byron, Lafayette, Kosciusko, and, in more recent times, John Reed—the list is long and illustrious.

Spanish democracy has been attacked. It has issued no call for foreign friends, but Europe's anti-fascists have volunteered in thousands to serve in the army of the Spanish republic. Approximately 60 per cent are French and Belgians, factory workers for the most part. There are also Poles, Germans, Czechs, Swiss, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Italians, Serbs, several score white Russian émigrés who thus want to document a change of mind,

a Mexican artillery officer, a New York Jew, an Egyptian, some Algerian Arabs, two Turkish officers; and recently Britishers have commenced to arrive. Enlistment of women is discouraged, yet they slip into groups and are content to lend a hand wherever it is needed, either in ministering to the wounded or in peeling potatoes.

Usually governments have set no difficulties in the path of these volunteers. Foreign offices may adopt any attitude toward the Spanish conflict, but free nations do not obstruct the expression of the individual citizen's idealism. Not a few of these soldiers of freedom, however, have had to steal across the frontiers of dictatorships and walk many miles, footsore and penniless, al-

ways evading the eyes of the police, before they reached hospitable soil.

Linguistically the International Column of the Spanish loyalist army is a Babel. Yet no greater unanimity of sentiment ever animated a modern fighting force. General Franco is a symbol of feudal backwardness, the tool of the interests which have kept the Spanish millions in cruel poverty. Nevertheless, the volunteers, when they march to the Madrid trenches, think less of Franco and Spain than of Hitler and Mussolini, and of the little Hitlers and Mussolinis of Europe. The members of the international brigades in Spain are not newcomers in the battle with fascism. As Socialists, Communists, pacifists, radicals, and liberals they have contended against fascism at home. "We are merely transferring our activities," a prominent intellectual in the brigade said to me, "to the most threatened sector of the world anti-fascist front, for if this sector crumbles the other sectors will be less secure."

The German, Yugoslav, Hungarian, Italian, and Polish émigrés, deprived of the possibility of attacking their national regimes directly, do so in Spain. The French feel that they strike a blow for their own Front Populaire. August Wach, a dealer in electrical appliances, left Germany in 1933, opened a store in an Alsatian town, and prospered. In October he closed his shop and put up a sign: "Gone for an indefinite stay in Spain." Since then eight men in the same city have followed his example. A young German named Kroge, finding it trying to continue the underground struggle against Hitler in Bremen, went to Montevideo. He returned to Europe as soon as the Spanish civil war began and enlisted in the International Brigade. "To me," a French Socialist declared when I interviewed him behind his machine-gun on the Madrid front, "this is chiefly target practice for Colonel de la Rocque's aristocrats."

To facilitate instruction and command, the foreigners are divided into units according to national origin. Thus there exists a Franco-Belgian battalion, an Italian battalion, a Balkan company, and so on. But in the barracks the men mix to share their experiences, military and civil. I went out to Madrigeras, a village near Albacete, where the Italians were billeted. A sham battle was scheduled for the storming of a castle. In a conversation between Captain Galliani, late of New York, who led one of the attacking parties, and Lukac, a Hungarian author, now commander of the second brigade at the front, it developed that they had fought against each other in the World War, Galliani in the Italian army, Lukac in that of the Dual Monarchy. Ludwig Renn, the German writer, recently released from a Nazi prison, was with us. He chatted with Major Vidal, commander of the base at Albacete. They had faced each other across no man's land at the Somme. Men once poised to kill one another are now bound together by a live community of interest.

Not all the men are World War veterans. Many received their military training as conscripts in various European armies. Experience in sports for some and the self-discipline of others make up for their lack of soldiering. All of them have fought bravely in Spain. In a

month they won a reputation which thrills the Spanish republican army and causes the enemy to pause—this though their number is surprisingly small.

The figures have been exaggerated out of ignorance but also in malice. The first International Brigade reached the front in the early days of November with a full complement of 1,900 men. The second brigade got to the front on November 14. Its strength then was 1,550. To date these are the only foreign units which have borne arms in the cause of Spanish democracy—3,450 soldiers. Yet they have appreciably influenced the military situation.

The Spaniards are brave and temperamental but not martial. The last time Spain engaged in war was against Napoleon, over a hundred years ago. Ninety per cent of the regular Spanish army remained with Franco and Mola when they raised the standard of revolt. Great masses immediately entered the ranks of the government militia. But they were green, untutored, unofficered, unaccustomed to the whistle of bullets or the sight of an advancing foe.

The republic's "Foreign Legion," seeking unselfish political gains rather than loot, was originally conceived as a shock corps. On November 6, however, the rebels stood at the gates of Madrid; the militia had retreated headlong before the onslaughts of the Moors, who were rescuing Christian Spain from the will of its workers, peasants, and intellectuals. The idea of the great smashing offensive was therefore abandoned, and the International Column was thrown into the breach to save Madrid. It saved Madrid. Not alone, of course. With their backs to the walls of the capital, the government troops, aided now by newly arrived airplanes and inspired by the contagious example of the foreigners, likewise fought better. Franco encountered unexpected resistance. Since then the two international brigades have created a legend. They never retreat. They are not afraid to die—and that is a soldier's highest asset. Given an objective, they take it. The Moors were intrenched in a building of University City. They had machine-guns and hand grenades. The Hungarians were ordered to storm the building. They had only rifles and bayonets. They stormed it and captured it. They suffered 200 casualties out of a total strength of 300. A heavy loss, but the victory electrified thousands of men.

On other occasions the experienced internationalists stood firm when whole brigades melted away before the well-directed fire of the Moors. The Spaniards then realized that more might be killed in flight than in resistance. Formerly, when the Moors came on the scene, fright had seized the militia. Now the militia began to see Moorish heels high in the air. Moroccan daggers were shown in Madrid, trophies of successful skirmishes with the once-dreaded North Africans.

Spanish units lying next to the foreigners started to display finer fighting qualities. This spread down the line. Brigades competed for positions at the front. Could they not be on the left flank of the International Column? Might they not occupy the second-line trenches behind Kleber's brigade? Meanwhile the foreigners remained in

the thick of battle. They refused to leave the trenches until absolutely certain that their sectors would be held. They were lousy; they had not bathed for fifteen days. At night, wrapped in one woolen blanket apiece contributed by French trade unions, they slept on ground covered with hoar frost. But of their own free will they stayed.

I was present in a cold staff dining-room when the arrangements were made for the relief of the first International Brigade by Colonel Gallo's excellent Spanish brigade. Commander Hans and Chief of Staff Ludwig Renn discussed all the details of the change. The enemy must not know that a new force was lying opposite. How achieve this? The Moors sometimes fired at night. Loyal Spanish troops always replied. The foreigners never did. Their nerves permitted them to refrain until and if their antagonists advanced. Gallo undertook to give strict orders against useless waste of ammunition to keep up courage. Everything was settled.

That evening I sat by General Kleber's fireside. Colonel Gallo entered. He was taking over from Hans, he reported, and all was proceeding well. But could not the internationalists be held at a convenient distance behind his trenches to be on hand in case of trouble?

When I visited the second International Brigade, it was in the second-line trenches on the northern Madrid front. The Spaniards felt secure in the first line with the foreigners just in the rear.

The Spanish army units take pride in cooperating with the International Corps. Immediately after they went into action on the Madrid front, the foreigners bore the brunt of many a hot battle, and their losses in the first fortnight were enormous. The first brigade went forward with 1,900 men early in November and counted 1,000 effectives a month later. The second brigade had 750 killed and wounded in three weeks of fighting. Today the rate of casualties is much lower. But the two brigades had to be reinforced. In the beginning new foreign soldiers were sent up from the base. But this interfered to some extent with the formation of a third international brigade. Moreover, it was held desirable from all points of view—military, political, and moral—to mix Spaniards with foreigners. The authorities accordingly ruled that the international units were to be reconstituted so as to consist of three foreign and two Spanish battalions. Rivalry immediately arose among the Spaniards. They all wanted to join the International Column. In the end two battalions of brave and hardened Asturias miners were chosen for the first International Brigade. The selection for the second brigade has yet to be made.

Behind the lines, far away in the eastern provinces, approximately 3,200 more foreigners are being trained, organized, and equipped for the struggle. Reports of 60,000 foreigners in the service of the Spanish government are therefore fantastic. Spanish republicans regret that the figures of Ambassador Ribbentrop and the Berlin *Börsen Zeitung* are untrue, and they will take measures, undoubtedly, to augment the size of the International

Column. For the moment, however, these 3,200 in the hinterland plus the 1,800 survivors of the first two brigades represent the entire strength of the International column in Spain. The government expects to add some 2,000 good Spanish soldiers to the 3,200 foreigners not yet engaged in the Madrid battle—a reserve for a future offensive. Meanwhile, contingents continue to arrive from various foreign lands.

The relations between the foreigners and the Spaniards, needless to say, are most cordial. The women of Albacete have volunteered to wash the laundry of the men of the column stationed in that town. The Spanish Ministry of Education has given the column a college building near the coast for use as a 400-bed hospital for its wounded. The same ministry donated a thousand bottles of cognac for the men in the cold trenches, and writing material, foreign books, radios, and gramophones for the men in barracks. Villages near Valencia supply the column with oranges, pomegranates, rice, lentils, onions, and other vegetables—free of charge. Martinez Barrio, president of the Cortes and civil governor of Albacete, is always ready to listen to the needs of the brigades and to assist in meeting them. Prime Minister Largo Caballero told me that when he received arms—they are still very scarce in republican Spain—his first thought would be of the International Column. The railway workers of Albacete built a huge armored car on their own initiative, fitted it with a machine-gun, and presented it to the third brigade at a public ceremony marked by wildly enthusiastic scenes.

I was sitting in the headquarters of one of the brigades at the front when a delegation from the shoemakers' union entered with a beautiful pair of boots and tremendous rolls of leather. They had instructions, they said, to make made-to-measure boots for the commander and anybody else designated. This, one of the delegates declared, was merely a token of their fraternal sentiments toward the foreigners.

I saw the second brigade go off to Madrid. Old Spanish men and women moved for an hour among the soldiers shaking hands individually with hundreds of them and saying "Salud" and "Victory." Meanwhile young boys would attract the notice of the foreigners by exclaiming "Eh, Franco," and then drawing a horizontal finger across their throats. As the train pulled out of the station, the soldiers stood at the windows with clenched fists raised, the Spaniards stood at attention with clenched fists raised, and all sang the International in a dozen languages. Women wept. Between the Spanish united front and the European united front as represented by the brigades there exists a powerful bond of friendship and common purpose. If the Spanish revolution wins, the left movements of the world will of course feel the stimulating influence. But even the process of helping Spanish democracy must have an encouraging and inspiring effect on parties depressed by the recent apparently irresistible encroachments of fascism. The International Column is therefore regarded by its sponsors as at least as necessary and beneficial to the outside proletariat as it is to the Spanish republic.

Farm Tenancy: A Program

BY LAWRENCE WESTBROOK

THIS is the age of the laboratory method, by which experiments are tested and principles are formulated before large-scale operations are launched. One of the most important large-scale operations for the social future of the United States will begin when legislation is passed to cope with the problem of farm tenancy. In this field the experimenting has already been done, and done well. The underlying causes of the farm-tenancy problem are known. The principles of a solution are also known, having been developed in experimental laboratories. But there is grave doubt whether these realistic conceptions will eventually prevail. There is danger that the new legislation will ignore the exploratory work already done and turn over the administration of the act to some agency or government department not equipped to carry on the manifold activities involved in it.

Laboratories for the study of the problem were operated first under the Rural Rehabilitation Division of the FERA and then under the Resettlement Administration. The specific experiments bearing most directly on it are the rural communities at Dyess (Arkansas), Pine Mountain Valley (Georgia), and Cherry Lake (Florida). These were originally established by the writer under the direction of Harry L. Hopkins as part of the general program of rural rehabilitation. When the Resettlement Administration took over the rural-rehabilitation activities of the FERA, these three communities were given complete autonomy, and they have since functioned as independent rural foundations devoting their resources to the development of patterns of living for the share-croppers and farm workers without capital, who would otherwise be indefinitely on relief. They have been testing and proving grounds for the principles to be applied to a large-scale program. In all of them the findings are the same: tenancy is not a cause but an effect, and the evils associated with tenancy are not to be eradicated except by dealing with causes.

Men fail in the South not because they do not own land but because they are not competent farmers. They are incompetent because they are not physically well—a fact which presents immediate problems of hygiene and medical care. They are incompetent because they are ignorant, because they do not know how to farm or how to dispose of farm products—a fact which presents immediate problems in education, training, and organization. They are incompetent for other reasons, which I shall enumerate presently. To try to solve the problem without providing the necessary physical health, knowledge, and organization would not only accomplish nothing but might make a solution impossible.

The new legislation must not be so framed as to apply

only to those relatively few persons who are already fitted for profitable ownership, but must cope with the problem of training and upbuilding the vast majority for whom it is intended. It must do much more than provide facilities for the easy purchase of land by needy individuals on credit at low interest. Its aim, in short, must not be solely the abolition of tenancy. You cannot change an unsuccessful tenant into a successful farmer by a mere change of his title to the land he works. Farm tenancy is not so much undesirable in itself as an effect of undesirable conditions. Under some circumstances it can be regarded as a desirable system. In France, Denmark, Sweden, and in our laboratory communities in America it may benefit the tenant. Some form of tenancy in this country will certainly be needed for the vast number of land workers who cannot qualify for land ownership or who do not want it.

Although the fundamental principles of a solution have become clear, legislation will not be effective unless the administration of the act is vested in a body capable of establishing and maintaining these principles. Legislation should be drafted with the lessons of the laboratory in mind, and since it will deal with the future of a group of citizens, these citizens, in so far as they have any articulate organization, should be consulted. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, given only a small part in the preliminary consultation, cannot in reason or justice be continuously ignored. After all, the legislation is supposed to be in behalf of those whom this organization represents. At a recent meeting of the committee of forty formed to suggest a program, the one and only tenant representative, W. L. Blackstone, who really is a farm tenant and a member of the union, somewhat apologetically expressed disappointment that actual conditions among share-croppers did not receive more consideration. To the amazement of those who have contended that all the share-croppers and farm laborers want is a hand-out from government, he said, "You could give forty acres and a mule and supplies to a lot of farm tenants tomorrow, and they would not have any of it at the end of a year."

No single government agency can cure the evils of tenancy. There is required the concerted effort of the many agencies already in existence, with their well-trained personnels. In farm supervision, farm credit, rural sanitation, hygiene, diet, education, recreation, and work relief, these agencies have developed services which can be made available at no very great additional expense. They need only be coordinated and directed.

The most important reason, I should say, why share-croppers and farm laborers cannot at once become successful farmers is to be found in their lack of training

in farm management. They have always had their work laid out for them, with someone to tell them what to do and when to do it. They have been one-crop specialists, almost as limited in their activities as industrial workers in a modern automobile factory. They know little or nothing of the gardening, poultry-raising, and dairying essential for self-sufficing farming. If they are to become independent farmers, they must receive expert supervision and guidance, which can best be supplied by the Department of Agriculture.

A second reason why share-croppers and destitute farm workers cannot operate successfully at once is their generally bad physical condition. In the South they have lived for generations in mosquito-infested and unsanitary surroundings, on an improper diet, and with totally inadequate medical care. A large proportion of them are afflicted with insidious, energy-sapping diseases. The prevalence of malaria, pellagra, hernia, bad teeth, and diseased tonsils is without question a major cause of the shiftlessness and indolence with which these people are so often reproached. At the clinic established by the government at the Dyess colony in Arkansas it was discovered that practically every family examined for admission to the colony had one or more of these afflictions. After a few months' treatment the Dyess settlers were so improved in appearance and morale that they did not seem to be the same people. Their capacity and desire for work were noticeably increased. Their children, when sent to nearby public schools and placed in classes with children from local non-colony families, led their classes. It would be hard to find more convincing evidence both of the fundamentally worth-while stock of these people and of the deterrent effects of poor health. The malaria mosquito can be eradicated as effectively and perhaps as cheaply as the tick which causes Texas fever among cattle. The government has spent millions in successfully fighting the cattle tick. An attack on the malaria mosquito would now be a good investment. The broad experience and trained personnel of the Public Health Service should be utilized in the application of remedial measures to all of these prevalent diseases.

A third requisite for successful farming, with or without tenancy, is adequate credit. Tenants and share-croppers, particularly in the South, can obtain credit for production and credit for consumption only at rates so high as to make successful farming impossible. By being forced to trade at commissaries and by similar subterfuges share-croppers are usually made to pay exorbitant interest rates. The Farm Credit Administration is fully equipped to meet this problem and should be utilized.

The small farmer must necessarily produce, purchase, and sell in small quantities. This is a fourth obstacle to his success. He is permanently at a disadvantage which can only be overcome by the introduction of cooperatively owned marketing and storage facilities. The Department of Agriculture and the Farm Credit Administration have both had long experience in the establishment and development of cooperative marketing organizations. This experience should be drawn upon.

Small farmers are not able to benefit from mechanized

equipment. They could substantially increase production by the use of modern machinery, which they cannot afford to buy but which might be made available through cooperative ownership or be rented from state corporations. Farm-to-market roads constitute one of the most pressing needs of our rural economy. They can be obtained through the cooperation of the WPA in localities where rural development is undertaken. Schools, hospitals, and recreational facilities are also badly needed in many localities, and can be obtained through the WPA.

Inadequate and unsanitary housing is a major handicap. Living quarters available for farm workers in the South are far worse than in the worst slums of the cities. It is practically impossible to maintain good health, to say nothing of decent living standards and self-respect, in the ramshackle hovels used as homes by the share-croppers and farm laborers who make our cotton crop. A sound program of rural development must include extensive modernization and new building, using any feasible pre-fabrication techniques which have been developed and engaging the cooperation of the Rural Electrification Administration.

Speculation in land values due to changes in commodity price levels has been a spectacular cause of the loss of farms in the past, and will be again if adequate restrictions against mortgaging and resale are not incorporated in the new legislation. It is certain that a program of rural development must contain provisions for such restrictions.

Since the causes of the evils associated with farm tenancy are many and since there are many existing government agencies fitted to help eradicate these evils, the problem should not be handled by any agency of government acting alone. In the laboratory communities which have already been referred to, it has been found that the various existing agencies can function most effectively when they are under the direction of a separate coordinating and directing organization. Virtually all that is needed to get the entire problem in hand is a federal policy-making and refinancing body, with separate operating bodies in each state. These might well be in the form of self-liquidating, non-profit state corporations.

The federal agency might well be a federal corporation charged with complete and unified responsibility for all land acquisition and disposition and for the formulation of rural-development policies. Purchases of land could be made with long-term bonds of the corporation, bearing guaranteed interest. Disposition of land could be made to the branch of government best fitted to use the land. Areas suitable for reforestation would go to the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture. Areas suitable for parks, grazing, game preserves, and the like would go to the Department of the Interior. Land which is really suitable for farming would be sold to the state corporations.

The state corporations would be the real operating units of the program. Suitable state corporations are already in existence and have already been adapted to this type of work. In 1934-35 they were set up in each state by Mr. Hopkins under the name of Rural Rehabilitation

Corporations, and were, in fact, private, non-profit, self-liquidating bodies. Their stock would be held in continuous trust by the directors of the federal corporation in order to insure effective execution of the policies determined by the latter. Their function would be to direct and coordinate the specialized services of existing government agencies and to supplement these activities with new services only when so directed by the federal corporation. To insure complete and understanding cooperation the Board of Directors of the federal corporation could consist of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Surgeon General, the governor of the Farm Credit Administration, the administrator of the Works Progress Administration, and probably also the Secretary of Commerce. Many of the directors of the state corporations might well be the local administrative officers of these same federal departments.

If we conceive of this program as being designed to cure the evils commonly associated with farm tenancy, the policy to be followed by the directors of the federal corporation becomes clear. It should be to set up a system of tenancy designed to benefit the tenant. Under that system tenants fitted to succeed as owners should be enabled in due time to become owners. Others who might succeed better as tenants should be eligible to receive the same benefits as landowners but under continued supervision. The purpose should be to develop each group under conditions enabling its members to rise as far as they can. The state corporations should, in effect, take the place of existing landowners, but in addition they should provide those necessary facilities and opportunities which have been outlined here and which are, of course, beyond the capacity and the province of private enterprise.

Blum and the Communists

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, December 11

AS IT has turned out, the abstention of the seventy-two Communists on December 5 from approving the foreign policy of the Front Populaire government did not, after all, produce a ministerial crisis in France. All the rumors and alarums to the contrary notwithstanding, I make bold to assert that Thorez and his followers would have voted with the majority and would have found a way of justifying their course to the masses afterward if they had not known in advance (a) that a sufficient number of deputies in the center and right center would more than make up the deficiency, and (b) that despite Blum's warnings the Cabinet would not resign. The Communist leaders have accustomed the rank and file these past two years to the almost limitless elasticity of their line. They have taught them to swallow without gagging the unity of action with their "brother" Socialists, whom till 1934 they attacked as the best reliance of the bourgeoisie, the united front with their Radical "friends," whom they had helped to drive out of office a few months earlier, and almost if not quite the "French front" of all anti-Germans, which is but another name for the anathematized national union. They have not been afraid to preach to them moderation in economics, patriotism in home politics, and a healthy militarism in foreign relations. They have had no difficulty in explaining their reversal on the war budget, on strikes, on the middle classes, on the conscientious objectors, and quite recently on devaluation; and they would have been at no loss to justify an about-face on Spain in the interest of world peace—as did the Socialists—or domestic solidarity, or revolutionary discipline, or what you will. But what would have taken tough explaining—at the present moment anyhow—and what they only too well knew would strain the workers'—let

alone the middle classes'—good-will would have been their upsetting the Front Populaire government, their disruption of the Front Populaire itself, and the mighty chaos both in France and in the outside world which such a step would have provoked.

The rumors and alarums were as varied as they were fantastic. The solitary grain of truth in the heap was that the Cachin-Thorez team was after the Blum-Delbos scalp. Why? For a score of reasons, among which the Blum-Delbos Spanish policy held a conspicuous place and the essence of which can be summed up in the government's thesis that a general war may yet by wise diplomacy be averted and that therefore the time is still unripe for transforming the Franco-Soviet pact into an offensive and defensive military alliance. True it is, also, that the Communists are impatient to see the Front Populaire swell into something broad enough to neutralize the Socialists' predominance. But wanting a thing is not synonymous with getting it, or even with seriously going after it. Blum out, the question would be with whom to replace him. The last thing the Communists have in view, whatever the red-baiters may say, is to take the succession themselves, or even to take part in any conceivable combination that might do so. Thorez, to be sure, at a meeting at Vichy launched a trial balloon by declaring that "the life of the Front Populaire hung upon no particular ministry"; but the storm that that statement stirred up was so violent that the *Humanité* deemed it prudent to omit the sentence from its report of the speech, and the *Populaire* roundly served notice that the only leader having the confidence of the Socialist Party was Léon Blum. Moreover, both Chautemps and the Premier had warned their allies on the extreme left weeks ago—when the first signs of the new Communist tactics manifested themselves—that there was

no "loose-part ministry" lying about, so that the disintegration of the present majority would be the signal for dissolution of parliament and new elections. No one knows better than Thorez and his friends that they have little to hope for from a free-for-all electoral battle at this time. And a few days before the Chamber debate on foreign policy Blum took care, at a meeting at which both Cachin and Thorez were present, to announce that he had not changed his mind: "No government, he said, is more difficult to defeat from the outside, and none is easier to disrupt from within. For let but one of the constituent parties withdraw and the Front Populaire will cease to exist."

The Communists thus knew what to expect. But even if a *ministère de rechange* was to succeed the Blum Cabinet, where was the nucleus round which a majority could be assembled and which would be acceptable at once to the Communists, to the workers who follow them, and to the country? Two or three months ago Daladier seemed a possible candidate. Quite aside from the extreme unlikelihood that the Minister of War, if he became Premier, would "lift the blockade" against the Spanish republic—which is ostensibly what has sent the Communists on the warpath against Blum—his stock has lately fallen to zero or below on a much graver issue. As a matter of fact, it is well known that with the exception of Pierre Cot all the Radical-Socialist ministers favored the so-called non-intervention pact, while the Socialists with Blum at their head subscribed to it with the greatest reluctance. What has definitely and hopelessly eliminated Daladier is that in a recent speech he alluded to the Soviet Union—without naming it—as "a barbarous Asiatic country."

It was the avalanche of "loose-part" ministries that ruined the Socialist-Radical cartels of 1924 and 1932. The Communists surely have not forgotten that. They know as well as anyone, too, that were the present bloc to crack up, the slide toward counter-revolution would become irresistible. They are much too astute to imagine that the process would this time terminate with the immediate successors of the Blum Cabinet, whoever they might be.



CHIANG KAI-BLUM VERSUS CHANG HSUEH-THOREZ
Playing the Game of Who Is More Chinese?

The resignation of Herriot over the war debts in December, 1932, was the prelude to the five-act tragi-comedy of which the climax was the hounding of Daladier out of office by the mob for nothing at all, and the sequel the advent of Doumergue, the heaven-sent would-be Brüning of France. The chief difference between the cartels and the Front Populaire is that the latter has laid up a store of hatred and bitterness among its enemies so hot and furious that, were it to be tripped up, it would take rather less than five acts to touch off the inevitable catastrophe. Goaded to madness by the succession of strikes and plant occupations, social legislation and press laws, nationalization and devaluation and tampering with business generally, the motley crew of the opposition would give a dukedom, now that the Senate and the right Radicals in the Chamber have let them down, if the Communists would start something. I do not think Thorez and Cachin are disposed to oblige them. I have reason to believe they are under no illusion about what political party and what social class would be the first to be crushed by the avalanche were they mad enough to loose it again, or about the direction which the change of policy toward republican Spain and Soviet Russia would take. And that is one of the many reasons why I do not hesitate to say that Duclos's somewhat truculent speech in the Chamber and his seventy-one colleagues' folded arms during the voting were meant to be nothing more than a broad reminder to Blum-Delbos that communism in France was a force to be reckoned with.

At the bottom of it all is, of course, the open secret of the strains and frictions within the Marxist family. But that is an old story—a very old story which unhappily has not improved with either age or cohabitation. The Communists, after quarreling with the Socialists over their gradualness, *embourgeoisement*, and cooperation with the middle classes, now reproach them with inflexibility, un-



CARMEN
Thorezador, prends gaaaaarde
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Drawings from *Le Petit Bleu*, Paris

realism, "leftism," and pacifism. It was the Communists who, in the Front Populaire program committee last year, stood with the Radicals against the Socialists in opposition to the nationalization of monopolies. It was they, again, who with the Radicals would have nothing to do with the Socialist proposal to exact a pledge from all candidates standing for election on the Front Populaire ticket. And it was only after an incipient revolt among their followers and a menacing growth of "Trotskyism" among the Communist workers that Cachin and Thorez yielded to the pressure of the Socialists last September and abandoned the phrase—though not the agitation for—"the French front."

But what the Communists hold chiefly against Blum and his comrades is their pacifism. It is interesting to note in this connection that a violent quarrel between the Communists and the Intellectuals' Anti-Fascist Committee, a non-political group having members in all left parties, arose after the committee had issued a pamphlet entitled "War Is Not Inevitable." The Communists are persuaded—they are not the only ones—that war with Germany is bound to come, that therefore "conversations" with Hitler are a snare, that the everlasting concessions to the fascist powers' threats and blackmail can only weaken France and endanger the peace of the world, and that the only safety consists in meeting bluster with bluster and force with force. That, in few words, is the Communists' *casus belli* with the Blum-Delbos foreign policy as a whole and its application in Spain specifically. They maintain—rightly, in my opinion—that if France had stood on international law and kept up normal trade relations with the Spanish republic, not only would the insurrection have been repressed months ago but Germany and Italy would have backed down; and they point out, quite justly, that when the Soviet Union in October called the fascist bluff, nothing very grave resulted and the war did not pass the confines of the Spanish peninsula. This Communist position, it is well to note, is shared by a preponderant section of French left opinion—by the Trade Union Confederation, by the anti-fascist Women's Committee, by the League of the Rights of Man, and by a large wing of Blum's own party. But there is an important difference. Whereas the Communists openly and violently attack the government, the others support Blum on the theory that the government alone is in a position to judge of the international ramifications of the problem. The Communists are aware—as I am, on the best authority, in a position to affirm—that France is unofficially helping Spain nearly, perhaps quite, as much as is the U. S. S. R. Nevertheless, they go on yelling their slogans of "Blum à l'action" and "Airplanes for Spain."

The left Socialists and the others, moreover, though they view the government's inaction in Spain with the keenest apprehension, hold that the rapprochement with England more than compensates for its inconveniences and dangers. But it is precisely this cooperation with Britain that the Communists most mistrust; not that they fail to appreciate the value of an eventual reconstitution of the old Triple Entente—they would welcome an alliance with the very devil against Hitler—but that they

have not the least confidence in the present British rulers or their aims and motives. They fear, not without reason, that the newly patched-up Franco-British understanding is less a solid alliance between equals for mutual defense than a paralyzing embrace designed to neutralize French independence (witness the non-intervention pact); that it is an *accord de passivité*, and that a too influential section of the London government is irrevocably wedded to the famous Occidental pact, with all the dangers which that scheme implies for the safety of France, the peace of the world, and the Soviet Union; that, in short,—and I am not prepared to say they are wrong—it is British chicanery that has prevented the Franco-Soviet pact from being followed to its logical conclusion.

The flurry of December 5 in the Palais Bourbon has blown over. Neither side has come out of the affair with added credit. To be sure, the announced storm has been averted; but I have a suspicion that the Front Populaire has been shaken to its roots. After mutual warnings and recriminations, Socialists and Communists sat down in their newly revamped Entente (ex-Coordination) Committee to assess the damage. They have declared the incident closed, and Vaillant-Couturier in *Humanité* informs us that the "Front Populaire is in the best of health." Perhaps it is. But the rumpus has bared to the public view a family skeleton which the well-informed suspected to exist and which is likely to disturb the public life of France again and again.

Senator Norris's Legislature

BY ROSCOE FLEMING

Lincoln, Nebraska, December 29

SENATOR George William Norris, Nebraska's grand old man, will be present in the modernistic mahogany-paneled chamber of the state capitol on January 5 when the nation's first unicameral state legislature opens—and one of the major government reforms long advocated by Senator Norris is realized in his home state. Forty-three men who have already been elected on a non-partisan basis, will be sworn into office. They will take the place of 133 men—100 in the House and 33 in the Senate—who two years ago functioned as Democrats and Republicans in Nebraska's last bicameral legislature. Nebraska awaits the results of this departure with mingled hope and fear. The constitutional amendment sponsored by Senator Norris was fought bitterly by all except two of the larger newspapers. Virtually all the leading politicians of both parties opposed it, and hostility in these quarters has not lessened.

The members of the legislature, elected by district, were both nominated and elected without party designation—a provision for which Senator Norris stood firm despite fears that it would defeat the constitutional amendment. Thirty-two of the forty-three members have had

previous legislative experience, some of them being veterans of many years. There are ten lawyers—a higher proportion than in the bicameral legislature. One member is former Congressman John H. Norton, of Polk, Nebraska, who was working for the inauguration of the unicameral legislature in Nebraska as early as 1913, and who never stopped working for it until its triumph in 1934. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1920 in which a tie vote was cast on the amendment, the chairman voting against it.

Another member is young John Adams, a Negro from Omaha, who was a representative in the last two-house legislature. Adams then represented a comparatively small district with a majority of Negroes. When the unicameral district was created, it was much larger and more populous, and the Negro population was swamped by whites. Adams filed with little hope of winning. The Democratic machine in Omaha put up against him a man generally regarded as a professional politician, and Adams won.

The non-partisan feature has already had healthy effects. Two years ago the Democrats, with a majority of 18,000 in the state, had approximately a two-to-one majority in the Nebraska House and Senate. In 1936 their majority for Governor Cochran was 77,000 and for President Roosevelt 100,000. Yet the unicameral's forty-three members, elected at the same time, consist "in private life," as Nebraskans charmingly say, of twenty-two Democrats and twenty-one Republicans. This would indicate that the people voted for the man and not the label, as Senator Norris contended they would. Unless partisan feelings mount higher than they have so far, some persons do not expect the parties to organize and caucus within the legislature, even informally.

Efforts are now being made to devise a set of rules and a type of organization that will insure orderly consideration of bills, without the jams and slack periods characteristic of two-house legislatures. Constitutionally the amendment left the members pretty free. Aside from the one-house feature, the amendment's most important stipulations are election by single districts, with no mass election of large delegations from the cities; the non-partisan election; the provision that the unicameral may by law meet oftener than once every two years (without disturbing the governor's power to call special sessions, however); the removal of any time limit on introduction of bills (the old legislature could receive bills only during the first twenty days except by request of the governor); the provision that no bill can pass and become law in less than five days, and must be on file for final reading and passage for at least one day; and finally that any one member may demand and receive a record roll call on any matter. There is no constitutional limit on length of sessions. The veto power remains undisturbed, three-fifths being necessary to override the governor.

To the rules thus laid down in the constitution, members and others are working to add rules that will (1) enlarge the function of the committees and cause them to act with more thoroughness, and (2) make it well-nigh impossible for any but the most urgent matters to be

acted upon out of their order in the legislative routine. Possibly the rules will provide that one member, or at most not more than three, may prevent consideration of any bill out of order.

Instead of the usual thirty or forty committees, there may be no more than nine; each will embrace a whole function of state government and all the legislation in this general field. Thus a finance committee will handle the state's fiscal affairs and all legislation relating to banks, insurance companies, building and loan companies, and the like.

It is possible that the legislature will take advantage of its power to meet oftener than biennially and will meet yearly, considering at one session only appropriation bills and the budget, and at the other general legislation. It may also decide to build up a legislative council or an expanded legislative reference bureau—Nebraska now has a small but efficient one—for continuous research that will provide it with a continuous flow of information upon suggested legislation and needed legislation. This would be the strongest single weapon against the ubiquitous corporate and pressure lobbies. The legislature may keep its calendar of business alive for the entire two years of its existence, as the United States Congress now does—something rare or altogether lacking in state legislatures.

Professor John P. Senning, professor of political science at the University of Nebraska and a strong advocate of the unicameral system, expects the legislature to move slowly at first. He believes it would have been better had the terms of members been set at four years instead of two. Senator Norris wanted a limit of thirty members but accepted a limitation between thirty and fifty. The legislature, in passing the enabling act, wanted fifty members but could not form, as the amendment provided, fifty districts approximately equal in population, compact and contiguous. In large industrial states, Professor Senning thinks, the upper limit of membership should be as high as sixty to insure adequate representation of diverse interests. He points out that where the election is not non-partisan as it is in Nebraska proportional representation should prevail in order to protect minorities.

The amendment did not raise salaries. Members will get \$1,774 for two years' work, plus actual cost of transportation for one trip each session. They will get no extra compensation for special sessions. The lieutenant governor is the presiding officer. He has no vote except in case of a tie.

Professor Senning points to the fact that all cities of more than 25,000 in the United States have unicameral councils, and that eight out of nine Canadian provinces, one Australian commonwealth, and the new Philippine government have unicameral legislatures. Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Vermont once had what were called unicameral legislative bodies. They were abandoned, but this is not to be taken as a bad omen for the Nebraska experiment. Those early bodies had a companion body which could not pass bills but could wear down the law-making body by resubmitting legislation until it was accepted.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE funeral of Arthur Brisbane was, according to the newspapers, a very remarkable occasion. Five thousand persons were said to have attended, in and out of the church, and the list of pallbearers was quite astounding. This may be in part explained by the fact that when you get a telegram asking you to be a pallbearer you are under very strong obligations to accept. I hope that accounts for the presence of Mayor LaGuardia, Governor Lehman, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Gerard Swope, Vincent Astor, and numerous others. I do not suppose that there has been such an outpouring for a journalist in many years. One might be tempted to conclude from it that the journalist so celebrated had been a great moral power in the community, that he had championed high ideals all his life, that he had always written exactly what he believed, that he had raised the standards of American journalism.

Unfortunately none of these things are true. He was a man with an extraordinary range of knowledge, with unquestioned writing ability. He was a natural-born journalist, and when he let himself go could do a remarkable piece of descriptive writing. His style was, however, deliberately cultivated to appeal to the simplest mind—he wrote down to the mass mind. He made the widest possible appeal by reducing things to their simplest form. It would be unfair to judge his column by what it has contained during recent years, when it has usually been a rewrite of late dispatches which appeared in the news columns near by, coupled with some superficial or banal comment. There has been nothing inspiring, nothing uplifting, and for many years no championing of the cause of the plain people, of whom he and his employer were the self-appointed protagonists in the early years of the Hearst experiment. He will be forgotten promptly, or remembered only as an easy writer whom one might read for months without the quickening of a pulse.

This was a hired man who bartered his beliefs and rejoiced in his shame because thereby he made great sums of money. For many years, perhaps even at his death, he was the highest-paid American journalist, and his love of money, as Westbrook Pegler has pointed out, was what kept him from being a great man. For that he sold his soul when he took service with Mr. Hearst; for that he abandoned his opportunity to be a great national leader. He piled up millions, being one of the shrewdest and most successful real-estate speculators in New York City, profiting greatly by what the single-taxers call the "unearned increment." He was a remarkably skilful money-maker, but in becoming that he threw away his opportunity to be a really great and noble journalist. For decade after decade he took orders from his employer. He

even went so low at one time as to write page puffs of theatrical performances, for which Mr. Hearst received \$1,000 the page. He was always ready to glorify Mr. Hearst's friend, Marion Davies, or to back Mr. Hearst's political ambitions, although he knew perfectly well that Mr. Hearst was not fit to hold public office. In other words, Mr. Brisbane was without principle. It is known that of late years the two men had drifted apart and that Mr. Brisbane's own political views, notably in the last campaign, were quite different than those of his employer. But Hearst's debt to Mr. Brisbane remains incalculable. That skilled pen built him up, made him out a statesman—when it could—and was even ready to help Hearst in his aspirations for the Presidency, so fortunately thwarted by the publication of some plain facts.

I have heard many newspapermen discuss the question which of the two men was the more censurable. I have always felt that Mr. Brisbane was because he came of good family, fine stock, and therefore knew better. Mr. Brisbane's father was one of that group of New England idealists and early socialists who tried at Brook Farm to live up to their principles. He died, not a rich man, but a highly esteemed one who rejoiced in the friendship of Emerson and Lowell and Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Theodore Parker—all that clan which played such a great part in the literary and intellectual development of New England, in the fifties especially. It was with that background that Arthur Brisbane entered journalism and abased his unquestioned talent. I suppose I am out of date and old-fashioned, but even at my age I cannot worship material success at the cost of the finest spiritual qualities and of intellectual integrity. I am well aware that the former course wins the more pallbearers and the longer obituaries. Did we not see similar outpourings at the funeral of Chauncey Depew, the man who did so much to corrupt the political life of New York State over many years, and at that of the elder J. P. Morgan? I have not forgotten that when the highest-minded, most ceaselessly patriotic of modern journalists, Edwin L. Godkin, died in England, there was not sufficient recollection of what he had done over many years in combating the evils of American political life, and especially of what he had accomplished in improving the civic life of New York City, to bring about the holding of a single memorial meeting in the city in which he had so long labored. In his incredibly omnivorous reading Mr. Brisbane must have memorized Shakespeare's lines: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." There was a cynicism which must have appealed to him, for he was a self-made cynic who suppressed his finest instincts solely for the sake of the power that comes with wealth.

BROUN'S PAGE

Without Trumpets

SOME bitter things are being said about William Green. And many of the charges hurled at him are wholly without foundation. Possibly I am not the best person to defend him since he is the president of a federation to which I belong. Indeed, I am a double member through holding two union cards. Of late I have not been very active in Equity because I have been without theatrical offers for the past couple of seasons. Oh, and I forgot, I'm an honorary member of the sceneshifters' local in Washington, D. C.

But it is about time to get back to Mr. Green and speak my short piece in his defense. The preamble was merely to identify myself and explain my labor background. I wouldn't want to have anybody speak up and say, "You're for Green simply because you're a union man. That explains your enthusiasm for him."

Of course, I'm a union man, but I believe I would praise Bill Green in precisely the same way if I were not. William Green is wholly sincere and honest. He is devoted to the cause of labor. He has given a lifetime of service to it. The man has only two faults. He is a fool and he is a weakling. Aside from this William Green has everything a labor leader needs.

I hate to drag in the religious issue, but it is impossible to understand Mr. Green completely without revealing one incident in his Biblical background. William Green is a Baptist. There is nothing wrong with that. Some of the younger Baptists are among the most liberal leaders in America. Unfortunately, in a way, William Green is no longer young. He came into a branch of the church which was pretty dogmatic and fundamentalist. Baptism, of course, was by total immersion, and the local preacher was not only earnest but muscular. He was wont to thrust his converts deep below the surface of the creek. When William Green was taken into the fold, the preacher made one slight error. He pushed Bill under the surface and then forgot to bring him up again. Accordingly, labor in America has been led by a man who sees the world imperfectly and through muddy waters.

But in these days of sharpening strife, labor cannot afford to be led by any well-meaning person who is not quite bright. William Green doesn't retain. The movement for organization must be along broad lines, and the captains of the enterprise are now matching their wits with industrialists who have the edge in the matter of resources. To be sure the ultimate power lies with labor, but that power cannot be exercised without organization. There's the rub. The situation is not unlike that in which the butterscotch soldier found himself in "Davey and the Goblin." The butterscotch soldier couldn't run until he got hot, and he couldn't get hot until he ran. I believe the psychiatrists call this a vicious circle.

Labor must find leaders energetic enough to break through the ring. The policy of the A. F. of L. under its present commanders has been simply to stand its ground and form a hollow square. Moreover, it has been rather more hollow than square.

In contrast to the stagnation of the Green troops is the magnificent progress of the C. I. O. It seems to me that the strategy of John L. Lewis is proving its worth. If Mr. Lewis had gone to Tampa or thereabouts, it would have made magnificent copy for the newspapers but it would have been less than artful. John L. is beginning to extricate himself from a dangerous position. He knows as well as anybody, and in fact better than any other labor leader, the value of publicity. But he is also wise enough to appreciate the fact that there can be too much publicity. For a time John L. Lewis was making the front page every day. This did not imply friendliness on the part of the papers. They wanted to take John up on the high battlements merely in order to push him off so that he might conveniently break his neck.

Part of the plot was the commotion raised in many quarters that Lewis was consumed with a passion to be President. Now there is nothing improper or disgraceful in such an ambition. In school we were all told that we might make it if only we were good little boys and did what the teacher told us. But in the case of Lewis the whole intent was to convince workers that his efforts in organization were only moves for his own advancement.

Fortunately, John L. Lewis understands newspapers and their ways extremely well. With the possible exception of President Roosevelt, he is the most skilful man in Washington at handling a press conference. He realized that while a certain number of headlines were useful, the fight could not be won on paper. In the last few weeks he has gone into the silences and sawed wood.

Without much tumult great gains have been made in both steel and motors. I'm inclined to believe that victory may be won in the automobile plants earlier than in the steel mills. The strike of the flat-glass workers has already driven a wedge into the ranks of the motor barons. Lewis has the imagination to understand the tie-up which exists between steel and motors and glass. It is a war against an empire. From this point of view the craft theory is worse than absurd. It is tragic. It is like attacking Gibraltar with a bean shooter. It is an attempt to break a front-line fortress by sending out cops in squads of ten or twelve. There has been a great deal of discussion as to the real issue between the C. I. O. and the American Federation of Labor. William Green has said repeatedly that the industrial union is not the issue. He may be right, because as a matter of fact the issue is even more fundamental. It boils down to this—in fighting for its rights is labor going to use its head or have it broken?

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ON BEING MODERN-MINDED

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

OUR age is the most parochial since Homer. I speak not of any geographical parish: the inhabitants of Mudcombe-in-the-Meers are more aware than at any former time of what is being done and thought at Praha, at Gorki, or at Peiping. It is in the chronological sense that we are parochial: as the new names conceal the historic cities of Prague, Nijni-Novgorod, and Pekin, so new catchwords hide from us the thoughts and feelings of our ancestors, even when they differed little from our own. We imagine ourselves at the apex of intelligence, and cannot believe that the quaint clothes and cumbrous phrases of former times can have invested people and thoughts that are still worthy of our attention. If "Hamlet" is to be interesting to a really modern reader, it must first be translated into the language of Marx or of Freud, or, better still, into a jargon insistently compounded of both. I read lately a contemptuous review of a book by Santayana, mentioning an essay on Hamlet "dated, in every sense, 1908"—as if what has been discovered since then made any earlier appreciation of Shakespeare irrelevant and comparatively superficial. It did not occur to the reviewer that his review was "dated, in every sense, 1936." Or perhaps this thought did occur to him, and filled him with satisfaction. He was writing for the moment, not for all time; next year he will have adopted the new fashion in opinions, whatever it may be, and he no doubt hopes to remain up to date as long as he continues to write. Any other ideal for a writer would seem absurd and old-fashioned to the modern-minded man.

The desire to be contemporary is of course new only in degree; it has existed to some extent in all previous periods that believed themselves to be progressive. The Renaissance had a contempt for the Gothic centuries that had preceded it; the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries covered priceless mosaics with whitewash; the Romantic movement despised the age of the heroic couplet. Sixty-five years ago Lecky reproached my mother for being led by intellectual fashion to oppose fox-hunting: "I am sure," he wrote, "you are not really at all sentimental about foxes or at all shocked at the prettiest of all the assertions of women's rights, riding across country. But you always look upon politics and intellect as a fierce race and are so dreadfully afraid of not being sufficiently advanced or intellectual." But in none of these former times was the contempt for the past nearly as complete as it is now. From the Renaissance to the end of the eighteenth century men admired Roman antiquity; the Romantic movement revived the Middle Ages; my mother, for all her belief in nineteenth-century progress,

constantly read Shakespeare and Milton. It is only since the war that it has been fashionable to ignore the past *en bloc*.

The belief that fashion alone should dominate opinion has great advantages. It makes thought unnecessary and puts the highest intelligence within the reach of everyone. It is not difficult to learn the correct use of such words as "complex," "sadism," "Oedipus," "bourgeois," "deviation," "left"; and nothing more is needed to make a brilliant writer or talker. Some, at least, of such words represented much thought on the part of their inventors; like paper money they were originally convertible into gold. But they have become for most people inconvertible, and in depreciating have increased nominal wealth in ideas. And so we are enabled to despise the paltry intellectual fortunes of former times.

The modern-minded man, although he believes profoundly in the wisdom of his period, must be presumed to be very modest about his personal powers. His highest hope is to think first what is about to be thought, to say what is about to be said, and to feel what is about to be felt; he has no wish to think better thoughts than his neighbors, to say things showing more insight, or to have emotions which are not those of some fashionable group, but only to be slightly ahead of others in point of time. Quite deliberately he suppresses what is individual in himself for the sake of the admiration of the herd. A mentally solitary life, such as that of Copernicus, or Spinoza, or Milton after the Restoration, seems pointless according to modern standards. Copernicus should have delayed his advocacy of the Copernican system until it could be made fashionable; Spinoza should have been either a good Jew or a good Christian; Milton should have moved with the times, like Cromwell's widow, who asked Charles II for a pension on the ground that she did not agree with her husband's politics. Why should an individual set himself up as an independent judge? Is it not clear that wisdom resides in the blood of the Nordic race or, alternatively, in the proletariat? And in any case what is the use of an eccentric opinion, which never can hope to conquer the great agencies of publicity?

The money rewards and widespread though ephemeral fame which those agencies have made possible places temptations in the way of able men which are difficult to resist. To be pointed out, admired, mentioned constantly in the press, and offered easy ways of earning much money is highly agreeable; and when all this is open to a man, he finds it difficult to go on doing the work that he himself thinks best and is inclined to subordinate his judgment to the general opinion.

Various other factors contribute to this result. One of these is the rapidity of progress which has made it difficult to do work which will not soon be superseded. Newton lasted till Einstein; Einstein is already regarded by many as antiquated. Hardly any man of science, nowadays, sits down to write a great work, because he knows that, while he is writing it, others will discover new things that will make it obsolete before it appears. The emotional tone of the world changes with equal rapidity, as wars, depressions, and revolutions chase each other across the stage. And public events impinge upon private lives more forcibly than in former days. Spinoza, in spite of his heretical opinions, could continue to sell spectacles and meditate, even when his country was invaded by foreign enemies; if he had lived now, he would in all likelihood have been conscripted or put in prison. For these reasons a greater energy of personal conviction is required to lead a man to stand out against the current of his time than would have been necessary in any previous period since the Renaissance.

The change has, however, a deeper cause. In former days men wished to serve God. When Milton wanted to exercise "that one talent which is death to hide," he felt that his soul was "bent to serve therewith my Maker." Every religiously minded artist was convinced that God's aesthetic judgments coincided with his own; he had therefore a reason, independent of popular applause, for doing what he considered his best, even if his style was out of fashion. The man of science in pursuing truth, even if he came into conflict with current superstition, was still setting forth the wonders of Creation and bringing men's imperfect beliefs more nearly into harmony with God's perfect knowledge. Every serious worker, whether artist, philosopher, or astronomer, believed that in following his own convictions he was serving God's purposes. When with the progress of enlightenment this belief began to grow dim, there still remained the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Non-human standards were still laid up in heaven, even if heaven had no topographical existence.

Throughout the nineteenth century the True, the Good, and the Beautiful preserved their precarious existence in the minds of earnest atheists. But their very earnestness was their undoing, since it made it impossible for them to stop at a halfway house. Pragmatists explained that Truth is what it pays to believe. Historians of morals reduced the Good to a matter of tribal custom. Beauty was abolished by the artists in a revolt against the sugary insipidities of a philistine epoch and in a mood of fury in which satisfaction is to be derived only from what hurts. And so the world was swept clear not only of God as a person but of God's essence as an ideal to which man owed an ideal allegiance; while the individual, as a result of a crude and uncritical interpretation of sound doctrines, was left without any inner defense against social pressure.

All movements go too far, and this is certainly true of the movement toward subjectivity, which began with Luther and Descartes as an assertion of the individual and has culminated by an inherent logic in his complete

subjection. The subjectivity of truth is a hasty doctrine not validly deducible from the premises which have been thought to imply it; and the habits of centuries have made many things seem dependent upon theological belief which in fact are not so. Men lived with one kind of illusion, and when they lost it they fell into another. But it is not by old error that new error can be combated. Detachment and objectivity, both in thought and in feeling, have been historically but not logically associated with certain traditional beliefs; to preserve them without these beliefs is both possible and important. A certain degree of isolation both in space and time is essential to generate the independence required for the most important work; there must be something which is felt to be of more importance than the admiration of the contemporary crowd. We are suffering not from the decay of theological beliefs but from the loss of solitude.

BOOKS

James Harvey Robinson

THE HUMAN COMEDY. By James Harvey Robinson. With an Introduction by Harry Elmer Barnes. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

IN 1898 I enrolled in James Harvey Robinson's seminar in eighteenth-century thought, which met one evening a week in the old Columbia library. The professor talked so informally and entertainingly that taking notes seemed out of place. He had wit, a dry, mordant humor, and a fund of striking, unacademic bits of information which I had not found in textbooks or formal histories; and there was a sadness in the countenance, a quality, half plaintiveness half resignation, in the voice that made even simple statements of fact amusing or illuminating, or both. "Arthur Young was an English gentleman farmer who rode around France on a horse." It sounded funny, and was illuminating: Arthur Young ceased to be a book of travels and became a live person. I recall little else, except that I wrote one paper on the Physiocrats and another on the Memoirs of Bachaumont, and acquired an abiding interest in learning why people think as they do think.

At that time Robinson was halfway through his historical tour: had traveled from classical times through the Middle Ages, stopping off at the Renaissance, to the French Revolution. He would presently say, "I know all I want to know about the French Revolution," and move on to the contemporary scene, to modern science, and from science back to pre-history, and from pre-history to the modern scene again. The long journey made him thoroughly familiar with the general history of Europe, and gave him a first-hand knowledge of the blest documentary sources. One day, in the first buildings of the New School, he picked up a dusty Latin folio, leaved through it to some amusing passage which he read with great relish, and then remarked, with a certain wistful nostalgia: "Becker, I love these old books, and I used to know them pretty well." He always knew them very well.

He carried his learning so lightly that few people suspected that he was an erudite scholar. When he became dissatisfied with the conventional way of writing history, impatient with the effort he and others had spent in settling Hoti's business, in determining "whether Charles the Fat was at Ingelheim or Lustnau on July 1, 887," I felt that he had earned the right to criticize the guild because he was a master-craftsman, had earned the right to say what history was good for because he knew history. I never felt that the same could be said of those many imitators who know little about history or historians except that they are subjects to be merry about *à la* Robinson.

William James once said, apropos of the famous "third manner" of his brother: "There is no third manner; poor Harry has only changed his secretaries, and the last one has included all of his hesitations and ellipses." Many people think that Robinson had a second manner, that he went sour on history and gave it up for something else. On the contrary, he never ceased to study history, never ceased to think, and to say, that history, studied intelligently for the purpose of understanding how man has become what he is, is the most important of all subjects to know about. His quarrel with historians was that whereas they know much about what man has done they know singularly little about man himself. There are, he says, "two quite different questions" which can be asked of the past. One is, "What has happened here and there from time to time?" The other is, "How is it that we now do as we do, feel as we feel, and know what we know?" He thought historians were commonly satisfied to ask and answer the first question, whereas it is the second that is important. Historians tell us that the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685, and that the great majority of Frenchmen applauded that act. In itself that is not important, but if we can understand why the majority of Frenchmen applauded the persecution of the Huguenots, we can understand better why the majority of Americans applauded the persecution of German-Americans in our own day. Robinson's quarrel with historians was not that they took history seriously but that they took it without discrimination, studied it "objectively," that is to say without an object. He insisted that it should be studied "with an object." The object should be to throw some light on the nature of man and thereby enable him to understand better what he is doing and should do. His simple creed was that what is needed for salvation is chiefly enlightenment, and that the study of history should aim to make men more enlightened.

To urge historians to be as intelligent as possible and to make their learning useful to men in their present predicaments was surely not too much. But to keep on urging it for twenty-five years, even in a variety of ways and with an engaging humor—was this perhaps too much? Essentially everything that Robinson had to say on the subject was contained in "The New History" (1911) and "The Mind in the Making" (1921). The present volume is not a new work, as the title page seems to suggest, but Harry Elmer Barnes's compilation (an excellent one) from articles already published and long selections taken from previous books, notably "The Mind in the Making." Many of us would gladly exchange much repetitious comment about the "new history" for a substantial example of the new history itself. Such an example Robinson could have given us by preparing for publication the admirable lectures on the intellectual history of Europe which he gave in Columbia University, and for many years the rumor persisted that he intended to do that. I wish he could have done it.



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However, a man does what he can and must. Robinson would no doubt have said that another well-documented history, however excellent, would have been less useful in the present circumstances than popular books and articles designed to startle the conventional mind out of its torpid complacency. Perhaps he was right. At all events he was one of the ablest and most thought-provoking teachers of history in our time, and it is not for one of his admiring and grateful pupils to cavil at the performance of a man who in fact exerted a profound and beneficial influence upon the thought of his generation.

CARL BECKER

The Wingless Life

THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT. By Jolán Földes.

Translated from the Hungarian by Elizabeth Jacobi.

Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THIS winner of the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition is possessed, perhaps merely by coincidence, of an international background. It is the chronicle of a Hungarian family in Paris between 1920 and the present; the international background being that capital of France which no Frenchman knows but which innumerable émigrés know too drearily well. Mr. and Mrs. Barabás and their three children, Anna, Klári, and Jani, move exclusively in the circle of exiles where a perfect if artificial democracy throws classes and nationalities together without regard for anything save the homesickness common to them all. Mr. Barabás is a furrier and his wife is a laundress; and Anna, the heroine of the family if it has one, is a dressmaker; but in the cafes where they like occasionally to sit there may be Russian bankers and Spanish noblemen and Italian intellectuals who will be glad to discuss with them the one endless subject of the future—the future meaning the time when they can fly back to their native cities and once more hop among the boughs of a remembered past. Most of them never make the flight. Their powers of locomotion are gone. "Here they are living, fugitives, their life but a wingless semblance of the life for which they had been born. Every year the construction of another empire collapses around them, and buries a few thousand or a few hundred thousand, buries them and condemns to this shadowy form of death-in-life existence." They simply continue to exist until "they slowly vanish and leave no trace."

The author of "The Street of the Fishing Cat," who herself came to Paris as a student from Hungary and stayed on at jobs somewhat resembling Anna's, has attempted to rescue the circle of exiles from their natural oblivion. She has tried to leave traces for them so that we shall know that they existed. She has dignified the Barabás family by making each member of it typical, and she has done it the honor of avoiding anything in its career that would look like melodrama. A good many things happen, and yet the general effect is one of eventlessness; there is a monotony of minor disappointments and small joys. This effect is of course intended, and from a more distinguished source could have been a fine one. Jolán Földes, however, is not a distinguished novelist. There is nothing of permanent importance about the commonplaces with which she has strewn the pathway of her people. The wisdom they acquire is not very interesting, nor do they appear to represent the timeless human family with which all great novels are concerned. The predicament of the Barabás family has only temporary meaning.

Here again it might have been possible for a first-rate

novelist to make the people of the tale representative in some fashion of all ephemerids, so that the name Barabás would remain through a long future the symbol of homeless men. I am quite sure that this has not happened. The book tells me things I did not know; it is readable; and it is not as a matter of fact unintelligent. But it will be replaced in time by other documents that are truer to the passing moment. "The Street of the Fishing Cat" is a document first and last. Perhaps that made it especially eligible for a prize, since documents can be publicized more easily than works of art, and can more readily be recognized as "important." On the other hand it is likely that no such thought occurred to the judges in this case, who had after all to decide which manuscript among those submitted was best on any basis. The question could not have been whether "The Street of the Fishing Cat" was worth \$19,000. Either a novel is worth the paper it is printed on or it is priceless. The question could only have been whether any other manuscript was more deserving of the prize. I should have supposed that "Steps Going Down," the American runner-up by John T. McIntyre, was more deserving. Mr. McIntyre's people are decidedly of our time, being the riffraff of post-war Philadelphia, and many of the things they say will some day be unintelligible. But at any rate they are talking to each other rather than to the reader; they seem to have no idea that they mean anything, or represent anything; and two of them, Pete and Thelma, give us the illusion that what they say was never said this way before. They are documents, but they are also persons; which the figures of Jolán Földes scarcely are.

MARK VAN DOREN

An Ideal for Literature or Life

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMANTIC IDEAL.

By F. L. Lucas. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THERE is no use protesting; the terms romanticism and classicism will continue to be used, and here indeed is another book about them by a critic "over the water," a set of rather wandering lectures whose index, if there were one, would satisfy the most omnivorous tastes. This book has small pages and large type. But from page 223 to the top of page 225 are to be found the following names in the following order: Keats, Einstein, Michelangelo, the Pope, the Aran Islands, Dr. Johnson, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Coleridge, Montaigne, Dryden, Johnson, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, Keats, Virginia Woolf, Desmond McCarthy, Gilbert Murray, Mackail, and Walter Pater. Page 227, not untypical, contains among others Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, the Emperor Honorius, Alaric, and Gerard de Nerval. I cannot make out whether Mr. Lucas is "classical" or "romantic." Perhaps considering his widespread allusiveness he might be defined as eclectic. The book includes a not unpleasant account of a journey to Iceland—for most critics stick, Mr. Lucas thinks, too closely to libraries—and a long attack on Coleridge and a shorter one on surrealism and Ezra Pound. It is a little difficult to find one's way intellectually through all these riches, and the author is apparently aware of the fact. For he provides "an epilogue for reviewers and others who may find the book too long." This thoughtfulness helps, in part, to clear matters up:

In these pages it has been suggested that the fundamental quality of romanticism is not mere anti-classicism, nor medievalism, nor aspiration, nor wonder . . . but rather a liberation of the less conscious levels of the mind. Health both in life and literature lies between excess of self-

consciousness and excess of impulsiveness, between too much self-control and too little.

... About our infancy, it seems, lies Caliban ■ well as Ariel. ... So the romantic, I suggest, wandering in the woods of Dream has often wandered too far, and got lost like the neurotic who takes refuge from reality among the moldered lodges of his childish years. ...

The reader is advised to hold firmly to these quotations in wandering with Mr. Lucas through his own palace of dreams, for else he might get lost in Chapter II on The Crocodiles of Alachua or The Past of Romanticism, or in Chapter III on Fairies and Fungi or The Future of Romanticism. As a matter of fact, whatever may be said in deprecation of Mr. Lucas as ■ historian of literature, he has a philosophy of its history. One may quarrel with his tastes, but his tastes are definite. It is ■ pity he lets his desire for inclusiveness obscure the lines of his thought or the qualities of his appreciations. There is one characteristic passage in which he says that just as his book was going to press he got hold of a book on surrealism, which is worked into his text as the last infantile gasp of romantic decadence.

One may, indeed one must, waive the justice of Mr. Lucas's historical use of terms and start with his use of them. There are for him two kinds of romanticism, healthy and diseased. The healthy sort is legitimate day-dreaming; it has its own vigors, which are exemplified in Malory or Homer. "Romanticism" is the dream gift of Dionysius, who brings release for the soul in chains, but for those who follow him too far heavier chains still. "Diseased romanticism specializes in 'fungi rather than fairies,' in 'ordure rather than ideals.'"

There are also two kinds of classicism, controlled spontaneity and the formality that is death. Somewhere between the two lies Mr. Lucas's ideal for literature or life, vitality master of itself, passion finding a pattern, in short that sanity whose other name is Greece; which he finds—singular juxtaposition—in the Sagas of Iceland (in which land he must have had a wonderful time), in Hardy, in eighteenth-century France, in William Morris, and in A. E. Housman. Lest the reader think I am being frivolous or inaccurate, I refer him to the last page of the Epilogue, where the author assures us that if and when the next fatuity of Europe lets loose the next deluge, it is to these he shall turn for consolation, for he knows none "nearer the truth of things." He tried them once after leaving Cambridge, in no man's land during the last war. There is, we are told, no severer critical test.

Mr. Lucas's book is an interesting symptom of the atmosphere in which discussions of classicism and romanticism are repeatedly carried on. The issue is seldom treated in purely aesthetic or in purely logical terms; it is indeed part of Mr. Lucas's contention that any thorough consideration of poetry must involve a consideration of life, and the good life. It is not so many years ago that Irving Babbitt was calling the literary world to order and chasing Rousseau out from under his bed. The *élan vital* was to be mastered by the inner check. Mr. Lucas is ■ good deal more genial and catholic, though like so many writers bred on Greece he displays occasionally a woeful lack of that serenity and "sense of the fitting" which all lovers of the classics agree has gone out of the contemporary world. He grows petulant because Coleridge didn't know more Greek or French. It may not be beside the point to argue that he himself might have known a little more about Plato and about German metaphysics, or even Coleridge, before dismissing so categorically Coleridge's theory of the imagination. It is never quite clear whether Mr. Lucas is berating Coleridge or I. A. Richards's book about Coleridge.

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He condescends, of all things, to Dryden, who is most of the time a "great journalist," much of the time "a greater orator," "occasionally a great poet." Shelley comes out rather a fool alongside of Hardy. He is kind enough to say, "nor need writers like Swift or Baudelaire be denied greatness because there was so much about them neither sane nor sound."

There is something rotten in the state of life, of politics, and of literature Mr. Lucas feels. He looks to the science of psychology and to the poets to save us. But good poetry, he tells us, is that of a good poet. With Longinus he holds that "great poetry is the echo of a great soul." And now we are at last ready to begin. What is greatness; what is goodness? Mr. Lucas found them in Iceland, a journey which he recommends to the reader. But the secret he has kept to himself, and also the secret of classicism and romanticism. The discussion cannot be considered closed or, as broached in this book, very clear. There are lots of romantic insights in the book; a little "classical" order might have rendered them more coherent.

IRWIN EDMAN

A Baedeker of Jew-Baiting

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE JEWS. By Robert Gessner. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

THIS book will be widely and loudly damned. Not because it brilliantly restates the Marxist thesis that anti-Semitism is an economic phenomenon, or the corollary that it can be ended only through basic social surgery. That might have been overlooked as an academic indiscretion. What the nihilists—Jewish and Gentile—will not forgive is the author's audacity in planning to eliminate what they are content to deplore. Organized resistance by Jews to fascism, open alliance of Jews with other minority groups, active Jewish participation in creating a Socialist state—these are his specifics.

There will be—there have already been—polite apologies for Mr. Gessner's *impolitesse*, nationalist gnashing of teeth over his "international" point of view. Fortunately these will not cancel the book. For the author has so thoroughly marshaled his evidence, documented his facts so fully, and presented his case so cogently as to make powerful appeal to the reason and courage of American Jewry. He is in a sense its paradigm. Like most of its younger generation he has been more kicked than catechized into Jewish consciousness. Like theirs, his Jewishness is primarily a reaction and a defense rather than a positive. Unlike them, however, he has looked closely into himself, his relationship with his fellow-Jews, and the Jewish status throughout the world.

Geographically his inquiry began on a Michigan Main Street and ended at the Crimean steppes. It carried Mr. Gessner from the assimilated Jewries of England and France, through the new Ghetto of Germany and the unspeakable Polish pale, to the nascent nationalism of Palestine. It taught him that Jew-baiting survives wherever it is lucrative; that—whether in Detroit or Nürnberg or Tel Aviv—the fires of race hatred are alternately stoked and banked for profit; that where—as in the Soviet Union—a socialized society is in the making, prejudice ceases to pay and atrophies.

Especially provocative are the chapters which deal with Zionism. Despite Mr. Gessner's laudatory recognition of the achievements of the Jewish pioneers in rebuilding a desolate land, they will provoke denunciation from ultra-nationalists. Yet the author has not been unsympathetic in his treatment

of the conflicts inherent in the Labor-Zionist attempt to reconcile socialism and nationalism in a capitalist economy. Moreover, his emphasis on the recurrent problem of Arab-Jewish relationship and his insistence on the necessity of bringing about a rapprochement in terms of absolute equality between the two peoples should provoke a careful review of the entire question.

Mr. Gessner deals finally with the dynamics of the situation he decries. He makes clear that Jewish unity is a fictitious concept so long as Honorary Aryanism is conferred on Jewish bankers in Germany and wealthy American Jews contribute to organizations whose program reeks of anti-Semitism. He insists that the concept of such "unity" be replaced by that of union between the Jewish and non-Jewish masses in resisting their common fascist foes. And, in this reviewer's judgment, his book constitutes a significant advance toward that end.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

DRAMA

More Matter and Less Art

MAXWELL ANDERSON continues to exhibit ■ talent that is rich and varied and copious. For sheer romantic dash there is, indeed, no one else writing for our theater who can even approach him, and there are occasions when he seems to have, besides, nearly everything ■ first-rate dramatist needs. The fact remains, nevertheless, that he reaches this best less frequently than he seems about to reach it and that he can slip from the powerful into the pretentious or from the beautiful into the showy without seeming to realize himself what a falling off is there. Thus "The Wingless Victory," which Katharine Cornell is acting at the Empire, is both astonishingly good and astonishingly bad since it begins with a first act remarkable for vividness and crispness and color only to end with a third so pretentiously empty and conventional as to seem hardly ■ part of the same play.

Most critics of the piece have commented more or less severely on the staleness of the subject. The story of an adventurous sea captain who brings home an exotic princess to hide-bound Salem suggests Mr. Hergesheimer's "Java Head," as well as, more generally, the whole Madame Butterfly tradition, and it seems as though Mr. Anderson, becoming progressively more aware of the conventionality of the theme, found it more and more difficult to avoid the clichés it calls to mind. He begins, as I have already remarked, with genuine brilliance. The family to which the captain is returning is vividly presented, and the dialogue is, for a while, not only as fine as any Mr. Anderson has written but a triumphant example of a style he himself has invented—elevated almost to poetry, but sufficiently flexible and free to be accepted very much as normal speech. Yet from the moment the central character enters, the play starts its downward course and grows less interesting as well as less convincing from moment to moment.

The fault is certainly not Miss Cornell's. She makes ■ striking figure and comes as near, I believe, ■ anyone could to vitalizing the character; but there is another defect in the piece perhaps more important, even, than the familiarity of the theme: the fact, namely, that the princess herself is the one completely unconvincing person in the play. I say "unconvincing" rather than "unreal" because I have no idea what

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Foreword by **M. J. EXNER, M.D.**
Consulting Physician to the American Social Hygiene Assn.

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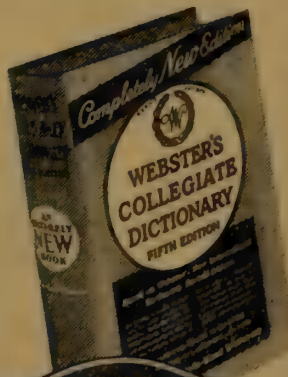
such a woman would be like. But I do know that the figure Mr. Anderson has created—she seems a vague blend of the genuinely primitive with some sort of ideal humanity—is never any more than an abstraction modeled in wax. She might have been kept in the background. She might have been made merely the occasion of the conflicts, which might have remained, as they seemed in the beginning to be, the real subject of the play. But Mr. Anderson has chosen instead to make her tragedy the central subject without succeeding in his attempt to give her enough life or enough character of her own to engage our emotions. The result is that the whole last act dealing with her laments and her suicide seems merely pretentious and dull.

Of all Mr. Anderson's recent plays only "Winterset" seems to me to have been original enough really to challenge the author's powers. It is not, I hope, necessary to explain that I do not single this play out because its theme happens to have sociological significance. I single it out because what Mr. Anderson had to say there was as original as his manner of saying it. In "The Wingless Victory" not only the plot but the theme as well—Puritan pride and Christian inhumanity—is familiar, and at best the author merely restates it with force rather than with originality. Perhaps he is to some extent a victim of his own talent, too gifted with the powers of expression to question his subjects as carefully as he should. Like several previous plays "The Wingless Victory" seems even at its best too much like a brilliantly executed exercise. Mr. Anderson needs no more practice. He has learned his craft. Is it too much to ask that he should employ it again as usefully as he did in "Winterset"?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

THERE is nothing for you to do but to get refunds on your Christmas presents and buy the records of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" that were made originally for subscribers in England and are now released here by Victor (three albums with excellent accompanying booklets, \$33). These records acquire additional importance from the fact that they record a performance by the company of the Glyndebourne Mozart Opera Festival, where Mozart is given in a way that demonstrates the perfection that is to be achieved in operatic performance with imperfect elements. For the singers vary in quality, as even singers chosen for a festival are bound to do; but they fit themselves completely into an ensemble and its single style—the perfect style for Mozart of Fritz Busch, who conducts.

The orchestra is not recorded as well as we know it can be; but the deficiency is slight, and nothing is obscured. On the contrary, it is a peculiarity of records to present music to the ear in more sharply defined detail than living performance does, and these records of "Figaro" have made me aware of details which enable me to understand the contention that Mozart's finest music is in his operas, and that they contain the finest dramatic music ever written. The reason is not only the miracles of expressiveness, of characterization, of wit, in themselves, but their subtlety, the economy with which they are produced. To those who require the luxuriance of Wagner and Strauss, Mozart is simple prattle; but "Figaro" is superior to "Meistersinger" and "Rosenkavalier" precisely because of a quality analogous to what mathematicians call elegance.

Victor also has issued a volume of Debussy's songs: "Fêtes Galantes," "Le Promenoir des deux Amants," "Trois Chansons de Bilitis," the "Ballade des Femmes de Paris," and "De Grève" from "Proses Lyriques" (seven records, \$10.50). They are sung by Maggie Teyte, an authoritative interpreter of Debussy, with fine accompaniments by Alfred Cortot; and there is an excellent booklet containing the texts in French and English and short introductions by the artists and Emile Vuillermoz. In other words, a very careful job has been done for any who are interested in these examples of a formula applied without much regard for the meanings of the texts, or even for their rhythms and accents, which we are told are the basis of the attenuated declamation that I find very tiresome.

Almost as tiresome is the succession of pretty effects in Columbia's volume of songs by Erich Wolff (five records, \$5); and Ernst Wolff's singing adds to the monotony by being all in one color. On a Columbia single (\$1) are two fine Händel items, beautifully sung: "Silent Worship" from "Ptolemy," sung by Dennis Noble, and "O Ruddier Than the Cherry" from "Acis and Galatea," sung by Malcolm McEachern. On a Victor single (\$1.50) are two ancient liturgical melodies in orchestral arrangements by Stokowski which go beyond anything Stokowski has done thus far in artistic defacement.

Having neglected jazz recently, I will mention that one of the finest jazz records ever made, "Blues of Israel," available only on English Parlophone, is to be had at the Commodore Music Shop, 144 East Forty-second Street, New York, where you will find other good things in that field that cannot be obtained elsewhere.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Censorship, Chicago Style

Dear Sirs: In reply to the prayer of D. J. Rolfs for a decent newspaper in Chicago, printed in your letter columns some weeks ago, I wish to point out three facts, probably known to newspaper publishers but not to readers, in general.

First, there is a city ordinance in Chicago limiting the size of newsstands. The purpose of this ordinance is to keep newspapers that are not wanted off the stands. It does not interfere with the sale of foreign-language papers or racing-information sheets, but the moment an attempt was made to put a new paper on the stands the law would be enforced. The ordinance also limits the sale of papers at a newsstand to those published in Chicago.

Second, the newsboys of Chicago are organized into an association. The association is controlled by the newspapers, and its members would therefore refuse to handle an additional newspaper although it would mean more revenue to the newsboys themselves. This would seriously restrict the distribution of a new paper.

Third, a new paper would have to cope with gang warfare and terrorism if it would establish itself. Gangsters were imported into Chicago for the first time in the circulation wars of the *Tribune* and *Herald and Examiner*, and there is no warrant for the belief that the morals of newspaper owners have undergone a change for the better since that day.

Is it any wonder that Chicago journalism is what it is?
F. L.
Chicago, December 20

The "Sitdown" and the I.W.W.

Dear Sirs: Louis Adamic, in writing of the sitdown, refers to the I. W. W. in a manner which I resent. "It probably is a sort of development," he says, "of the I. W. W. 'folded-arm strike' and of 'striking on the job'; only it is better, *manlier* than the latter, which required men to pretend they were working, and to accomplish as little as possible without being discharged, which was more fatiguing than to work according to one's capacity, as well as contrary to the

natural inclinations of the *best* class of workers [*italics mine*]."

The I. W. W. during the war years and those that followed the war (I have no direct knowledge of the after years, having been "retired from circulation") were not restricted as to the method to gain their ends. The "sitdown strike" would have accomplished nothing in the areas in which the I. W. W. were particularly active during the war, such as the logging industry, where if you had "sat down" the bosses would have let you sit and starve; or a large construction outfit such as Stone and Webster, where the work was often several miles from camp; or railroad work, where the same conditions applied. As for manliness, I maintain that one had to be very much of a man to belong to the I.W.W. What does Adamic mean by the *best* class of workers? Doesn't he know that the roughnecks in the woods, in the iron mines, in the coal mines are absolutely essential, or the "sitters" would have nothing to "sit" at?

Incidentally I think it was the roughnecks that led the way in the matter when a number of transients, of which I had the honor to be one, took possession of the committee room of the FERA office here at Madison in March, 1935, in order to enforce their demands, and also ordered a steak dinner and charged it to the officials of the FERA. We "sat and sang" until the officials consented to see us. It ill becomes the writer of "Dynamite" to cast aspersions on those who afforded him so much material for that book.

JOHN ANDERSON
Madison, Wis., December 18

The Soviet Constitution

Dear Sirs: Few things are more amazing in this amazing time of ours than the misinterpretation of the new constitution of the Soviet Union in a large part of the English-speaking world—particularly in its liberal part.

When one discusses the matter with honest and sincere Communists, everything is clear and intelligible from the beginning. Of course they are proud of the achievements of the nineteen years of the Bolshevik Revolution, and they regard the new constitution as a proof of these achievements. Of course they

will talk to you for hours about "Soviet democracy," which they maintain to be "a million times more democratic than any bourgeois democracy"; for this is their honest and sincere belief, learned from Lenin himself, though as a matter of fact it does not become less doubtful by his high authority. But of course they only laugh, and very heartily, at the idea that this "Soviet democracy" even in the new constitution diminishes in any way the cleavage between the Soviet Union and the Western world, or that the dictatorship of the proletariat, which in reality is the dictatorship of their party, will be weakened to any extent by this new constitution. Of course this dictatorship will last under the new constitution just as it has lasted under the old ones. There is no doubt whatever about that. This fact is expressed with all possible clearness in the document itself. It is only some liberal, social-democratic interpreters who attempt to deny it.

A mention of the two points most frequently misinterpreted will suffice here to make this evident:

1. The new constitution (Article 134) enlarges the electoral rights, grants universal, equal, and direct suffrage by secret ballot. Isn't this the true realization of the old, venerated democratic ideal? It is not! For while the suffrage is given to the citizens—just as it has remained unchanged, on paper, in the Italian and German dictatorships—the right to nominate candidates is (Article 141) reserved to the Communist Party or to organizations under its control. It is not necessary to quote all the other passages of the new constitution which also secure the predominance of the dictatorial party. This one device of controlling the nomination of the candidates for the universal, equal, direct, and secret franchise is sufficient. It is exactly the device used by the fascist dictatorships in Italy (see the law of 1928) and in Germany. It makes a mockery of the democratic franchise.

2. Sidney Webb, in *The Nation* of November 21, quoted, as other liberals are always doing, Article 125, which—without the unfortunately usual omissions—reads as follows: "In conformity with the interests of the toilers, and in order to strengthen the socialist system, the citizens of the U. S. S. R. are guaran-

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teed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and of holding mass-meetings, freedom of street processions and demonstrations. These rights of the citizens are insured by placing at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations printing presses, supplies of paper, public buildings, the streets, means of communication, and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights." And to this Mr. Webb adds, "Truly a unique and unprecedented conception of public freedom."

Truly, it is neither unique nor unprecedented—nor is it freedom. For exactly the same provisions, only more lengthily worded, are already to be found in the first Russian constitution of July 10, 1918, in Lenin's famous "Declaration of the rights of the toiling and exploited peoples" (Section 1, Article 2, No. 14 and 15). There is nothing new in the new constitution in this respect. And therefore there will be after the acceptance of the new constitution no greater freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly than there has been until now. That is to say, there will be no freedom at all except under the strict control of the dictatorial party and its dictatorial rulers.

I could easily quote a dozen or more similar frequent misinterpretations—all of them to be disproved in exactly the same way by simply referring to the uncontested documents and to the uncontested facts that ought to be known to everyone who speaks publicly about these matters. No honest and sincere Communist will disagree. But the amazing question remains: Why are liberal writers, more than others, so anxious to prove that the Bolsheviks are what they neither want nor claim to be, namely, democrats in the old Western sense of the word?

ARTHUR FEILER

New York, December 20

Age of Innocence

Dear Sirs: Mr. Edman's poem on the perverted use of such innocent word as left and right, red and white, and his sigh for the past impels me to a friendly indorsement:

I sigh for the days when many a word
Was linked to all we had always heard,
When "fairy" spelt charm and "pansy"
a plant

And "Fanny" was only the name of your
aunt.

HELEN SALZ

San Francisco, December 16

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, whose mysterious silence for three weeks caused his many readers in this country considerable anxiety, is still on the job and very much alive, as his article indicates. At present he is on a brief visit to Geneva, but expects shortly to return to Spain.

LAWRENCE WESTBROOK, formerly assistant administrator of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, is now chairman of the Advisory Board of the WPA.

M. E. RAVAGE, *The Nation's* Paris correspondent, has lived abroad, principally in France, for the past eight years. His articles on European politics and on current events in the French capital have made him familiar to readers of *The Nation* and other periodicals.

ROSCOE FLEMING, a reporter for the *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, recently went to Lincoln to make a first-hand study of Nebraska politics and of the problems involved in setting up this country's first unicameral, non-partisan legislature.

BERTRAND RUSSELL defies labeling and is so well known he hardly needs it. An Englishman, a philosopher, a mathematician, a physicist, he has written books on many diverse subjects, including marriage, relativity, China, the conquest of happiness, and American history.

CARL BECKER, professor of history at Cornell University and former president of the American Historical Association, is the distinguished author of many works on American and European history, among them "The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth-Century Philosophers," "The Declaration of Independence," and "Progress and Power."

JAMES WATERMAN WISE, formerly editor of *Opinion*, is the author of "Nazism: An Assault on Civilization." He has just returned from Brazil, which he visited as a delegate of the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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The Shape of Things

★

THE REVIVAL OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN Enlistment Act of 1870 is a clear example of unneutral behavior under the guise of "neutrality." As the act stands it apparently applies only to persons seeking to enlist for military service with the rebels. Penalties are imposed on anyone who accepts or who agrees to accept "any commission or engagement in the military or naval service of any foreign state at war with any foreign state at peace with His Majesty." The fascist forces in Spain are clearly a "foreign state" within the meaning of the act, but since they have not been recognized by London they cannot be described as a state at peace with His Majesty. Thus the government apparently stretched a point in applying the law to volunteers supporting Madrid. Incidentally, the same law exists in the Irish Free State, and it will be extremely interesting to see whether De Valera makes an effort to curb the activities of General O'Duffy and the recruiting of Irish fascists for service with Mola's armies in the northern part of Spain. It happens that several of these Irish contingents set sail from Liverpool and as British "subjects" could have been detained if the government had so desired. The British precedent is especially disheartening in view of the pressure being brought in this country to prevent Americans from going to the support of Spain. No protest has ever been made when Americans enrolled themselves in the service of petty dictators in any part of the world; it is scarcely credible that anyone should propose restrictions at a moment when democracy is endangered by the illegal intervention of Hitler and Mussolini.

★

GENERAL MOTORS IS NOW STANDING PAT, "awaiting developments" in the automobile strike and counting, among other things, on public support. What the company means is that it is waiting for the United Automobile Workers and the Committee for Industrial Organization to exhaust their resources against the financial stone wall of General Motors, a corporation dominated by the du Ponts and J. P. Morgan. Meanwhile it is busy rousing public opinion by accusing the workers of "trying to run the business" and refusing to negotiate until the sitdown strikers leave the plants. At the same time it self-righteously refuses to promise that certain essential machinery will not be moved if the sitdown strikers evacuate, although, as Mr. Levinson points out

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elsewhere in this issue, the union has every reason to insist on such a promise in writing. Behind the scenes the giant corporation is stirring up anti-union sentiment among all those innocent bystanders in the automobile towns whose pocket-books are affected. Behind the scenes General Motors is also conspiring with its brother giants in coal and steel and glass to engage the C. I. O. in a series of nation-wide strikes to sap its energy.

*

AT ANY MOMENT THE COLLAPSE OF PEACE negotiations in Detroit will send the automobile controversy to the White House. Then public opinion will become even more important than it is now. If only for selfish reasons it should be thrown to the side of labor. General Motors could still make large profits and at the same time help to stabilize recovery, especially for the little man, by increasing the purchasing power of its employees 25 per cent. Weekly earnings in the automobile industry for November, a big production month, are given as \$36.16, with an hourly average of 79.3 cents. These figures, however, disguise the true picture. In 1934, when the hourly rate was 70 cents an hour, the average annual wage was less than \$900, or \$17.50 a week. Only one-third of the workers in the industry worked throughout the year. The hourly wage is higher at present and production has been spread over a longer period, but the automobile worker's annual earnings are far below the amount necessary for a decent standard of living. They are also far below the industry's capacity to pay.

*

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ASSURANCES THAT NONE of the needy would be dropped from the relief rolls seem hardly to be borne out in his letter on relief asking \$790,000,000 for relief during the remainder of the fiscal year and suggesting a maximum of \$1,853,000,000 to cover all expenses for recovery and relief in 1938. The Conference of Mayors had set \$877,500,000 as the minimum needed by the WPA until the end of June. Since part of the \$790,000,000 will presumably go to the Resettlement Administration, it is estimated that the WPA will get about \$500,000,000, which will mean dropping some 800,000 persons. In his budget message the President asked for 1938 only about 65 per cent of the amount required during the past year for recovery and relief—a "saving" of approximately a billion dollars. But at the same time he requested an additional \$100,000,000 for armaments, an increase of \$60,000,000 for civil departments and agencies, and a somewhat larger sum for his agricultural program. The theory that reduced unemployment will bring a corresponding decrease in relief requirements has proved entirely unsound so far. In a protracted depression the resources of the unemployed become increasingly depleted, and any effort to force a sudden curtailment in relief rolls would leave the jobless in a more serious plight than they were in back in 1932. WPA workers have no alternative but to organize and bring such mass pressure as they can command on the Administration.

LEON TROTSKY'S ARRIVAL IN MEXICO HAS brought a troublesome problem to a country that is more accustomed to trouble than was his last place of refuge. The Mexican government will find it easier than did Norway to withstand pressure from Moscow to drive Trotsky out, first because Mexico is comfortably remote from the Soviet Union and second because it has no diplomatic relations with the Soviet government to guard against upset. Even so, the privilege of serving as asylum for Russia's most famous exile may well prove an exacting one. The Mexican government has announced that it intends to put no curbs on Trotsky's freedom of movement; and he, in turn, has promised to engage in no political activities. But even assuming complete sincerity and good-will on both sides, a peaceful sojourn is hardly to be expected. Mexico's Communists and certain labor groups which bitterly opposed Trotsky's admission to the country will do their best to make his stay a *casus belli*, although they have been ordered to refrain from demonstrations, while his own partisans are not to be counted upon to smooth his path.

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WILL 1937 FINALLY SEE RATIFICATION OF THE federal child-labor amendment? President Roosevelt's direct appeal to the governors of non-ratifying states, echoed by the voice from Palo Alto, spurs on the drive to get the assent of the twelve more states necessary to make the amendment law. More than 100,000 children were withdrawn from industry and sent back to school under the NRA. But in the first five months of 1936, as compared with the same period in 1935, child labor increased 150 per cent. A poll taken by the American Institute of Public Opinion came out 61 per cent in favor of the amendment and showed that in all but three of the states where ratification has been defeated the people are opposed to the action of their legislatures. Objection to the amendment is due partly to the fear that "limit, regulate, and prohibit" gives Congress too sweeping a power and means an invasion of states' rights. But most of it comes from manufacturers who employ children.

*

THE BULLY OF BERLIN TOOK A LITTLE TIME off from his hilarious game of scaring the daylights out of France and Great Britain to annoy the doughty Queen of the Netherlands, Wilhelmina, whose daughter Juliana has just married a German prince. This German prince, Bernhard zu Lippe-Biesterfeld, says he "feels Hollandish" and has shown all too plainly that he prefers the well-kept, butter-fed household of Wilhelmina and the sunny disposition of Juliana to the madhouse of Adolf, where the national slogan is "Let 'em eat cannon" and the obscene "Horst Wessel" song rings incessantly through the fascist darkness. For this sin the Nazi press conducted a journalistic pogrom against the Prince and his adopted country, complaining because the Nazi flag was not flown during the festivities and because the prince felt that no "foreign [i.e., German] national anthem" should be played in his honor. The Gestapo

entered the game and held up the passports of four innocent German princesses who had been chosen as bridesmaids. Under pressure passports were issued to three of the princesses who presently found themselves stranded on the border with only four dollars apiece. Queen Wilhelmina rescued the princesses. After that she rolled up her sleeves and wrote a note to the Nazi government. The wedding came off in all its anticipated splendor; and Queen Wilhelmina received the congratulations of Hitler even though an orchestra conductor had refused to play the "Horst Wessel" song.

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WE CANNOT MOURN GLENN FRANK'S PASSING as president of the University of Wisconsin, nor can we join the new alliance of Hearst and the respectable press in deploring the action of the Board of Regents. The whole episode has been instructive in revealing the tie-up between the press and the business interests and the way this tie-up ramifies into American higher education. There can be no doubt that the regents exercised their legitimate powers. What still remains unclear is Governor La Follette's role in the affair. It is difficult to see how he could have hoped to gain politically by engineering, as it is charged, an anti-Frank movement among the regents. If he was part of such a movement, it could have been only at the risk of his own political fortunes and in pursuance of the ideas of progressivism with which the La Follettes have been associated. Whether or not the case had its origin in politics, it is clear that it is now being used as a means of sideswiping the whole farmer-labor progressive movement. The present talk in Madison about a joint move by Democrats and Republicans in the state legislature to put the Governor on the spot is part of a wider campaign to smear a national progressive movement by attacking the La Follette leadership. The campaign will fail, but it is a foretaste of what Progressives may expect when the issue involved is more than a teapot.

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AN ITALIAN HOLLYWOOD WILL BE THE NEXT goldfish bowl to come out of the hat of Europe's chief prestidigitator. Not content with making an empire grow where a kingdom stood before, Mussolini intends to make a cinema city sprout on the arid plains of Quadraro, on the road to Frascati, just south of Rome. Already, we learn from the Swedish journal, *Stockholms Tidningen*, thousands of workmen are laying the foundations of ten huge studios, two lakes for marine scenes, and streets, houses, public squares, even villages, which will be built in imitation of everything from New York to Novosibirsk. Meanwhile Roncoroni, a well-known Italian movie star, has gone to Hollywood to recruit talent among directors, actors, and writers, and Walter Wanger, an American director who has demonstrated his love for fascism, is in Italy drawing up studio plans under the expert supervision of Il Duce himself. By the end of 1937 Italy will have the most Complete, Tremendous, Colossal, Super-Film Center in Europe.

Peace Without Victory

THREE conclusions emerge from Mr. Roosevelt's message to Congress. One is that, despite his overwhelming victory in the election, he does not intend in the next four years to follow up the gains made in the past four years. Another is that the New Deal has evolved no new points of view, has not clarified its economic thinking, has produced no new techniques for improving or controlling the social system. We may pretty much expect the Administration to go back to its earlier program, that which prevailed in the period before the Supreme Court began its career of devastation. The third conclusion is that on the most important issue before the country today—that of the Supreme Court and the Constitution—Mr. Roosevelt intends to select, of the courses open, the most conservative.

To be sure, there was still a hazy liberalism hovering about the message, as in the old days. But as Harold Laski has shown in "The Rise of Liberalism," there has never been any incompatibility between the capitalist position and the so-called liberal outlook. Mr. Roosevelt, with his program of large professions for the welfare of the common man and the smallest possible concessions by the rulers of industry, is the crowning proof of Mr. Laski's thesis. It is no accident that the reactionary and conservative press now joins with the Administration papers in hailing Mr. Roosevelt's message.

What does the message actually say? It says we must have some sort of labor legislation, a farm-tenancy law, some amendments to the Social Security Act, and some control of the speculative market. It says, more vaguely, that the government must still find a remedy for unemployment, that federal rather than state action is required for labor and agricultural legislation, that oligarchies breed militarism and democracies peace. It says, above all, that the Supreme Court must behave itself and not upset the apple-cart of liberal legislation.

The way in which Mr. Roosevelt handled the issue of the Supreme Court and the Constitution is the final proof of the trend of his policy. To many he will appear courageous for daring to read a lecture to the justices at all. But considering the temper of Congress and the country on this issue, considering the avalanche of bills ready to be introduced that would do almost everything to the justices short of deporting them to General Franco's army, Mr. Roosevelt's words were calculated not to channel this energy into political results but to dampen the ardor of what the newspaper editors like to call "the Congressional hotheads." There were four courses of action open on this issue. One, the most conservative, was to wait for the court to pass on the important cases to come, meanwhile warn it of the need for a liberal and human construction of the Constitution, and ultimately hope for a chance to fill court vacancies with liberals. A second was to conclude from the record of the last eighteen months that the present court would continue to prove an obstruction to any sensible social program, and proceed to enlarge it with new appointments. A third

was to conclude that *any* group of nine former corporation lawyers is likely to contain a majority of fossils and therefore to give Congress in one way or another power to override the court's veto. A fourth was to leave the court alone, but clarify Congressional power by a constitutional amendment.

Mr. Roosevelt has chosen the first and most conservative approach. That he has done so should occasion little surprise. Mr. Roosevelt is the Great Equilibrator. His idea of the function of government is to effect an equilibrium between the contending social pressures so as to preserve in a healthy state the broad outlines of the existing system. To do this he is not averse to playing one side against the other. In his first administration he used the left to frighten the industrialists into making concessions. But now he is himself a bit frightened at the swing of opinion to the left, and not a little overcome by the extent of his own electoral victory. He does not want to push his social program any farther. He wants to go back to the old NRA—stripped of some of its faults—and the old AAA. He wants to finish such unfinished business as housing and farm tenancy. But there he wants to stop. He wants the Supreme Court to grow less relentless, so that the old program can be restored. *But he does not want to curb the judicial power as such.* He knows that for the Supreme Court to learn how to behave will be a long and tedious process, dragging out perhaps through his whole second administration, and serving to control its pace. If the judicial power were curbed, or if there were a clear constitutional amendment, the barriers would be down, and a genuine program of socialization of industry might be enacted. At this prospect Mr. Roosevelt shrinks back in horror. Hence he asks the justices to become enlightened, thereby leaving the essential power of the court untouched—ready to be used whenever necessary to block radical advance.

This is the meaning of Mr. Roosevelt's message. This is why the ruling groups in America are rejoicing over it. Mr. Roosevelt has chosen to make with them a peace without victory.

Morocco Front

FROM this distance it is difficult to pass judgment on the French reports of Nazi engineers and technicians at Melilla, Tetuan, and Ceuta in Spanish Morocco. There is a strong possibility that the accusations are exaggerated. They may even be deliberately concocted to prepare the public for a shift in French policy which has been found necessary for other reasons. But genuine or not, they are of great political significance. The mere rumor of German activity in Morocco will do more to arouse France and England to the significance of fascist control in Spain than any amount of direct assistance to the rebels on the Continent. The French defense program is based on the assumption that a substantial number of colonial troops can be rushed to the mother country in the event of a German attack. It is probable that British military commitments to France also rest

on that assumption. Thus a strong German base in Spanish Morocco which would delay French African reinforcements for several days might prove a decisive factor in the conflict now believed to be inevitable. While there is no confirmation of the report that the Germans have begun to fortify Ceuta, across the straits from Gibraltar, the British have every reason to be frightened at the possibility since a battery of heavy guns at this point could close the Mediterranean to British shipping. The chances are that both France and Britain would risk war rather than see the Germans established at the gateway to the Mediterranean.

In the meantime, the possibility of a joint blockade of the Iberian peninsula is once more being seriously proposed. While the suggestion smacks of the old-fashioned custom of bolting the garage door after the family car has been stolen, it might not yet be too late if prompt and energetic action were taken. The chances are that neither Hitler nor Mussolini is any more anxious for a general war on the Spanish issue than they were two weeks ago, when it appeared for a fleeting instant as if they were backing down. But they apparently have decided to stake everything on a desperate assault on Madrid, in the belief that the city may be captured before French and British pressure can become effective. At present their judgment appears dubious despite the fact that the German and Italian troops landed in the last two weeks outnumber Madrid's international column at least two to one and possess far superior equipment. At this writing the ferocious push of the rebels, assisted by thousands of "blond Moors," seems to have been repulsed.

Germany and Italy will undoubtedly seek to attach impossible conditions to any proposal to enforce a blockade, with a view to drawing out negotiations as long as possible. In fact, the chances are overwhelmingly against an effective blockade ever being arranged. This does not necessarily mean, however, that the fascists will triumph by default as they have in every major issue in recent years. There are at least two rays of hope on an otherwise black horizon. One is the possibility that Germany has overreached itself in Morocco, in which case France may be aroused to the point of challenging Hitler. A complete break-down of the non-intervention agreement, with open support for the Spanish government from all non-fascist countries, would undoubtedly be the quickest way to liquidate Hitler's adventure in Spain. There is also hope that the loyalists may be able to hold out, with or without Madrid, despite the enormous reinforcements sent by Hitler and Mussolini. After all, the Spaniards are an intensely patriotic people, and the presence of the Germans has evidently done more to unify the populace on the side of the government than any development since the beginning of the war. In the long run it may be found that 30,000 or even 100,000 foreign troops are not enough to conquer Spain. It is said that history never repeats itself. But the present generation has witnessed a second retreat from Moscow; and it may live to see a second Baylen if Hitler, like Napoleon, continues to look upon the Spanish people as mere pawns to further his political ambitions.

A Program for Relief

WE ARE pleased that the President has given definite assurance that no individuals in need of relief will be dropped from the rolls of the WPA during the present fiscal year. At the very least, this indicates that the Administration is aware that relief is still a desperate problem. While unemployment is considerable lower than at any time in the past five years, between nine and ten million men and women are still without work. A large proportion of these persons have been out of a job so long that they have completely exhausted their resources. Many have become unemployable for physical or psychological reasons. Others have lost their skill and are not likely to

be absorbed in private industry unless they can be rehabilitated or fitted to perform other types of work.

It is true that the emergency period for relief has passed. The situation confronting the President today contrasts sharply with that of March 4, 1933. Then it was a matter of somehow getting food to the hungry, and of devising means of safeguarding self-respect in the process. Efficiency and economy were distinctly of secondary importance. Today, at the threshold of the President's second term, the time has arrived for the shaping of a permanent policy. After an economic dislocation as severe as that which the country has just passed through, there is bound to be an abnormal demand for relief for many years. The states are not equipped to deal with the problem. It must be met by federal action.

While the WPA is in many ways more satisfactory than any of its predecessors, it should be evident that no organization of this type can have a place in a permanent federal program. It is tremendously costly for the amount of actual assistance given. Much of the work carried out by the WPA would be indefensible except as a relief measure. If the projects are defensible, there is no reason why the workers should not have full-time jobs at standard wages. Nor does the WPA represent a satisfactory technique of relief. Its "security wage" involves an actual hardship on large families. Moreover, there are hundreds of thousands of men fully entitled to WPA jobs who, because of the recentness of their unemployment or for other reasons, have been thrown upon the mercies of state or local relief. This varies from an average of approximately \$36 a month per family in New York to well under \$10 in many Southern states.

Any form of relief is distasteful as a permanent policy, since of necessity it carries with it the stigma of charity. Far more satisfactory, obviously, would be a system of social insurance that provided adequate and regular benefits. But neither the Social Security Act nor any legislation that is likely to be enacted by the present Congress even approaches that goal.

The 3,000 hunger marchers now converging on Washington will do much good if they merely dramatize the size of the problem of relief.

There is nothing more pernicious than the tradition that the local community should look after its own unfortunates. The fact is that many states and local communities are financially unable to do

so. In many communities there are serious legal and constitutional obstacles to obtaining the necessary funds. The federal government, on the other hand, has several sources of income which are practically untapped.

The first consideration of a long-range relief program should be adequate assistance for all the needy, regardless of what caused their distress or where they live. This might be achieved either by a straight federal program or a joint federal-state plan under which the federal government could aid states unable to carry their burden. Experience has shown that standards must be fixed, as far as possible, by the federal government, while administration is often best carried out locally. Government employment projects should be continued only if their utility is beyond question. This should not mean a reduction in the so-called white-collar projects. On the contrary, the federal theater and art projects are undoubtedly among the most desirable of all WPA undertakings. But eligibility should be based, as in private industry, on ability rather than need. Wages, conditions of work, and the right of organization should be precisely the same as for private employment.

Simultaneously, there should be built up a truly adequate public employment service such as already exists in many of the leading industrial countries of the world. This would imply, at the outset, a complete census of unemployment and the establishment of an extensive program of training and rehabilitation. Such a program would undoubtedly be costly, although probably no more so than the present uneconomic WPA. It is necessary if a large section of American manhood is not to be permanently robbed of the right to earn a living.

OUR RELIEF PROGRAM

1. Relief must be adequate for all the needy regardless of the cause of their distress.
2. In order to provide this, the federal and state governments should assume joint responsibility.
3. Work projects should be continued only when socially and economically defensible, and should provide full-time work at standard wages and conditions.
4. The federal government should establish an employment service, undertake a census of the unemployed, and initiate a program of vocational rehabilitation.

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Can Madrid Hold On?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Valencia, January 10

I LEFT Madrid on December 7 and Spain on December 9 to fly to Geneva for the special Spanish session of the League Council. Thereafter I spent a week in Paris and eight days in Moscow and then flew back to Barcelona, where I arrived January 6. I have now been in the Spanish capital four days, in which time I have interviewed Prime Minister Caballero, four members of the federal Cabinet, a number of party leaders, and several well-informed generals.

Having thus obtained a bird's-eye view of the international situation which I can today coordinate with my information on Spanish internal politics and the military position, I feel that the Republican outlook holds no cause for alarm. The general sentiment of my informants is that the loyalists will win, though estimates of the duration of the civil war run as high as two years.

Around Madrid these last ten days the enemy concentrated all his forces. Every available man, machine-gun, and cannon was brought to the Madrid front with the quick mobility which distinguishes Franco's excellent army. Practically all the rebel airplanes—and in number they far exceed those of the government—could be seen in the skies above sadly riddled Madrid. Nevertheless, the progress made was incommensurate with the effort. Madrid itself is not imperiled even by this gigantic, carefully prepared offensive which is sapping Franco's strength. Experts doubt whether he will in the near future essay the herculean task of attacking the city itself, where he must take barricade after barricade.

On the other hand, the Republican army is considerably improved. Its new units have given a good account of themselves under fire, and it is hoped that those which follow will imitate their example. The Republicans find comfort, too, in international developments. Germany's act in sending troops—nobody knows how many—and Italy's violation of the spirit if not the letter of its gentlemen's agreement with England by likewise landing military units at Cadiz appear to have had a disquieting effect on France and England. But something else is disturbing the British and the French even more than these grave events. Caballero told me today that the Germans have placed guns of forty-two-centimeter caliber in Ceuta in Morocco, and that they are fortifying Melilla. The high command at Gibraltar has received orders to stand by, and French and British naval units are held in readiness to steam into the Mediterranean danger zone. Morocco, as in the pre-war period, is again the apple of discord, and the same powers are maneuvering for advantage. London and Paris are apparently convinced at last that Germany is not merely aiding its fellow-fascist, Franco, but playing for much higher stakes, which, if

won, will partly determine the outcome of the next Armageddon. France has indicated a slightly more favorable attitude toward loyalist Spain by allowing airplanes recently purchased in America to pass through its territory. But greater assistance must be granted if the balance is to be weighted against the fascist constellation. What is required is a blockade of the Iberian peninsula—not of Spain alone. If Spain and Portugal were hermetically sealed today against all war materials and men, the Spanish government would be victorious within six months. I believe Paris would look with favor on such a blockade, but hitherto England and France have had a working agreement to do nothing in Spain, and because of Blum's weak political position the initiative must come from England. Perhaps a threat to Gibraltar will produce that initiative. Germany is too weak to fight. If Great Britain called "Halt!" Hitler would mend his behavior unwillingly and Mussolini happily.

Essentially, however, the Spanish Republic must trust only its own strength and Russia's friendship. If the Western democracies help, that will be fine, like an unexpected gift, but England and France are split personalities. From the class standpoint these two countries should be opposed to the Spanish Republic, from the nationalistic standpoint they should be for it. Heretofore class interests have been predominant, and we have witnessed the example of the bourgeoisie being unready to defend empires. The capitalist bias makes them objectively unpatriotic. This attitude may be changed by the crudity of German-Italian procedure, but I would not be surprised to see a move to eliminate Hitler and Mussolini followed by an attempt to democratize Franco similar to that made in the summer of 1919, when the big five in Paris endeavored to dress up Admiral Kolchak in democratic clothes.

The republic's resources in the form of Russian aid and domestic supplies are far from exhausted. Indeed, both sources are just being scratched. Moscow is now sending cotton for Barcelona's textile factories and grain for the queue-ridden cities—these are supplementary to other materials. Industrially and financially the republic is infinitely more powerful than the rebels, whose territory is eaten up with disaffection; entire brigades of loyalists exist like islands in Franco's land. The government's greatest element of strength is the hearty support of the population, which it is to be hoped will not be undermined by foolish, premature economic experiments by so-called revolutionists afflicted with infantile leftism at a time when the country requires a government policy which will antagonize no one. Moreover, added energy could be obtained by eliminating friction between the parties of the popular front.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, January 10

THE week past has produced forceful proofs that the Supreme Court is not the least democratic of our government's three branches and that both the executive and the legislative are its peers if not its superiors in distrusting the people who support them. President Roosevelt's message to Congress was filled with undemocratic adoration of the democratic process; he bespoke his love of the common people and his trust in their ability to choose wisely the nation's proper course of action on all issues. But he did not trust them enough to lay before them a clear statement of his own intentions, nor did he respect them enough to submit himself to the discipline of having to prepare a complete and rounded program for their benefit. Furthermore, he followed up his message on the state of the nation with a budget message that was insolent in its attempted deceptions; what he presented as a budget that "only captious accountants" would say was not balanced was a budget actually no more in balance than the last. The pretense of equilibrium between income and outgo was achieved by a cruel whittling of proposed relief appropriations and the omission of other appropriations that Congress is almost certain to vote. A group of progressives led by Senator Bone has served notice that they will fight to increase appropriations for relief. The record peacetime appropriation for munitions and armaments that Roosevelt proposed offers them a talking-point of which they have not availed themselves as yet.

Congress's exhibition of no faith in the electorate was less obvious than the President's. It made its appearance in some forty bills and resolutions aimed ostensibly at hampering or stopping the Supreme Court in performing the duty intrusted to it by the Founding Fathers, the duty of standing as the last indomitable bulwark against attempts by the people to govern themselves as they, the people, think best. But none of these bills or resolutions was designed to achieve complete freedom for the democratic process. Their authors, while prating of their respect for the will of the masses, apparently feared either to give that will free rein or to trust the electorate to know its own mind.

The measures themselves were merely the froth on the ferment of constitutional reform now brewing noisily in Washington. Two meetings on this theme were sponsored here in the last few days by Richard W. Hogue and his Independent Legislative Research Bureau. They were heavily attended by federal officials and members of Congress. The presence at both of that lethargic conservative, Senator Bulkley, and the impassioned speech in behalf of constitutional amendment made at one by that tory Democrat, Senator Adams, were impressive evidence

of the depth and breadth of the interest in the theme.

The major product of these meetings, however, was overwhelming proof that the Congress now organizing for business here is ready to take any step toward constitutional reform the White House will permit, that there is tremendous confusion and disagreement as to the precise nature of the step or steps that should be taken, and that leadership, plus crystallization of a definite plan of action, is all that is needed. In the near future an attempt to achieve such crystallization and to provide the necessary impetus and leadership is to be made here by the calling of a national conference to which all persons who might conceivably be interested or helpful will be invited. The group of laymen and lawyers who for months have been laying plans for the conference are, for strategical reasons, keeping their identities hidden for the present. For weeks and weeks they have been angling in roundabout diplomatic fashion to get Senator Norris to take the chairmanship of the conference. Approached by a forthright and undiplomatic reporter here yesterday, Senator Norris said he would be glad to take the job.

Among those who have added their voices publicly in the last few days to the clamor over constitutional reform are Senator Ashurst, who promised that his Senate Judiciary Committee will hold hearings on his proposed amendment giving Congress "power to make laws to regulate agriculture, commerce, industry, and labor"; John L. Lewis, who announced his willingness to back any "sound" program and added that he deduced from the President's message that the White House is against constitutional amendment and is considering other remedies; Senator Black, who proposed that every conceivable remedy including amendment be tried at one and the same time; Merle Vincent, former NRA official and unsuccessful candidate for Senator Costigan's seat, who proposed as an essential beginning the conference route with Senator Norris as chairman; Senator O'Mahoney, who proposed his own bill with its four-point attempt to fool the Supreme Court; Representative Lewis of Maryland, the House's "Old Integrity," who suggested defying the court by repassing measures it holds unconstitutional; and Senator Norris, who, directing his fire at judicial tenure and limitation of appellate jurisdiction, reminded his hearers that, even if the Supreme Court be tamed, the minor judiciary will remain in position to do incalculable harm and therefore must be tamed along with the rest.

The talk wanders over an enormous variety of proposals, which have for their lowest common denominator an implicit if unspoken belief on the part of nearly all the foes of judicial usurpation of the legislative power that a clear and sweeping amendment of the Constitu-

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tion would not meet with the approval of the electorate. Those who do not take that view seem to be mired in the belief that there is such a thing as giving the people too much power. They believe the majority should rule but only if the majority rules as they—and they include radicals and conservatives, plutocrats and intelligentsia—think best. They do not want the majority left free to pass a Tydings-McCormack military-disaffection bill if it wants to, or to decree that all professing Communists shall be guillotined; and quite plainly they fear that the majority, unchained, would do just that sort of thing. They love and trust the masses, but with limitations, and these limitations differ only in degree from those that animated the Founding Fathers.

The closest approach thus far made to a truly democratic remedy is a proposal that Morris Ernst put forward at the second of Mr. Hogue's meetings. The principal speaker at the gathering at which John Lewis and Senator Norris also spoke, Ernst prefaced his proposal with a brilliant autopsy of the Constitution and the Supreme Court, in the course of which he demonstrated the inanity of nearly all proposals save his own. He went back to James Madison and John Marshall for his own suggestion. He recalled that Marshall, dickering to save Chase from impeachment, suggested that Congress might give force to any law held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court by reenacting it. He recalled, too, that Madison in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 had proposed that Congress be given power to repass a bill by a two-thirds' vote over a judicial veto. Ernst combined the two suggestions into a proposal that Congress be given power to override a Supreme Court decision on constitutionality by repassing the measure by a two-thirds' vote, with the further privilege, if the President then vetoed the measure, of passing it over his veto by a

three-fourths' vote. This, as Ernst pointed out, would provide all the various checks and balances necessary to allay the qualms arising in the breasts of those who fear to give the basic element of democracy—majority rule—full play. It would place the supreme power in the hands of the people's elected representatives on all questions of public policy, and hence represents the closest approach yet made to a truly democratic solution of the most pressing problem before the nation. It falls short of being a completely democratic solution only in its mathematics. Ernst defends them only on grounds of strategy. He believes that an amendment embodying them would appeal to the American public's sense of fair play and not be as confusing as others proposed. For his own part, he is quick to confess, he would gladly omit the "two-thirds" and "three-fourths" and take his chance on the electorate's knowing what to do with the power bequeathed it by the Declaration of Independence and burgled from it by the Constitution.

Ernst made two other suggestions which need circulation, for they were aimed at dramatizing the issue and thus helping the fight along. One was that the members of the Supreme Court be summoned, not merely invited, to appear before the Senate and House Judiciary Committees and submit to public cross-examination when hearings are held on any of the proposed amendments or other remedial measures. He bulwarked that suggestion by pointing out that members of the court have made such appearances in the past and, in the past, have not hesitated to take an active part in the legislative process as lobbyists. His other suggestion was that the impending Supreme Court test of the Wagner Labor Relations Act be dramatized by having John L. Lewis in the flesh inject himself into the proceedings and join personally in the pleadings with a layman's statement of the issue.

Detroit Digs In

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

Detroit, January 10

THE future of the Committee for Industrial Organization, most hopeful development in the history of the American labor movement, lies in the hands of the sitdown strikers who have occupied Fisher Body Plant No. 1 at Flint, Michigan.

The sitdowners tell the story in the simple verses of their homespun "Song of the Fisher Body Strike." The dies, key to most of General Motors production, had been loaded on a railroad car in the plant yard. They were to be shipped to some less strong union center, possibly Pontiac. "When the dies they started moving, the union men they had a meeting to decide right then and there what must be done," says the song, chanted in nasal tones to the tune of "The Martins and the Coys." And, "When they loaded up a box-car full of dies, the union

boys they stopped them, and the railroad workers backed them. . . ."

Now they really started out to strike in earnest,

They took possession of the gates and buildings too.

They placed a guard in either clockhouse,

Just to keep the non-union men out,

And they took the keys and locked the gates up, too.

The attempt to move the dies was regarded by the International union, the United Automobile Workers of America, as a breach of faith. The plant was occupied on December 30. On the previous Tuesday a union committee had submitted demands and asked for a reply by the following Monday. The management's answer was to load the dies on the box-car. Although strikes were already in effect in Atlanta, Kansas City, and Cleveland,

the International union had not intended as yet to force the issue on a national scale. But General Motors in Fisher Body No. 1 at Flint provided the spark. Fisher Body No. 2 at Flint followed No. 1 on strike, and walk-outs, sitdowns, or both followed in Norwood (Ohio), Anderson (Indiana), Janesville (Wisconsin), Kansas City, Toledo, and Detroit. Helpless, General Motors was forced to shut down additional plants in Anderson, Atlanta, Bay City, Dayton, Flint, Kansas City, Muncie, Saginaw, and Detroit. Today 88,000 General Motors employees are out.

Attention has been shifted from the scattered front-line trenches to union and corporation general headquarters in Detroit. The first week of the strike has been marked by the total failure of peace efforts; the negotiations have served chiefly to clarify the issues in the conflict and to reveal the determination of both sides. The union is ready now to sit down and bargain for an agreement. The corporation insists, however, that the five occupied plants—in Flint, Cleveland, Detroit, and Anderson—must first be evacuated. In other words, they are asking the union to surrender its arms and then resume the war.

The union does not take time to make any theoretical defense of its right to hold the factories. They say they will not surrender to the corporation the dies and sixty-day supply of glass now in Fisher Body No. 1 at Flint, and that they will not march out of the plants so that professional strike-breakers and thug guards may walk in. Homer Martin, president of the union, declares the sitdowners have found a heavy supply of tear gas and other equipment of war in the plants. Under the circumstances the union feels that law and peace are in its keeping. It is taking scrupulous care of the machinery.

That General Motors wants evacuation of the plants only to gain an advantage in a resumption of the war is obvious. The corporation insists it will grant none of the union demands. It says it will "recognize" the union—along with company unions—for collective-bargaining purposes, but will not grant recognition of the union as the sole bargaining agency. For the sake of getting down to peace talks, the union has agreed to waive its demand for exclusive recognition before a conference, but it is asking for other guaranties before it will withdraw the sitdowners. The workers ask that no dies be moved, that vigilante movements and circulation of synthetic employee "loyalty" pledges be ended, that the Flint injunction—obtained from a judge who had 1,000 shares of General Motors stock tucked away in his judicial robes—be vacated, and that negotiations be started on a national basis. To this, William S. Knudsen, executive vice-president of General Motors, has given a flat no. According to its memorandum to Governor Frank Murphy, dogged but unsuccessful seeker of peace, the corporation will not even agree to bargain for a national agreement.

General Motors must have known it was making an offer which the union could not consider without inviting a repetition of the collapse of the 1934 strike. While talking peace to Governor Murphy it has thrown up breastworks for a fight to the end.

First-line attacks of the corporation have taken the

form of sponsoring vigilante movements. These have come to the surface in both Flint and Saginaw. In Flint an "Alliance for Security of Our Jobs, Our Homes, and Our Community" has come into existence. It is headed by a former paymaster at the Buick plant and a former mayor of Flint, George E. Boysen. This gentleman insists he is financing the "alliance" from his own pocket. Its strategy has been to enrol as members automobile workers who wish to return to work. Mr. Boysen has variously estimated the membership of the "alliance" at 2,000, 5,000, and 12,000, but he called off a parade planned for Saturday night rather than display the weakness of the movement. The headquarters of the alliance on the main Flint thoroughfare were dark and closed early Saturday evening, while hundreds of citizens patrolled the street. The reporters who have flocked to Flint find Mr. Boysen something of a crackpot.

But all this does not mean that the Flint Alliance has folded up. The technique of these "spontaneous" movements of loyal home folk has always been to depend on outside thugs as ringleaders. The strategy has been outlined by the ebullient Pearl L. Bergoff, who planned it to combat the Akron rubber strike that threatened in 1935. "It was going to be a new idea," said the Red Demon. "No more imported strike-breakers, just local people doing the job." But the nucleus of the "local people," he added, was to be four or five hundred imported mercenaries. To meet the threat of the Flint Alliance, several hundred automobile strikers from other cities are camped in Flint, and hundreds more are available on a few hours' call. The discipline of the strikers is remarkable. Company agents tried to incite a riot Thursday night, when they smashed a strikers' loud-speaker and a meeting near union headquarters, but the riots they hoped to stage did not develop. The sitdown strike leaders tell of other provocation. They have a strict rule that no liquor is to be brought into the occupied plant, and the only time the rule was violated, they say, was on New Year's Eve when they permitted some company foremen to enter the plant. Since then there has been no drinking and no foreman has been allowed "to snoop around" among the men.

The other leading practice of the corporation has been to stir up resentment against the union and intimidate its employees by circulation of "loyalty" pledges. Many of these are distributed by mail with return post cards inclosed. The entire method is devised to frighten strikers with threats of a black list. Some workers who have refused to sign have been discharged outright. By now the petitions have become worthless, except to provide headlines for the kept press. Union leaders have told the workers to go ahead and sign them and then forget about them.

To buttress these pressures, the *Flint Journal*, which is virtually a company organ, displays on its first page a three-column picture of police armed with clubs, tear-gas guns, gas masks, bullet-proof vests, ammunition, and clubs. The papers of the smaller cities, such as the *Flint Journal* and the *Saginaw News*, are abject in their crawling before the corporation. The metropolitan press is less crude. Detroit's papers pathetically feature unsubstantiated

peace reports, hoping against hope that there will not be a long conflict in which they may be forced to take sides. The *Detroit News* did not print the impeachment demand filed against Judge Black of Flint or the union's revelations of his ownership of General Motors stock until these things were no longer news. The *Detroit Free Press* refers to the alleged imminent return to work of employees as "hopeful news." The *Cleveland Press* headlines Wyndham Mortimer, vice-president of the union and resident of Cleveland for twenty-six years, as an "outside agitator." On the whole, the fault is not with the correspondents on the scene. There are distinctive examples of impartiality and an understanding of the forces at work on both sides. One of these, it is pleasant to report, is the *Chicago Daily News*. Another fine piece of reporting was the account of the Flint Fisher Body No. 1 sitdown published in New York's *Daily News*.

Passing from the lofty stability of the General Motors building in Detroit to the tense but calm offices of the baby union which has tied up the giant corporation, one thinks constantly of the men in Flint's Fisher Body Plant No. 1. Police and kitchen committees, runners to the union headquarters, strike and executive committees, and a general assembly every afternoon at four have placed the destiny of the strike in the hands of the rank and file.

Leaders are verbally slow but mentally clear. Rank-and-file cooperation has made the "chief of police" the best loved man in the plant. There is no grumbling, although the men have been in the plant for eleven days and nights. Wives come to the windows to pass in laundry and food, which goes immediately into the general commissary. Women may not enter, but children may be passed through the windows for brief visits with their fathers. Every night at eight the strikers' band of three guitars, a violin, a mouth organ, and a squeeze box broadcast over a loud-speaker for the strikers and the women and children outside. Spirituals and hill-billy songs fill out the program, which closes with "Solidarity Forever."

P. S. I forgot to mention the American Federation of Labor, an easy thing to do these days. It has no members to speak of in the automobile plants, although John P. Frey undertook to order his followers back to work. The craft unions have no contracts with General Motors. Their leaders' telegrams supporting the corporation against the strikers was a piece of work worthy of a feeble-minded Judas. The move has turned out to be a boomerang. The strikers are comforted by the fact that the A. F. of L. is openly against them and not among their supposed friends, where it would be in a position to attempt a more damaging betrayal, as in 1934.

The Pacifist's Dilemma

BY NORMAN THOMAS

NEW YEAR'S bells rang in the definite and open beginning of a naval race which is immediately of staggering cost and potentially far more likely to prepare the way for new war than for peace. But as the old year closed, the great American protagonist of that race, President Roosevelt, fresh from a considerable triumph for international good-will on the Western Hemisphere, waxed caustic in condemning the sale of certain implements of war to the recognized Spanish government. Those who defended that sale were for the most part bitter opponents of the naval race and long-time foes of the international trade in armaments. This is but one example of the inconsistencies, or seeming inconsistencies, in a mad world. Rarely, if ever, has the struggle for peace been so complicated, or have the lovers of peace been more sharply divided. They are caught in the confusion of a world more keenly aware than ever before of the suicidal costs of world war, yet more inclined to accept it as inevitable.

The whole issue has been immensely complicated by the triumph of fascism in Italy and more especially in Germany. Fascism glorifies both militarism and war. It is as surely a menace to the peace as to the liberty of mankind. One may be against both war and fascism, and yet find in every dispatch from Spain grim proof that

practically, under conditions all too likely to occur again and again, resolute and effective opposition to fascism means war. Is it any wonder that in this kind of world consistency among peace lovers is not a common virtue?

Among the enemies of both war and fascism are two groups which at first sight seem more consistent than the rest of us. There are on the one hand those pacifists who hold that the great commandment can be summed up in this: "Thou shalt take no part in any kind of war." On the other hand there are those advocates of collective security who proclaim a holy crusade of democratic nations against fascist aggressors. Both groups are more successful in criticizing their extreme opponents than in supporting their own positions. For neither group have we invented an accurate name. To the first I shall apply the word "pacifist," pausing only to remind my readers that there are pacifists and pacifists. The best *pacifists* are not *passivists*, individuals concerned only with their own soul's salvation or believers in divine intervention in behalf of the martyrs of peace. The pacifists can point out that history furnishes melancholy justification for their successive contentions: (1) that the right sort of America could have used its immense social and moral power to bring about a negotiated peace instead of entering the World War; (2) that the peace of Versailles was a peace

to end peace; and (3) that reasonable concessions in the days when Stresemann and the Social Democrats were still strong in Germany would have greatly increased the chances of victory for the republic against militarism and fascism. Today these pacifists can make no equally practical suggestion in the struggle against fascist aggression, but at least we owe them something for their constant challenge to the method of war and their constant reminder of its bitter cost.

Nevertheless, the pacifism which makes mere abstention from war the supreme command will not deliver mankind from new cycles of war and new dark ages of oppression. It is unrealistic and mad to say that it does not matter who wins in Spain if only the guns are stilled. It matters profoundly not only for Spain but for mankind that the fascist aggression of which Franco is the nominal and brutal leader be defeated. Persons who believe this must support the gallant resistance of the workers and other loyalists.

Those who cannot accept pacifism as the first and last commandment are not therefore the foes of peace. Indeed, the advocates of one form or another of "collective security" speak as its champions. Originally they sought to unite the world against the aggressor nation or nations. They reasoned that if the certainty of united action were great enough, a would-be aggressor would shrink from putting his fortunes to the test of war or even from facing those economic sanctions which the more optimistic believed might serve as a substitute for war. Now—and the change in itself signifies the historical failure of collective security through the League of Nations—those who consider themselves "realists" in contradistinction to the "pacifists" pin their hopes on an alliance of "democratic" states against realms ruled by dictators.

In a powerful and eloquent little book "We or They," an American citizen sees two worlds in conflict—the world of democracy and the world of dictatorship. In the second he places the Soviet Union. Hamilton Fish Armstrong is, to be sure, aware of differences as well as resemblances between fascism and communism. In my judgment he understates the differences, but certainly in terms of practical politics an organization of the democracies against the dictators which must begin with bitter controversy concerning the place of mighty Russia scarcely solves any major problem of world peace. Nevertheless, Mr. Armstrong and the school for which he is a persuasive spokesman make us face a dilemma which Americans cannot escape by mere opposition to war or any feasible degree of isolation.

What then? Shall intelligent Americans seek to build a league of non-fascist states with the definite object of checking fascist aggression, if necessary by preventive war, before German rearmament has gone farther and the continuous advance of science has made war even more deadly? There would be logic in that, but advocates of collective security usually reject it. It is a tribute to Mr. Armstrong's candor that he goes farther and doubts whether liberalism can stand the compulsions which war would put upon it. Yet he favors a form of "international insurance" which, if it means anything, means

military alliance, actual or tacit, among the democratic nations.

Objections to this course of action fairly leap to one's mind. Why should such an alliance, especially if it tentatively places Russia outside its fold, succeed where the League of Nations has egregiously failed? The conduct of all nations, our own included, proves that such an alliance would not diminish the weight of competitive armament but would cause each nation to arm the more frantically, not only against fascism but to guarantee its position in the councils of its allies. Even without war this race in militarism would jeopardize whatever democracy we had left. The minute war was declared, America would become a fascist state or a military despotism. This is the calm assumption underlying the War Department's plans for military mobilization. Moreover, a declaration of war in capitalist America would not initiate a new struggle to make the world safe for democracy any more truly than when Congress declared war on April 6, 1917. Ideals would have their place in inducing the American people to accept a new war, but the primary motive would not be, as the Communists hope, a desire to protect Soviet Russia or, as Mr. Armstrong hopes, a desire to preserve democracy. It would be a desire, intelligent or futile, to further national economic interests.

The whole theory of an effective alliance of capitalist states in behalf of democracy is discredited by each day's news. It is not likely that any clearer case for joint action against fascism will ever present itself than the fascist rebellion in Spain. Yet Blum was afraid to act, partly because he feared a fascist rising at home and partly because he could get no support from the British Foreign Office. To this day that great "democracy" over which Stanley Baldwin presides has no clear policy. British mining interests in Spain were original supporters of Franco's revolt. The instinctive sentiment of the ruling class was on the side of the fascists. No abstract love of democracy moves the British government in its growing fear of fascism in Spain but rather reflection on the danger that would threaten the Empire and its precious life line through the Mediterranean should Italy or Germany, or both, gain a commanding position in Spain.

It is facts like these, added to the long and melancholy story of the failures of the League of Nations, which make us challenge the assumption of "two worlds in conflict." There is, indeed, a conflict between dictatorship and democracy—even the bourgeois democracy with which we are familiar. But fascism itself is not basically a conspiracy of wicked dictators against democracy. It is a logical stage of development of the ideals and institutions of capitalism and nationalism. They made the first world war. They made the peace of Versailles. They plowed the soil in which Hitler sowed the seeds of his tribal fascism. Loyalty to democracy, even bourgeois democracy, may well be invoked in the struggle against fascism. But at best it can only win a temporary victory. The essential struggle is still socialism against capitalism, not democracy against fascism. Power-driven machinery has forced a high degree of collectivism upon us. The great problem for workers throughout the world is

whether they can make that collectivism cooperative and achieve the genuine democracy of socialism, or whether they must ultimately accept the rule of a dictator.

It is preposterous to think that the workers in the United States, in the supreme emergency of war, can maneuver the capitalist state and its military organization to gain their own ends. They may conceivably act as a brake on the state and mobilize effectively against war; they cannot utilize an international war to achieve a workers' victory unless first their country's military machine has met crushing defeat. But the practical conclusion from these considerations is not that the United States should seek ostrich-like isolation. It is that in capitalist America it is mad utopianism to believe that the government can be armed for international war against fascist aggression or can enter such a war at a price tolerable to the American people or to mankind. It is far more feasible for the workers and all lovers of peace to try to keep America out of the pursuit of war profits and hence out of war, and in the comparative sanity of this condition to see that it uses its influence for peace. This is the case for making neutrality and an embargo on the export of war supplies the American rule in all international struggles. It is the case against American participation in the new naval race.

The action of sincere and qualified volunteers who are willing to risk their own lives in the struggle in Spain is a different matter. They are investing their own lives, not conscripting others or involving the government. They are of a long line of men who have said with Tom Paine: "Where liberty is not, there is my fatherland." Those sanctions and economic pressures which can be

applied by unofficial groups do not fall under the condemnation of the attempt to make capitalist America an armed guarantor of peace.

Moreover, a belief in the wisdom of neutrality as the fixed policy of the United States in international war—with exceptions to be made by Congress, not by the President—does not mean that a friendly, democratically elected government, such as that of Spain, must be denied access to supplies necessary to put down armed fascist rebellion. It is an ugly world in which anti-fascist forces must pay tribute to private profiteers for the arms of defense. Yet the one outstanding chance of changing that world lies for the moment in preserving for the Spanish government the right to those forms of help which under international law governments extend to one another. To preserve it does not compel the United States to use its navy directly or indirectly to guarantee shipments, nor does it involve this nation in risk of war. To deny it is not only a discriminatory act, deliberate support of the rebel cause; it is also a reversal of accepted American practice. The United States has not prevented the sale of arms to the Nanking government for use in the slaughter of workers and in civil war against the Chinese red army, or to Latin American dictators engaged in suppressing rebellions. It has invoked this policy for the first time in a civil war to keep arms from the government of Spain—a tragic misapplication of the principle of neutrality.

Not a method of keeping out of war but the establishment of a warless world must be our goal.

[In an early issue we shall print an article by Vera Micheles Dean asserting the need of a united democratic front against fascist aggression in Europe.]

The Guild Invades Chicago

BY MILTON S. MAYER

Chicago, December 31

ON OCTOBER 20 of this year seven Chicago newspapermen showed up for the regular monthly meeting of the Chicago Newspaper Guild, with their hats pulled down and their coat collars turned up. There were thirty-eight dues-paying members altogether, but the other thirty-one had a feeling that they were being followed. That was the Guild in Chicago, after three hard and hopeless years.

Today, a little more than two months later, there are 240 dues-paying members, and that figure will be too low by twenty-five or fifty by the time this is printed. The revolution has reached Chicago at last. The publishers are pale in their ivory towers. Freedom of the press—the freedom of first-class editorial workers to sing the song of black reaction at \$40 a week—faces ruin at the hands of a mob of city-room serfs drunk on Broun and Marx.

Chicago is the toughest publishing town in America. Hearst, McCormick, and Knox own it. Join the Guild?

Why not just cut your throat and save the initiation fee? This is Chicago, the town that gave the world the Volunteers, the social-security dog tag, and the University of Chicago red scare. And the Annenbergs. Here's a metropolitan area of 4,500,000 people with only five newspapers. When it had half its present population it had nine papers. If you've got a job, hang on to it. If the boss says Landon is magnetic, Landon is magnetic. The saloons are full of good newspapermen. If they cut you to \$35 a week, remember—you're an artist. You're not a common working stiff like the square heads out in the composing room getting \$60 or \$70. You're the cream of the crop. "The Front Page" was written about you. How about a buck till Monday?

Thus the Chicago tradition. But a few weeks before the Presidential election Hearst capitulated to the Guild in Milwaukee, ninety miles away. Then came Roosevelt's October visit to Chicago, when 150,000 men and women marched past the newspaper offices hooting and booing.

Then the landslide, which cost the publishers not the respect of their men—they never had that—but the last vestige of their fear. Then, on the day after, with Mr. Hearst's discovery that Roosevelt was a modern Andrew Jackson, the *News's* announcement that it was going to give the President just one more chance, and the *Tribune's* revelation that 26,000,000 reds had stolen the election, Chicago's editorial workers came to life.

On October 7 Don Stevens, A. F. of L. organizer attached to the Newspaper Guild, came to town. He was the third Guild organizer to try Chicago in three years. But this time the cards were stacked for the Guild. Hard on the election there followed a nation-wide succession of Guild victories, topped off by the "Chief's" collapse in Seattle and the signing of a Guild contract by the New York *Daily News*—accompanied by its publisher's little speech about "the spirit of the times." By December 1, Stevens was ready to shoot. The local mailing list had been increased from 250 names—most of them dead—to 750—all of them alive but unaware of it.

The first shop to discover that war is hell was the tabloid daily *Times*, youngest, smallest, poorest, but lustiest paper in town. With a straight New Deal policy and a rip-roaring managing editor who offered \$5,000 reward for proof of the *Tribune's* Moscow-for-Roosevelt story, the *Times* had doubled its 175,000 circulation in two years, and in 1936 made enough money for the first time to pay the interest on its \$3,000,000 debt. The *Times* had the loyalty of its men by virtue of being the only near-liberal sheet in town, but it was a sweatshop with an average editorial salary of \$25 to \$35. (Among those who were sweating was the publisher, S. E. Thomason, who draws exactly one-thirtieth of the salary he got as business manager of the *Tribune*.)

A week after Stevens opened up on the *Times*, a majority of the staff of 100 had organized an office unit. Last week the *Times* unit, representing 90 per cent of the staff, drew up a draft contract providing a \$60 vertical minimum for three-year men, and notified Thomason that it had appointed the Guild to negotiate. Thomason, who had not seen the contract but suspected the worst, said he was ready to negotiate, but he warned the staff not to drive him out of business. The *Times*, with its working-class circulation, will never let its staff call a strike.

Meanwhile, Hearst's *Examiner*, which lost \$843,000 last year "competing" with the *Tribune*, and his money-making evening *American* tried the old tricks of undercutting the Guild drive by posting a new scale of minimum salaries for three-year men, to remain in force "as long as in the opinion of the management economic conditions justify." The "concessions" were so transparent that on the day they were posted twenty-four *Examiner* men joined the Guild. Today the *Examiner* unit has 90 members of a staff of 125 and a scale committee working on a draft contract. The *American* hasn't been attacked yet, but five members of its staff have come in.

The United Press unit has ten members out of a possible thirteen. The German-language *Abendpost* is 100 per cent organized, and its twelve underpaid editorial workers have notified the publisher that he is about to

negotiate. The Associated Press Bureau, stymied by an undisguised campaign of intimidation, will not be approached until the Supreme Court decides the Watson case. The City News Bureau, supported cooperatively by five papers, pays as low as \$18 a week; five of its men have come in, and the rest are crying for organization. The *News*, with a legend of decency that Frank Knox is too smart a publisher to touch, has a comparatively low wage scale and a six-day week, but it has refused to intimidate its staff, most of whom claim they voted for Roosevelt and Knox. The other day the entire *News* copy desk, except for one holdout, sent in applications, with a note saying, "We have informed the management of our action."

The *Tribune* is going to fight to the death. "McCormick's folly," as this hundred-million-dollar inheritance is affectionately known, pays higher wages than any other Chicago paper—although its most famous reporter, the late Jake Lingle, had to get rich on \$65 a week. Arthur Sears Henning gets \$18,000 a year for pulling Dubinsky out from under the Colonel's bed. Christmas bonuses run as high as 17 per cent of a year's salary. The old and the faithful get pensions. *Tribune* men enjoy the scorn even of their colleagues on the Hearst papers. The heroic stature of McCormick's framers of fakes is indicated by the plight of a *Tribune* employee of my acquaintance who is afraid the office will find out that his wife trades at a co-op grocery.

Nevertheless, there are signs of unrest among the well-fed toilers in the Colonel's barony. Early in December McCormick assigned two men to "investigate" the Guild and sent a third to an organization meeting. One—count 'em—one *Tribune* man has joined on the promise that his membership in a no longer secret society will be kept secret, and another materialized in Stevens's hotel room at three o'clock the other morning, whispered that half the *Tribune* staff would join up under cover, and evaporated into the night with terror riding his bent shoulders.

After the Hearst papers posted their "concessions," there was a special meeting of the Chicago Newspaper Publishers' Association, and McCormick asked the *News* and the *Times* to subscribe to his policy of refusing to post scales or otherwise recognize that the Guild was organizing. They refused. So the united front of the "toughest publishing town in America" is broken, and McCormick is left alone, with only the courage of his advertisers' convictions to console him.

The Guild victory in Chicago is not yet set down in black and white. But when that has come to pass, as it now must, the whole unorganized Middle West will rally to the Guild banner. Chicago's newspapermen are not altogether free from their "glorious" tradition. They are not yet talking strike. They, and the whole profession in the Middle West, are considerably less progressive than the present Guild leadership. But they are on their way. The other day they learned that the printers' local had just negotiated a contract embracing the highest wage scale of any city in the United States or Canada, after a couple of playful press-time sitdowns by the Hearst composing room. Chicago's publishers may yet picket Guild headquarters.

Birth Control Wins

BY HANNAH M. STONE

TWO events which occurred at the end of 1936 may signify a turning-point in the birth-control movement in America. Together they denote the closing of one era—the era of pioneering, of preparation, of laying the foundation—and the beginning of another—an era of extensive research and clinical accomplishments.

The first event was the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of the Japanese pessaries. In 1933 a package containing some 120 pessaries was sent to me from Japan for certain clinical and experimental tests. The package was seized at the Customs with a view to confiscation and forfeiture on the grounds that it violated Section 305-a of the Tariff Act of 1930, which, originating from the so-called Comstock Act of 1873, provides that "all persons are prohibited from importing into the United States from any foreign country . . . any article whatever for the prevention of conception. . . ." We felt that this action of the Customs officials offered a sufficiently clear-cut test case for a legal determination as to whether the blanket prohibition of the laws applied to contraceptive articles sent to physicians and intended for use in the legitimate practice of medicine.

On the initiative of Margaret Sanger, and with Morris L. Ernst and his associates acting in our behalf, the seizure of the articles was contested. On December 10, 1935, the case came up for trial before Federal Judge Grover M. Moscowitz of the United States District Court. At the trial Drs. Frederick C. Holden, Foster Kennedy, Robert L. Dickinson, Ira S. Wile, Alfred M. Hellman, and Louis I. Harris testified as distinguished medical authorities that there were many medical conditions which necessitated the prescription of contraceptive measures for the preservation of the health of the mother and the family; and Mr. Ernst, in turn, argued that in view of this testimony and in view of the fact that the confiscated materials had been sent to a physician and were intended for lawful use, they did not come under the ban contained in the Tariff Act and should therefore be released.

Judge Moscowitz, in a very lucid decision, upheld the point of view that the Tariff Act could not reasonably be construed so as to prevent the importation by physicians of articles for the prevention of conception when intended for lawful use. He ruled that the articles in question did not come within the condemnation of the statute and directed their return. The federal government, not satisfied with this decision, appealed the case, and in November, 1936, it came up for another hearing. This time the case was tried in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the bench consisting of Justices

Augustus N. Hand, Learned Hand, and Thomas W. Swan.

In a historical statement which will undoubtedly have a very wide and important influence upon the future progress of birth control in America, the United States Court of Appeals reaffirmed the decision of the lower court. In speaking of the Comstock Act generally, the court held that "its design, in our opinion, was not to prevent the importation, sale, or carriage by mail of things which might intelligently be employed by conscientious and competent physicians for the purpose of saving life or promoting the well-being of their patients." It amplified this opinion with the statement that "it is going far beyond such a policy [of Congress] to hold that abortions, which destroy incipient life, may be allowed in proper cases, and yet that no measures may be taken to prevent conception even though a likely result should be to require the termination of pregnancy by means of an operation. It seems unreasonable to suppose that the national scheme of legislation would involve such inconsistencies and should require the complete suppression of articles the use of which in many cases is advocated by such a weight of authority in the medical world."

Unless the government appeals to the United States Supreme Court, the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals will remain as the final interpretation of the laws affecting the importation or distribution of contraceptive materials by the medical profession. Actually it means the passing of the Comstock laws, at least as far as contraception is concerned. These laws, enacted in 1873, long since became archaic and obsolete, altogether out of tune with present-day conditions and needs. Laws which define moral behavior cannot remain static. They must be swept aside from time to time by the newer currents of thoughts which spring from changing human needs.

For a number of years now the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control, under the leadership of Margaret Sanger, has been endeavoring to procure an amendment to the birth-control laws which would free the medical profession from the existing legal restrictions and prohibitions. The decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals accomplishes this very fact. It once and for all establishes contraception as a recognized part of medical practice and removes the legal barriers to the dissemination of contraceptive knowledge. From now on hospitals, clinics, and public-health centers will have to face frankly the responsibility and opportunity of including information on contraception as a part of their health services to the community, and we may well expect that clinical contraception will make rapid progress within the coming years. Quite right—

ly Margaret Sanger considers the decision to be "the greatest victory in the history of the birth-control movement."

The second significant event to take place last month was the Conference on Contraceptive Research and Clinical Practice which was held in New York on December 29 and 30. Men and women from universities, laboratories, and birth-control centers in many parts of the country came together at the invitation of Margaret Sanger and the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau of New York to discuss the scientific aspects of contraception, to evaluate techniques and procedures, and to formulate plans and programs for future clinical and laboratory research.

The first day of the conference was devoted to the medical and biological investigations in contraception. During the morning session Dr. Bayard Carter of the Duke University School of Medicine spoke of the relationship of contraception to maternal health and outlined the various conditions which make contraceptive advice essential on medical grounds. Dr. J. Paul Pratt of the Henry Ford Hospital of Detroit presented a survey of our present knowledge of the endocrine factors that influence and control human fertility. Dr. Raphael Kurzrock of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University spoke of the prospects of rendering the woman temporarily sterile by means of hormones. He mentioned several types of glandular products which may be used to inhibit the ovulatory function, that is, the ripening and discharge of the egg cell from the ovary, and induce temporary sterility without changing the character of the menstrual cycle or permanently affecting the reproductive functions. At the same session Dr. Werner Henle of the University of Pennsylvania surveyed the possibilities of rendering the female immune to conception by injections of the spermatozoa of the male. While the potentialities of hormonal sterilization or spermatotoxic immunization have as yet been but superficially explored, they nevertheless offer a wide field for future biologic research.

An entire session was given over to a discussion of the "safe period"—a subject of intriguing interest. Carl G. Hartman of the Department of Embryology of the Carnegie Institute at Baltimore, who has done pioneer work in the reproductive physiology of apes, spoke on the Facts and Fallacies of the Safe Period. All present studies, in his opinion, point to the fact that a sterile period does exist during the menstrual cycle of the woman, but our knowledge today does not justify an unqualified indorsement of the "safe-period" theory, or clinical reliance upon it when it is a question of the health or life of the mother.

In the course of his address Dr. Hartman mentioned the recent work of Allen, Burr, and Hill, who are able to determine the time of ovulation in animals by means of an electrical device. It should be possible in the near future, he said, to find out the ovulation time of a woman by attaching two electrodes to her, setting the machine going, and "when the storm of electrical discharge that accompanies ovulation occurs, amplifying this so as to

light a lamp or ring a bell." This statement, of course, caught the fancy of the newspapermen present and was recorded in large type in the daily press. The possibility of such a development, however, actually lies within the bounds of reality and may be attained within the near future. An exact method of determining the ovulation time in the individual woman will greatly facilitate the study of reproductive physiology generally, and should help to place the "safe period" on a more concrete and practical basis.

The general opinion during the discussion that followed Dr. Hartman's paper was that clinically, at least, we are in no position as yet to advise any woman to rely upon the computation of the sterile period for the prevention of conception. The very marked variations of the menstrual cycles in women, which we have found at the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau from a special study of the recorded menstrual cycles of a large number of women, and the absence of a positive method for determining the fertile and sterile periods of the month render this method unsuitable for clinical use. More exact data and simpler methods of calculation have to be available before the "safe period" can become suitable for practical application.

The second day of the conference was devoted to consideration of the technical aspects of contraceptive practice. Dr. Norman E. Himes of Colgate University, an authority on the medical history of contraception, Dr. Leo Shedlovsky, a biochemist at New York University, Dr. Eric M. Matsner of the American Birth Control League, Dr. Bessie Moses of the Johns Hopkins Clinic, Dr. Clarence Gamble of Philadelphia, and many other representatives of laboratories and clinics in different parts of the country participated in the discussion. Surveys of the present-day chemical and mechanical methods of contraception and the means of evaluating their suitability and efficacy were presented, and the importance of formulating standards and developing new methods and techniques were stressed. The urgent need for a simple, inexpensive, and safe contraceptive, one that would be especially suitable for the women in outlying rural districts and on farms who cannot avail themselves of modern clinical methods, was especially emphasized by Margaret Sanger, and she called for more intensive investigation in this field on the part of the scientists. Similarly, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, the dean of medical contraception in this country, stressed the need for more and more research. Eager and active at seventy-six, Dr. Dickinson illuminated many of the conference discussions with his rich and varied experiences and his broad knowledge.

Altogether the conference marked a turning-point. The number of universities, hospitals, and birth-control centers represented and the caliber of the men and women who participated in the proceedings marked the removal of birth control from the field of controversy to that of scientific consideration, from the platform and the pulpit to the laboratory and the clinic. It marked the beginning of an era of extensive practical service.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Walter Lippmann's Prize Piece

I WAS much tempted during the last campaign to offer a prize of \$1,000 to be awarded to the daily newspaper columnist who wrote the silliest article prior to the election, my plan being to ask the editors of the *Baltimore Sun*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and the *New Republic* to act as judges. But I did not happen to have the \$1,000 available, and the plan came to naught. I used to think, as the weeks wore on, that Mark Sullivan would be an easy winner if only because of his original and startling discovery, in the middle of the campaign, that there were two new ideologies menacing democracy at work in the world, namely, the creeds of the Communists and the fascists. But each time that I thought he had nailed down the hypothetical prize along would come an article by Walter Lippmann so overpowering as to put Mark into the background.

One of these Lippmann triumphs has been recalled to me by a recent article of his in the *Herald Tribune* entitled *Effective Neutrality*. The mid-campaign effort was a gem of purest ray serene. The whole of the first column dealt with the next war in Europe. We were told that European military men felt that it would be short, must be short, that every effort would be made to avoid trench warfare and to end the war quickly by destroying the enemy's capital from the air. We then learned how vulnerable the European nations are because of their relative nearness to one another and the concentration of their financial and commercial power and all their government bureaus in their capitals. The thesis was laid down that England, France, and Germany would have to surrender if their capitals were destroyed. As far as that the article read just like a military essay, and then with the turn of the column the real objective appeared. This military stuff was only a prelude to an argument against Franklin Roosevelt's reelection. I did not get it at first, my brains being old and dull, but after a while it hit me.

Here is the argument, as Lippmann put it: A vote for Roosevelt would be a vote for a man whose whole idea was to increase the power of the federal government and to concentrate that power in Washington. Of course he could not do it in four years. But if he were reelected, the tendency would be confirmed and approved, and in the course of time we should be just as dangerously vulnerable to airplane attack as Berlin or London or Rome or Paris, with all our governmental activities in one basket. It might, of course, be several decades before this situation could come to pass, but still the thing must be scotched in November, 1936, once and for all. Therefore all good citizens and true, all who wished to preserve our

institutions from destruction from the air, must vote for Landon. Q.E.D. The fact that General Hugh Johnson, a trained soldier, declared the next day in his column that Lippmann's entire original premise was false, and that the countries he named could fight on if their capitals were destroyed, did not really mar this masterpiece. If there ever was a prize-winner, this was it.

Now we have another gem from the same pen. In his *Effective Neutrality* Lippmann brushes aside the legislative proposals both of those who favor complete mandatory laws and of those who desire permissive legislation. With a stroke of genius he ends the whole debate. We need do only one thing to be safe and that is to "found our neutrality on a program of military preparedness," for that "kills two birds with one stone." It "makes our neutrality effective, that is to say, likely to be respected," and "it relieves the depression, which would inevitably produce the social discontent in which war fevers are generated." Those who remember 1914-17 will recall how great were social discontent and the depression when our factories all over the country were working day and night for the English and French war machines and employment was at its maximum. The next pearl of wisdom is that by immediately going on a war footing we should provide "useful and patriotic work for those who would otherwise be the leaders and the rank and file of a war party." "This," he says, "is no small help in the preservation of peace," for it was not the Allies, nor the J. P. Morgans and the du Ponts who were the war-mongers, but Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood.

This, Walter Lippmann says, is "the only prudent and effective way to remain neutral, at peace with ourselves, and reasonably sane." Well, let us hope that no Hugh Johnson will take hold of this argument, for such a man might point out that war parties are not the creation of months but spring up overnight, that nothing could strengthen a war party more than mobilization, that mobilization inevitably brings not calmness but hysteria, and that with three million men being trained the demand of future Theodore Roosevelts and Leonard Woods to go somewhere and do something with our champing military strength would acquire dangerous if not fatal force. It is impossible to think of any other plan which would more certainly involve us in war. Lippmann himself admits a doubt, for he claims only that mobilization would make our neutrality "likely" to be respected.

In case anyone should ask why I proposed to limit my competition to the dailies and did not include those who write weekly columns, I hasten to explain that I wished to save the judges from the possible embarrassment of having to give me back my own money.

BROUN'S PAGE

You Can't Win

IN RECENT years there has been a great amount of shifting about among the virtues and the vices. Some foibles which our grandparents regarded as reprehensible we now dismiss as trifling peccadillos. But the old boys were more correct than some of the youngsters of today are willing to admit. Gambling is a sin. I ought to know because I've tried it. I'm still trying it, and the conviction of guilt rests heavier on my head every day.

Of course, it will be said that there is no harm in games of chance if the stakes are low enough to make the hazard mild. That was the theory which drew me into the ring of addicts. At my mother's knee I learned to play contract bridge for a fiftieth of a cent a point. On a bad night you might lose a dime. But if you asked me, "Where's the harm in that?" I should be compelled to reply that it is the first false step and that all the rest follows after quite logically. Having lost a dime, one tries in his second engagement not only to get even but to come away with a profit. In other words, you will be shooting for twenty cents. And if I had a table of progressions I could figure out for you very rapidly what this leads to in the long run.

Florida offers many examples of the epidemic quality of mass wagering. It is assumed quite generally that America's playground is ruled by rapacious natives who lie awake for the unwary traveler and strip him of his possessions. It is quite true that they do that, but in all fairness to the natives it must be admitted that they then proceed to toss away their profits by wagering with one another. I was talking just the other day to a man who sells two-dollar tickets in a tote window booth at the race track.

"Mr. B," he said, "this isn't your game. I hope you know that you can't beat this racket. If I had some paper and a pencil I could show you that if you broke even on every race you would still come out behind at the end of the day. Between the state tax and the take of the track you have 10 per cent against you and that's murderous. To put it simply so you can understand it, every time you hand me \$2 I give you back a ticket worth \$1.80."

"What could be fairer than that?" I asked. "Do you mean to say that this ticket on Boocap which I have in my hand is worth all of \$1.80?"

"By some sort of sheer genius," replied my friend, "you have succeeded in picking the poorest horse in the race. I wouldn't be surprised if he is the poorest horse now at the track. I would figure that the two-dollar ticket which you hold is worth all of seven cents."

"Don't be so petulant," I expostulated. "Look at the odds I'm getting. Right now Boocap is ninety-nine to one. I wasn't expecting to get Man O'War at that price."

"The price is of no importance," my statistical acquaintance explained, "so long as you are not going to win. That seems to be the hardest thing for a novice to learn. The problem is one of sheer mathematics."

"I should think it would be very wearing to have to stand there at that window with all those figures flying through your head. What do you do for a rest?"

"I go to the dog races at night," said the man. "Of course the dogs haven't quite settled into their regular form yet, but as soon as they do I can beat the life out of them."

"And if I may ask," I inquired naively, "what is the percentage against you at the dog track?"

"Fifteen per cent," said the man gruffly, "but there are a lot of saps out there and I know enough to make up that handicap. Come out with me some night and I'll show you how to do it. I can't go this week because I'm flat broke and I have to wait for pay day."

It is easy to pick up the taste for gambling in Florida because all the little stores around the schools have slot machines into which the children can put their nickels. The slot machines, I am told, come in three varieties. You can get them rigged to run 60 per cent, 80 per cent, or 90 per cent in favor of the house. At the moment Miami is sternly moral in the matter of roulette, dice, and all the other pastimes of the regular gambling house.

And yet the inveterate gambler need not turn in early for want of some spot in which to follow his proclivities. Only the other night I was weary and ill at ease because I had wagered unsuccessfully on eight horse races and eleven events at the dog track. Naturally I wanted to get even, and I said as much to the guide and mentor who was showing me around Miami.

"I suppose there's no place we can go now," I said. "I hate to go to bed but what else is there to do?"

"It isn't as bad as all that," he said, "we can go to Childs."

"That doesn't sound very exciting."

"But you don't know the Miami Childs," he explained. "They have some of the best slot machines in town. I don't think the percentage against you is more than 30 or 40 per cent. Childs is one of the gayest places here."

And so it turned out to be. There was a dance floor, a Spanish orchestra, and machines for dimes, quarters, and half-dollars. A plate of ham and eggs cost me \$15.25, but I have no reason to complain because I knew the nature of the hazard when I risked the first dime. Still, I am moved to a slight curiosity as to the way in which the slot-machine profits appear in the annual report of the Childs corporation to its stockholders. I suggest that in the section devoted to Miami the revenue might run under the simple heading, "Doing as the Romans."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A MODEST PROPOSAL

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE Theater Guild has recently issued an anthology of fourteen plays* upon which it looks back with especial pride. It is a valuable book despite the odd fact that the individual plays are treated as though they were closet dramas and printed without so much as a list of the original performers or even of production dates. Reproaching the Guild for these omissions, one is tempted to go farther and ask why it cannot present us with an anthology of a different kind—on the stage. Many of these plays are very much worth rereading; why shouldn't they be even more worth seeing in the theater again?

Let me hasten to add that I am not making the suggestion after the innocent fashion of those who complain in general that good plays of the past are not revived more frequently. I know something of the difficulties and of the brutal fact that the theatergoing public does not seem to want old plays except very rarely, when they happen, for one reason or another, to afford suitable vehicles for some unusually popular actor or actress. Thus, despite her strong personal following, Eva LeGallienne consistently lost money at her Civic Repertory Theater, and a year or two ago the firm of Wee and Leventhal gave up the practice of reviving on Broadway very popular plays from seasons recently past. Different as the two enterprises were, low admission prices were necessary in both cases, and in both cases operation under these conditions proved unprofitable.

The experiment I am suggesting is not quite the same and is based, among other things, on the assumption that there is a class of plays rather different from those favored by either Miss LeGallienne or Wee and Leventhal. The latter chose, for the most part, distinctly "popular" dramas of a rather insubstantial sort. Miss LeGallienne, on the other hand, went to the other extreme. She chose mostly certain modern "classics"—almost exclusively foreign—among which were a number, like the plays by Benevente and Sierra, which always struck me as very faded indeed, and which, however popular they may have been with a certain small potential audience, certainly had no wide general appeal. Why she never attempted any of the best and most successful plays by the best contemporary and still popular American dramatists I do not know. Perhaps she found them difficult to cast. But in any event what one usually got at her theater was either a play, like one of Ibsen's, which, however great, belonged distinctly to a former age, or a

more recent foreign play which seemed hardly to have sufficient strength to reach across the barriers of an exotic scene and tradition. One would never have suspected that there were half a dozen American dramatists at least as good as Sierra and considerably more pertinent.

There was a very sound artistic reason why repertory disappeared from our stages during a certain period. We were developing a new style of dramatic writing. The theater of O'Neill and Sidney Howard and Elmer Rice had no place for the plays of Clyde Fitch or David Belasco, just as the theater of the two last had no place for those of the mid-Victorians. There was too great a difference in their spirit, and what was a decade old was already outmoded. But the last ten or twelve years have seen no such change. "What Price Glory?" and "They Knew What They Wanted"—both produced during the same season some dozen years ago—are contemporary plays for the simple reason that most of our most successful plays today belong in essentially the same tradition. Whatever difficulties might lie in successfully reviving them, these difficulties would not be the same as those in the way of reviving either a play like "Camille"—which Miss LeGallienne performed—or the plays of Ibsen or even of Shaw.

The experiment I should like to see tried is, then, one based upon certain pretty definite convictions and pointing in a particular direction. It would aim at least at moderate commercial success and would renounce all directly "educational" purposes. Its appeal would be primarily to the regular theatergoing public, and it would recognize the fact that that public stubbornly resists any effort to educate it; that it may possibly send its children to see Ibsen and Shaw but that it is itself so stubbornly and narrowly contemporary as to shun like the plague anything tainted with "historical interest." Merely popular plays should be avoided because they grow old-fashioned within a year, almost, but on the other hand the natural tendency to give another chance to something which seemed excellent though unsuccessful should be equally resisted. The plays chosen ought to be plays which were at once substantial and popular, and the assumption ought to be that there are a certain number of such which would make essentially the same appeal as they made three to twelve years ago. Offhand I can think of at least half a dozen which fulfil all these requirements: "What Price Glory?" "They Knew What They Wanted," "Craig's Wife," "Street Scene," "The Second Man," and "Desire Under the Elms." A theatergoing generation has grown up since several of these were

*"The Theater Guild Anthology." With an Introduction by the Board of Directors of the Theater Guild. Random House. \$3.50.

produced; a good many persons who saw them originally would, I believe, like to see them again.

There are, I recognize, many practical questions which would have to be decided and many practical difficulties to be met. Probably the Guild, if it should undertake anything of the sort, would have to make the productions separate from its regular subscription program. Probably the admission prices would have to be somewhat below the usual Broadway level unless it were decided to emphasize the presence of some "star." Undoubtedly there would be a considerable risk in attempting something which has not been attempted before. But I am not sure that the risk would be any greater than the normal production risk, and what I really want to emphasize is the fact that the attempt would be something new. Nothing quite like it has been tried, and the failure of other "revivals" and "repertories" is not strictly relevant.

BOOKS

Legend and Reality

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI AND THE LOST REVOLUTION. By Ralph Roeder. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

THOSE most likely to go into a romantic glow at the prospect of another rehash of the devilish machinations of the Italian queen will be chilled and rebuffed by Mr. Roeder's superb volume—and, it is not impossible, if they can take the punishment, stunned and disciplined into a little good sense.

The name of Catherine de' Medici—like that of Machiavelli and of Satan, with which it has been so fantastically woven—has belonged rather to the province of demonology than to that of history. Two years after her death in 1589 Catherine figures as the villainess in a characteristic pamphlet published in England. Therein her least forgiven sin was cunningly "to fetch the Quintessence out of the people's purses," which pointed to economic considerations that have not particularly entranced her biographers. As a murderess she is more effulgent: "Never were there so many died by poyson of Serpents and other venomous beasts, nor by the crueltie of Tygers, Lybbards, Crocodiles, Lynxes, Beares, and other devouring beasts, since the creation of the world," ■■ by the "tyrannous crueltie" of "Katherine de Medicis, and her Florentine Councill." Earlier, in 1577, Simone Patricke, in the introduction to his translation of Gentillet's infatuated "Contre-Machiavel," was fixing the essential outlines of the legend: "Sathan useth strangers of France as his fittest instruments, to infect us still with this deadly poison sent out of Italy." And from "The Prince," "the Bible of the queen-mother," sprang not only the vigil of Saint Bartholomew but, according to Gentillet, "contempt of God, perfidy, sodomy, tyranny, cruelty, pillage, foreign usury, and other detestable vices." The legend of Catherine is inextricably merged with the legend of Machiavelli, but ■ consideration of either legend is beyond the orb of Mr. Roeder's masterfully executed purpose.

On March 11, 1513, Giovanni, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was in Holy Conclave elected Vicar of Christ. Leo X's one legitimate nephew, Lorenzo, to whom Machiavelli dedi-

cated "The Prince," journeyed to France in the spring of 1518 to marry Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne, an heiress of great wealth and a distant connection of François I. On April 13 of the following year Madeleine was delivered of ■ female infant, the mother to die two weeks later of puerperal fever, the father to follow her to the grave almost immediately from a complication of nervous irritation, pleurisy, and syphilis. Ariosto, who had come to Florence to console with Lorenzo on the death of his wife, arrived on the very day that Lorenzo died. He addressed an ode to the frail little life hovering between birth and death, to Catherine, the last tendril of the Medici. *Verdeggia un solo ramo. . .* At Leipzig Luther was soon to reach the revolutionary stage of challenging the primacy of the Pope; he was excommunicated within the year, and the Papal Bull of Excommunication was publicly burned at Wittenberg. The *solo ramo*, that last frail Medici tendril, was to prove a tough and enduring shoot. Catherine was to live for seventy years. She was to marry the king of France, and though all but deposed because of sterility, she was to see one daughter queen of Spain and three of her sons successively king of France, and to survive eight civil wars. The future which she inherited was that movement which began when she came into being and matured as she developed, and which brought to chaos and disintegration the world into which she was born.

Catherine was herself without imagination, devoid of religious conviction, a believer in astrology and black magic, with a genius for enduring self-effacement, a passionate maternal devotion to the ten children she bore after eleven barren years of married life, ■ passionate interest in people, and an indifference to ideas that helped her to sustain her lifelong loneliness. In her forty-second year, at the beginning of her second regency under Charles IX, she spoke deep from her heart when she wrote to her daughter Elizabeth, wife of Philip II:

So, ■ *fille m'amie*, commend yourself to God, for you have seen me as happy ■ you are now, never knowing any sorrow but that I was not loved as much as I wished to be by the king your father, who honored me more than I deserved, but I loved him so much that I was always in fear, as you know; and God has taken him from me and, not content with that, has deprived me of your brother whom you know how I loved, and has left me with three little children and a divided kingdom, where there is not one man whom I can trust, who is not governed by private passion of his own.

Having the invincible quality of never knowing when she was vanquished, based on the inveterate defect of not understanding why she had failed, she spent her energies up to the time of the Bartholomew in trying to maintain by continual adaptation the shifting equilibrium of unsatisfactory compromise. Alternating cycles of rabid war and vicious peace fertilized France for ■ social upheaval far exceeding the scope of the religious wars, which, religious only in name, were a complex, turgid, confused phenomenon that embraced and hallowed social power and social protest in all its forms—the rivalry of princes, the impoverishment of peoples, personal ambitions, economic pressure, financial chaos, class friction, republican stirrings, reactionary repression. Catherine, the central figure on whom all these forces converged, was ■ passive pivot, ■ medium of life, never its master, who baffled and defeated every positive and dynamic impulse. The climax of Bartholomew was a paroxysm of sterility. From that night, when her inert barrenness was transformed into an active force of negation, she became ■ medium through which all the negative and destructive forces of life were free to

work. After Bartholomew, Catherine lived seventeen years.

In Mr. Roeder's pages a complicated epoch is ordered about the tenaciously enduring and passively destructive figure of the Medici queen. The luminous clarity of the writing, the vividness of the events in their exorable and dramatic sequence, the incisive insight into the springs of action, the wealth of details that never blur the organic structure of the whole—these cannot be too highly praised. But beyond these distinguished achievements, and without once ever drawing a parallel between the sixteenth century and today, Mr. Roeder has written what is in effect a startlingly illuminating commentary upon our own time. Should we be distressed at being disabused of the illusion that we have made any essential progress in the betterment of man, or find solace in the realization that what we are now suffering was borne by others now at peace?

RAYMOND WEAVER

Man's Worldly Goods

MAN'S WORLDLY GOODS. By Leo Huberman. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

NO BOOK could live up to so neat a title as "Man's Worldly Goods." Man's aspirations have soared toward the life of the spirit, the soul's salvation, and the nebulous goodness of self-denial. But his ambitions have reached out toward the fulness of life, the laying up of treasure upon earth, and the practice of the gospel of the world and the flesh. Here is a theme for poet, pedant, novelist, and historian. Since preachers have made the morals, those who decry the acquisitive arts—from Isaiah to R. H. Tawney—have had the better of the argument. And—save in the movies and the swashbuckling biographies of the robber barons, where romance is at hand to take the taint from dubious values—the pursuit of gain has never had its literary due.

Nor does Mr. Huberman give it unstinted justice. He has cast his theme in the form of a history. The story begins in the Middle Ages, when men affected to despise worldly goods, and the House of God was tripartite: "Some fight, some pray, and some work." It runs on into a more perfect society, in which a course of events which up to the present has been contemptuous of charts falls placidly into grooves cut out for it by the Marxists. All through, the sympathies of the author are for the lower classes; he sees in the systems which are passed in review variations on the theme of exploitation; and the argument does not quite escape the old, old pattern—which has persisted from medieval theology to the American movie—of a helluvasituation, the *deus ex machina*, and the salvation of the proletarian hero.

But in spite of its orthodox mold the book is a breath of fresh air. A series of systems for the getting of wealth are passed in review. Arid abstraction is enlivened by the color and concretion of everyday life. Alien usages are made to live with the breath of passages gleaned from the old documents. Economic history is not presented as an isolated thread in social development. A persistent revolutionary march of a culture—whose changes are too persistent and insidious to be eventful—is always in the background. As they come and go, economic theories are paraded as the ways of thought engendered by life under diverse economic circumstances. The tempo is swift, the sentences are short, events are ever on the march. It is all written, not in the frozen stereotypes of the King's English, but in the American slang of here and now. And, most important of all, it is communica-

tion, not literary creation. The reader gets without difficulty what the author has to say.

It is not a book for the scholar. So shortcomings are quite beside the point. It is of little consequence that quotations come mostly from standard works, that the doctrines of the schools are too glib, that a touch of the absolute clings to many an argument, that the author has not read too widely, probed too deeply, or pondered too continuously over his materials. A more meticulous or more competent student would have written a poorer book. And a specialist—unless he had remained a man of the world—would have made a mess of it. The asides—see there, get the point—with which the author exhibits his quotations are his genuine exclamations in making his discoveries. No other book can give to the reader so much of its subject in so limited a space. As an example of the art of writing, it all but atones for the evangelical urge that moves through its pages.

Of the making of books by the professional for the laymen there is no end. Amateurs need books written for them by persons who understand their needs. Here is a book written for amateurs by an amateur. That is the key to its quality.

WALTON H. HAMILTON

Two Small Books

THE SACRILEGE OF ALAN KENT. By Erskine Caldwell. Portland, Maine: Falmouth Book House. \$3.

THREE TIMES THREE. By William Saroyan. The Conference Press. \$2.50.

NEITHER of these slender volumes is likely to affect one way or another our impression of the fundamental qualities of their respective authors. The Caldwell item, written several years ago in a since abandoned style, is quite obviously intended for the back pages of the *Publishers' Weekly*. Collectors of American "firsts" will find much to appreciate in the printing and in the numerous wood engravings by Ralph Frizzell. Of the latter it may be said that it is almost a question whether they were made for the text or the text for them. Mr. Caldwell unfolds the spiritual biography of his hero through a series of sharply etched vignettes, or poetic snapshots, some of them only a sentence or two long, and all possessing the black and frozen quality of the illustrations. The effect is of moving too rapidly through a picture gallery—more exactly, a gallery of horrors. For famine, rape, murder, as well as the more naive modes of depravity so leisurely detailed in Mr. Caldwell's later works, are here concentrated within a few bare images. Also the pressure of the formal scheme results in an over-intensification of style in the individual sections that comes close to the banal and the grotesque. What this experiment must have proved to Mr. Caldwell was that he could not treat his particular kind of subject matter with the usual romantic lyricism, that he could balance its exaggerated violence only with a correspondingly exaggerated simplicity of language. The story is therefore, for anyone interested in the problems of writing, a very valuable lesson in the disadvantages of overstatement.

The stories in Mr. Saroyan's collection are all of recent origin; and it would be possible to show that he is in about the same stage of technical development that Mr. Caldwell was in when he wrote the story just discussed. He is indeed in a somewhat worse predicament, for he has not only not found his proper idiom but he has also not found an adequate subject. All that he still has in great abundance is feeling; but

while feeling can fill up the whole universe, it may not be enough to fill up one very short story. Mr. Saroyan has succeeded in convincing a number of people that talking about life, art, America, and William Saroyan is the same thing as recreating these somewhat indefinite realities. In the present book he carries the bluff a step farther by burdening each of the items with an introduction describing the source of his inspiration, the condition of his health, the trouble with communism, and the rest. But remarks, as he should have overheard Miss Stein telling Ernest Hemingway, are not literature; and there is no good permanent disguise for the writer who fails to work out and establish an objective equivalent for whatever may be his feeling. Fortunately, there are two indications in the volume that a recognition of this elementary truth may be on the way. The first is to be found in *The Man with the Heart in the Highlands*, which is rightly labeled "goofy and tragic and comic and classic." Upon examination its success will be found to derive from the fact that it is a single incident built around the personality of a character who is not William Saroyan. It is the one clean-cut example of objectivity in the book. The other successful item is *Public Speech*, in which the set conventions of American oratory, as well as the whole surrounding situation, serve as a framework to contain the otherwise self-consuming indignation and despair. It is quite as good in its way as the much-imitated Prize Day address in Auden's "Orators." If Mr. Saroyan can come to realize that these triumphs are the result not of luck but of shifting the writer's focus from the self to the work, he may still live to put his admirers to shame.

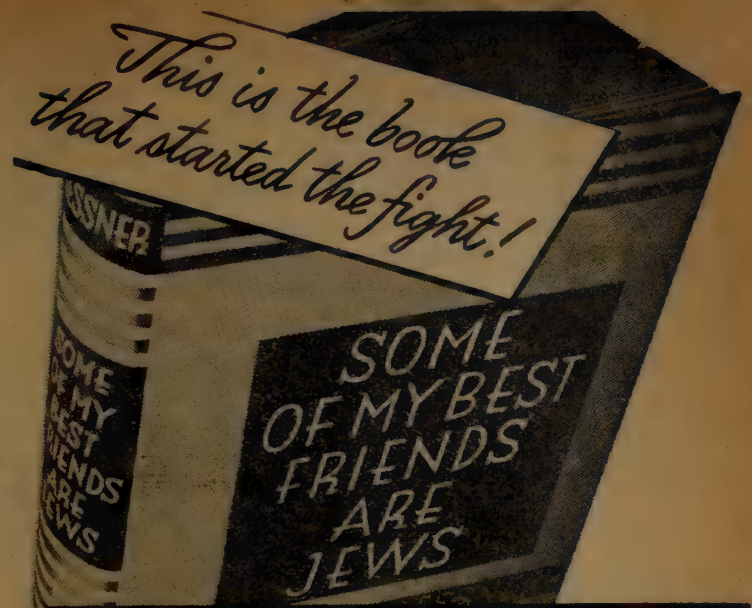
WILLIAM TROY

The Making of a Boston Brahman

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

IT HAS been proved time and again by literary critics and by instructors of novel-writing courses that a successful novel cannot be written by indirection, by documents, by third-person relating of events which the narrator did not see and had no part in. Mr. Marquand, in a gallant effort to prove these rules to be without validity, has not only described the life of his hero through letters from father to son and from son to grandson, has not only presented the letters through the eyes and mind of an old family friend who was reporting hearsay, but worst and most impossible of all he has not even begun to consider his hero until that gentleman is decorously laid away in the family vault. It is pleasant to record that this unorthodox method of telling a story is surprising effective.

The late George Apley was the descendant of a long line of solid Boston citizens on whom wealth and culture were bestowed in equally satisfying quantities. Learning, sobriety, responsibility, and the absence of vulgar ostentation were the family watchwords. The first article in the family credo was that Boston was the intellectual and moral center of the universe; the second was that nothing must ever be done to cast discredit on the Apleys. Casting discredit might consist in singing rowdy songs at a gentleman's club or in wishing to end by divorce a marriage that had become intolerable. It might even consist in the impropriety, on the part of a lower and less fortunate family branch, of usurping the place in the Apley burial plot designed for one of the higher-ups. Whatever it was, George Apley's father, as had his father before him, immediately recognized and rebuked



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the rashness and took pains to prevent its happening again. Young George, in his Harvard days, had one high moment of rebellion against the Apley mores. He had the temerity to fall in love with the beautiful, sensible, intelligent daughter of an Irish immigrant; he promised marriage, sure that his parents would recognize the worth of his beloved. But he did not quite know his Apleys. The benefits of a European tour, pressed on him in haste by an indignant and worried father and taken in the company of other respectable Bostonians, if it did not open his eyes, at least closed his heart. His marriage to a suitable young Boston lady followed. And George was lost. Thereafter, with a few minor exceptions, he conformed; he was an Apley.

In relating George's long life—from 1866 to 1933—Mr. Marquand has inserted many sly digs at the narrowness of a declining Boston culture. For the Irish immigrants would not be put down. And the day of the Apleys and of those families fit to associate with them is passing. America's Athens has suffered the fate of all empires—it has been captured by the barbarians. Inbreeding, provincialism, the security of knowing the right thing to do and doing it have been challenged and defeated by lusty tribes from Ireland and the Middle West. Mr. Marquand is pleased that this is so, and on the whole he is so merry about it and so clever at disclosing the weaknesses of Boston society that the reader cannot fail to be pleased also. Mr. Marquand is no Marcel Proust; but he is a telling caricaturist of a set of manners that lend themselves happily to his pencil.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The End of Nijinsky

THE DIARY OF VASLAV NIJINSKY. Edited by Romola Nijinsky. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

IT IS hard to believe that this diary of Vaslav Nijinsky should have been lost in an old trunk from 1918-19, when Nijinsky wrote it, until 1934, some time after Nijinsky entered a sanitarium. Because even in its present form, as edited and translated by his wife, the diary is a document for the psychologist, not for the admirer of a great dancer, who will search it in vain for revelations of personality. The doctors who were studying Nijinsky's illness should have had these words before making their diagnosis. But apparently the diary was never seen by those who could best make use of it.

And now one wonders why, in all its shocking pathos, it is presented to the world. We must conclude, in partial sympathy, that it is published only in a mistaken effort to earn money for his further care in the sanitarium. Much can be forgiven on that score, though there would seem to be other ways of raising funds. What, however, has to be forgiven is the exposure here of an irrational being, broken by imaginary persecutions and maudlinly exalted, revealing all the typical symptoms of the schizophrenic patient.

Surely it is a pity that Nijinsky's art—an art so peculiarly personal, depending on the memory of his contemporaries for preservation, since it consists in lines of motion lost in space—should be judged across the abyss of his mental torture. If one believes that art is the highest organization of emotion and thought into new forms, a super-rationality, then these words written under the stress of disintegration are peculiarly painful, for they come from a region that is anti-art.

RUTH PICKERING

DRAMA

Othello

TO THE spontaneous and informal Shakespearean festival current this year in New York the Messrs. Max Gordon and Robert Edmond Jones have contributed Walter Huston in "Othello" (New Amsterdam Theater), with Brian Aherne as a very murderous and spectacular Iago. It is a swift and beautifully pictorial production; it is highly intelligent and not unsubtle besides; but undoubtedly it lacks something in sweep, in power, and in terror.

As given here the play runs hardly more than two hours, exclusive of the single intermission. None of Shakespeare's other tragedies is, of course, in itself so simple in outline or so direct in method, and it is these qualities which Robert Edmond Jones has emphasized. Taking his cue perhaps from the author's own use of the tag line, "Look to thy wife," he has used other speeches like "not poppy nor mandragora" and "Othello's occupation's gone" to mark successive stages in the development of the plot until he has given it an almost geometrically precise outline, which provides admirable clarity while, so it seems to me, sacrificing something of vitality. Speed itself can sometimes be bought too high, and while I am no pedant when it comes to cutting a text, there are dangers in the process. Even in Othello's final speech, "I have done the state some service," there were lines which I did not hear, and I am still hesitating between two improbabilities, one that my ears deceived me, the other that parts of even that great apology were omitted.

Mr. Huston has a natural dignity and a natural intelligence which assured one in advance that his interpretation would be in certain respects admirable, and one is not disappointed. One never fails to feel in him native dignity as well as fundamental nobility, and in many moments at least he is also highly intelligent. Indeed, I think that I have never seen more clearly brought out one of the central motifs of the play, namely, the fact that in Desdemona Othello has "garnered up his heart," that she is the symbol of his faith in life and so much more than merely herself that what he thinks of is not so much the loss of her as that loss of everything else which losing her implies: "Othello's occupation's gone." But if Mr. Huston has natural dignity it is not precisely the dignity of the Moor, and it would not, I think, be improper to say that his dignity is, on the contrary, a peculiarly American one, the sort he exhibited so superbly in "Dodsworth." There is an element of the placid, almost of the inarticulate, in it. It is the dignity of understatement, a dignity almost unaware of itself. And there is something of this quality which persists very inappropriately in his Othello. He has his bursts of passion, but between them he is almost too poised, failing somehow to suggest the barbarous passion which is soon to be released. And that is perhaps the reason why, as I suggested before, the production as a whole lacks something in sweep. It is interesting, credible, and absorbing. But one has not the sense that something irresistible and terrifying has been let loose.

Brian Aherne's Iago is, on the other hand, almost flamboyant in the swagger and relish of its villainy, but it is also highly effective even if, at times, dangerously near the operatic; and concerning Mr. Huston, as well as the production as

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a whole, I should not like to seem ungrateful or grudging. Both are far above the ordinary and both are worth any playgoer's time.

Making now the strange bedfellows which weekly dramatic criticism necessitates, I should like to add my agreement with the general opinion that "The Show Is On" (Winter Garden) is the most generally satisfactory musical revue seen here in a very long time. Neither the Shuberts, who produced it, nor Vincente Minnelli, who shares credit along with a list of others unusually long even for a revue, has undertaken anything novel in plan. What we have is the conventional alternation of comedy sketches with spectacular dancing scenes, but the outlay of talent is most unusually lavish, and for once first-rate performers are given something substantial to do. Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr have never been funnier in their own individual ways, and we get, besides, Reginald Gardiner in a new series of imitations, including one of a flashing lighthouse—Mr. Gardiner can actually make a face like a beam of light—which deserves a place alongside the gesticulated wallpaper which made him famous overnight. The dancing is taken care of by the iron-muscled Paul Haakon and the ingratiating Mitzi Mayfair, who can kick backward over her shoulder. But perhaps the most important thing to say is that "The Show Is On" is remarkable among revues chiefly for one thing: there are almost no dull stretches.

At the Chanin Auditorium Erika Mann, daughter of the novelist, is presenting her "Pepper Mill," a sort of *café chantant* which has operated previously in various European cities. Two or three American performers have been added, but the nucleus of the organization is composed of German refugees and the enterprise is sponsored by a group of

prominent persons active in the movement to aid exiles. Miss Mann acts as mistress of ceremonies, while the chief performers are Therese Giehse, Lotte Goslar, and Sybille Schloss, all of whom were formerly well known on the German stage. Miss Giehse's "Stupidity Talks," in which she impersonates a sort of idiot Brunnhilde, is outstanding, and so are the satiric dances of Miss Goslar, but much of the material suffers somewhat from the fact that it is keyed to moods which, fortunately, we have so far hardly been compelled to understand. The "Pepper Mill" company has great talents, but it still needs to find itself in the American scene.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

M. Bernstein's "Promise" (Little Theater) deals with misdirected affections in a French upper-class family group which consists of an elderly second husband, a still attractive and vain wife, the daughters of the wife's two marriages, and a young man who is engaged to one sister and in love with the other. The notable English cast, which includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Irene Browne, Frank Lawton, and Jean Forbes-Robertson, provides the play with dramatic force and coherence through sheer brilliance of acting. The production provides an interesting example of the actor's importance in giving a tenuous play direction and distinction.

M. G.

FILMS

Muscle Movies

JAMES CAGNEY is on the screen again after a year's absence from it, and he brings back all the swagger for which he was famous in the old days of 1935. "Great Guy" (Grand National) is so exactly like each of his other pictures, indeed, as to provide after this breathing-spell an opportunity for defining his charm. For he is charming in a way that most of our muscular heroes are not. The tradition of the tough guy and the hard mug, not to speak of the sudden uppercut to somebody's chin, was wearisome almost from the start; but Mr. Cagney has worn well. His size has something to do with it, since he is surprisingly sawed off. And so has his humor, which consists in confessing that there is something a bit grotesque in the big brave parts he plays; in confessing, too, that his boy friends and his girl friends are probably right when they predict that if he keeps on in the way he is going he will run into trouble and plenty of it. But there is something else in his acting, and it has more meaning than either of these things could possibly have.

His strength is not in his right arm but in his spirit, which explodes within him and explains his smile. His smile is chiefly for himself, and it expresses a sense that the world is swarming with villains to be knocked down—not by the next fellow, but by him. His test for villainy is of course pretty simple. The bully, the deceiver, the stuffed shirt, the fraud—that exhausts the list. Yet it is not a bad list, and Mr. Cagney as I have said is a terrier constantly at their throats, a gadfly who can sting in several places at once. And this is because he does really seem to hate the evil at which he strikes. He is a cocky little lover of the good. No wonder we like him.

But there is something beyond even this. The good he loves is the natural and common good for which we have no name



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and which there are no institutions to represent. Mr. Cagney's roles have always showed him disrespectful of authority, or at any rate suspicious of it. And the fact that "Great Guy" places him in a city government where his job is to eliminate the weights-and-measures racketeers in no way alters the situation now. For the authority in this city is a super-government of district leaders and dirty millionaires, so that as a mere deputy Johnny Cave is nobody at all—until he gets going. Then he makes the feathers fly; and he does it with a heart so unimpeachably in the right place that—well, no wonder we like him. He has come to the defense of that anonymous humanity whose rights can never be put into words. They can only be put into the bow of Robin Hood and shot at sheriffs.

A very different sort of Robin Hood was to be seen in "Janosik," a Czecho-Slovakian film which succeeded "La Kermesse Héroïque" at the Filmarte. It followed the pattern more closely, since its hero Janosik, a peasant of the early eighteenth century, organized the mountaineers of Bohemia for the purpose of robbing the Hapsburgs and relieving the native poor. The Hapsburgs were represented as extremely cruel in their fur coats and the Bohemians as extremely noble in their strange wool garments and their high square hats from which dangled long pigtailed of black hair. But this was as it should be in a film so strong and simple. "Janosik" was as different from "La Kermesse" as a film could be, yet it was probably as good. Palo Belik, the tender giant who played Janosik, was worthy of the role; and the landscape was always very skilfully worked into what was finally an effect of great and tragic wildness. The current Swiss film at the same theater, "The Eternal Mask," is an interesting study of a young doctor's mind, more mysterious before it plunges into his subconscious than after, but worthy of the closest attention throughout.

"Revolutionists" (Amkino) has an advantage over many recent Russian films in that it returns to the days before 1917 for its material. The revolution as an accomplished fact has not been the best sort of subject matter, probably for the reason that success is uninteresting to the imagination. The present film in any event takes us as far back as 1896, and indeed stops in December of the bloody year 1905. It has a special interest as showing the student class at work underground in the early days of this century, and as being among other things an excellent costume piece. The exiles in Paris, the aristocrats on the streets of St. Petersburg, and the intellectuals in Siberia are fascinating if only for the clothes they wear; though they are also figures in an absorbing story. The workers preparing to march on the fatal ninth of January, 1905, are handled furthermore with a fine photographic sense which permits of their pausing now and then to present themselves in "stills" of great beauty and power. Producers of moving pictures can never afford to forget that what they are producing after all is pictures. We do not mind in the least being forced to remember the camera.

"After the Thin Man" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) restores William Powell to his role as Nick Charles, the unwilling detective, and brings Myrna Loy with him as the pretty Mrs. Charles. It is not as good as "The Thin Man," partly because it is too much like it; but of course it is very funny, and the direction of W. S. Van Dyke gives us as usual a whirl of sophisticated thrills. "Beloved Enemy" (United Artists), with Brian Aherne as hero of the Irish republican army in 1921, suffers by comparison with "The Informer." Yet it proves once again that the Irish rebellion is a first-rate subject in any medium.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

[In recent weeks THE NATION has published two articles by Albert Viton and one by Philip S. Bernstein discussing the situation in Palestine from contrasting points of view. From the many letters received commenting upon the discussion the editors have selected the following excerpts which seemed to present the widest range of opinion and additional material.]

The Dilemma in Palestine

Dear Sirs: Permit me to observe that Albert Viton's articles do not contribute to an objective understanding of the situation in Palestine. The statement that 29 per cent of the peasantry are landless is derived from the discredited Hope Simpson report, based in turn on a misinterpretation of the Johnson Crossbie study. The "landless" Arabs are denominated in the latter as "laborers," by which was meant any farmer not in possession of the fee, that is, tenant farmers, village workmen, heirs expectant, and others who are not properly "landless." Since Jews own only 6 per cent of the land, Viton is misleading here.

Again, no informed person would say: "A. Granovsky . . . claims that only 688 peasants have been displaced in the plains of Esdraslon and Acre, but evidence before the [1929] commission . . . showed that about 2,000 had been so displaced." The former figures were entirely correct, as proved by the government report in 1934 that less than 688 peasants had applied for resettlement on state lands as persons displaced by Jewish colonization. *And this included the whole of Palestine.*

It is completely untrue that Zionists oppose any scheme to resettle Arabs on the soil, for it is obvious that Jewish resettlement depends on intensive cultivation of soil by Jews and Arabs. In 1930 the Jewish Agency advanced to Hope Simpson a memorandum entitled "Palestine, Land Settlement, Urban Development, and Immigration," which constituted a feasible plan for coordinating unused Arab lands, Jewish capital, and legislation for resettlement. This plan would be accepted today if sanctioned by the government.

As Viton has quoted Yari to the effect that Arab unionization strengthens Zionism, it is pointless to discuss at

length his cruel libels against Socialist Zionists. Jewish workers have insisted on their share of work on Jewish enterprises because (a) cheap Arab labor is used to demoralize the wage scale below that on which white men can live, (b) Jewish enterprises are possible only because the Zionist movement has spent huge sums of money to transform the Jew from middleman to farmer and laborer, and these funds would cease to flow were the benefits of Zionism used to create a race of capitalists, (c) Arab labor itself is undersold by even cheaper labor from the Hauran, (d) Arab labor can seek employment in Arab enterprises, which are subsidized to the extent of £2,500,000 per annum by purchases from the Arab farmers by Jews. The experience of trade unions in America has shown that black labor must be unionized by white labor or both face ruin. In Palestine Jewish labor, to maintain its own standards, must organize the exploited Arab.

Whether or not the mandate should be internationally controlled and the Holy Land strictly neutralized deserves serious consideration, but it has nothing whatever to do with the main purpose of the mandate, namely, to facilitate the creation of the Jewish National Home. And it is this to which the Arabs object, regardless of the benefits conferred upon themselves.

ELEAZAR LIPSKY,

Member of the Executive of Masada
New York, January 4

Democracy Will Resolve It

Dear Sirs: I went to Palestine in 1929—toured the country, visited Jewish colonies and Arab villages, and conferred with Jewish, Arab, and English leaders. Everything that I saw and heard then on the actual scene, everything that I have been able to learn since, has established these facts in my mind:

1. The Jews have taken a barren country and turned it into one of the most fruitful regions of the Eastern world.

2. The Jews have shared with the Arabs the benefits produced by their labor and sacrifice—the university, the schools, the hospitals, the welfare centers, the increased wealth of production, the improved standard of living.

3. Jews and Arabs at the bottom, on the land, in the labor and life of the common people, have learned to cooperate in ever-closer understanding.

4. The trouble in Palestine comes primarily from the top—from the feudal landowners as they see an Arab peasantry liberated by Jewish influence and thus passing out of their control, and from the English imperialists as they see a rapidly growing Jewish population refusing to go "native" or to take the status of "natives."

5. The trouble becomes intense just in proportion as it moves slowly but surely toward a solution in the amalgamation of the working masses of both races in the control and service of their common interests.

Nationalistic feeling, whether on the Arab or on the Jewish side, is a condition which makes the dish hot, but does not change its constituent elements.

Time in this case will do its perfect work. Fundamental democratic forces, shared by the two races concerned, can be trusted to solve all present difficulties. In the long run we may regard Palestine as one of the few spots on the surface of the globe today which we do not have to worry about.

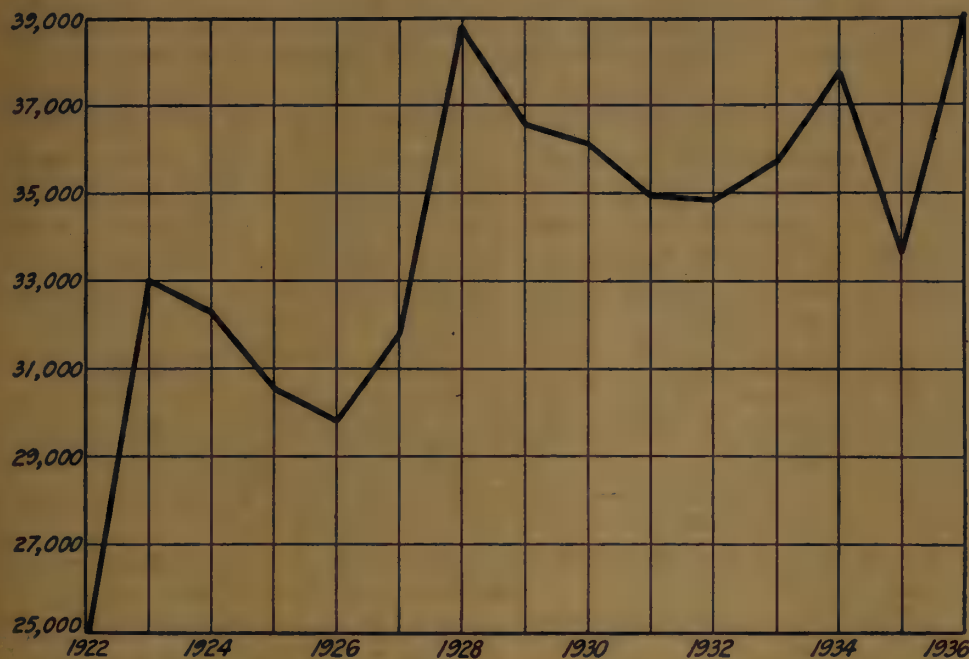
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Brooklyn, January 5

Palestine's Resources

Dear Sirs: The success of the Zionist achievement is to be judged by the social and cultural values created in Palestine rather than by the absolute number of Jews settled in the country. This is, however, no reason for a gross underestimation of the absorptive capacity of Palestine, such as is presented in Mr. Viton's recent articles. According to Mr. Viton's own figures, somewhat more than half of Palestine is Transjordan, and this region is more fertile than Cis-Jordan, having been one of the great granaries of the Roman Empire in ancient days. Its present population is only 300,000, and there is no reason to believe that it should not equal the three million which Mr. Viton assigns to Cis-Jordan. Furthermore, one-half of Cis-Jordan is the Beersheba district, which has a present population of less than 100,000. It is known that this district has some sub-surface water, though how much has not

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Although *The Nation* began its career as early as 1865, never before has its present popularity been equaled. Not even during the halcyon days of 1928 did the average paid circulation exceed the 39,050 for 1936!

Principal credit belongs, of course, to *The Nation's* contributors who include a large number of the leaders in progressive thought throughout the world. They help you understand the headlines of today and prepare you for those of tomorrow. Through the cold, hard eye of the militant progressive, they scrutinize every significant event to show you why it is a stride forward or a step backward. Readers who disagree with their views admit, nevertheless, that they perform a service of extraordinary value in clarifying issues, attacking shams, and upholding progressive principles. As critics of the passing scene, these writers have made a distinct place for themselves—and for *The Nation*.

You need not be reminded that the world is torn with dissension and hate. Never before was it more essential to keep alive the liberal and progressive fires. Accordingly, we hope that you will continue to be informed on progressive thought, and thereby contribute to the steady growth of *The Nation*.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THE UNPRECEDENTED POPULARITY OF THE NATION

The success of any magazine depends on its ability to meet the exacting demands of its readers. These contributors to *The Nation* during 1936 include many of the leaders in progressive thought in America and Europe today.

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been determined. With irrigation this region may be expected to be very fertile.

In the northern half of Palestine proper, to which Jewish immigration has up to the present been limited, Jewish agricultural settlements have been largely confined to what were wastelands in the Sharon plain and the Emek, but the wastelands in these regions are as yet only about half-occupied, and the Huleh Valley and Jordan Valley, both of which at present support the scantiest population, have a total area approximately equal to that which has up to the present time been placed under Jewish cultivation. One has to look no farther than these two regions to provide for the doubling of the present Jewish agricultural population.

In the hill country the Arabs work small fertile valleys with very ineffective means. Yet these regions support a farming population of about 400,000. The surrounding hills are barren and are used by the Arabs to graze their goats, so that any tiniest shoot or blade of grass is eaten up, and the top soil is washed off by the rains each winter. The few experiments by the government and the Jews in afforestation and by the Jews in the planting of vineyards and orchards have been very successful. No estimate can at present be made as to the agricultural population which these now barren hills can support, but it is quite possible that the restoration of top soil would make the land fertile again and in addition save a great deal of the water which now runs off in floods during the rainy season. However, even using Mr. Viton's figures, it is plain that the hill country which now supports 400,000 Arabs at a low level of subsistence on an average of thirty dunams per person can be made to support six times that number, at a higher level of subsistence, by the use of modern methods.

Palestine's commercial and industrial possibilities have only just begun to be explored. Mr. Viton is not correct in stating that industrial production has begun to approach the saturation point. Large and still increasing imports of consumer goods into Palestine are clear indications of the magnitude of the available market. The difficulties are not due to a boycott of Jewish goods by Arabs, but to the facts that the young industries have not yet reached a competitive level with European and Japanese goods, and that the Arab demand for manufactured goods is still very small.

Mr. Viton is on sounder ground when he points out that the British adminis-

tration has been actuated by motives reflecting the interests of the Empire as a whole rather than an interest in the success of the Palestine experiment. He is also on sound ground when he points to the rising tide of Arab nationalism. The problem of finding a basis for permanent peace between the two communities is undoubtedly complex and difficult. The first prerequisite to peace is that the Arabs should learn that the Jews are in Palestine to stay. The self-controlled resistance of the Jews to the recent uprisings has been an enormously useful demonstration on this point, and it is instructive to realize that whereas the Arab leaders in 1929 demanded that the Jews be put out of the country, they are now demanding a limitation of Jewish immigration. It is by no means incredible that the Young Arab leaders will eventually find in alliance with the Jews the best means of advancing the interests of their own people and of throwing off their feudal yoke.

JONAS S. FRIEDENWALD

Baltimore, December 31

It Won't Work

Dear Sirs: The "Promise of Zionism" held out by Rabbi Bernstein is as close to reality as the pie-in-the-sky promises the Jewish clergy have been making to the poor, misguided, persecuted Jews for thousands of years. This leadership has created in the majority of Jews an attitude of exclusiveness towards the "Promised Land," a "Chosen People" psychology, that makes for emotionalism in a problem that cries for a rational approach and solution. Rabbi Bernstein speaks of the international aspect of anti-Semitism; of the beneficent effect of the Jew's herculean reclamation accomplishments upon the Arabs and the country. Bravo! When the Arabs and the Moslem world sing the praises of the Jewish colonists and invite them as welcome co-adventurers, then the time will be propitious for colonization. Being a mundane realist I am certain that this time will never come.

The Jews admittedly accomplished great things in Germany too—only to reap a reward of hatred. The same will happen in any land or venture where the Jews force their presence, as Jews, upon a people unwilling to assimilate them. The hostility of the Moslem hinterland will some day loose itself upon the colonists. When this time does come the pogroms of Poland, Rumania, old Russia, and Germany will be reenacted again.

Whether it be Cuba, the Argentine, Africa, or Biro-Bidjan, the Jew must find a refuge where both the population and the terrain are more friendly than they are in Palestine.

Rabbi Bernstein, like the rest of his kind, takes a parting shot at Biro-Bidjan and cites its failure. This may be true. But the fault is not Biro-Bidjan's; the fault is the Jew's. Had the efforts and resources that went into Palestine been put into the Biro-Bidjan venture, the Jew's future might have been made secure from the ravages of defeatism, ghettoism, and mysticism.

E. J. KRAUSE

Brooklyn, January 1

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The Shape of Things

★

TO MR. ROOSEVELT, AT THE INAUGURATION of his second term of office, we extend our best wishes for the four years to come. By the time this appears the inaugural ceremonies will be over. The pomp and parade will be a matter of yesterday's newspapers; the captains of politics and the kings of industry will have dispersed. What will stand is the American nation itself—the men and women throughout the country who will not be content with phrases but want raised living standards as the framework for a genuine American culture. The President's first inaugural address was a response to the emergency needs of the 1933 panic. His second inaugural has a similar chance to go down in history as a response to the more permanent needs of a democracy that has a genuine economic base. Whether Mr. Roosevelt has taken that chance or muffed it will be clear by the time this is printed.

★

AS WE GO TO PRESS GOVERNOR MURPHY IS in Washington, seeking to salvage the truce between General Motors and the United Automobile Workers which broke down when the Flint Alliance injected itself into the picture. The issue lies between two hardheaded men, Alfred Sloan, Jr., and John L. Lewis. Governor Murphy hopes to make their minds meet, with the help of government officials. Meanwhile in Flint the alliance protests its innocence, while George Boysen intones that "we want our jobs back" and talks of plebiscites. He also says he will not press his demand for collective bargaining—which is helpful, if true.

★

WE HAVE HAD LABOR SPIES, COMPANY unions, professional strong-arm men, and amateur vigilantes in the long war against legitimate organization and genuine collective bargaining. The Flint Alliance is a combination of all four. With the help of paid publicity men and reporters whose newspapers have faith in General Motors, the alliance has had a good press. Its claims have been difficult to check, partly because the present skirmish is, for the union, an organization drive—if it wins a favorable settlement, it will undoubtedly be found to represent a large majority—and partly because the union has even encouraged workers to join the alliance if they were threatened with the loss of a job for failure to join. It was hardly accidental that this ungainly

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB

creature, with George Boysen at its head, put itself forward as a bona fide union and demanded a conference with General Motors just after the company, in a surprising burst of good-will, had consented to negotiate with the United Automobile Workers on the crucial issues, including the question whether the U. A. W. should be the sole bargaining agency. The alacrity with which Mr. Knudsen acceded to the "demand" confirms the suspicion that the Flint Alliance is the latest model in strike-breaking devices. The automobile workers promptly decided to sit tight, both inside and outside the factories, until Mr. Boysen's wooden donkey was retired.

★

THE MORGAN-LILIENTHAL FEUD HAS AGAIN flared up violently. It is unfortunate that a matter of far-reaching national policy should come down to a clash of two personalities, and be widely played up as such. The real issue is not Mr. Morgan as against Mr. Lilienthal. It is the issue of whether the power companies may be trusted to reform themselves overnight, or whether the government should make assurance doubly sure by continuing to push a vigorous TVA policy. Mr. Morgan is a man of unquestioned idealism and integrity—but unrealistic. His plea for a truce with the power companies comes up against some stubborn facts. If sweet and reasonable conduct may be expected from the power companies, why have they not taken the very simple step of registering with the Securities and Exchange Commission under the Public Utility Holding Company Act? Such action, without any surrender of constitutional right, would seem a slight concession for them to make compared with what Mr. Morgan expects of them. If sweet and reasonable conduct may be expected of them, why have nineteen utilities tied up the entire TVA program by suits and injunctions in the federal courts—a course of action which stirred the wrath of Senator Norris and gave the President occasion to discontinue the negotiations for a power pool. His appointment of a committee of five, headed by Mr. Ickes, to draft a general federal power policy cannot smooth out the matter without meeting the basic issue. It must not be allowed to result in a shake-up that will affect the essential structure of the TVA.

★

REPORTS OF THE BACK-STAGE MANEUVERING in Washington which accompanied the practically unanimous passage of the resolution barring shipments to Spain reflect little credit on anyone except John Toussaint Bernard, Farmer-Labor Representative from Minnesota, who cast the lone vote against the proposal. Members of the liberal bloc in Congress are known to have been present at an informal gathering in which the full implications of the unneutral stand against Spain were explored. Most of them must have realized that they were being asked to support a bill which could only react to the advantage of world fascism. But in common with everyone in Washington they expected that the resolution would at least apply to Germany, Italy, and Portugal,

as well as Spain, on the ground that those countries are constantly shipping war material to Franco. At the last moment the resolution appears to have been changed and rushed through Congress before an effective opposition could be organized. Now, somewhat belatedly, a bill is being introduced by Congressman Maverick to extend the embargo to Germany and Italy. True neutrality would compel the support of this measure, even though it is not likely to have any practical effect. But something further is needed if the United States is not repeatedly to be aligned on the side of anti-democratic forces. It would be desirable, for example, to amend the neutrality act so as to make it illegal for American citizens to aid any group which is in revolt against a government that has been duly elected by democratic processes.

★

JOHN (SNOOPER) SUMNER, WHO JUDGES A book by the number of four-letter words it contains, has haled the Vanguard Press into court for publishing James T. Farrell's latest book, "A World I Never Made." According to this connoisseur of obscenity, who has devoted the best years of his life to what he considers the worst words in the language, the book contains seventy-five indecent passages. This must be the largest addition in some time to Mr. Sumner's private library of "dirty" passages, which is said to be the best collection to be found outside any slum in any large city. Mr. Farrell's defense, if he needed one, is contained in the very title of his book: the world he reports too faithfully for Mr. Sumner is "a world he never made." Unlike Mr. Sumner he thinks it is better to allow a fresh wind to blow through it than to attempt to hide its existence. We need hardly say that Mr. Farrell's book is a serious and excellent piece of literature. We have no doubt that he and his publisher will be acquitted. If they are not it will mean, as Mr. Farrell says, that every honest author will have to write with one eye on the censor.

★

HARVARD LAW SCHOOL HAS A NEW DEAN—James M. Landis, at present chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Following in the tradition of Langdell and Ames and Pound, Mr. Landis marks a new trend in legal education at Harvard. Judging from his past interests, his emphasis will be on legislation and public law rather than on the common law and legal philosophy. Mr. Landis is young, vigorous, driving, and will bring energy to his post. It is an open secret that the appointment has given President Conant a good deal of trouble since last September, when Dean Pound announced his resignation. At that time the suggestion of Landis as dean would have aroused the opposition of the financial groups and of the conservative leaders of the bar. But since then Mr. Landis has convinced these interests that he is not their enemy. For Landis's career as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, however vernal may have been the hopes with which American progressives greeted it, faded out on an autumnal dying note. His stress turned increasingly to

self-control by Wall Street rather than governmental control of Wall Street. President Roosevelt would do well to appoint as his successor to the chairmanship of the commission William O. Douglas, who has shown firmness and realism in his conduct of hearings. If Douglas gets the chairmanship, we shall keep our fingers crossed and pray that he will retain those qualities.

★

IT IS NOT ON THE FLOOR OF CONGRESS BUT in the committee rooms that most of the real work is done. Of ten assignments to major committees which the eight Progressives and five Farmer-Laborites of the new House claimed were their due as a minority bloc, the Democratic caucus has given them three, and in two cases has deliberately outranked senior Progressives by first-term Democrats. It is apparent that the Progressives will continue to be crowded out of committees by the Democrats and Republicans unless they organize as a recognized minority bloc. By so doing they would make their committee posts dependent on their ratio to the rest of the House and not on the whim of the major-party whips, they would gain the outright adherence of independents who still belong to the other two parties, and they would give a strong stimulus to the movement for a new national progressive party.

★

FOLLOWING THE MURDER OF MRS. CASE AND the Mattson kidnapping has come a wave of public hysteria. Both in Tacoma and New York lynching sentiment has been voiced which can do nothing but harm. As indicated by the excellent police work and the promise of a fair trial in the New York case, the law is quite able to handle all phases of both these crimes without being spurred on by aroused public indignation. Such hysteria can only aid lawlessness, not justice. Experience has shown that public excitement and banner headlines in connection with such crimes often lead to many similar crimes in close sequence. Another unhappy result is the dismissal of several hundred Negroes from their jobs in New York due to a spurt in racial prejudice—one of the most irrational and dangerous elements in whatever fascist mentality America may be preparing. Thirdly, comes the proposal from Alderman Newbold Morris to require finger-printing of all hotel and apartment-house employees. Although the murder offers a sympathetic excuse, finger-printing of workers is too dangerous a precedent to be established. Finally, as happens always after widely publicized crimes, we find throughout the country a revival of attacks on the parole system.

★

THERE IS BOUND TO BE A LOT OF FUN IN reshuffling government agencies into new patterns and departments. We count on that, more than on anything else, to stand the President in good stead in his effort to get the Brownlow report on government reorganization adopted by Congress. Everybody loves a brand-new Cabinet officer, and everybody will have fun—except

those that get lost in the reshuffle. How many people that will include is hard to say, but our bet is there will be less squawking than was anticipated. Our own pleasure at the President's move has only a few qualifications. We hate to see such an agency as the National Labor Relations Board get absorbed by one of the departments. We regret that the President did not see fit to shuffle army, navy, and air force together and create a new Department of National Defense. And we fear that people will think the new set-up is better than the previous one merely because it is neater and newer.

★

J. R. McCARL, WHOSE ADMINISTRATION OF the office of Comptroller General was ripped up the back by President Roosevelt's committee on reorganization, has issued a reply full of righteous indignation and dire warnings. His career is worth a brief review. Appointed by President Harding, McCarl, with his stiff-collared respectability and pin-point economies, sounded a lonely note in that rollicking and spendthrift Administration. But he lasted for fifteen years, a model of thrift to the conservative press, but just an Old Scrooge to the New Deal. The luxuriant ship-mail subsidies, based upon special speed-test runs that were never duplicated in actual performance, brought from him two small squeaks of protest, after which he paid these millions without complaint for years. To offset the cost, he reduced the size of government carbon paper by half an inch. He showed his hostility to the Department of Labor by requiring Secretary Perkins to travel in an ordinary sleeper instead of a compartment, and his incessant mosquito-prickings at the traveling expenses of other officials was a constant source of irritation. He arrogated to himself an unconstitutional executive power in overruling the inherent right of government departments to appoint subordinate officials by the simple expedient of refusing to pay the expenses of such officials. Portly and sleek, exuding the odor of gentility and fashion, he was at heart a small-time clerk on a high stool, plugging away at little figures in a big ledger.

★

IN THREE CROWDED, FACT-FILLED DAYS LAST week the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee showed: how the House of Morgan induced the Guaranty Trust Company of New York to sell \$30,000,000 of unsecured Van Sweringen Corporation notes to the public; how the prospectus failed to reveal a \$25,000,000 write-up in assets made immediately before the public sale; how the Guaranty Trust sold the notes to the public after its vice-president admitted the corporation's probable insolvency; and, finally, how Thomas W. Lamont and George Whitney of J. P. Morgan and Company sat on Guaranty's executive committee, approved the deal, and allowed the notes to be sold to the public but would not let their own bank take "even a silent interest" in the notes. From these revelations the Wheeler committee moved into the wings of the New York Stock Exchange, exposed seventeen governors of the Big Board as recipi-

ents from Morgan and Guaranty of a \$7,405,000 share in underwriting Alleghany at a time when the same governors were about to pass on Alleghany's listing application. More than \$21,000,000 of the note-holders' money went into Alleghany speculation, although William C. Potter, Guaranty's president, sold out his Alleghany holdings. Loss to note-holders, \$15,000,000; allowance for Wheeler investigation, \$100,000. The Wheeler committee has had to spread its stint thin over seventeen months and now depends upon public support to get more money for its investigation from the Senate Tories.

★

READERS OF ALDOUS HUXLEY WILL RECALL that in his novel "Brave New World" the talkies had been further elaborated into the "smellies" and the "feelies." As a matter of fact the latter are almost here. One has only to visit the Museum of Science and Industry at Rockefeller Center, where several daily demonstrations are being given of a new process for producing three-dimensional moving pictures in color. Many attempts have been made in the past to present animated stereographs upon a screen, but most of them have been based upon complicated mechanical contrivances. The new system, like its predecessors, projects overlapping or successive images taken from two viewpoints as far apart as the eyes normally are. But it projects each image by light polarized at right angles to the polarized light of the other and gives the audience spectacles each lens of which passes only light polarized in one plane. It is made possible by the recent invention of a cheap polarizing substance and has, among other advantages, that of permitting the use of pictures in full natural color, as produced by the Kodachrome or Technicolor processes. The effect is startling. Aside from the somewhat greater expense involved in production, there seem to be no great impediment to theatrical exploitation except the possible difficulty of persuading members of an audience that it is worth their while to wear queer spectacles when they go to the movies.

The Fascist Front Holds

THE events of the past few weeks clearly indicate that what we have in Spain is not so much a civil war as a definite invasion of Spanish territory by Italian and German troops. Unquestionably it started as a civil war last July when the army, supported by a few fascist groups, attempted to seize power and oust the republican government. In the early days foreign interference was at a minimum. The rebels purchased supplies from Germany and Italy; the government was dependent mostly on France for its war materials. Then came the non-intervention pact, which temporarily cut off the supplies flowing to the government but did not lessen the aid rendered the rebels by the fascist powers. It was in this period that Talavera and Toledo were captured and Madrid first besieged. The period ended when the Soviet

Union served notice that it would consider itself free to furnish supplies to the government to counterbalance the fascist aid to the rebels.

By this time the rebels had practically used up the available supply of Moors and would have collapsed for lack of man-power if Germany and Italy had not come openly to their support. The Burgos junta was recognized and a fascist front formed including Germany, Italy, Japan, and the Franco clique in Spain. A few thousand Germans and Italian soldiers were dispatched tentatively, ready to be withdrawn in case of too vigorous opposition from France or England. After some weeks Great Britain protested, but almost immediately nullified its protest by a step that must have proved utterly incomprehensible to the fascist leaders. It forbade British citizens to enlist on the side of the Spanish government. It is true that Germany had used the presence of the international volunteers as an argument for continuing to send men to assist Franco. But both legally and morally the volunteers are in a very different category. They enlisted not as citizens of their respective countries but as individuals, in what they conceived to be a worldwide struggle against reaction. And they placed themselves under the discipline of the legitimate government of Spain.

The German and Italian soldiers, on the other hand, are being dispatched as part of the German and Italian armies. If Franco wins, they will have to remain as an army of occupation in order to preserve his power against an enraged population. Last week's agreement between Göring and Mussolini to push the war to the utmost may be taken as a contemptuous reply to the British and French ban on volunteers. It has remained for the Soviet Union to point out the folly and hypocrisy of this unilateral ban. But when it comes to a showdown, the Soviets are helpless if they are unable to gain support from France or England. There can be no individual Soviet volunteers, and the dispatch of Soviet troops to Spain would invite a general European war.

At no time since the beginning of hostilities in July has there been such serious danger that the democratic countries would deliver Spain, lock, stock, and barrel, to the fascist leaders. France's conciliatory attitude toward Berlin is particularly ominous at this point. On several occasions, such as the recent crisis over Morocco, it has appeared as if France and England had awakened to the menace which threatened their national interests. But each time they have stopped short of bringing the pressure which alone could suppress fascist ambitions. If anyone thought that the fascist lust for power would become satiated by victory in Spain, the patience of the democratic countries might at least be understandable. But fascist audacity thrives on success. Mussolini's insistence that Germany and Italy must be content with preserving the status quo in Spain sounded conciliatory, but it may be interpreted merely as a face-saving device if success should not be forthcoming. What is happening in Spain today will almost certainly happen in Czechoslovakia tomorrow. By that time any effort to stop fascism will certainly mean war, but a war in which the fascist countries will hold all the advantages.

A Program for the Judicial Power

WHY Change Is Needed. After two years of constitutional crisis, there seems finally to be some chance of action on the Constitution and the Supreme Court. This is evidenced by the President's message to Congress, the avalanche of bills that the more militant Congressmen are preparing for introduction, the comments of some of the national legislators which indicated that their attitude was more thoroughgoing than the President's own, and the formation of various independent groups to push a constitutional amendment, especially the group headed by that doughty warrior Senator George W. Norris. The discussion has at least passed the point where there is any lingering doubt that some sort of change is necessary. Two things have happened to bring this new phase of popular opinion: One is the Supreme Court's own doing: the succession of decisions which have added up to a popular conviction that the power of the Supreme Court to veto national action is the greatest threat to our future. The second is the election, with its clear mandate to Congress and the President to go on with progressive national policies despite every obstruction. The conviction and the mandate are sounder and clearer than any legalistic arguments you are likely to hear.

The Great Debate. When Congress in 1802 considered repealing the Judiciary Act of 1801, it took part in what has gone down in history as "The Great Debate"—on the scope and functions of the judiciary. The debate that is now to be waged within Congress, and outside its halls in the popular press as well, will probably go down in history as another Great Debate, surpassing even the excitement at the time of the famous Dred Scott case. There are four courses of action that will be most hotly debated. One is to wait until a vacancy offers itself in the court, and to fill that vacancy with a liberal appointment, meanwhile patching up in some fashion the legislation that the court vetoes. A second is to regulate the judicial function by statute, either by providing that the appellate jurisdiction of the court shall not extend to certain types of cases, or by providing that the court shall not declare an act of Congress invalid where there is a reasonable doubt—a reasonable doubt being construed as the affirmative vote of one or two justices. A third course of action is for Congress to grant itself the power of repassing an invalidated law by a two-thirds' vote, say, in successive sessions, or else to submit the law—if greater speed is

required—to a plebiscite. A fourth is to put through one or more constitutional amendments, defining clearly the powers of Congress and the states over the regulation of agriculture, labor, and finance.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Odd Man. In his message to Congress Mr. Roosevelt tentatively chose the first of

these courses. He took upon himself the task of educating the odd man on the court—whatever judge holds the balance of power. Working on Mr. Dooley's dictum that the Supreme Court follows the election returns—which is doubtful—the President tried to underline for Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts the lesson of the last election. Of the two the

OUR CONSTITUTIONAL PROGRAM

1. Do not count on converting individual judges. Face the problem of the judicial power as a whole.
2. Act now to allow Congress by a two-thirds' vote in successive sessions to override the judicial veto.
3. Act now to set in motion a constitutional amendment giving Congress clear power over the regulation of agriculture, labor, and finance, and giving the states power over wages and hours.
4. Select an advisory board of constitutional experts to draft possible amendments.

Chief Justice is probably the more hopeful as a case for conversion. But it should be clear to Mr. Roosevelt that the American people did not reelect him so that he might conduct in public the education of either of the justices. The logic of Mr. Roosevelt's position seems to be that there will be time enough later on to talk of amendments and of curbing the judicial power. Meanwhile, he says, let us wait until the court has shown its attitude on the crucial cases now before it, and repass in a modified form whatever legislation it vetoes. This is essentially a policy of watchful waiting and education. Its danger is that it will drag the constitutional crisis out for at least another four years, while the people's conviction of the need for reform is dissipated.

The Confusion of the Progressives. The progressives have never been in greater confusion over an issue since the early days of the NRA. Some of them are cheering Mr. Roosevelt's stand, mistaking his policy of watchful waiting for one of sharp attack on the judicial power. Some of them are terribly puzzled by the conservatives: they see reactionary papers insisting that if there is to be any change, it should be through a constitutional amendment; and they are bewildered by the argument that no clear amendment can be drawn. Most of them are therefore spending their energy fighting each other. Those who favor an immediate curb on the judicial power insist that an amendment is too cumbersome and unsafe, and those who want an amendment insist that to curb the judicial power is either inadequate or too drastic. Thus, while the enemy thunders away at the gates, the defenders spend their ammunition on one another.

What Then Must Be Done? The first thing to bear in mind is that we are not dealing with individual justices

but with the whole institution of the judicial power. It is not enough, in order to meet the threat of this power, that we should wait for possible changes in the court's composition or a change of heart on the part of particular judges. We must also remember that the essential problem is not that of fighting the court, but that of giving Congress the power to deal with the problems it raises. We believe therefore that the proposals whereby Congress would regulate the voting procedure of the court (two-thirds' vote needed for a veto, for example), or remove certain types of cases from the court's appellate jurisdiction, are less desirable than other proposals. We prefer, as an immediate and practicable plan, allowing Congress to override the judicial veto by a two-thirds' vote in successive sessions, or by submitting the question to a plebiscite. But neither of these plans should preclude submitting to the conventions of three-quarters of the states a draft of adequate constitutional amendments.

One final word. The question of fundamentals should be separated from the question of procedures. Sensible men, sitting around a table, can agree on procedures if they are clear on fundamentals. And the fundamentals here can be summed up in one question. Do we believe sufficiently in democracy to grant Congress adequate powers, or do we prefer to trust our fate to a court the majority of whose members, by their background and mode of selection, are bound to be conservative? Do we, in other words, dare to make our way in the future on the resolute legs of the people themselves, or do we prefer to cut them off and hobble along on crutches provided by the Supreme Court?

Brookings to the Rescue

IT HAS been said that the pronouncements of the Brookings Institution on current economic issues have come to occupy a position analogous to those of the Supreme Court on constitutional issues. If this is true, even to a limited extent, it may be accounted for by the scope of the institution's studies and the fact that no other organization has the temerity or the resources to undertake such sweeping asseverations. Its conclusions are another story.

Its latest book* contains a summary, brought up to date, of all that has been previously published, an evaluation of our present economic status, and recommendations for future action. It points out that the current recovery, though less spectacular than certain recovery movements in the past, has already continued a longer period without serious interruption than any other in modern times. But it also points out that the present standards of living are intolerably low. Divided equally among the entire population, the 1936 national income would amount to about \$1,800 per family, but the majority of families—on the basis of the 1929 distribution—probably obtained less than \$1,200. This is about two-fifths of what the

* "The Recovery Problem in the United States." The Brookings Institution, \$4.

institution describes as a "reasonably satisfactory" living standard and even farther from a genuinely liberal one.

In considering the prospects for a continuation of the recovery movement, the institution appears to be primarily concerned with two dangers: (1) an inflation growing out of a continuation of unbalanced budgets; and (2) the possibility that labor may force through a program of shorter hours as a panacea for unemployment. The danger of inflation, as *The Nation* has repeatedly pointed out, is real. But we need not conclude from this, as Brookings does, that there must be a drastic curtailment in expenditures for relief and recovery. As in the institution's previous volumes, the question of redistribution of income and the regularization of the budget by social taxation is carefully avoided, although it is the most obvious method of bringing about the desired adjustments. Instead, a considerable amount of space is given to further discussion of the thirty-hour-week fallacy, though there is no reputable economist who has ever advocated shortening the work week to that extent. No economist would deny that a drastic reduction in working hours would lower the living standards of those now employed. On the other hand, it would be difficult to justify the final conclusion of the Brookings report favoring "the maintenance, in general, of prevailing hours of labor, as the only means of restoring the standards of living of the laboring masses." In many industries, as a result of part-time work, the hours have been much too low, but millions of men and women—in hotels, restaurants, and small retail establishments—still work upwards of fifty hours a week. Several of the manufacturing industries are averaging well over forty hours a week. The Brookings Institution cannot very well support the minority of employers who would like to reestablish the pre-1929 era.

On the positive side, the report emphasizes conditions which, if attainable, would restore a laissez faire economy. It favors stabilization of currencies, reduction in tariffs, abolition of production controls, and a general lowering of prices in line with the development of technological efficiency. Voluntary price reduction in the interest of higher profits is the golden key that is expected to restore capitalist prosperity in the United States. Two excellent examples are cited in defense of this theory—the automobile industry and the railways. In both cases low-price policies have resulted in greatly increased business and higher profits. But it should be noted that the reduction in railway rates was forced on the companies very much against their will, and it might be set down as an iron-clad law that business enterprises will maintain prices as high as possible, irrespective of the theoretical advantages of a contrary policy. The unit profits in the automobile industry and its fight against an effective labor organization which would cut into these profits suggest that it is by no means an exception. History records few examples of oligarchies which voluntarily altered their policies in time to save themselves from destruction. This historical fact is likely to remain unchanged despite the Brookings Institution's latest attempt to come to the rescue of the prevailing oligarchy.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington Weather Report

Washington, January 17

PITY the poor Washington correspondent who must try to compress into a page and a half such vital developments of the last few days as (1) the new TVA crisis brought on by Chairman Morgan's fresh outburst of hysterics; (2) the suspiciously sudden softening of the General Motors management's attitude toward unionization following John L. Lewis's threat here of a Congressional investigation of its corporate practices; (3) the invasion of Washington by 2,500 representatives of the unemployed demanding \$1,040,000,000 instead of the \$650,000,000 Roosevelt has recommended to carry the WPA on to July 1; (4) Roosevelt's governmental reorganization proposals, which in dealing with independent agencies such as the NLRB strike a reactionary note in positive conflict with his pleas for judicial reform; and (5) the La Follette committee's forging of a link between United States Steel's Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company and the flogging last September of a University of Alabama professor who had dared to intervene in behalf of a Communist railroaded to jail near Birmingham for attempting to enlist T. C. I. employees in the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union.

Fortunately, some of these developments *do* lend themselves to cursory treatment. Dr. Arthur E. Morgan's statement issued here yesterday, advocating a peaceful compromise with the power trust that runs directly contrary to the plain intent of the TVA act and is, as Judson King says, "almost exactly what the utilities want," need occasion no alarm. It was, I have good reason to believe, only an anguished outcry from a man who knows himself beaten. It was compounded of his desire to make the TVA merely a gigantic Hull House in the Valley and of the personal bitterness of a man who, spoiled by years as a college president, has taken affront at not being treated by the White House and his colleagues as an omniscient being in complete command of the TVA. His defeat, made certain by Senator Norris's vehement and unflinching opposition to the course Morgan advocates and by the no less vehement opposition of Congressmen and Senators from the TVA area, will be signalized shortly after Roosevelt's inauguration in the discontinuance of the cooperative "studies" now being made by federal power agencies and representatives of the private utilities looking toward a wedding of the TVA with its enemy, the power trust, in a "power pool." Morgan tried last spring to have Roosevelt boot David E. Lilienthal out of the TVA for insisting, now that it has the power boys in a corner, that the TVA should push relentlessly on to its objectives and place no trust in the utilities'

peace offerings. Morgan failed in that endeavor but did not resign. The time has come to provide the grace he needs and ease him out of the TVA. And the time also has come to rid the scene of one Louis Brandeis Wehle who, using his kinship to Justice Brandeis as a certificate that he is on the public's side, has stuck his nose and hands into the "power-pool" business on the side of the private utilities. Mr. Wehle, after having been unaccountably allowed to attend the power conference at the White House, busied himself in the subsequent negotiations as the President's representative, although he lacked, and still lacks, credentials. In his assumed role he attempted, among other things, while Roosevelt was out of town, to have the PWA's power division hold up certain contracts of vital importance in the TVA situation. Some time ago Mr. Wehle, a New York lawyer, also attempted to intervene *pro bono publico* in negotiations leading to the amendment of railroad-bankruptcy statutes. He was on retainer from one of the big insurance companies, as he was obliged to confess to the RFC, but he maintained that his clients had left him free to take the public's side.

General Motors' sudden agreement last week not only to meet the strike leaders face to face but also to negotiate with them on the union's demands surprised even Lewis and his C. I. O. lieutenants but did not catch them off guard. They prepared to go into the peace negotiations with fingers crossed and with the notion that Presidential intervention ultimately would be necessary to make a strong and lasting peace. The abrupt rupture which took place tonight when General Motors began openly playing patty-cake with its stooge, the Flint Alliance, a vigilante outfit with a former Buick paymaster as its chairman and an embezzler fresh from the penitentiary as its secretary, bears out Lewis's expectations. Meanwhile the La Follette committee investigators report that they have ready for disclosure sensational data on General Motors' anti-strike preparations, including the Flint Alliance.

Lewis privately had to bring his whip down hard and heavy across the back of Governor Frank Murphy in the matter of relief and the use of militia to bring the negotiations to the stage they reached. He probably would not have been so vigorous if Murphy, taking the immemorial liberal position, had not tried to use his prestige and his pose as a friend of labor to get the strike leaders to accept the corporation's bogus offer to talk peace only after an unconditional evacuation of the "sitdown" strikers.

Congress's immediate attention has been chiefly absorbed in the last few days by the President's reorganization proposals. They are meeting with enormous opposi-

tion from those members of Congress who want reorganization in the interest of budget-balancing rather than administrative efficiency and from those who are mainly interested in preservation of the status quo from the patronage angle. The President himself does not indicate a too rapt devotion to the whole scheme and speaks of two or three years as being perhaps necessary for its fulfillment, but that may be merely protective coloration. He is obviously fearful that his recommendations will be denounced as a grab for dictatorial powers. His proposal to abolish the office of Comptroller General, which J. R. McCarl converted into a sort of Supreme Court and used to thwart any executive or Congressional edict displeasing to him, is beyond question a sound one, and there can be little objection to his plan to create a Department of Public Welfare and a Department of Public Works. His proposal, on the other hand, to equip himself with six assistants with "a passion for anonymity" calls for wariness. It is bad enough to have one McIntyre in the White House without having to risk adding five more. But if the formal establishment of six assistant Presidents will aid in making it possible to hold the President himself more closely accountable for all acts of his Administration, then the proposition deserves favorable consideration, especially in view of the realities—which are that he already has a whole host of anonymous assistants who are constantly playing peekaboo with the public interest.

There is only one proposition in the program that cries out to be dynamited out of existence and that is the proposal to blanket all the independent boards and com-

missions in the executive departments and make them subservient to the vote snatchers who head those departments and to the Chief Executive. It is proposed, in justification of this plan, to separate the judicial functions of these independent agencies from their administrative functions and to preserve their judicial independence. It should be a sufficient condemnation of this idea to point out that such reactionary organizations as the American Bar Association have for years been advocating this step and that the bar association itself in 1934 formally recommended it. It runs counter to all modern and enlightened concepts of administrative law. Under it the members of the National Labor Relations Board, for example, would be set up on a pedestal of lofty "impartiality" and isolated from the interplay of economic and social forces with which they must deal. The shadow of combat that still darkens our courts would spread out to encompass the NLRB; whichever side in a case before it had the better lawyers, the better gladiators, would have to win the board's verdict regardless of the realities in the case. At present the board, in the best tradition of administrative law, can call upon its own staff of economists and lawyers to dig up all the data and testimony needed to illuminate those realities. Under the President's program the board would be a thing apart, and the amount of digging done by the staff of economists and lawyers, who would be in the administrative division, would depend on the will of whatever politician happened to be occupying the Secretaryship of Labor or the White House. The purse-strings would be held there.

Stafford Cripps, Socialist Leader

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, December 27

THE abdication of Edward VIII is now, I think, a definitely closed chapter. It has revealed some interesting things, among them the vital fact that the hold of the monarchical idea on popular imagination is far more fragile than we had been tempted to believe. I have heard more discussion these last three weeks of the desirability of republican institutions, and from all sorts and conditions of men, than there has been in fifty years. In my own view the Labor Party was profoundly right in supporting Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Atlee and his colleagues have strengthened certain theorems of our constitution that are vital if there is to be any hope of a peaceful solution of our problems.

It is now essential that the Labor Party get back to more permanent questions. The first of these is the recovery of the initiative in politics. The country is wholly disillusioned about the National government, but it does not trust the Labor Party sufficiently to risk the experiment of putting it into power. Why is this? The answer, I am confident, is that the country does

not believe the Labor Party knows its own mind. It has no clear foreign policy, as it has shown by its attitude to Spain and to rearmament. It has no clear domestic policy; it has not made up its mind between socialism and social reform. It is divided on the problem of the support it wants to win; Sir Walter Citrine and the trade unions would, it appears, be willing to make terms with Winston Churchill in return for a firm policy toward Germany, while Sir Stafford Cripps and the Socialist League have signed an agreement—still to be ratified by the respective bodies—for joint action with the Communists and the Independent Labor Party on the main issues of the day. There are also delicate organizational problems within the Labor Party which Edinburgh evaded without seeking to solve.

On foreign policy the first question is whether Labor is willing to press for immediate help to Spain now that non-intervention has become so tragic a farce. Let us be clear that this is not merely the issue of supplying munitions to the Caballero government in accordance with international law. It is also the much graver question of

telling Hitler that Great Britain is not prepared to see Franco victorious by the aid of German man and machine power now being poured into Spain. In the last resort this might mean war since, obviously, the abandonment of Franco by Hitler now would mean the first great diplomatic defeat the latter has suffered since 1933. That Labor should insist that this risk ought to be run is clear to every farsighted observer. That it will so insist, no one can predict. Since prediction is impossible, the man in the street may be pardoned for refusing to distinguish sharply between Mr. Eden's policy on Spain and that of Mr. Atlee. Expressions of hope for the Spanish government are not enough. The moment calls for deeds.

So, too, on rearmament. Dr. Dalton and Mr. Bevin are for supporting the National government's policy; Mr. Lansbury is for disarmament by example; Sir Stafford Cripps is for opposition to rearmament by this government but he would support rearmament by a Labor government against the menace of fascism. I do not profess to understand the Bevin-Dalton attitude. Rearmament is meaningless except in terms of foreign policy. They do not know—nobody knows—what this government's foreign policy is. Logically their support, both at home and abroad, may lead them into far-reaching co-operation with Mr. Baldwin for ends and methods that might split the labor movement from top to bottom. I agree with Sir Stafford Cripps that the party ought not, on any issue of policy, to trust this government. If they manage to maintain peace, it will involve some kind of accommodation with Hitler and Mussolini. If they stumble into war, their war will be an imperialist war, for it is with British imperialist interests that they are alone concerned. The Bevin-Dalton line, in a word, leads straight back to Labor's fatal choice of 1914. It leaves the National government to make the running and deprives Labor of a clear alternative policy. Sir Stafford Cripps is right in insisting that, if fascism chooses to gamble on war, only a Labor government would wage that war for working-class ends.

The party, I have said, has not really made its choice between socialism and social reform. That is the *damnosa hereditas* of Ramsay MacDonald's long association with the Labor Party. Either it must start with the assumption that the class war is real, that the state is the instrument of the owners of property, that the business of a Socialist government is socialism; or it must seek to operate the capitalist system as best it can, extracting from it the maximum concessions the employers can be persuaded to give. Sir Stafford Cripps sees, quite rightly, that the first policy demands the united front. The trade unions frankly fear it, because they think it might mean a fascist phase; they prefer the decadence of liberal capitalism, with the forms of political democracy, to the risk of the abandonment by the Tories of constitutional methods after a Labor victory. So the party says nothing about the presence of Sir Walter Citrine on the same platform as Mr. Churchill—who is really not a Socialist—though there is talk of expelling Sir Stafford Cripps for appearing on the same platform as Harry Pollett—who really is a Socialist. For the machine at Transport House Sir

Stafford has become the *enfant terrible* of the party. He talks Marxism with an English accent. He frightens the timid supporters of Labor. He has wide support among the intellectuals of the party. He has better meetings than any of his critics. His policy requires more courage, more incisiveness, and more realism than they like. It may even postpone an electoral victory while the voters get accustomed to its stark implications. Will the executive summon up courage enough to expel Sir Stafford and his followers?

On the whole, I think not. Sir Stafford would not go alone. His expulsion would deprive the party of one of the half-dozen figures in the movement with a national appeal. It would imply the frank abandonment of a really Socialist policy. It would sharpen all the differences within the party to a point utterly destructive of its hold on the masses. It would leave in command of policy the men who are unprepared for risks, who are largely responsible for 1931 and 1935, who cannot persuade the electorate to see any permanent distinction between social reform of the Baldwin variety and social reform of the Labor brand. The only difference between them lies in the belief of how much can be extracted from capitalism. It would make the splits in the left permanent—a policy that always maintains the right in power. I may be wrong in my prophecy, for there are undoubtedly in the movement forces which, both on personal and on doctrinal grounds, find the left generally an embarrassment. Comfortable trade-union officials, liberals who have joined the party without ever changing their views, pushing middle-class intellectuals who want to be in the Cabinet as quickly as possible, these may demand Sir Stafford's head on a charger. But the day they get it will mark the end of the hope of most of us that this generation may still see in England a great forward move toward socialism.

Of the organizational difficulties within the party this is hardly the place to speak. They are above all connected with the technique of representation in the direction of the party. They turn on the question of whether the executive is, effectively, to be determined in composition by the trade unions—which use the seats there as consolation prizes for men who do not get elected to the Trade Union Congress General Council—or whether the local labor parties, which do the real daily work of the party, are to have their proper share of government. At bottom, discontent with the system of governing the party represents discontent with the policy for which it stands. The simple fact is that by and large the masses are well in advance of their leaders. In the present constitution of the party they have no effective opportunity of making their voice felt. The masses have their eye on socialism; the members of the executive, with a few individual exceptions, have their eye on the next general election. The executive still thinks that discretion is the better part of valor. I wish it had courage enough and knowledge enough to see that it is this kind of discretion that made Ramsay MacDonald the colleague of Stanley Baldwin. Genuflection to the fears of the capitalist has never been the high road to socialism.

Death in the Air

BY ROBERT W. HORTON

AN EXPERIENCED air-line pilot, writing to a friend recently about the tragic death of a colleague said: "It is too damn bad but doubtless — was pushing too hard. When yours truly runs into tough weather he's going to turn around and go back and set down in the first emergency field he finds." That is the spirit of the old "contact" flier—the man who piloted planes before instruments made the United States the leading nation in blind and night air-line operation. In the old days pilots took off only when they could see the ground beneath them.

No one would argue for a return to the horse-and-buggy days of aviation, but there is no doubt that instrument flying has created new perils of its own. Pilots are naturally inclined to put faith in their delicate instruments even though they know them to be fallible. Were some of the dead to speak they would testify that one or another of those instruments was more unreliable than their own guess would have been. This is illustrated, to a degree, by the Senate Commerce Committee's report on the Cutting crash. This report said that Pilot Bolton "was the victim of fallible ground aids to navigation in which he trusted implicitly."

Another aspect of the problem was discussed by the pilot quoted above. He was not discounting the value of instruments but merely being realistic when he said: "Flying as it is done today on your air lines in bad weather is 90 per cent guesswork. The pilot guesses his land speed, he guesses his drift, he guesses his wind speed and its direction, and in turn radios the ground his guess as to where he is."

Weather is, without question, the most vital element in modern aerial navigation. It is almost the only thing about which investigators can get definite information in seeking the reasons why a particular accident occurred. Given bad weather, a reasonable solution may be predicated. Still, it might have been something else. Aviation, unlike other forms of transportation, leaves little at the scene of a disaster to explain its cause.

Safety in aviation is the primary concern of the Bureau of Air Commerce of the Department of Commerce, and when, as in the Cutting crash, ground aids prove fallible, much of the responsibility must rest upon that strange subdivision of the federal government. Yet this vital bureau is a political pasture for Daniel Calhoun Roper, evangelistic Secretary of Commerce, and his hand-cultivated assistant, Colonel J. Monroe Johnson.

When Secretary Roper set up the present Bureau of Air Commerce, he performed an operation apparently unique in government. He gave the bureau three heads, but none was head man. As one distressed Senator characterized the gesture, Roper tossed three cocks into the ring, ap-

parently letting the longest spurs determine the winner—if any. Those familiar with the circumstances were not surprised at the bureau's rapid deterioration.

The storm broke on May 6, 1935. Just before dawn that day, in a pea-soup fog, the great Douglas DC-2 of Transcontinental and Western Air Express, carrying, among others, Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico, was flying only a few feet above ground in a gully 792 feet long and 300 feet wide near Kirksville, Missouri. A wing scraped the earth, upsetting the plane's equilibrium. Still Pilot Bolton might have pulled out had not a rise suddenly appeared a few yards ahead of the plane's nose. Reconstructing the last moments of this unhappy flight, the report to the Senate said: "But the upgrade beyond was too much. Fate, not Bolton, now held the stick. He landed creditably under the circumstances, but the inevitable happened—some of his passengers were killed and others fatally injured."

In memoriam to Bolton, I quote the following from that same report. I trust it may be graven upon the conscience of those, whoever they may be, who share the responsibility for the tragedy. "Bolton himself, mortally wounded and bleeding profusely, displayed such nerve and coolness in the few minutes that followed that no one could possibly allege carelessness, lack of loyalty to duty, selfishness, or a character that would shirk or under any circumstances disobey the law of tradition. Uncomplainingly he told everyone who asked him what had happened, that he was 'out of gas,' an expression the schools teach a pilot to say when he is forced down. Bolton was low on gas—too low to venture up again into the overcast, which would have meant another time-consuming orientation, but he did not whimper even though he knew he had been 'let down' in trying to land." Then came the often-repeated sentence: "He was the victim of fallible ground aids to navigation in which he trusted implicitly."

Why was Pilot Bolton "let down"? It is a long, complicated, and technical story which I can only summarize briefly here. But it illustrates clearly, I think, why, given the present administration of air safety, there must be blood on the wings.

First, consider the plane and its equipment. It was one of the best types in air-line service. Its operators—Transcontinental—have contributed substantially to the development of safety aids in aerial navigation. The plane was carrying an automatic pilot based on the gyroscope principle which keeps the plane level in flight and relieves the pilot of considerable strain. It had a controllable pitch propeller; a two-way radio; an artificial horizon, particularly valuable in showing the pilot just how much he is diving, banking, or climbing; a rate-of-climb

indicator to improve his guess as to how rapidly he is descending in feet per minute; a directional gyro which the pilot sets on the course he plans to fly and from which he gets, theoretically at least, exact and continuous readings on his course; a sensitive altimeter that is supposed to record descent to within ten feet of accuracy; equipment to keep ice from forming on wing edges; landing flaps which act as brakes, and various other gadgets designed to assure maximum safety of operation. Yet Pilot Bolton was "let down."

He had intended to land at Kansas City. Pilot J. D. Groves took off just ahead of Bolton at Albuquerque on the first section of the fatal flight. He barely made his Kansas City landing. The ceiling was falling much faster than the erroneous weather reports showed. As he came in on the radio beam through the mist, the beam was suddenly cut off so the Commerce Department could broadcast a weather report in which Groves was not at all interested. He wheeled and headed back to come in again, and once more the same thing happened. Groves had to make two approaches to the field on instruments before the radio beam returned to continuous operation, though he had requested some miles out of Kansas City that it be not cut off until he landed. Bolton came through the fog a few minutes later. The ceiling by then was too low for him to follow Groves in. He was directed to go on to Kirksville.

To summarize again. Bolton expected the northeast leg of the Kansas City radio range to be sufficiently dependable to carry him to Kirksville. He also was justified in expecting normal operation of the Commerce Department's radio station at Kirksville. Finally he counted on spotting the three rotating beacons along the last twenty miles of the run to Kirksville. The Senate Commerce Committee reported that "all three failed him," and all three were operated by the Department of Commerce. The northeast range was off course; the Kirksville radio was not operating properly because of faulty inspection; and the three radio beacons had been reduced from 1,000 watts to 500, which detracted substantially from their efficiency in penetrating fog. Thorough investigation of these circumstances moved the Senate committee to remark that "no more is needed to prove a case of government negligence, to put it mildly." That, in short, was the Cutting crash.

It was not unique in so far as the Department of Commerce was involved. Suspicion also attaches to the crack-up that killed Martin Johnson, noted explorer, near Los Angeles on January 12. The cause of that crash is at this writing unknown. However, it is interesting to recall that late last year another Western Air Express pilot reported that on the Salt Lake City-Los Angeles run "one failure of radio range has resulted in a dangerous situation. Trying to get into Union Air Terminal [the destination of the Johnson plane] at Burbank, California, ceiling over 1,200 feet, visibility four miles at night, came over on top with intention of working a problem of the Van Nuys radio range. After milling about for an hour and unable to get any signals from the Van Nuys range, was forced to return to Palmdale, California, in-

intermediate field, because of gasoline shortage." This pilot discovered that the Van Nuys range was sending out improper signals. He added: "Dependability of operation same as two years ago. Stability of course worse."

There are other instances of something wrong on the ground. There are instances, too, of something wrong in the air. Competition leads to risks in the face of bad weather. Impatient passengers press the pilot to go on, take a chance against his better judgment. The air lines are by no means innocent of practices which apparently can only be eliminated by a tough-minded government. But if past experience is any indication there is no hope in Roper or his gang in the Commerce Department. After the Martin Johnson crash Colonel Johnson called the newspapermen in and made a great show of "taking action," and issuing new regulations. But such gestures have not been the answer in the past and there is no reason to believe they can be now.

"The Senate Commerce Committee's report, ignored by Roper for seven months, said plainly: "We wish we could be spared this necessity, but we strongly recommend to the Secretary of Commerce that he thoroughly overhaul the Bureau of Air Commerce with a view to improving its administrative officials. . . . Until there is greater firmness, greater experience with men, larger knowledge of the problems involved, there can be no hope of improvement in the Bureau of Air Commerce." The bureau's administration is in the hands of Eugene Vidal, now known nominally as the director. Of him the committee said: "He is an amiable gentleman. He has a good background. Our fear is that he is too amiable, that he is lacking in iron, positiveness, and the determination to keep the employees under his direction functioning according to schedule."

Of Vidal's principal competitor for place, the very fierce-looking Rex Martin, in whose custody reposes the air-navigation division, the report said: "We question the professional equipment and preparation of Mr. Rex Martin. A man of much larger experience is needed for this position. He must be chosen not with reference to his political affiliations but strictly because of his professional ability, his known success as an administrator, his possession of tact and leadership. These qualities are not combined in Mr. Martin." Colonel J. Carroll Cone, the third of Roper's triple threat in air commerce, "came through the ordeal without criticism."

As this is written, seven months after Mr. Roper was so gently reminded that he might conceivably have some responsibility for the blood on the wings, the Bureau of Air Commerce is still "administered" by these three gentlemen. And as the storm continues to gather on Capitol Hill with its lightning directed at Mr. Roper's head, a movement is under way to solve the whole problem by turning supervision and control of air lines over to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Senator Pat McCarran of Wyoming, in fact, has introduced a bill to this end. Meanwhile, Mr. Roper is flying blind into a storm which may ground him despite the accumulation of political instruments with which he has equipped himself during his long career in Washington politics.

Profile of General Motors

BY SAMUEL ROMER

WHEN sitdown strikes in five General Motors automobile and parts plants resulted in a practical paralysis of production operations and forced direct negotiations between national officers of both the corporation and the union, few of the workers involved realized that they were participating in the first important battle of a civil war which will largely determine the industrial progress of America during the next decade. For the attack on General Motors was basically an attack on one of the important sectors of Wall Street; other sectors are steel, oil, aluminum, and rubber. And the defense of the General Motors Corporation was the beginning of a nation-wide strategic defense in the coming struggle.

When the United Automobile Workers and the Committee for Industrial Organization with which the union is affiliated chose the automobile industry as their first base of operations, they did not pick a weak link in the national set-up of Wall Street. For G. M. is one of the giant corporations of America—its assets of \$1,268,532,025.85 being topped in the field of manufacturing enterprise only by those of the American Telephone and Telegraph and United States Steel. General Motors stands by itself in the automobile industry; its assessed value equals that of Ford, Chrysler, and Studebaker combined, with a few of the lesser shops thrown in for good measure. Ten years ago it challenged the invincible Ford and licked him. Fifty-five per cent of the nation's 320,000 automobile workers are located in the sixty-nine G. M. plants in the United States; thousands of others are bossed by G. M. throughout the world. G. M. manufactures and sells not only automobiles but household appliances, gasoline, airplanes, and even air rides.

It began its existence in 1908 with the goal of absolute domination of the industry. In the early hectic days, when every first-class mechanic who could raise a few thousand dollars opened his own plant, Wall Street took alarm at the spectacle of more than 600 competing firms. Ward, Hayden, and Satterlee (the latter a Morgan in-law), a New York law firm, began negotiations with Benjamin Briscoe of the Maxwell-Briscoe Company, an early pioneer, and William C. Durant, whose Buick then led the field, and suggested a meeting. They met, Briscoe later wrote, for "the purpose of having one big concern of such dominating influence in the automobile industry as, for instance, the United States Steel Corporation exercises in the steel industry, so that its very influence would prevent many of the abuses that we believed existed." The projected combination would have included the big four of that time—Buick, Ford, Reo, and Maxwell-Briscoe—with all checks countersigned by

Morgan. This plan fell through when the late Senator Couzens, acting for Ford, and R. E. Olds of Reo each demanded \$3,000,000 cash before they would enter the combination. The idea was then discarded; Morgan wasn't ready to spend \$6,000,000 to bottle-neck automobiles—it was too great a speculation!

Durant and Briscoe, aided by George W. Perkins, a Morgan partner, continued conferences on a further proposal to form International Motors—with the same object in view. But when Stetson, the Morgan attorney, accused Durant of double-crossing the others by privately purchasing stock during the conferences, the Buick manufacturer broke off negotiations and began the organization of his own holding company, the General Motors Company of New Jersey. He immediately set about to achieve domination of the industry: his first important act was to take an option on the Ford Motor Company for an \$8,000,000 sale price with \$2,000,000 cash as down payment. He was dealing with badly scared men in Henry Ford and James Couzens—the Selden patent decision had just been handed down and it spelled ruin for those manufacturers who, like Ford, wouldn't play ball with the rest of the crowd. But if Ford and Couzens were scared, they still retained enough of their business acumen to demand a 25 per cent down payment. Durant couldn't raise the money and Ford continued making automobiles.

But there were many manufacturers, large and small, who weren't worried about the cash—and these Durant bought by giving them huge blocks of stock. In two years G. M. had the entire or controlling interest in twenty automobile and parts plants and was producing ten makes—21 per cent of the entire United States output. Durant ran wild in his expansion; his exaggerated stock issues and "gifts" of huge blocks of promotion stocks to friendly executives created whispers of "water." He was running heavily in debt to suppliers and commercial banks without the liquid capital to balance. A final inexplicable flier in the worthless stock of the Heany Lamp Company for \$7,000,000 completed the rout, and late in 1910 the Wall Street wolves closed in on their prey.

For a \$15,000,000 debt refunding, a syndicate headed by Lee, Higginson and Company and the J. and W. Seligman and Company forced Durant to agree to voting-trust control of the corporation, with the bankers retaining four of the five votes of the trust. Durant was through—two years after he had founded G. M. with grandiose hopes.

There is something likable about Durant. For one thing, he is one of the few who didn't come from Wall Street to run the industry; instead he came from the

industry to run Wall Street ragged during the boom years of the twenties. Although he later became known, thanks to the *American Magazine*, as one of the Wall Street bulls, he always had an open contempt for the vested crowd and delighted in beating them at their own game. From them he learned the technique of the double-cross, and he applied it to them with a vengeance. That today he is a beaten man is a tribute to the power of organization; that it took "the crowd" more than two decades to beat him is a tribute to his shrewdness and pugnacity.

When he was forced out in 1910 he scornfully disdained to ride along while the bankers took the wheel. Even as the reorganization of G. M. was begun, and by a stroke of a pen five of the less profitable makes were eliminated, Durant set about organizing the Chevrolet Motor Company. In New York he met John J. Raskob, secretary to Pierre S. du Pont, who was seeking a market for the stupendous war profits of the munitions concern. Durant talked; Raskob became convinced. Together with Louis G. Kaufman, an independent New York banker and capitalist, they paved the road for Durant's return by buying General Motors stock on the open market.

Legend has it that on October 1, 1915, when the voting-trust agreement expired, the anti-Durant conspirators were startled by the entrance of their foe into the G. M. conference room. Slowly, confidently he walked to the head of the table and flinging down his proxies declared, "Gentlemen, I control." Legend, as usual, is probably wrong in the exact details of the proceedings, but the story undoubtedly expresses Durant's feeling when he regained domination of G. M. Durant was again king—even if the du Ponts were parliament. A last-minute attempt by the

anti-Durant block to mobilize the stockholders was of no avail; after a weak fight Charles W. Nash, who had built up the net income from \$2,474,177 in 1910 to more than ten times that in 1915, sought new fields to conquer and subsequently began Nash Motors. Durant was again running the works—subject to the qualified control of the du Ponts. He was later to discover that he had jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

Things ran smoothly for a while. In 1919 G. M. acquired 60 per cent interest in Fisher Body; later it made the latter a unit of its empire. (As an example of the complete victory of finance over manufacturing in G. M. control, Fisher Body is almost perfect. There were seven Fisher brothers at the time of the merger; today only two are left on the G. M. board of directors—and they don't say much.) In 1919 a 1,000 per cent stock dividend was declared for all shareholders, and a tremendous debenture stock issue of more than \$217,000,000 was ordered. The issue was undersubscribed, however, and when Durant used his entire personal fortune to try and bolster the falling market of 1921—G. M. shares fell from \$376 in March to \$13.25 in December—the du Ponts decided that they were through playing with the automobile magnate. Along with Morgan they closed in; and Durant was again through. The du Ponts still were parliament, but Morgan was now king.

Today Lamont du Pont, president of du Pont de Nemours, is chairman of the board; Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., who rode in on Pierre du Pont's coat tails in 1920 as operating vice-president, succeeded Pierre as president in 1923. Other du Pont men on the board of thirty-five are three more du Ponts, Donaldson Brown, a du Pont in-law who acts as riding boss in his capacity as chairman of the powerful

In 1935 the 350 officers, directors, and managers of General Motors received an aggregate reward of \$10,000,000 in salaries, bonuses, and commissions. This represented, for eleven executives, an increase in "wages" of from 50 to 100 per cent over 1934. In the same period General Motors granted a 5 per cent increase in the hourly rate of its wage workers. We print below a list of the twenty-seven executives who received more than \$50,000 in 1935. Figures are taken from government reports and from the statements of the corporation as reported in the New York Times.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President	\$374,505
William S. Knudsen, Executive Vice-President	325,869
Donaldson Brown, Chairman Finance Committee	249,862
John L. Pratt, Vice-President	249,862
John T. Smith, General Counsel	245,437
William A. Fisher, Vice-President	224,107
Edward F. Fisher, General Manager Fisher Body Division	221,347
Charles F. Kettering, Director Research Laboratories	216,036
James D. Mooney, Vice-President	205,543
Richard H. Grant, Vice-President	203,478
Albert Bradley, Vice-President	190,091
Ormand E. Hunt, Vice-President	190,041
Charles E. Wilson, Vice-President	189,991
Marvin E. Coyle, General Manager	133,670
John J. Schurmann, Jr., President, General Motors Acceptance Corporation	119,018
B. C. Place, Salesman Engineer	92,298
Elmer G. Biechler, President, Frigidaire	84,745
Frederick C. Kraeger, General Manager, Delco-Remy Division	84,424
Lewis D. Curtice, President, Buick Division	81,260
Charles L. McCuen, President, Olds Division	81,099
Stephen M. Du Brue, Director, Art and Color Section	77,768
Thomas P. Archer, Vice-President	69,144
James M. Crawford, Chief Engineer, Chevrolet Division	68,375
Floyd O. Tanner, Executive Manufacturing Staff	58,287
Ernest W. Proctor, Comptroller	52,754
John J. Carter, Olds Division	52,325
David E. Ralston, Olds Motor Works	51,437
Grand Total	\$4,192,773

finance committee; Walter S. Carpenter, Jr., and Raskob. Morgan is represented by Junius S. himself, George F. Baker, Owen D. Young, Clarence M. Woolley, George Whitney, and Seward Prosser. Seven du Ponts and four Morgans sit on the finance committee of fourteen. Other interesting members of the board are Sir Harry McGowan of the Imperial Chemical Industries of England (the British du Ponts), Fritz Opel of the Adam Opel A. G. of Russelsheim, Germany, and Arthur B. Purvis and R. Samuel McLaughlin of Canadian Industries. A cross-section of the interlocking directorates (229 seats) represented on the G. M. board would make even Mrs. Dillon quail.

General Motors began as a holding company but it soon became an operating enterprise. Its affiliates are divided into the following groups: eight passenger and commercial car companies with eighteen plants, twenty body and parts companies with thirty-seven plants, a national service company, Delco Appliance and Frigidaire, two airplane plants, Eastern, Western, and Transcontinental air lines, Ethyl gasoline, four members of its own financial group, four real-estate corporations, three research companies, and an impressive worldwide network of sales and assembly companies. The corporation has never passed a dividend since 1916—when Durant returned to power; before that time it reinvested in itself its entire net income. Even in 1932, when it operated at an enormous deficit, it paid dividends of \$53,993,330 from its surplus. In 1934 it divided a \$64,-443,490 melon; in 1935 its net income of \$167,226,510 was exceeded in its enormity only by its 1926 to 1929 incomes. (It is in comparison with these figures that the importance of the 1936 bonus of \$10,000,000 can be measured.) Its officials rank among the highest-paid men in the country, and their salaries are supplemented by dividends and generous bonuses. From the \$348,-841,524 invested in the corporation since its formation, G. M. paid cash dividends of \$1,299,700,081 through 1935, part of the net income for that year of \$2,031,-044,988.

But although G. M. has been more than generous with the top layers, ordinary workers have received an average yearly wage of \$1,525, according to the 1935 report. This figure is, of course, too high—it includes the non-automobile worker and the highly skilled craftsman along with the men on the assembly line and at the punch presses. Independent reports have established something under \$900 as closer to the annual wage of the average automobile worker. G. M. has been no shining exception to the rule in the automobile industry that "high wages" may be a fine-sounding slogan to sell cars but nothing to worry about in actual manufacturing operation. G. M. boasts of the wide diffusion of its stock ownership: there are 337,218 share-holders, the financial report declares. But nearly half of these, or about 140,000, hold ten shares or less. The du Ponts themselves hold only about 10 per cent of the stock, but nevertheless retain control by pyramiding their holdings into nearly 33 per cent.

G. M. has followed the orthodox tradition of the

automobile barons in its dealings with its employees. The men, even their private lives, are considered company property. Its espionage organization is almost as highly developed as the feared Ford service; cities like Flint and Pontiac—and Detroit—are completely under its thumb. Long before the notorious Black Legion appeared in the down-river Ford area, G. M. workers in Pontiac dreaded the "Bullet Club," a secret political organization whose officials practically displaced the formal employment agencies in hiring and firing.

The importance of the skirmish victory won by the union when the corporation agreed to meet with the union officers in an effort to settle the strike may well be overemphasized. G. M. has always followed a flexible policy in its labor relations. Even during the open-shop heyday of 1922-25, when its executives boasted that not a union man worked in their plants, unions were tolerated in the highly skilled crafts, such as the metal polishers, and verbal agreements were often reached. G. M. shapes its labor policy in relation to the question of nuisance value; it has not hesitated to meet and bargain with groups when it would have been expensive to do otherwise. With production almost completely shut off by the sitdowns, while Ford and Plymouth sales are reaching top marks, G. M. may well decide that a temporary settlement is its best strategy. But such a settlement will decide nothing in the larger battle; it will only mark a truce as both sides prepare for the next drive.

Bernard De Voto and Kitty Smith

BY FLOYD DELL

BERNARD DE VOTO, who conducts the Easy Chair department in *Harper's Monthly*, has apparently been unable to resist the temptation to expand himself into the papal void left by the recent collapse of H. L. Mencken. De Voto has been getting more and more pontifical about America every month. America is the way it is, one gathers from De Voto's pronouncements. And it is that way *because* that is the way it is. *Consequently*, it is better that way than it would be any other way. I think that is the De Voto philosophy of Americanism in a nutshell.

I myself have been inclined to agree with some of his opinions. Thus I should probably have thought that schoolmarms in small towns cannot expect to be allowed to smoke cigarettes, drink cocktails, or wear shorts in public. But when De Voto pompously rebukes these errant schoolmarms in the name of "social integration," I abruptly realize that this is merely Ku Klux Klan talk.

A change sufficient to make Caribou accept Chicago's morality for teachers would mean that *beliefs essential to the vigor of the whole* had lost their vitality. When Kitty Smith can smoke a cigarette, drink a cocktail, or wear shorts on the corner of Fifth and Spring unre-

buked by her superintendent, the *social integration that is the health of Caribou and, therefore, of the nation, will be gone* [italics mine].*

It is my own impression that such a change is now going on in small towns all over the country. I should not be surprised if in ten years or even less time Kitty the schoolmarm could smoke, drink cocktails, or wear shorts in Caribou without being in any danger whatever of losing her job. Personally I am for Kitty the brash young schoolmarm. De Voto, however, warns us that if Kitty wins out, the "social integration that is the health of Caribou and, therefore, of the nation, will be gone." These are strong words. Manners and morals have changed in the last quarter-century. We men folks descended from the lofty plane of social integration represented by the quid and the spittoon to the moral anarchy of the unmanly cigarette. And now nice girls in Caribou smoke cigarettes, and respectable matrons learned back in boom times to drink cocktails at the Caribou Country Club. But obviously it does not devolve upon ordinary people to maintain "the social integration that is the health of Caribou and, therefore, of the nation." It is our school teachers who, according to the De Voto philosophy, have the high and holy task of upholding our "social integration." They perform it by consenting to be—or pretending to be—purer than other people.

So far this is Vestal Virgin stuff, and is rapidly passing out of date. Schoolmarms have in various parts of the country fought for and won the right to marry and hold their jobs. Yet chastity is the very nubbin of the question of the right of schoolmarms to smoke cigarettes, drink cocktails, and neck in parked cars—an indulgence which De Voto also mentions as forbidden to Kitty the schoolmarm in Caribou. These practices were once the outward and visible signs of a probable or possible loss of female virginity. However, public ideas have changed so much, even in Caribou, that these standards are no longer applied to females in general, just to schoolmarms. Why? Can it be that there is some other aspect of our "social integration" that is endangered by the independence of our young schoolmarms? Is all this fuss really just about Kitty's cigarettes, her cocktails, her shorts, and her necking?

De Voto's article is a commentary upon the report of the Commission of Social Studies of the American Historical Association. This report shows that the freedom of our school teachers is curtailed in various ways by school authorities. It appears that Kitty has to conform to the political as well as the moral opinions held by the best people of Caribou. In De Voto's words:

On Armistice Day, pleasantly recalling the handsome face of John Strachey, who lectured at Michigan last year, she refuses to buy a poppy from ■ buddy; the fervor thus reawakened leads her to tell the fifth grade that world peace would be wonderful, information which reaches the Adjutant of the American Legion post through a son who is doing badly in arithmetic. The superintendent of the Caribou schools now summons Kitty and forbids her to teach communism;

he also instructs her not to wear chiffon stockings to school, and as circuitously as possible tells her to put on a brassiere. By February she is nervously aware that the whole Eastern Star is gossiping about her.

Thus we are given to understand by De Voto that the current tendency of American school teachers to think for themselves on political and social subjects is a form of tactlessness which would inevitably irritate any community and is naturally open to official rebuke.

The restrictions upon school teachers are many, and apparently both tyrannical and absurd. "It looks pretty bad," says De Voto, who continues: "But let us not too hastily denounce Caribou. And let us not assail it with too hasty a use of the word freedom." Why not? Because, according to De Voto, "freedom is neither a syllogism nor an entity, and the problem of freedom is not simple but infinitely complex and infinitely contingent."

That should go a long way to console Kitty and the other teachers who thought they had lost their freedom. "Caribou," he says solemnly, "is enforcing on Kitty Smith a special morality that comes from the relationship of its energies to one another." This makes everything all right. The relationship of Caribou's energies to one another just naturally makes Kitty Smith the goat, and gives the American school system into the hands of the American Legion. Above all, we should "not too hastily denounce Caribou," because freedom is "neither a syllogism nor an absolute nor an entity," but just something that American school teachers haven't got.

If Kitty the schoolmarm is allowed to smoke cigarettes or to refuse to buy a poppy on Armistice Day or to mention world peace to her fifth-grade pupils or to exercise her rights as a citizen in having opinions of her own, hell may pop. In De Voto's choicer language, "The disequilibrium so created would swing us out of the orbit so far that all kinds of freedom would be in danger."

He lets it go at that. Maybe we shall go Communist if Kitty the Caribou schoolmarm is allowed to smoke cigarettes and talk pacifism. Maybe we shall turn to fascism so as to shut Kitty up and put her back in the kitchen. Something awful will happen if Caribou and the Ku Klux Klan capitulate to Kitty the schoolmarm. First the "social integration" of Caribou will collapse and then that of the nation. Will it stop there?

We must wait and see. And we probably shall see, because the teachers in Caribou and all the other towns of America are showing a disposition to fight for their rights. We may as well prepare for the worst.

Meanwhile these words of De Voto's are so sublime in their papal quality that I think they should be put in small capitals as on a tombstone:

WHEN KITTY SMITH CAN SMOKE A CIGARETTE,
DRINK A COCKTAIL, OR WEAR SHORTS ON THE
CORNER OF FIFTH AND SPRING UNREBUKED BY
HER SUPERINTENDENT, THE SOCIAL INTEGRATION
THAT IS THE HEALTH OF CARIBOU AND, THERE-
FORE, OF THE NATION WILL BE GONE.

Even without OR HAVE OPINIONS OF HER OWN, these words say quite enough. Heil De Voto!

* Mr. De Voto's article, *Tyranny at Longfellow School*, appeared in the January issue of *Harper's*.

The Age of American Man

BY GREGORY MASON

THE sensation of the annual conference of the American Anthropological Association held recently at Washington was the paper read by the retiring president, Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, declaring that man's occupation of America did not occur earlier than 2000 B. C. As Dr. Spinden said, his theory entails a "tremendous deflation" in the chronology of American man.

It is a deflation which will not be generally accepted. The tendency in anthropological circles during the past decade has been to attribute an increasing antiquity to man's occupation of America; successive discoveries, mainly in the Southwest, have left little doubt in the minds of most competent students that human life was in America in the Pleistocene period.

The most important of these discoveries relate to the so-called "Folsom man." A few years ago at Folsom, New Mexico, at a depth of from four to thirteen feet, dart heads of jasper and chalcedony were found in or among the skeletons of thirty bison of a species extinct since the Pleistocene closed. These darts, now on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History, have been estimated by Barnum Brown, the museum's Curator of Fossil Reptiles, to have been made from 15,000 to 20,000 years ago.

Human bones or artifacts have been found with remains of Pleistocene animals at several other points in the Southwest, the finds of Dr. Chester Stock at Bishop's Cap Mountain, New Mexico, and of Mark R. Harrington in Gypsum Cave, Nevada, being especially celebrated. Mr. Harrington found some 900 man-made articles under or in close association with fossilized remains of the extinct little ground sloth (*Nothrotherium Shastense Sinclair*).

Dr. Spinden can reconcile his theory of man's brief occupation of America with such discoveries as this of Mr. Harrington only by contending that the Pleistocene lasted much later in America than in the Old World. This contention has by no means been proved. Spinden's theory is based on evidence that Old World culture most resembling Amerindian was not in northern parts of the Old World much before 2000 B. C. And he finds that "a wide zone of the Old World, blocking the road to America, was itself unused by man until long after the last continental ice sheet of the Weichsel-Wisconsin glaciation had disappeared. . . . Now the portal to America for man and beast lies at 67° north latitude. We have, then, a no-proof barrier a thousand miles deep which stretches clear across the Old World." Spinden, obviously, assumes that man must have entered America from Asia, and by the Bering Straits or an adjacent northern route. These two assumptions are currently orthodox, of course, and are shared by anthropologists who believe

that man has been in America for 20,000 years or longer.

Anthropologists live in the midst of mysteries; they can prove almost nothing, they can only weigh evidence and compare possibilities—in this lie both the weakness and the charm of anthropology. Which is merely an introduction to the remark that, despite the deserved reputation for scholarship which Dr. Spinden enjoys, the majority of anthropologists will hardly follow him in the argument we have been discussing unless more evidence is forthcoming. Their reluctance to accept such a recent date as 2000 B. C. for the arrival of man in America is based largely on the complex and independent nature of American Indian agriculture and languages. These features of American agriculture and languages—often stressed by Dr. Spinden himself in his earlier writings—have convinced many experts that such dissimilarities to Old World agriculture and languages could not have been developed in anything like the short space of 3,900 years which Spinden now proposes.

The American Indian's agriculture, built around beans, squashes, and maize, or "Indian corn" (which some botanists have called the oldest cereal in the world), has given the modern world five-sevenths of all the vegetable products it uses. And when Columbus first sighted the Bahamas there were being spoken in America 150 languages, or more than were being spoken in all the rest of the world combined. Not one of these, moreover, has been found to bear any relation to Old World languages.

In his paper before the American Anthropological Association Dr. Spinden did not meet this agriculture-and-language difficulty. When I asked him about it afterward, he implied that he could not see it as an insuperable obstacle to the acceptance of his theory of the recency of America's occupation.

Few will be able to follow him in this, particularly as regards language, which is one of the most conservative elements in human culture. Could 150 languages have been brought to America since 2000 B. C. without fragments of some of them being left to survive in the Old World? Or could 150 languages have been developed in the New World in only 3,900 years?

Those who know Dr. Spinden may wonder if we have here the familiar and unhappy spectacle of a man growing conservative in middle age. In the past he has often been admired by the more open minds in science for the boldness of his theories. But even the "fundamentalists" in anthropology were shocked by the extreme conservatism of his retiring address. Let us hope he does not return all the way to the position of Dr. James Usher, who won the approval of seventeenth-century scientists with his dictum that the world was created in 4004 B. C.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THAT the Glenn Frank case is not yet ended and that it may drag on for some time is plain, particularly if the Wisconsin legislature should really make a thoroughgoing inquiry into the whole case. Unfortunately, the hearing given to Mr. Frank cannot be called a satisfactory one. It did give him his day in court and enable him to put in his defense, or as much of it as he was ready to offer. But it was not a trial, and the simple fact is that the regents voted on the pre-announced lines and removed the president by one vote as they had already decided to do. The specific charges made by the leader of those who stood with Governor La Follette were not voted upon, although they were formulated at considerable length by Mr. Wilkie and were sent, I assume, since I received a copy through the mail, to a good many persons. Probably we shall only get the final word when the American Association of University Presidents makes its report upon the case.

I think it will find that the bulk of the faculty had a personal liking for Glenn Frank but felt that the time had come for a change, principally on the correct ground that Mr. Frank is not a scholar or an academic leader who takes strong positions, not a man really fitted by training and taste for the headship of so great an institution. If they go into President Frank's handling of the salary cuts for which he was responsible, they will find that these cuts unfortunately bore down most heavily upon the teachers in the lower brackets and were shaded in favor of those in the higher brackets, at the top of which stood himself. The principle that the head of an institution should set the example when it comes to making sacrifices was not followed by Mr. Frank. If the university presidents can then throw real light upon the Governor's connection with the case, they will help a lot. At present there is a conflict of opinion on this subject. The editors of the *New York Times* stand behind their reporter's account that two regents testified that the Governor called them to his office and gave them a list of four names from which to choose the President's successor—at least they embody this in an editorial. This statement is challenged by others who were present at the hearing.

The Governor has given such excellent service to the state that I hope his future usefulness will not be impaired by proof that he did such a thing. I admit that any governor has the right to state publicly that he considers a given state-university president unfit, and I know that under the existing system in Wisconsin it is very hard for a governor so to act as not to be charged with playing politics with the university. I do not question that Governor La Follette conscientiously believes that Mr. Frank

has been a failure. My own position has been from the first that Mr. Frank was entitled to "the fullest statement of any charges brought against him and the opportunity to answer them before all the world," and that a rumored hasty ouster at a suddenly called meeting of the trustees ought to be prevented. This second objective was achieved, and the first also—to the limited extent stated above. Curiously enough, my appeal for fair play was interpreted as meaning that I approved of the retention of Mr. Frank. It is true that President Frank was given the opportunity to resign a year ago so that there would be no public airing of the dissatisfaction with him, but I respect him for having finally chosen to bring it out in the open. If I were in his position today I should be extremely unhappy that the allegations of failure to live up to his financial agreement and to end his public speaking and writing, and of extra and unnecessary expenses charged to the university in addition to his salary, have not been definitely adjudicated.

My third point, in a dispatch to the *Madison Capital-Times*, was a plea for sound and decent university administration in the future with politics eliminated. Here I should like to make some constructive suggestions. If the legislature views its task seriously and without partisanship, it should devise some plan for separating the governor, so far as possible, from the administration of the university. Let us hope that President Conant of Harvard will be asked to come out, as he has offered to, and, in his words, take up the "question of the proper relation of such a Board of Regents to the whole structure of the state government." (He added, "I cannot help feeling that the arrangements in the state of Wisconsin are not particularly happy in this regard and not such as to reassure those who may have grave doubts about the board during a crisis such as the present.") Professor Stephen Duggan writing in the *New York Times* has told of the admirable cooperation at Vassar among the board of trustees, the president, the faculty, the students, and the alumnae. Certainly some such scheme should be worked out at Madison. One admirable suggestion made to me is that the president's term should be for ten years only, with a straight salary and no perquisites, and with the possibility of reappointment. Next it seems that there should be some alumni representation upon the Board of Regents and that at least two professors should sit on the board, without vote, to present the faculty's view of administrative problems, these professors to serve for not more than two years. The modification of the relationship of the governor to the university is not so easy to think out, but men like President Conant should find a way.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A Word for Winter

BY D. S. SAVAGE

A grief of glaciers smashed my summer slowly
Cutting me off from source and sun
Fixing the tree trunks in a winter vice,
My landscape leveled to a snowflat scene.

Stumbling thin-shod I walked half winter through
An icefast earth with no birds calling.
The cold locked life within each frozen cell,
Anguish ingrown, isolation killing.

But winter-bounded I became winter-weaned
Inured, accustomed to the blood's slow tread
Ate winter's berries, built with ice a wall
For warmth and shelter, mapped the rough tracks I trod.

Now, master of this life that I have made
From snow and silence, fit, no longer loath
To leave, I bale the skins I trapped for trade,
Plan out my route, set compass for the South.

Surrealist Field Day

SURREALISM. By Julien Levy. New York: The Black Sun Press. \$3.

MR. LEVY'S book is an anthology of surrealist verse, prose, painting, and objects, printed on paper of five colors in emulation perhaps of Rimbaud's coloring of the vowels. In the prefatory essay surrealism is presented as a "point of view" related to Marxism and theosophy, psychoanalysis and Tibetan Yoga; it is also recommended as a delightful parlor game and a way of life applicable to almost every field, including politics and suicide. Mr. Levy's description of surrealist paintings as "having slight likeness to any object but nevertheless seeming to offer a sort of *essence* [his italics] of the spirit of the essence of an object," while unjust to the paintings, will serve as an adequate description of his own explanatory essay.

Although the surrealists decry abstract art as a rationalistic exercise with no future, they preserve its doctrines of absolutes, its subjective content, its ideas about pure and instinctive sources of creation independent of experience. Just as the abstract artists wished to limit art to supposedly basic, elemental forms, the surrealists turn to the hidden psychological roots of fantasy as the exclusive subject matter of art. For the surrealists the subconscious is itself an artistic world, a studio within the psyche, continually producing original images, symbols, metaphors, and dramas. Every man is a poet and painter in the dark, creating for his own inner contemplation; it requires the conscious action of the surrealist school—choice and skilful mediums of the subconscious—to bring this underground world to the surface.

The truth is, however, that by fantasy and the subconscious the surrealists mean only certain corners of these fields, the

ambiguous, the tormented and violent, and the sexually disturbing. They are not concerned with the subconscious in so far as it is the starting-point of practical and rational activities, but only in its morbid and bizarre aspects. The personal source of a revolutionary's devotion to his cause may lie, as is argued, in obscure conflicts with his father, but the surrealists, who talk much about the "service of the revolution," are far more interested in the uncontrolled grotesque images and symbols formed by such conflicts than in the ordered activity to which they had been indirectly transposed. The world of the subconscious is therefore not a source but a fulfilment, and in the degree that it exhibits disorder and inversion, traces of anxiety and obsession, it is idealized in contrast to the detestable regularity of everyday life. Revolution itself becomes a surrealist phenomenon, a mutilation and inversion of the existing order, in which the great subconscious force of the masses is released.

In the preceding styles distortions and dissections of the human being were bloodless; whatever their remote cause, they appeared to be intellectual adjustments to a scheme or to a set of formal conditions, or the unpremeditated results of a personal calligraphy. In recent surrealism these mutilations become phenomena of nature; the structural elements of the body are bones and not merely geometrical shapes; when a figure is unbalanced, rigid, or hypertrophied, it is supported by crutches, like a real cripple, or like the excavated statues in the museums. When it is cut at a joint, we see the bleeding and raw flesh of the extremity, minutely itemized in the painting, as if actually beheld at arm's length. But these gruesome realities of physical decay and mutilation, addressed to the experience of our own bodies, are never motivated by an action and suggest no consequences; they are projected as strange spectacles, a fantastic debris cast up by the storms within the artist's mind.

The theorizing surrealists believe that to appreciate their art no cultural preparation is needed, only an intuitive spirit responsive to universal and timeless "vital constants" (sex, death, space). The artist himself does not know the meaning of his picture, but the subconscious of the spectator leaps up to greet its fellow-subconscious in the surrealist work, just as in Plato's myth the soul imprisoned in the body recognizes its spiritual compatriot in the beauty of nature. A little reflection will show that the "symbols" of the subconscious are also historical objects which must affect different persons differently, and that the peculiarity of an individual work of art can hardly be grasped through such a generalized symbolism. The bicycles—and more recently the automobiles—in Dali's pictures can be dated, and the suggestiveness and formal aspect of his symbolism presuppose a current emotionality and modern social attitudes. This is admitted by the surrealists when they attempt, with the shadiest logic, to reconcile their theory with Marxism; for their art is described then as a terrifying Gorgon's head to petrify the bourgeois subconscious. On the one hand, surrealism pretends to liberate the individual from the fettering *rationality* of bourgeois life—the family, religion, the fatherland—by revealing to him a subconscious and irrational realm of freedom; on the other hand, it avowedly reflects in the most vivid form the decay of society and prepares the spectator psychologically

for the coming revolution. But today, as these poets and painters, who have created some memorable spooks, address themselves to a wider circle, especially in England and America, which experiences an economic improvement, surrealism becomes more aesthetic and ingratiating, shedding much of the horribleness of its depression iconography; and with the imminence of war and the actual outbreak of the struggle in Spain, which poses disturbing problems to the Spanish surrealists in Paris, the imaginary mutilations appear abstract, trivial, and evasive as well as artistically petty. The consciousness of alternatives in action at once creates new standards of seriousness, and like the abstract painters the surrealists have to concern themselves with the outcome of their present work, its adequacy for a new state of mind and burden of responsibilities. The anthology of Mr. Levy closes interestingly enough with an essay by G. Bachelard virtually announcing the death of surrealism through fusion on a higher plane with "surrationalism," which includes a "surlogic" and a "surempiricism." The argument is detached from any concrete field of application, being illustrated only by references to non-Euclidian geometry. It reduces itself finally to the familiar exhortation that the life of reason should be an adventure and not a routine.

MEYER SCHAPIRO

Defense of Democracy

"WE OR THEY"—*TWO WORLDS IN CONFLICT*. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

IN THIS admirable little book the editor of *Foreign Affairs* has most effectively restated the great problem now confronting the world—whether democracy will continue to exist or whether it will be everywhere supplanted by fascism or communism. If it is true that there is little new in his presentation of the problem, he has clothed it with charm, eloquence, freshness, and vigor. The book is an earnest appeal for the preservation of our American institutions and democracy everywhere, and coming from Mr. Armstrong it should penetrate to groups that are usually not reached by appeals for the retention of the fundamentals of American life—free speech, free press, free assembly, and intellectual liberty of every kind. The author is fearlessly outspoken in his attacks upon the dictators and their methods, and he is by no means ready to give up the democratic ship. He sees clearly that democracy has weapons in its armory with which to fight back, and he realizes that unless democracy fights it will lose. For, as he points out, the dictators are sworn to destroy democracy. It is "We or They," as Mussolini put it.

"It would be disastrous," he declares, "to think that devotion to liberal standards requires us to remain on the defensive against those who frankly announce that if once they can manage to secure power they will kill the democratic system of government that gave them their chance. Fascists and Communists so proclaim and have given proof that they mean it." He too, like the Civil Liberties Union, wishes to leave them the right to state their aims and make their arguments, but he would never let them organize their power. Truthfully he remarks that the right of assembly is not the right to wear uniforms and bear arms; and he is utterly opposed to those Americans who might be tempted to cooperate politically with demagogues and embryo dictators, believing, as did some of the business men in Germany, that they can use them and then later get the upper hand over them, which will

naturally not be the case. Mr. Armstrong is wrong, however, when he says that "freedom of speech and conscience does not mean the right to advocate the abolition of free speech and freedom of conscience." It certainly does. Wendell Phillips was far more nearly right when he declared that American freedom of speech meant the right to advocate violence up to the very point of committing violence. Whoever says, "I believe in free speech, but—" drives the first nail in the coffin of liberty. Nor can I share the author's belief that we must rush into collective security; unlike myself, he favored from the start our going into the League of Nations. Norman Thomas has correctly written that Mr. Armstrong fails to realize the relationship to the problem of national economic interests.

But his statement of the case is, on the whole, quite admirable. His quotations from the dictators are as apt and forceful as those from Thomas Jefferson, and he realizes that there must be a "general mobilization" of moral opinion against the dictators if we are to be saved. He is not for a preventive war because he knows that if war comes democracy will disappear while it is going on and that the dictators will triumph in the spiritual field while being beaten physically. He regrets the weakness of British and French leadership in the League and out of it. Finally, he sees that to advance democracy we must not only preserve our liberties but adjust our organic law and our machinery to the needs and changed conditions of modern times. Altogether the book is a thrilling treatise for all whose souls are conscious of the dire emergency in which we live, and as such it should have a very wide circulation. Indeed, I should like to make it required reading by the membership of all our chambers of commerce, merchants' associations, Daughters and Sons of the Revolution, and high-school and college students everywhere.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Embattled Tradition in Spain

BEHIND THE SPANISH BARRICADES. By John Langdon-Davies. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.75.

FROM the roof top upon which I sat last year writing "The Olive Field," looking up fifteen miles of the lovely Catalan coast, I could see the chapel upon the promontory of Sant Feliu de Guixols where Langdon-Davies lived. The experience which has enabled him to write this book was largely gathered in Sant Feliu. Thus it is that "Behind the Spanish Barricades" is a book of my own land. It is a song of my own land, a brave, passionate, and sensitive song, written out of truth and understanding. It is perhaps less of a war song than I should have written, yet it is strange how I, who am of the working class, have the same report to make as Langdon-Davies, who, I imagine, comes from another class.

One of the most striking things in this book is the author's understanding of the fact that today in Spain is being waged a battle of traditions, of an old and decadent myth against a new and creative myth. Elsewhere I have said that one of the most important political philosophies in Spain, and I mean anarchism, is itself religious in character. Mr. Langdon-Davies confirms this with his sustained and searching analysis of the minds of representative people whom he met during his recent visit to Spain. His book cannot fail to pose an important question: it has been claimed for the so-called Nationalists of the Franco faction (Italians, Germans, and Moors defending the soul of Spain!) that they are defending the great

Spanish tradition against the inroads of the alien barbarism of social revolution. What is the great Spanish tradition and who are defending it? Are the muleteers with their ancient songs, the peasants with their ancient field lore and their age-old aspirations, in the true Spanish tradition? Are those men, craftsmen whose hands have shaped through the centuries the things of daily need, the true defenders? When I read what Langdon-Davies reports and when I remember what I have seen in Spain during this conflict, I can only give one answer. If I search through the privacy of my own mind, using every scruple to reject all that comes from prejudice and instinctive passion, I can still only give one answer. The true Spanish tradition, the creative tradition, is in the keeping of those men who have gone out to battle, ill-armed, often literally unarmed, against the destructive machines of international fascism.

I have said that this is a courageous book. I mean that Mr. Langdon-Davies does not attempt to cover up the violence and the ugliness of civil war, or that part of its evil which has been committed by those on the people's side who, goaded to desperation, have passed beyond the limits of decorum. Churches have been burned, and it is wrong to burn churches. I myself have not burned any churches, though once I presided over a commission which had to decide which images were to be saved from the flames and which were to be burned. In the baptistry of that village church in the Pyrenees precisely one of the points which Mr. Langdon-Davies makes was made to me by an Anarchist militiaman. "This damned junk," he said and he pointed to the charred and tumbled mummery before the church, "is still *alive* in the minds of many of our people. Once perhaps, it comforted them; now it is just a lingering and shadowy fear." He told me a legend from his own town, Arenys de Mar. The people of Arenys commissioned a statue of the Virgin from a famous image maker of Palma de Mallorca. A tremendous storm arose soon after the statue-bearing ship had left Palma Bay, and not all the prayers and entreaties of the crew could secure divine help against the storm. Suddenly one of the seamen understood what had happened and rushing to the box in which the image was packed, turned it over, whereupon the storm went down. The Virgin had been laid face downward and to express her displeasure had raised the storm.

How charming, you say, a fine, dramatic medieval legend! No such thing. In Arenys the old women will tell you the date of that storm. It was 1861. Do you begin to see that there may be some truth in the Anarchist's statement; that minds whose imaginations are controlled by a culture of this type can never hope to live happily in a world which has placed new techniques and new responsibilities in people's hands?

It is not only the struggle in Catalonia and in the mines of Asturias which Mr. Langdon-Davies describes. He speaks with equal candor of what he saw in Madrid and Toledo. It is a story of simple courage and desperate faith, sometimes, too, of sad confusion and tragic blunder. I suppose my political convictions and my experiences differ from those of the author, but I can only say that to one who has spent many long years in Spain this book is wholly convincing; it rings as true as a well-made bell. Those who are hoping for propaganda, or fearing it, will be disappointed by "Behind the Spanish Barricades." It is hard to believe that any reader will finish this book without turning, in Mr. Langdon-Davies's words, "in humility to the humble folk of Spain—Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, who are groping in horror with their bare hands to save the light from flickering out."

RALPH BATES

Parnell's Career

PARNELL. By Joan Haslip. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.

EVEN as recently as the summer of 1934 there was a small group of young writers in a suburb of Dublin rereading the black-bordered columns of a newspaper dated October 7, 1891. That day brought to Ireland the news of Parnell's death, and that day marked the end of one period of civil war and opened another. It has taken nearly fifty years for Ireland to exorcise the ghost of Parnell's fame and scandal; and it is doubtful even today, after many years of starvation and bloodshed, whether Ireland has yet freed itself from the choice between two evils—a leader without principles or a set of principles without a leader.

Meanwhile Joan Haslip has written a life of Parnell that has all the virtues of the best narrative technique in modern biography. And when one recalls the confusion of controversial fact and legend which surrounds the dramatic climax of Parnell's career, her work seems nothing short of extraordinary. The peculiarity of Parnell's position in the history of nineteenth-century Ireland is that he was hero and villain rolled into one. He was one of those whom Carl Russell Fish used to call "a first-rate second-rate man." Miss Haslip cleverly suggests that there was a strain of insanity in his heritage, and from then onward by the graceful art of understatement she implies that Parnell was certainly neurotic. However true all this may be, a first-rate neurotic needs no apology; Parnell's great flaw was an inability to see his position in terms other than those of personal power. He had little or no capacity for abstract thinking: it was Michael Davitt who forced him to accept the few economic principles that his plans for a united Ireland contained. As mere leader of an opposition bloc in Parliament which under his direction controlled a balance of power between Liberal and Tory, Parnell displayed a military brilliance that may be compared to the tactics of our own General Grant in the decisive battles of the Civil War. But despite his hatred of the British Empire, it is doubtful if Parnell ever understood the strength of the economic forces aligned against him, and even as a master of parliamentary strategy, because of the very forces he could not understand, his brilliance in attack became a mere foil to Gladstone's superior skill in opportunist warfare. To anyone who has read "The Education of Henry Adams" Gladstone's hypocrisy in the Parnell affair seems of one piece with his general tactics in confusing issues to his own advantage. Surely Parnell's almost superstitious fear of Gladstone seems fully justified, for as opportunist against opportunist, Parnell read his own doom in the "Old Man's" friendly gaze, and in 1890, as he was riding to his fall, he said: "I gained nothing by meeting Mr. Gladstone. I was no match for him. He got more out of me than I ever got out of him."

As Miss Haslip tells her story of Parnell's life, the incident of his adulterous intimacy with Mrs. O'Shea assumes the proportions it deserves; Miss Haslip withholds no significant detail of the affair, but it becomes increasingly clear that the O'Shea episode falls into the consistent pattern of Parnell's life. Again Parnell's behavior followed the path of individual destiny with little regard for the emotions or moral prejudices of his people: that was a responsibility he neither understood nor welcomed. Even his closest followers were ignorant of what he planned beyond the moment, and despite his personal integrity he took on the appearance of a "blind man battering blind men." To those who wish a further understanding of the political cynicism which underlies "The

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Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," as well as the later poetry of W. B. Yeats, I strongly recommend Miss Haslip's "Parnell." The shadow of the man whom Michael Davitt called "a cold-blooded sensualist" still stalks the streets of Dublin, and in the near distance one still hears the roaring of machine-guns in civil war. Even De Valera's "peace" is the peace of dictatorship in "John Bull's other island."

HORACE GREGORY

New Novels

THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET. By Josephine Lawrence. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

MISS LAWRENCE writes in great detail about the ordinary lives of ordinary people. This time it is about the clerks and bosses in a none-too-successful real-estate office, each one of them plagued by the same devil—insufficient income. Money, says Miss Lawrence, is the root of all evil if you spend more than you earn, and most persons do. It is all very well for underpaid clerks to try to form a union, but the boss, in his way, is quite as hard up as his clerks are; and the twenty-five-dollar-a-week workers are not suffering much more than those who are paid twice as much. To prove her thesis Miss Lawrence is obliged to include such a litter of shiftless relatives, ill dependents, and extravagant wives as have rarely been brought together inside a book cover. And money in itself can be a dull subject when it is not a heavy, dragging one. Miss Lawrence might reread her Trollope to find out how to make it bright, fearful, and interesting. Meanwhile she has a keen eye and ear; her people are real; and their situations are often pitiful. What she needs is more variety and a touch of humor.

ROSE DEEPROSE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Sheila Kaye-Smith is earnest, too, but to more purpose. Her men and women are not hard black or white, wise or stupid, but have a blend of characteristics which make them seem human and credible. Rose Deeprose is by nature a farmer, by accident a wife, and as a mother a tragic and passionate failure. Her child is simple-minded; she can bear no other children. She devotes all her strength to cherishing and protecting the daughter whom her husband fears and loathes; out of very love she brings about her daughter's death. This is the material of tragedy and Miss Kaye-Smith manipulates it with considerable power. Her happy ending, however, is forced and irrelevant.

NAKED TO LAUGHTER. By Dorothy McCleary. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

The story of two sisters who loved too well and unwisely and who were both properly jilted for frankness and overgenerosity. Ruby is hearty, energetic, and capable; Mae is a poor, sniffing clinging vine. Each of them lost a man because she wanted him too much. As in her previous novel, "Not for Heaven," Miss McCleary is lively, explicit, and persuasive. Ruby is not the equal of Ma Bostwick in the former book, who loved pansies and manure equally well. But Ruby is a nice, cheerful woman and she should have had better luck; her little millinery shop is as homely and tangible as bread. And without being a tractarian like Miss Lawrence, Miss McCleary points a neat moral: Love 'Em but Don't Tell 'Em.

CAROLINE SMITH

Utopia Revisited

DENMARK—THE COOPERATIVE WAY. By Frederic C. Howe. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

MR. HOWE discovered the cooperative democracy of Denmark some fifteen years ago and described it in a book entitled "Denmark—A Cooperative Commonwealth Ruled by Farmers." This book has been out of print for many years. Now, because of the current interest in co-operation, particularly in the application of the cooperative principles in the Scandinavian countries, Mr. Howe has revisited Denmark and rewritten and enlarged his original report. This time he has called the book, "Denmark—The Cooperative Way," but it still remains the story of a country ruled by farmers. Although the rural population of 1,466,000 is slightly less than half of the total, Denmark is primarily an agricultural country; it has no valuable minerals, no great factory towns; its wealth is produced on the farms. The well-being of the nation, then, depends on the well-being of the farmers. For this reason the railroads of Denmark owned or subsidized by the government are operated at an annual loss; low freight rates for farm produce are assumed to be of greater importance to the welfare of all concerned than the amassing of profits.

But the farmers of Denmark by no means owe their present happy state to the government. They have created their little Utopia through cooperative effort. Ninety per cent of the farmers belong to cooperatives. Through these associations they market their butter, eggs, and bacon. In 1934 Danish farmers were receiving 63 cents of each dollar spent by the consumer for farm products; American farmers were receiving 38 cents—the remainder going to the middlemen. There is no meat trust. Instead of sending animals for slaughter half-way across the country and then shipping the dressed meat back to the point of origin, as we continue to do in the United States, the Danes operate local abattoirs, which are models of efficiency. By-products are fully utilized; operating costs are low. The distribution of eggs, butter, and cheese, for which the Danes are famous, is conducted in the same manner. Quality has improved; standards and grading have been developed; the prices received for farm products have increased.

Some fifty years ago the Danish farmer was ruled by monopolists. This control was broken by the cooperatives. Here, says Mr. Howe, is a pattern for American farmers to copy. Do we seek a solution for the growing farm tenancy in America? Then consider the Danish system, where tenancy has been reduced to 5 per cent. Do we wish to make of the United States an economic as well as a political democracy? Then let us attempt to understand the way in which Denmark has solved the problem.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Howe has merely presented a sketchy outline of the Danish social-insurance plan. Particularly at this time, when there is so much interest in the subject, he should have told us more concerning such matters as the Danish "sick clubs," unemployment insurance, and pension plans.

These, however, are only a part of the social security that the happy Danes have achieved for themselves. Through producers' cooperatives they have won not only economic but political power, trust in themselves and their government. The kingdom of Denmark Mr. Howe finds to be "a justification of democracy"—and of the cooperative movement.

RUTH BRINDZE

ON YOUR GUARD!
The PREVENTION and TREATMENT of SEX DISEASES
By CARL WARREN, B.A., B.S., M.S.J.
Foreword by M. J. EXNER, M.D.
Consulting Physician to the American Social Hygiene Assn.

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DRAMA

Realism and Spectacle

"BUT for the Grace of God" (Guild Theater) got a very mixed press, and it is not, to tell the truth, a very good play. On several counts it is, nevertheless, so much better than most of the dramas of social protest seen here during the last few years that it hardly deserves to be singled out or made to suffer for the sins of the genre to which it belongs. Many of the critics, I fancy, have got suddenly tired of "making allowances," and this particular piece has been chosen as scapegoat. Never having been myself inclined to tenderness toward worthy efforts in this particular direction I have nothing to make up for, and I am disposed in consequence to hold with some complacency that I can speak of "But for the Grace of God" with reasonable detachment.

The author is that Leopold Atlas whose sincere if somewhat uninspired play about divorce called "Wednesday's Child" got more than it deserved of critical approval. This time he has chosen as his subject a depression-ridden family and as his chief character a younger son who is driven into fatally amateurish crime when he finds that such honest work as he is able to obtain will not supply the needs of an ailing brother. Mr. Atlas's proletarians are rather more refined in their feelings than members of that class are usually represented to be by their more ardent defenders, but I do not find them less convincing for that, and except for the violence of the climax I find the whole tale credible enough. It is also very much to Mr. Atlas's credit that he does not, except perhaps again near the end, overstate his case or labor too insistently conclusions which are obvious enough from the situations themselves. Surely I am not the only one who has often found himself perversely resisting the argument of a dramatist merely because he labored his case with exasperating insistence, and I am certain that I accepted Mr. Atlas's conclusions the more readily for the very reason that most of the time he is willing to let me formulate them for myself. He seems to know that the case is too strong to require any stacking of the cards, and I, for one, am convinced. Perhaps it is a little hard to believe that this particular young man would actually have shot down his victim as brutally as he does, but that is a relatively minor matter. Mr. Atlas is right. When society sent its policemen to arrest the murderer, it was a bit too late.

In addition it must be admitted that several of the scenes—notably one in the woodworking shop, and another in the locker room of the police station—are realized with considerable force. The fact remains, nevertheless, that, however convincing the play may be, it is also fatally pedestrian and for the most part too easy to anticipate. Nor is truth—even if it happens to be sociological truth—enough to guarantee the success of a play, and there is no use in arguing that it ought to be. The more "unpleasant" the drama, the more necessary it is to compensate the audience in some way, and the moralist or reformer must accept the fact. If he will not or cannot entertain—in the broadest sense of the term—the public will choose someone who will and can. In states where the theater, like everything else, is a monopoly, one may say to the citizen, "Take this or nothing." In democracies like our own it is difficult to do people good against their will. And I for one still prefer the democracies.

After more than a year of postponements and the expenditure of more than \$400,000 the Reinhardt-Bel Geddes spectacle called "The Eternal Road" finally opened at the Manhattan Opera House. If by this time there is anyone who does not know that the text is by Franz Werfel and the music by Kurt Weil, then press agency is a lost art; but it may come to others as the same surprise that it came to me that this spectacle which one had given up the hope of seeing turns out to be quite genuinely magnificent.

The outline of the story is simplicity itself. A company of Jews has taken refuge in the synagogue from a mob. To pass the night of terror their rabbi suggests that they should remember their past, and while he reads from a scroll, major incidents of Bible history are acted out on a vast stage above and beyond them. At the end, a messenger arrives to announce their banishment, and the forlorn procession winds out across the area until then reserved for that history of which they now have become a part. The text, as translated by Ludwig Lewisohn, has a simple dignity, but while it is not lost in the spectacle it is, of course, subordinate. There are also at least two fine performances, one by Sam Jaffe as the eternal Adversary and another by Bertha Kunz-Baker, first as Sarah and then as Naomi. But it is the spectacle to which everything else is subservient and which demonstrates again that the reputations of Reinhardt and Bel Geddes are actually based upon a great deal more than the showmanship of the circuses. For one thing the crowds are never merely crowds, and no matter how complicated the groupings may be one never loses the sense of form and organization. For another, there is inexhaustible variety; so that spectacle, which ordinarily grows so quickly monotonous, seems continuously fresh. But most important of all is the mastery of space, the placing of figures in such a way as to emphasize that plasticity which painters have discovered to be, for some mysterious reason, one of the most exciting experiences which can reach us through the eye.

In derogation I have heard it said of "The Eternal Road" that "the movies do this sort of thing better." Nothing could be wider of the mark for the simple reason that such spectacles as this have no relation whatsoever to the realistic spectacles in which the moving picture excels. Nothing could, as a matter of fact, be less realistic. The ancestor of "The Eternal Road" is the medieval mystery play, and the method is the method of convention and symbol. What we see represented is not a person or an event. It is always an idea. And the measure of the art is the adequacy of a very special iconography.

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B. B.

THE *Nation*

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In Oklahoma organized medicine is being pushed about by the gathering forces of the farmer-cooperators. Dr. Shadid, friend of the farmers, who has established a practicable formula which might well serve as a model for a huge and extraordinarily valuable development of medical cooperation, may have his license revoked. But not if the farmers can prevent it! The author of our provocative series on medical politics, James Rorty, presents the case of Dr. Shadid from the point of view of one who firmly believes that national cooperative movements, labor, the farmers, and the medical profession will profit by socialized medicine.

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RECORDS

HIGH-FIDELITY or full-range recording, as I have mentioned before, is recording that gets in the high frequencies of the overtones that add quality to the sounds of lower frequency. Recent experience has taught me that for perfect reproduction the frequency range of record and phonograph must be the same—that there is such a thing as a record being of too high fidelity for a phonograph, and vice versa. Playing the new Musicraft recording of Mozart's String Quartet in B flat, Köchel 589, made by the Perole Quartet (two records, \$2.50), I was disturbed by a shrillness in the tone of the violin. This was on a superb Scott machine employing only its chief speaker at a frequency range up to 6,000 cycles; when the machine's auxiliary speakers for high-fidelity radio reception were added, extending the frequency range beyond the 8,000 cycles of the machine's Astatic "S" crystal pick-up, not only did the tone of the violin improve, but the quality of the other strings acquired greater brightness and life. Evidently, without the auxiliary speakers the overtones of high frequency had been blocked. But the auxiliary speakers had previously been disconnected for Victor and Columbia records because of their disadvantageous effect on the tone. It therefore seemed possible that Victor and Columbia, to insure good results on normally good machines, had been keeping their records within the frequency range of such machines, but that these Musicraft records were of such high fidelity that they lost something even on a machine with a frequency range up to 6,000. And when I inquired of Musicraft I was told that the company had in fact deliberated whether to make a record adapted to the limitations of the average machine or to make the best possible record—one with the highest possible frequency range; and that it had decided for the best possible record.

The result of this decision in the case of Musicraft's records of Bach's Italian Concerto by Ralph Kirkpatrick (two records, \$3.00) is harpsichord recording of amazing and unprecedented fidelity. Wanda Landowska's recent records of Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue are superb in style of performance and superb in sound—but in a sound that is altered by recording into something different from the true sound of the harpsichord. Musicraft gives this tone sound.

I cannot report on the quality of the Musicraft surface, for I played test pressings made on a special material. Kirkpatrick's playing is excellent; and the Perole Quartet gives a finely wrought performance of Mozart's quartet, which is here recorded for the first time, and which I think more of than others seem to do. No work of Mozart's as late as this one could be entirely without the quality of the marvelous Piano Concerto in B flat, Köchel 595, recorded by Schnabel, and the weaknesses of the quartet—to paraphrase Tovey's observation about Schubert—are relaxations of its powers.

Victor's outstanding January release is its single record (\$2) of Rossini's Overture to "The Italians in Algiers" made by Arturo Toscanini with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. On a recent Victor single (\$2) is superb playing by Horowitz, marvelously recorded, of Chopin's Mazurka Opus 50, No. 3, and Etudes Opus 10, Nos. 4 and 5. And on still another single (\$1.50) Marian Anderson wastes her talents on two songs of Sibelius: "Saf, Saf, Susa," and "Flicker Kom Ifran."

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Behind the Pan-American Front

Dear Sirs: Mr. Naft's article in *The Nation* of December 12 betrayed the lack of realism that one has come to expect in almost all discussions touching upon the acts of the Roosevelt Administration. Surely Mr. Naft has never read the correspondence and other documents bearing upon and leading up to the actual statement of the Monroe Doctrine or even Monroe's message to Congress of December 2, 1823. Otherwise he would not have said that "Roosevelt's idea of mutual protection is actually foreign to the original idea of Monroe." And he would never have said that the President's address in Buenos Aires "was a challenge against the implantation of European fascism and a warning to non-American nations to keep hands off this continent."

Mr. Naft assumes, and rests his case in the main upon this assumption, that the Americas are now open to military invasion from overseas. No conscientious military student, jealous of his good name, would lend his support to any such demonstrably absurd statement. Even in their most extravagant testimony, given before Congressional committees, the admirals and generals have never gone so far as to say flatly that this country stands in danger of invasion from abroad. They have insinuated as much, to be sure; for if that notion sinks in, military appropriations are bound to get bigger. But no admiral or general has dared to commit himself on the point.

Mr. Naft suggests, too, that Guam is needed to protect the Panama Canal. America could give Guam to Japan and the canal would have as much protection as it has today. Indeed, America will some day have to give up Guam, for that island cannot even protect itself. A better case might be made out for Hawaii, but the fact is, unfortunately, that Hawaii is being prepared for use as a base for offensive operations in the Pacific, not for defensive purposes. It is, however, in his suggestion that the submarine and airplane have made America vulnerable to attack from overseas that Mr. Naft makes his major error, for by this very suggestion he inferentially reveals that America is not open to such attack.

No territory anywhere can be conquered by submarines or airplanes. No territory anywhere can be conquered without the aid of a landing force or ground troops. And it is still a physical impossibility for any power, or combination of powers, to move across either ocean an expeditionary force large enough to make a successful landing and establish a base in the Americas. In fact, such an expedition (even if its destination were somewhere in the lower extremity of South America) would not be allowed to start unless the American fleet had first been wiped out, and if the American fleet remained in his own waters, a naval force at least twice its size would be required to wipe it out. Now if Mr. Naft had pointed to some new and revolutionary development in the shipping field that had rendered the American navy worthless and made it possible for any enemy to move a gigantic expeditionary force across three thousand miles or more of open sea, his thesis would at least have been plausible. But he chose to support his argument by pointing to two devices neither of which can possibly be regarded as a threat to American territorial integrity. With all apologies to Mr. Naft and to the press agents for certain American aviation firms, there is not in existence in any country today a single bombing plane that can fly under war conditions and with a full load of fuel and explosives a distance of three thousand miles, or even one thousand miles. Tales to the contrary are put out solely for military propaganda purposes. And even if one could fly across either ocean and bomb a target selected in advance, its mission would be pointless. The destruction it wrought would be purely wanton and would gain the enemy nothing.

Unless they have been completely misled, an assumption that cannot be credited, the governments represented at Buenos Aires know all this. They know that the purpose of that conference was not to form an American defensive alliance. They know, above all, that that is not the objective Messrs. Roosevelt and Hull have in view. Nor is "democracy" the real goal, nor yet "peace in the Americas." It is childish to speak of democracy in connection with the South American countries, when Colombia alone of these countries has anything re-

sembling a democratic government; when, as Mr. Naft himself concedes, most of these countries are governed by outright military or fascist dictatorships. No doubt the President and the Secretary of State would like to keep Latin America at peace, but it would be naive for either of them to suppose that another anti-war treaty would do the trick. After all, no less than twenty-six conventions, agreements, treaties, resolutions, and the like for the peaceful adjustment of disputes between the American states have been adopted at the various pan-American conferences since 1889.

Yet in this question of peace we come close to the heart of the matter. Peace is essential to the development and exploitation of markets. And it was to obtain a larger share of the South American market for the United States that Messrs. Roosevelt and Hull uttered high-flown phrases in Buenos Aires. They have a major goal and one or two minor objectives. With regard to the latter, they want to make sure of two things. First, they want it so arranged that when the United States gets into the coming imperialist war none of the South American republics will be found fighting on the other side. Second, they want to protect the sources of certain raw materials that America might need in that war. Meanwhile, of course, they want to see to it that, pending the entry of the United States into the next world war, the United States gets the trade that Europe and Asia must perforce abandon if the Americas, in consequence of the "new neutrality," isolate themselves at the beginning of that war.

But the major objective was to push England, Germany, and Japan out of the South American market in time of peace as well as in time of war as far as that can be done. That is the purpose, and the only purpose, of the so-called "good-neighbor" policy. It is but another example of that "peaceful economic penetration" to which modern imperialists everywhere are turning—so long as peace serves their purposes. If Mr. Roosevelt can persuade the South American countries that the United States has mended its ways, ought not these countries to reciprocate by buying more American goods? That at least is what they are expected to do.

But this does not mean that the United

States has renounced its "right" to intervene. It has renounced nothing. It will have the "right" to intervene so long as it possesses the power to do so. The very fact that it is maintaining armed forces far larger than it needs for genuine self-defense reveals that in the last analysis it intends to depend upon its armed strength in any matter involving its self-interest, or "national interest," whether in South America or elsewhere.

Behind the pan-American front? Peace? Democracy? Not at all. It is just the old American imperialism in a new false-face. And when it comes to a showdown the results will be no different from what they have been in the past.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Glenwood, Md., December 13

Free Speech in Ireland

Dear Sirs: While in Dublin recently I discovered that Sean O'Faolain, author of "A Nest of Simple Folk," "The Life Story of Eamon de Valera," and other works, was being detained in Drogheda jail for daring to speak in behalf of imprisoned Irishmen who had republican sentiments. No public charge has, so far as I am aware, been preferred against Mr. O'Faolain; neither has this most gifted of the younger Irish writers been given any trial. When I left the country

he was still in jail, having been arrested on November 29.

The news account that appeared in Mr. de Valera's newspaper, the *Irish Press*, on November 30 was a typical example of evasion and censorship such as is found in countries under dictators, and would leave the outside world totally ignorant of Mr. O'Faolain's continued imprisonment. It said:

A baton charge followed the arrest of one of the speakers at a meeting held at the Tholsel, Drogheda, last night. The meeting, which was addressed by speakers from Dublin, Dundalk, and Drogheda, was held "to protest against the detention of local republican prisoners." When it concluded and those in attendance were dispersing, one of the speakers whose name was announced as "O'Faolain" was apprehended at West Street and hustled into a waiting motor car by detectives and Gardai. . . .

I need hardly remind your readers that President de Valera, who today heads the Irish government and is responsible for this state of affairs, was himself a republican who actually took up arms not only against the British government (1916) but also against fellow-Irishmen (the Civil War) who did not see the republic from his point of view.



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BY ERNST HENRI**

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It is my sincere hope that the publication of this letter will lead to the forwarding of protests to the Irish government against the unjustified treatment being meted out today to such men as Mr. O'Faolain, for whose writings and opinions one must have the highest respect.

JOHN O'HARA HARTE
Philadelphia, January 6

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The Shape of Things

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JOHN L. LEWIS, ACCORDING TO THE PRESS, showed himself to be an incorrigible bully and a bad strategist when he reminded the President of labor's help in the election. According to this view Lewis put himself in a class with the tariff barons and other disreputable gentlemen who have demanded payment for political aid, and by so doing injured his prestige. According to another, sympathetic, view his manifesto was bound to turn away Roosevelt's support rather than enlist it. Paul Ward, on another page, gives cogent reasons for disagreeing with both views. Obviously one cannot make a final judgment until many more General Motors cars have failed to come out of the slot and the efforts of Miss Perkins can be appraised in terms of practical results. But the newspapers put upon Lewis's statement an emphasis quite disproportionate to his actual words. They will sound simple and sensible to workers in the steel towns who voted for Roosevelt because he had promised to enforce collective bargaining. The middle-class reader should not be misled by the editorial sorrow of the newspapers. We may be sure that they are not primarily concerned with protecting the virtue of the President. They are out to discredit Lewis—who helped to discredit them and their masters in the election.

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THE EFFORTS TO RAISE FUNDS FOR SENDING enlisted American volunteers to the Spanish loyalist forces have run into many snags—legal and strategic. The Communists have opposed the move as an open invitation to government interference. The government has taken no action but has published a warning of the legal penalties attached to enlisting or aiding enlistment. On the basis of this announcement and on the advice of its lawyers, *The Nation* has declined to carry an advertisement of the "Friends of the Debs Column," although it had previously published one. Meanwhile sufficient money has apparently been collected to make certain the dispatch of some 500 volunteers within a few days. What the final outcome will be is still in the lap of the Attorney General. We can only hope that no effort will be made to apply the full rigors of a law, ignored or loosely interpreted in the past, to the present effort to help Spain. Whether or not the strategy of the Debs Column was wise, its purposes are generous. Our government has welcomed the help of foreign volunteers in its own struggle to win its liberty. It has allowed its

citizens freely to enlist in foreign wars—from China to Chile. If it clamps legal restrictions on volunteers to Spain it will reverse its usual practice directly in the interests of fascism in Spain—and in Italy and Germany.

★

THE HORROR OF THE NEW MOSCOW TRIAL IS inescapable, whatever one's belief about the guilt of the accused. In this trial we have for our better information the reports of Walter Duranty in the *New York Times*. His first accounts indicate a clear belief in the validity of the confessions, despite what would seem their incredible content. He says that documentary evidence against the accused will supplement their testimony. The Soviet government will do well to present every available bit of corroborative material. Confessions not supported by the evidence of witnesses not directly implicated will always be open to suspicion. As the confessions and testimony pile up from day to day, the sympathetic observer who has no political commitments of his own faces a choice of intolerable alternatives. If the defendants are not guilty as charged, no liberal can excuse the resort by a government to such measures, no matter what foreign dangers or other political realities may be cited in extenuation. If, on the other hand, the charges are essentially true, if it is true that these men who were the brain and conscience of the Russian Revolution in its early days and played a prominent part in the government until their arrest, actually sought to sell out the revolution itself to the reactionary governments of Germany and Japan, then the whole fabric of the October revolution crumbles away. A Socialist government that, for all its economic gains, is so riddled with conspiracies cannot lay claim to the trust that liberals have thus far accorded it.

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WE DOUBT THAT THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS will go down in history as a great state paper. Neither in its literary quality nor in the tenor of its program did it carry conviction. There was a thin but pleasant sort of rhetoric about it, and it was drenched in a moral goodwill, but it failed to recapture the ringing faith, the clear call to action, and the decisiveness of the first inaugural address. Either Mr. Roosevelt must have some sort of emergency to bring out his best powers, or else we have grown immune to his generalities during the last four years. But the address might have been far worse. It might have struck the "era of good feeling" note, or the complacent note of America's return to the pre-1929 Golden Age. That would probably have been Mr. Landon's inaugural, had he been given a chance at one. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt dedicated himself to reaching the "happy valley" of permanently improved living standards under democratic procedures. His address was distinctive as a picture, drawn for the first time by an American President, of poverty under capitalism. But the President did not make clear, even in general terms, how he would reach the happy valley. Is it to be by a steady and gradual march to a firm control over industry? Or is it to be by dotting the *i's* and crossing the *t's* of the old New Deal?

COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE IN THE BOMBING case in Wilkes-Barre have broken the back of one of the most intricate frame-ups in recent legal history. Last October Emerson Jennings, who had been conducting a one-man crusade against the corruption of the Lucerne County courts and particularly against Judge W. A. Valentine in the prosecution of miners' trials, was convicted of bombing the Judge's automobile. Evidence for the prosecution, smacking of the Gestapo, had been concocted by a pack of shady county detectives from dictaphone records taken in hotel rooms. In hearings for a retrial that have just been concluded, the defense attorney, Arthur Garfield Hays, with the help of Francis D. Biddle, Dudley Field Malone, and local counsel, proved that the evidence had been falsified and shot the state's case so full of holes that nothing was left but the frame. When the smoke had cleared, the prosecution's chief witnesses were all under arrest for perjury. Although Judge Shull, who presided over the hearings with conspicuous fairness, has not yet handed down his decision, a retrial seems certain. Since the state has no case left and will have to quash the indictment, this amounts to Jennings's acquittal. We congratulate the defense counsel and the judge for showing that even in labor cases justice need not be blind.

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AS THESE LINES ARE BEING READ THE NAZIS will be celebrating the fourth anniversary of Hitler's accession to power. No one will deny that they have been momentous years, or that great gains have been recorded. Industrial production has risen from 64 per cent of the 1929 level to 113 per cent of the pre-depression volume. Unemployment has been cut from six to slightly more than one million. The country has won again the "right" to arm; it has annexed the Saar; freed itself from its burdensome foreign debts; remilitarized the Rhineland; reasserted its control over internal rivers and canals; and weaned Mussolini from the Stresa front. But, as Mr. Vidakovic shows elsewhere in this issue, these achievements have been at a terrific price. Rearmament and work creation have piled up a debt of approximately 30 billion marks. Foodstuffs, particularly fats, meat, and dairy products, have become scarce. Five per cent of the country's grain acreage has been taken out of production during a period when food imports were being reduced by two-thirds. Wages have been at a standstill for four years, but the cost of living has risen by at least 6 per cent. Self-sufficiency has been won in oil and rubber, but the substitutes cost from two to six times the normal price. On the foreign front Hitler's successes, culminating in the recently established fascist front, have been won by utter disregard of promises, with a consequent harvest of suspicion and bitterness throughout the world. Yet it is the law of fascism that each victory requires something more spectacular next time, and it is not unfitting that Hitler should celebrate his anniversary by launching a series of vindictive press attacks on Czecho-Slovakia, which seems destined to be the next recipient of Nazi culture.

THE FACT THAT HITLER IS UNLIKELY TO abandon his single-minded policy in the face of last-minute offers of economic cooperation by England and France does not destroy the statesman-like quality of Mr. Eden's and M. Blum's speeches during the past week. War may seem inevitable, but until hostilities commence all hope is not lost. And if war is to be averted, it is evident that it will be through a series of mutual concessions such as the two statesmen outlined. The unrealistic element in the speeches is solely a matter of timing. Göring and Mussolini had just agreed to prosecute the war in Spain to the utmost. In reaching this decision they were obviously motivated by the conviction that neither France nor England would impose any insuperable obstacles to the fascist domination of Spain. Under the circumstances Blum's offer of economic collaboration, despite its qualifications, was interpreted as an admission of weakness and contemptuously rejected. M. Blum has displayed rare gifts as an administrator and a conciliator, but he has learned little regarding fascist mentality.

★

ENGLAND HAS A NEW LABOR WEEKLY, THE *Tribune*, the first issue of which has just reached us. Its editor is William Mellor, who edited the *Daily Herald* before it sank to its neck in the quagmire of reactionary trade unionism. Its contributors and supporters come from the best elements in the British Labor Party—Cripps, Laski, Wilkinson, Pritt, Brockway, and others who are seeking to instil new energy into the now stagnant British labor movement. The style is crisp and popular; the program advanced is forthright and courageous. The newcomer will need our best wishes and aid, for it faces a task at once difficult and crucial—that of making British labor understand before it is too late that it holds the key to the world struggle from which the democratic scheme of life will emerge either strengthened or destroyed. In America a younger labor movement is beginning to develop its own press. We are happy to have a report that the lively and militant labor weekly newspaper, the *People's Press*, has reached a circulation of 150,000. Its progress is due to the realistic way in which it seeks to reach the workers and their families in terms of the daily experience they will understand.

★

THE PRESIDENT DESERVES FULL SUPPORT IN his request for a three-year extension of the Trade Agreements Act, giving him power to conclude reciprocal tariff agreements without the approval of the Senate. While the progress in the past three years has seemed slow and in many respects inadequate, none can deny the value of liberalizing American trade policy in a day when the dominant trend has been toward economic nationalism. Most of the fifteen trade agreements have been with countries with which we have relatively little trade, but the pacts with Canada, Cuba, and Belgium have shown that the State Department can overcome substantial obstacles when the stakes are high enough. At times it has looked as if the United States were driving a hard

bargain, demanding greater concessions than it was willing to give in return; despite this, our international trade is more nearly in balance than at any time since the war. That this could be achieved in the face of the devaluation of the dollar and despite the President's peremptory note which wrecked the London Economic Conference is largely due to the untiring, single-handed efforts of Cordell Hull. As long as he remains Secretary of State we need not fear to put full tariff powers in the hands of the Administration.

★

MR. RUNCIMAN'S WEEK-END AT THE WHITE House, which was generally regarded as a prelude to a bigger and better addition to Mr. Hull's trade pact, has resulted in a tentative agreement to that effect. The President, in whom neo-Wilsonian ambitions are not absent, may feel that an Anglo-American trade agreement, stimulating a general loosening of tariffs and unfreezing the flow of world trade, would be the most effective gesture he could make for world peace. As for the President of the Board of Trade of Great Britain, is he here to woo Mr. Roosevelt or to threaten him? England is frightened by the rise of the Nye neutrality sentiment in this country. Should it become law it would mean no goods to any belligerents in any war. Mr. Roosevelt is already opposed to mandatory neutrality. But Mr. Runciman may be giving him an extra push in the form of a warning that England will start now buying from others those materials it could not obtain from us in war time. Mr. Runciman may also have suggested that the Ottawa agreements, which are due for revision and renewal, are likely to adopt a further trend toward Empire self-sufficiency unless—unless what? Whisper it not on Capitol Hill, but the word is credits. However, with the Johnson Act barring the way, any credits which Great Britain might look to us for would have to be preceded by something more substantial than "token" payments on war debts.

★

MR. DOOLEY ONCE SAID OF HIS NEIGHBORS, "In Ar-rchey Road whin a marrid couple get to th' pint where 'tis impossible f'r thim to go on livin' together they go on livin' together." This is evidently the principle which guides members of the British House of Commons as they sit in solemn conclave over the Marriage bill introduced by A. P. Herbert, who for years has been trying to alleviate the strictness of England's divorce laws. The obstacles he faces are attested by the recent debates in the Commons, which drew a harrowing picture of England—its religion abolished, its moral principles "cut right across," and Soviet Russia calling the turn—in the event that a clause making three years of desertion grounds for divorce was allowed to stand. The desertion clause survived the vote, but incurable drunkenness as grounds was deleted as "a blow to the unity and sanctity of the home." The English, in their latest "periodic fit of morality," appear to believe that the sanctity of the home is better preserved by keeping a drunkard inside than outside it.

Adventure in Blueprints

THE President may be far from inaugurating a second New Deal in economics, but he seems to have launched a brand new New Deal in the realm of government administration. He has dropped the Brownlow report like a bomb into the Congressional midst, and is now sitting back with Rooseveltian gaiety to hear the reverberations.

Our own reverberation is to rejoice that—regardless of the merits of this particular program—*some* program of administrative reorganization has been projected. Anyone acquainted with the history of the American spoils system since Andrew Jackson would have been skeptical that a President would dare attempt a general administrative house-cleaning. It would seem a task that seven maids with seven mops sweeping for half a year could not attempt with any prospect of success. But Mr. Roosevelt is nothing if not daring—where he dares to be.

Granted its premises and its limits, the report is as intelligent a review of the problem of administration as we have yet had from official sources. Drawn up by a commission of three—two Chicagoans and a New Yorker, each of them combining elements of the professor and the practical executive, it is a mixture of treatise and plan of strategy, of some pompous rhetoric, some shrewd phrases, and some hard sense. Its general outlines are by now familiar: strengthen the President's immediate personal staff, and day-dream of giving him six assistants of "high competence, great physical vigor, and a passion for anonymity"; extend the merit system "upward, outward, and downward" to include all except policy-making posts; clean out the present Civil Service Commission and replace it with a Civil Service Administrator and a non-salaried Civil Service Board of seven members; glorify the Bureau of the Budget, get rid of all past and future McCarls (masquerading as comptrollers) and set up instead an Auditor General (hoping that a McCarl won't turn up in the new disguise); set up a permanent National Resources Board to do whatever planning can be jammed through the crevices of capitalist activity; set up twelve Cabinet departments, adding Social Welfare and Public Works (why not also National Defense?) to the existing departments; corral all the stray mavericks of existing boards, commissions, and government corporations within the neat and tidy fences of the departments.

Such is the program. Obviously it takes a long step toward a further strengthening of the American executive—a step intended to give flexibility and decisiveness to the action of democracies in a complex world, but one which should none the less be scrutinized in terms that go beyond "economy" and "efficiency." Economy this program will obviously not yield. Efficiency it will yield, but we must be wary lest it turn out to be primarily a paper-clip efficiency. It is clear that the committee has taken as its model the line-and-staff administrative organization of the big business corporation. That would be all to the good—if government were a big business corporation. But it is not. Its essence is not the handing

down of ukases made in the single pursuit of profit, but the pooling of the best judgments in the difficult pursuit of the common good. A line-and-staff organization, with power radiating down from the top-center, is fine for such predatory exploits as war and industrial enterprise. But government administration, even at the risk of not looking so well on the blueprints, must have less stiffness, more room for those considered and varied judgments that flow from the relative autonomy of certain agencies. This is especially true if government is to be, as President Roosevelt insists it must be, an experimental art.

As regards the merit system, everyone who cares about good government will welcome its extension. This is especially true of those who look forward to a Labor Party government, the success of which will largely depend on a trained career service. The committee's proposal, however, to concentrate power in a Civil Service Administrator, while it gives a flexibility sorely needed now in the Civil Service in Washington, has its obvious danger of being a back-door return to the spoils system.

We can say unreservedly that to put such quasi-judicial agencies as the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the National Labor Relations Board under neat Cabinet roofs would not be a way of modernizing the executive department but a drastic step backward. Behind the proposal may be many good intentions: for example, to avoid the sort of friction that has just developed between Secretary Morgenthau and the Interstate Commerce Commission on the question of the corporate-surplus tax; to insure also that with each incoming President a Cabinet officer appointed by him would be able to supervise some of the holdover commissioners. But first of all, this would create rather than avoid friction. Secondly, the object of government is not to avoid friction but to get things done. And the heart of the matter is that the commissions that would be severely affected by this move are for the most part those whose job it is to get something done in regulating business. What rejoicing there will be among the economic royalists when the ICC, the FTC, the NLRB, the TVA, and the SEC are placed under the ultimate control of department heads, where whatever traditions of real concern for the welfare of worker or consumer they have developed will be whittled away by the continuous review of day-to-day decisions. Even the "semi-autonomous status" that the report suggests for them would seem, under such conditions, to be mainly rhetoric.

The place for such agencies should ultimately be under some real central-planning board, which could coordinate their activities within a general framework of socialization. That, for the present, is a counsel of perfection. But it is relevant to point out that until progress toward such socialization is made, the problem of the personnel which shall run this vast machine that the report contemplates remains unsolved. We talk of bureaucracy, but what makes for bureaucracy is the thinning out of the élan of officials because of the daily compromises they must make between the public welfare and the demands of the dominant economic group. What makes for

bureaucracy is the draining off of the best administrative blood by the encroachments of business offers and the subtle corruption of money values in a money society.

Until we can meet and solve that basic problem all our schemes for government reorganization are doomed to be so many heroic adventures in blueprints. Until we have put some order into our economic lives such admirable projects as the Brownlow report will continue to be desperate efforts to superimpose the planfulness of an administrative system upon the planlessness of an economic system.

Act of God

THE floods that are overwhelming the populous Ohio valley and endangering the lives of millions, come again as a fresh shock. There have always been floods on the Ohio, greater floods or lesser, but always disastrous to the river communities. Acts of God, the lawyers call them, in dodging the private liabilities involved. Nationally considered, rather than theologico-legally, the floods are proof of man's incapacity to plan.

We cannot control the rainfall. What we can do is to make systematic provision for storage dams on the tributaries of the Ohio, to skim the comb off the floods, to transform a seventy-five-foot stage into a fifty-foot stage, with which the river communities can somehow cope. This would cost money, hundreds of millions of money. But we are not likely to shrink from the thought of an expenditure of hundreds of millions for the Nicaragua Canal, if such a canal would strengthen our national defenses. The enemies that really threaten America are not the foreign imperialistic powers, which for all their stupidities realize that the United States is a good country to let alone. No: our real enemies are the forces of nature and man within our own borders, which shatter the hopes and turn to the worse great numbers of our own citizens, whose happiness is the real bulwark of our republic. Flood is one of these malignant forces; planlessness and the fear of spending public money for non-spectacular purposes are far more malignant.

But in most matters of the kind we have to deal with a still more malignant force—private interest, and the incurable disposition of our government to alternate babying of it with bullying. Flood control on the tributaries of the Ohio would mean scores of dams, each one capable of producing hydroelectric power which could be sold cheaply, since it would be a by-product. Can the private power interests endure the thought of such competition? Hardly. There will be little demand from the Senators and Congressmen from the flooded states for a solution that might play hob with the power interests.

In the early years of the World War a great engineer, Dr. Pierson, who had supplied Rio de Janeiro with modern utilities and who was taming the River Ebro in Spain in the hope of taming Catalonia, conceived a plan of putting the Monongahela and Youghigheny rivers to work. Starting high toward their sources he proposed to extract

a few thousand kilowatts; moving down the rivers he proposed to set up dam after dam, wherever a good storage could be developed without drowning too much valuable country. He calculated that he could supply Pittsburgh and a radius of a hundred miles with power at less than half the cost of steam-generated power. And he calculated as part of his cost buying up all the steam plants at a generous margin over their actual worth.

Pierson was a great capitalist and a great planner. He had a weakness: he wanted his operations to conform to the law and the rules of government. He consulted the appropriate Cabinet member, who informed him that his plan involved so many infringements of the Sherman Act that he would probably be sentenced to jail for one thousand years. And so Pierson dropped the project and set out for Spain, to continue the taming of the Ebro. He sailed on the Lusitania and went down, but no New York newspaper mentioned the fact, then or since, although Pierson was by far the most important passenger. Then, it would have disturbed the market, for the Pierson interests were far flung. Later, it was ancient history.

The reader will pardon this ancient history. The last disastrous twenty feet of flood came out of the Monongahela and Youghigheny, still untamed, spilling their hundreds of thousands of kilowatts over the shattered fortunes of men who deserve better from their country. Act of God we say, blasphemously gilding our stupidity.

Japan's Fatal Dilemma

AFTER more than five years of undisputed mastery over Japan's foreign policy and virtually a free hand in China, the Japanese militarist-fascist clique is facing a showdown both at home and abroad. Fascism thrives on audacity and brashness. For years the military element has been criticizing the civilian group for pursuing a "weak" foreign policy, and has painted a glowing picture of the vast Asiatic empire which its own policies would assure. The ease with which the army overran Manchuria and penetrated North China enhanced its prestige at home even though it brought no concrete material gains. But each step necessitated further encroachment in order to consolidate the advance. And new triumphs were constantly required to justify the ever-increasing military and naval expenditures.

China's unexpected resistance has completely altered the picture. The collapse of the Japanese-supported invasion of Suiyuan, increasing pressure from Nanking, and the failure of the army's effort to establish a five-province puppet state in North China have destroyed the myth of fascist invulnerability. Even the navy, which formerly gave at least lukewarm support to the fascist program, has aligned itself against the present extreme demands of the army faction. And the army itself is split, as is indicated by the unwillingness of the younger officers to accept General Ugaki as Premier. Hamada's open attack on General Terauchi, former Minister of War, indicates that the civilian group has found new

courage. But it is not at all clear that it will succeed in preventing the establishment of a military dictatorship. The party leaders undoubtedly have a large measure of popular support; they are backed by the great industrial and financial houses of Mitsui and Mitsubishi; and they have the advantage of having taken the offensive after five years of hardship under military rule. But the military have two weapons whose importance Hamada and his followers dare not underestimate—fanatical patriotism and military prowess. No crime is so brutal, no mistake so costly, that the Japanese will not forgive it if it is committed in the name of patriotism. Even the treason of last spring's revolt was readily condoned because it was staged in the Emperor's name. Ancient traditions have made the army the supreme custodian of the nation's honor, and there is little reason to expect that the habits of centuries can be altered in weeks. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that fascist elements, however divided, will yield to civilians without resort to force. It may be that Prince Saionji, the last of the elder statemen, will be able to stage another of his famous compromises, but it is apparent that even the Prince, despite his great prestige, is distrusted by the fascist element. Thus far the Emperor himself has seemingly supported the more moderate groups, but his power is probably no greater than that of the English sovereign.

The final outcome may well turn on the result of the struggle now under way between the pro-Japanese faction at Nanking and the new nationalist movement of which Chang Hsueh-liang has suddenly become the symbol. Many aspects of the Chinese imbroglio are still hidden from view. But it is fairly evident that Chiang Kai-shek was forced to commit himself to resistance to Japan as a price for his freedom, and that the old clique at Nanking has attempted to oppose this policy, particularly in so far as it concerns the Communists. The Old Guard, however, has been defeated, if we are to judge from Chiang Kai-shek's rebuke to the Nanking *Central Daily News* for its attack on W. H. Donald and Madame Chiang. The *News*, an official Kuomintang organ, had taken Donald to task for asserting that the anti-Communist clique had endangered Chiang's life. It happens that the Communists hold the key to the situation, regardless of what happens at Nanking. If Nanking had attacked Sian, the Communists could have moved up into Suiyuan and joined General Fu Tso-yi, the latest national hero, in a drive on Japanese-controlled Chahar. Such a step would either force Japan to surrender its immediate territorial ambitions on the mainland or plunge it into a fruitless war with China which might eliminate it as a world power.

Japan is thus caught in the fatal dilemma which must ultimately ensnare all fascist countries. If it drives forward on its projected path of world conquest, it is bound to provoke war with China, the Soviet Union, or the United States. If it hesitates and seeks conciliation, the prospective victim—China in this case—will take heart and strengthen its resistance. Moreover, any sign of weakness is certain to encourage a counter-attack by the opposition at home. Under the circumstances we could wish that the military party would quietly surrender

power and permit the civilian elements to make such concessions as are necessary. Such an outcome, however, would be intolerable to the fascist mind. It is unlikely that the issue can be settled without bloodshed.

Tom Paine, Bridgebuilder

THOMAS PAINE took pride in himself among other things as a designer of bridges. When he sailed back to Europe in 1787, after having helped to precipitate the American Revolution and see it through, he carried with him the model of an iron bridge he wished to see built over the Schuylkill. His talent, however, was for bridge-building of another sort. His famous pamphlets fed the flames in which men were forging the span between two forms of society. As Washington said, Paine's pamphlet "Common Sense" "worked a powerful change in the minds of many men" and is credited with having started the open movement for independence. His "Rights of Man," published in England in 1791 as a reply to the skeptics and detractors of the great French Revolution, had an enormous circulation—until it was suppressed and Paine indicted for treason. Pursuing his bent, he escaped to France, with the help of no less a mystic than the poet William Blake, and took his seat as a delegate in the convention, to which he had been elected by the Department of Calais. He aroused the suspicions of Robespierre but managed to survive him and took part in the convention until it adjourned in 1795. His last speech was an attempt to save universal suffrage. With the "Age of Reason" Paine went too far for his age, and it offended where his championship of the rights of man struck a dominant social and human chord.

Across the bridge that Paine, with many others, helped to build in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, of enlightenment, of individualism, of laissez faire, large sections of the Western world, throwing off the last restraints of feudalism, entered fully upon an era of unprecedented progress. The pace was so rapid indeed that by the middle of the nineteenth century Karl Marx was proclaiming the holy trinity of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity to be an inadequate and outworn political mythology in whose name millions had been bound in economic slavery, and was projecting a more imposing span to a new society.

The two-hundredth anniversary of Paine's birth finds the world deep in the series of revolutions that Karl Marx, with others, foresaw and helped to prepare, while a new race of skeptics asks why and of what use. The answer is neither final nor pessimistic. So far at least, the drive for human liberty, though it has each time fallen back from its first high aim, has always reached and maintained a higher mark at each new forward thrust, has released the energies and aspirations of an ever larger human segment. There would be genuine reason for despair if it were not certain that men two hundred years from now will be engaged upon yet a new revolutionary cycle for ends not yet imagined.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Did John L. Lewis Blunder?

Washington, January 24

JUST as in the month prior to November 3 last the idea was being broadcast in Liberty League circles that Roosevelt's physical infirmities had at last caused his mental collapse, "as any doctor will tell you they were bound to do eventually," so now the word is being passed that John L. Lewis has gone nuts, and that in a fit of egomania he has placed himself in a position with relation to the White House that endangers not only the General Motors strikers but also the whole industrial-organization movement. This canard, as fantastic as the one that was circulated about Roosevelt, is based upon the fact that Lewis burst out here a few days ago with a public demand that Roosevelt throw his weight into the General Motors strike on the side of union labor.

It was no frenzied outburst. Instead, it was a piece of tactics so unheated that it might have been calculated in an ice box. Lewis had no fewer than four reasons for the action which has so horrified the editorial writers of the nation. As for Lewis's act having been a blunder—as for his having made it impossible for Roosevelt to come to his aid—that question seems to have received at least a partial answer in the action taken tonight by Secretary of Labor Perkins. In summoning both sides unconditionally to a conference here three days hence and invoking an act of 1913 for that purpose, she has done exactly what Lewis has been wanting the Administration to do, and it is inconceivable that she has done it without advance approval from Roosevelt, who discussed the whole situation with her and the rest of his Cabinet the day after Lewis's outburst. At the time the summons was issued, the General Motors management still was insisting that it would not talk peace with the union until all sitdown strikers had been evacuated from its plants; Miss Perkins's summons requires them to waive that condition or put themselves in the position of defying the government. Lewis has been expecting eventually to maneuver the company into precisely that position, knowing as he does—and as does almost everyone else—the diehard attitude of the corporation and its financiers toward genuine collective bargaining. Having maneuvered the corporation into an open show of bad faith and, probably, into a defiant refusal to accept the principles of the Wagner act, to which the Administration is committed, Lewis expected Roosevelt to castigate the corporation publicly.

When, figuratively, he brandished a war club over Roosevelt's head on Thursday, it was because developments indicated that the Administration was not going to allow him to maneuver General Motors into a defiant position. In the first place, there had slipped into the

White House just a few days earlier a high mogul of the American Federation of Labor. This high mogul, who was *not* William Green, came away with what he regarded as assurances from Roosevelt that the President would do nothing in the General Motors strike that might aid the C. I. O., and on the day of Lewis's outburst this A. F. of L. official was engaged in spreading word of those assurances down through all the back channels of the labor movement. Lewis's thunder, therefore, was not intended for White House ears alone; it was directed as well toward all the front-line trenches in the battle to organize steel, rubber, aluminum, textile, and motors. If his thundering was more bellicose than necessary, it was because he was overacting for the benefit of his executive-board members who filled the rear of his press-conference room and whom he expected to carry to all outposts in the war an impressive account of the morale at G. H. Q.

Lewis's second reason for publicly demanding that Roosevelt live up to his campaign and inaugural pretensions was Roosevelt's persistent attitude of aloofness. It is an attitude well known to labor leaders, and they recognize it as an ominous one. It is the attitude, for example, that Roosevelt assumed in 1935 when he was getting ready to sell out the automobile workers and his own National Industrial Recovery Board for the second time. While a struggle involving the lives and fortunes of hundreds of thousands of workers went on in the automobile centers, there sat the President of the United States pretending that he knew no more about the conflict than the average newspaper reader and had even less interest in it. Lewis knew that Roosevelt was fully aware of every development in the strike. Lewis also knew that Roosevelt was completely and uncomfortably conversant with the diehard attitude of the motor magnates and their probable readiness to defy the President in public as they had done successfully in the privacy of his own office in 1934 and 1935. And he found himself being held at arm's length by the President with no effort being made to establish diplomatic but direct communication between the White House and the C. I. O. This, too, resembled the situation in 1934 when the peace plan embodying the Wolman board was foisted upon the automobile workers by the White House without consultation with their leaders.

Lewis's third reason is closely allied to the second. He had come to the conclusion that a little thunder was in order because Roosevelt persisted in leaving the negotiations in the hands of Miss Perkins, though knowing, Lewis believes, that she has neither the prestige nor the ability that the situation requires. Lewis is irrevocably opposed to the peace-at-any-price attitude which colors

Miss Perkins's conduct as a mediator and, in fact, governs the whole conciliation service of the Labor Department.

The final reason for his outburst was in reality the deciding one. Lewis had discovered, as the motor magnates had discovered in 1934, if not in 1933, that Roosevelt can be bullied. He had found, in other words, that the sort of thundering to which he gave vent here Thursday actually works with Roosevelt. And being forestalled from thundering directly and privately into Roosevelt's ear at a time when such thundering seemed necessary, he had to thunder at him through the press. Roosevelt's rebuke to him the next morning was mild, so mild that there is even doubt that it was a rebuke to Lewis alone and not to Sloan and his colleagues as well. It can be argued with equal plausibility that Roosevelt found himself compelled to say something and that he contrived for the occasion the most meaningless sentence possible. Lewis knows how to take advantage of the President's penchant for sweet nothings. He refused to be rebuked and held a press conference of his own two hours after the conference at which Roosevelt had said that "statements, conversations, and headlines" were "not in order" in the strike situation. He also proceeded to dull whatever edge Roosevelt's remark had had by saying: "Of course, I do not believe as some have suggested that the President intended to rebuke the working people of America who are his friends and who are only attempting to secure the rights guaranteed them by law and under the public policy declared by Congress." Lewis first learned to take

advantage of the President's gift for generalities and his inability to say no when the Guffey Coal Act was first introduced in Congress. Every week or so Lewis would see Roosevelt and afterward stand on the White House steps and, ignoring White House etiquette, which prescribes that callers shall not quote the President, boldly proclaim that Roosevelt was heart and soul behind the Guffey Act. Questions addressed to Roosevelt at press conferences with reference to these declarations by Lewis met with evasive answers, and Lewis kept on with his bold announcements of Presidential support until it was too late for Roosevelt to repudiate him.

An attempt is being made in the press and elsewhere to picture Lewis's latest demand upon the White House as a piece of sordid politics. The nation is being told that he demanded repayment for the hundreds of thousands that his union and others allied with the C. I. O. spent in Roosevelt's behalf during the Presidential campaign. You are being told that it is precisely on a par with the demands which the tariff barons and labor-hating industrialists would have made on the White House if Landon had been elected, except that they would have made their demands in whispers via the back door. But the parallel is non-existent. Lewis is not asking for new legislation or for deeds contrary to the public interest and for the benefit of some selfish minority. He is asking only that the Administration do its utmost to enforce what is already the law of the land and to carry out policies to which Roosevelt has publicly committed himself.

Pius XI and His Successor

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

WHAT will be the effect of the Pope's probably imminent death on Vatican policy? Catholics may regard the question as slightly premature, not to say impious, but they will hardly question its importance, particularly since the Vatican has taken such an intransigent line in the disturbed affairs of the contemporary world. Will its present policy, in which Catholicism is becoming more and more an unqualified ally of fascism, be changed? Does the selection of a new pope offer at least the possibility of some deviation from this line?

To judge from the casual conversation of non-Catholics, two presuppositions, both of which are very dubious, usually underlie speculations about the future. One is that the present Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, is the probable successor of Pius XI. The other is that Vatican policy at the present moment is the personal policy of either the Pope or his Secretary of State and might therefore be appreciably altered in a new reign. The first supposition is almost certainly false and the second requires many qualifications. Cardinal Pacelli is not likely to be the new pope. If precedent should be

violated and he should be raised to the papal throne, the present policy would certainly be continued; for it is his policy. There is, however, a long tradition against elevating the Secretary of State to the highest eminence, in spite of the prestige which he acquires during his secretaryship. The simple reason for this is that he makes too many enemies during his period of authority to be able to command a majority in the electoral college. The hierarch with the greatest chance of success is always one who is not too definitely committed to any particular policy and not too closely identified with the various divergent and sometimes conflicting influences, particularly monastic influences, within the church. Our own Presidential conventions offer interesting parallels to this tendency.

A brief survey of the reigns of recent popes clearly proves the point. The Secretary of State for the "angelic" Pope Pius IX, who reigned from 1846 to 1878, was the reactionary Cardinal Antonelli; but Pius's successor was not Antonelli. His successor was the diplomatic and slightly liberal Leo XIII. Leo had several secretaries, the last of whom, Cardinal Rampolla, gained a great reputa-

tion in Europe. His election to the papacy was vetoed by the Emperor of Austria. Whereupon a very simple and pious man, who prided himself upon his simplicity and whose gifts were in marked contrast to those of Rampolla, was elected and reigned as Pius X. Pius chose a man much shrewder than himself as Secretary, the Spanish cardinal, Merry del Val. When Pius died in 1914 many assumed that his Secretary would succeed him. But Rampolla finally came into his own, for a disciple of his was chosen. The new pope reigned as Benedict XV. He chose Cardinal Gasparri as his Secretary. Gasparri gained wide fame and potent influence during the days of the World War. But he did not succeed his master, though he probably determined the choice of the successor. The election fell upon Cardinal Ratti, who had come into prominence through his negotiation of the concordat with Poland after the war. He had been a cardinal for only a short time when he was elected to the papacy in 1922.

Unlike Pius X, the present Pius is a man of diplomatic training and may therefore be presumed to be the author of his own diplomatic policy to a larger degree than was the previous Pius. Nevertheless, there are evidences that his Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, has been the real driving force behind the present papal diplomacy, particularly in the recent years of the Pope's declining strength. Any speculation about a possible change in this policy may well be prefaced by a short description of it. A description of this kind cannot be entirely accurate, however, because Catholic discipline prevents the serious tensions within the church from being aired in public. Some very honest Catholics even deny that they exist. Yet the evidences of these tensions, not to say conflicts, are clear enough to the outside observer.

The present policy of the papacy, a policy for which Cardinal Pacelli is probably more responsible than the Pope, is first of all to favor the hierarchy against lay Catholicism. By "lay Catholicism" the present writer is designating something which Catholics have probably never named but which nevertheless exists. At times it has expressed itself in Catholic political parties, for example, in the German Center, in which such lay leaders as Chancellors Marx and Brüning achieved a greater authority over their followers, at least in the realm of politics, than was held by the bishops. The term "lay" Catholicism is not entirely accurate, however, for it ought to include certain liberal political movements, such as that led by the Italian priest, Don Sturzo. Many village priests, as distinct from the hierarchy, have been active in similar movements. It would be difficult to give an exact description of the political tendencies of these movements, but it is quite clear that they were economically more liberal and politically more daring than anything ventured by the hierarchy. They expressed the common man's discontent with the status quo. In Germany the policies of the Center Party managed to be a bridge between socialism and bourgeois conservatism, a not inconsiderable achievement considering that Catholicism is traditionally rooted in feudalism.

In every case the policy of the papacy in the now



Drawing by Bert Hayden

Pope Pius XI

closing pontificate was to the disadvantage of these movements. The concordat with Mussolini completely destroyed Don Sturzo's movement. The concordat with Hitler was concluded in defiance of the advice of the effective leaders of the German Center Party. It was an agreement between the Catholic hierarchy and the German Nazis in which the hierarchy sacrificed the lay forces of the church for the sake of preserving the freedom of the religious institution within a totalitarian state. Many who were leaders in the now defunct Center Party must find it difficult to suppress an "I told you so" when they realize how little the bishops gained in their bargain with Hitler, and how little they have been able to improve the terms of the bargain by pleading with Hitler to accept them as equal allies in the fight against communism.

The tremendous emphasis upon "Catholic Action" societies in the present pontificate belongs to the same policy. Catholic Action places the lay forces of the church directly under the bishops and thereby establishes a more perfect hierarchical control over all Catholics. The final effect of this process is the establishment of greater papal control over national units. This, despite the accusations of rabid anti-Catholics, has not been the unvarying policy of the papacy. Certainly the tendencies toward centralization of authority have increased in recent years. Among other things they led to an understanding between the church and Hitler in regard to the Saar plebiscite which violated the convictions of 90 per cent of the Catholic population in the Saar.

The other side of present papal policy is more difficult to deal with justly because of the universal reticence of all parties affected by it. Broadly speaking, it could be designated as the continued ascendancy of Jesuit influence at the Vatican over the milder and more spiritual tendencies of other monastic groups. The Benedictines and Francis-

cans are less anxious to play the political game than the Jesuits and are less deeply involved in political activities. Particularly since the Spanish crisis the Jesuit influence has been accentuated. For Spain is the classic nation of the Catholic counter-reformation, and Jesuitism is the driving force of that movement.

Any speculation about a possible new policy in regard to fascism and radicalism after the present pope's death therefore revolves around the question: Is the intimate alliance between Catholicism and fascism a consequence of Jesuit influence or is it the product of tendencies within Catholicism deeper and more far-reaching than any particular influence? The answer to that question would seem to be that Jesuit influence has merely accentuated a tendency which Catholicism is bound to express. If, therefore, a new pope stood less directly under Jesuit influence, one might hope for a less unqualified alliance between Catholicism and fascism; but one could hardly hope for a reversal of the policy. The change is bound to be slight, but even a slight qualification of the policy might have important consequences in world affairs.

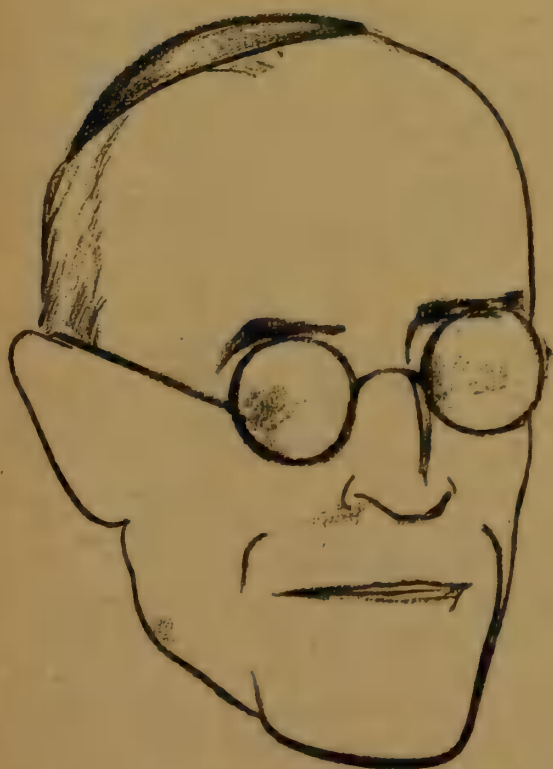
Catholic political policy is determined by fateful forces in modern history. The most important is the intimate historical connection between Catholicism as a civilization and feudalism. This bond sometimes gives Catholicism

which may inhere in Catholicism as a religion and to which the more spiritual monastics may give occasional voice. Fascism, except in Spain, is of course not feudalism but the effort to press the forms of feudalism upon a technical civilization, a procedure which results in consequences even worse than those of feudalism.

Catholic policy is determined by the irreligion of radicalism as much as by the feudalism of Catholicism. The avowed intention of radicalism to destroy institutional religion naturally drives religion into the camp of reaction, particularly if the religion is rooted in a historic institution. The radical will be unable to see anything in this opposition to his cause but proof of his thesis that all religion is counter-revolutionary. He will never know how many purer religious souls in a historic religious movement are really defending their faith and not a civilization. Nor do the purer religious souls realize to what degree the irreligion confronting them is not the decadence which they imagine it to be but a protest against the religious sanctification of social injustice.

There is a peculiar pathos in the present Catholic anti-Communist campaign, with its admissions that the church does not like fascism but prefers it to communism because communism tries to destroy it while fascism merely embarrasses it. Since German fascism is as anti-Christian as communism, the Catholic choice is reduced to a preference for a lower-middle-class type of modern religion over the proletarian variety. The total situation is determined by forces on both sides too deeply rooted in history and too inexorable in their logic to permit the hope that a change in reigning popes will greatly affect the issue. All historic religions have tended to become so intimately related to the civilizations of which they were a part that they have been driven to defend them against just as well as unjust judgments and to die with them if the judgment of history was a death sentence. Catholicism is particularly tempted to this identification and confusion because it was the architect of medieval and feudal civilization. There is good reason to estimate the achievement of medieval civilization more generously than the modern liberal or radical rationalist is inclined to do, but such a generous estimate increases the pathos of the present situation. This pathos is accentuated even more by the recognition that religion is never so simply a rationalization of a given social order as the radical believes, and that within the pale of Catholicism today there are many pure spirits who long for a better world and seek a higher justice.

The radical will not learn to estimate the perennial and basic character of this tragedy of modern Catholicism in particular and of organized religion in general for several centuries. He will learn it only when, three hundred or five hundred or a thousand years from now, some group of creative spirits challenges a decadent Russian society in the name of a higher conception of society. It will be seen then that this decadent society can offer stubborn resistance because its official spokesmen derive moral self-respect from the memories of Russian sovietism in its creative period and have appropriated the moral prestige of Lenin's disinterestedness.



Drawing by Bert Hayden

Cardinal Pacelli

a certain degree of impartial perspective with regard to capitalism, such as was revealed, for instance, in the politics of the German Center Party. But it puts it at a complete moral and spiritual disadvantage where there is a dying feudalism, whether in Spain or in Latin America. In such a situation the feudal relation between church and state, or more particularly between the church and the army and the feudal landowning caste, is so strong that the instincts of Catholicism to preserve itself as a social system overpower any possible moral scruples

A G. M. Stockholder Visits Flint

BY ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

AS THE owner of a few shares of the General Motors Corporation I became somewhat alarmed when I learned that the workers were sitting down in my plants at Flint, Fisher Body No. 1 and Fisher Body No. 2, preventing the company from finishing and shipping cars and threatening to interrupt the orderly flow of dividends. Accordingly I took Sunday for a visit of investigation. Arriving at Flint I went to Fisher 2, and on introducing myself as their employer was cordially received by some 400 men occupying the plant. I must admit that I was fortunate in having as my companion Adolf Germer, who is on the board of strategy directing the strike.

My first anxiety was for the condition of my property, and I was relieved to find it well cared for. Springs and cushions were being used for beds, it is true, sometimes laid side by side as in a dormitory, sometimes isolated in cubicles between bales of goods. I was glad to see certain marks of domesticity—a clothes tree, an alarm clock, a whisk broom. The boys had made themselves pretty comfortable. I asked who was responsible for cleanliness, order, and protection of property, and learned that the government was what might be described, except for its unfortunate connotation, as a soviet. Mass assemblies were called at frequent intervals at which everything of importance was discussed. Court was held every morning. I asked what crimes were committed and was told that bringing in liquor and circulating rumors were the usual offenses. Those found guilty of the charges against them were put out.

After a hearty Sunday dinner of roast chicken and ice cream, I was preparing to go over to Fisher 1 when I noticed several round holes in the great glass windows, and inspecting more closely some of the foetus-like bodies of cars on the tracks, awaiting their delayed birth, I saw similar holes in the glass and dents in the metal sides. I thought these indicated wanton violence against my property, and asked how it occurred. Gun fire by the police, was the answer. I knew that there had been fighting on the Monday before in the street outside, but these disasters were on the second floor. It was obvious that there had been firing from a distance into the plant, endangering the lives of my employees, whom I was beginning to like though they were on strike, and damaging my property. Accordingly I asked for particulars, and as I have seen no clear account of the affair in any newspaper, despite the columns of newsprint that have been given to the strike, I will set down the facts as they were related to me by at least eight participants and eyewitnesses.

The sitdown strike involving 1,500 to 2,000 workers started at Fisher 1, when it appeared that the manage-

ment was loading dies and special machinery into box cars to be shifted to other cities. Our company is fortunate in having factories scattered over the country; so that by transferring equipment a strike in Flint, Michigan, can be broken by workers in Atlanta, Georgia. Incidentally, that is why the workers demand the industrial form of organization and insist on dealing with General Motors as a whole instead of with the component companies.

The sitdown strike spread to Fisher Body 2, where from 400 to 600 men were involved. Relations were harmonious with the company police, who agreed to let the outer door stand open for food to be brought in. Attempts were made from time to time to shut off heat, light, and water, but workers with a mechanical turn of mind turned them on again.

On Monday afternoon the city police under Chief James Wills undertook to block both ends of the street in front of Fisher 2, to prevent food from being brought in. Later the police made an attack in force with tear gas and gun fire, to enter the plant. The strikers from inside countered the tear gas with streams of water, and the bullets with heavy hinges and other missiles. Some twenty-eight persons were injured, fourteen so seriously as to be taken to the hospital, which, I was told, had received warning beforehand to have an emergency ward ready. The defeat of the forces of law and order is referred to as Bulls' Run. The company police of Fisher 2 apparently took no part in the battle, and were found next morning in a ladies' rest room, where they had stood all night at attention, lacking room to sit down. They were released without acrimony by the workers in the factory.

Leaving Fisher 2, I went over to Fisher 1. After the battle, through Governor Murphy's efforts, the strikers and the management of General Motors had been brought to an agreement to go into conference on Monday, January 18, the workers to evacuate the Fisher plants on the promise that the company would not move machinery or dies. They were to march out of Fisher 1 at one-thirty, and a big crowd was collecting outside to see the evacuation. In the long façade of Fisher 1, which stretched away, it seemed, for half a mile into the foggy distance, no door was open, and I had to go in by a window; but once inside I found the boys very good-natured and, when they realized that I was their employer, flatteringly eager for my autograph. Suddenly a loud-speaker blared forth. It seemed that the General Motors management had agreed to negotiate also with the Flint Alliance, and this was regarded as a breach of faith by the board of strategy of the United Automobile Workers of America, since the question whether the U. A. W. A. should be

the sole bargaining agency was one of the points to be negotiated. Accordingly orders were given to hold the plant, the sitdown strike to continue until negotiations were finally complete. The crowd surged back to Fisher 1, where an impromptu outdoor meeting was held to protest against the action of the company.

The agreement of the company officials to admit the Flint Alliance to the discussion was a highly provocative action and was deprecated as such by Governor Murphy. It looked like an attempt of the company to get out of the negotiation into which it had been persuaded. The Flint Alliance is an anti-strike organization mainly of white-collar workers and their families and various beneficiaries of General Motors, directed by George Boysen, ex-mayor of Flint and a former paymaster of the Buick Company. It is in no sense a labor union and is detested by the workers. It represents rather the political forces of Flint, which are aligned with General Motors—mayor, police, courts. On that Sunday in Flint there was meeting the Michigan Conference for the Protection of Civil Rights, at which it was forcibly pointed out to the workers that they had only to use their ballots to turn out the whole nest of unclean birds at the next election—defeat the mayor, move the impeachment of Judge Black for his action in granting a sweeping injunction against the union and in favor of a corporation, General Motors, in which he has substantial holdings, and force the removal of Chief of Police Wills for invoking violence both savage and futile.

The General Motors strike of 1937 may prove to be historic inasmuch as it has acclimated the sitdown strike in this country as a weapon of industrial conflict. The right of non-working employees to occupy the plant can hardly be classed among civil liberties. It is rather one of the industrial liberties which are on the way to becoming legally recognized. A little over a century ago it was illegal for workers to combine to refuse work for less than a certain sum. Quite recently it was against the law to picket a struck plant. Today picketing is among the civil rights. Already intelligent governors are applying the rule of reason and common sense to situations which law has not reached in its majestic progress. Governor Earle of Pennsylvania has refused to order the state troops to dispossess the bootleg miners, who are taking coal from seams which are their natural source of livelihood, which the legal owners refuse to work. Governor Murphy has refused to use his militia to throw out the sitdown strikers in the General Motors plants, and has ordered the company to cease the effort to cut off heat, light, and water.

The sitdown is the most effective form of strike. It permits the strikers to remain in comfort, even if somewhat bored, instead of tramping about on the picket line in heat, cold, wind, and wet. It obviates the most unpleasant and demoralizing feature of a strike, the use of strike-breakers. It eliminates violence, or at least places responsibility for it squarely on the police. It promotes the morale of the strikers. Above all it is a forcible reminder to workers, to management, to shareholders, and to the public that legal title is not the final answer to the

question of *possession*. Who has the better human and natural right to call the Fisher plant his—I, whose connection with General Motors is determined by the price recorded on the New York Stock Exchange, or the worker whose life and livelihood are bound up in the operation of making cars? I bought my shares at long odds and probably have already collected the purchase price in dividends. When I place a winning bet in a horse race I do not claim a share in ownership of the horse. I know from my political economy that my position is the result of labor and sacrifice. Whose? Not mine. Obviously the enormous mass of wealth represented by the capitalization of General Motors, repeatedly enlarged by split-ups and stock dividends, is the surplus resulting from the toil of millions of workers over many years. Obviously they have not shared fairly in the wealth they have produced.

Some years ago I gave in the *New Republic* an account of the effort to mobilize the stockholders of the textile mills of New Bedford in support of the strikes against a wage cut. The strikers drew up a powerful plea to the stockholders arguing that the plight of the companies was due largely to the graft and nepotism of managers, who were in effect double-crossing both owners and workers. "It would be a less hopeful effort to bring any considerable number of the holders of General Motors stock to intervene in behalf of the workers against the immensely successful management of the company, but nevertheless an appeal from the U. A. W. U. board of strategy to the shareholders, broadcast through the press, would have some effect. We should be informed of the fact that since the settlement arranged by President Roosevelt three years ago there has been constant chiseling by some of our employees to the disadvantage of others. In the Chevrolet plant men are dismissed for wearing badges, for speaking of the union in the lunch hour. At the A. C. spark-plug works girls are entitled to pay increases based on the length of their employment, but they are dismissed when they rise too high in the scale. They may be taken back after a time as beginners.

It is absurd to pretend that either the company or the government under whose auspices the agreements were made has provided any practicable means of rectifying these grievances of the workers. The managers to whom we pay grotesquely huge salaries act the part of ownership, and their behavior is an insult to the intelligence and humanity of those to whom they are legally responsible. They interpose objection to dealing with the U. A. W. U. on the ground that it does not represent all the workers. I should judge that at Flint it was pretty nearly their unanimous choice. In any case it does represent the only effective form of labor organization applicable to a gigantic and far-flung industrial aggregation such as General Motors, and the only practicable method of forcing the elimination of unfair practices under which the workers suffer. As such it deserves the support of the public and especially of that not inconsiderable number who hold the legal responsibility of ownership of the corporation.

Germany's Economic Impasse

BY ALEXANDER VIDAKOVIC

How Hitler Pays His Arms Bill

THE fourth anniversary of Nazi rule finds Germany engaged in a frenzied effort to turn butter into cannon, while the world anxiously speculates on three questions. How far has German rearmament really gone? How has Germany found the means to rearm? How far can it still go without risking collapse or explosion?

To answer the first of these questions with absolute certainty is of course impossible in view of the jealous secrecy surrounding armaments and the suppression of budget figures. A fairly accurate estimate may nevertheless be obtained from a study of uncontested figures published in Germany itself, provided we bear in mind that changed methods of bookkeeping and "ideological computations" frequently render even official German figures misleading. Thus, for instance, debt statistics include neither "employment creation" nor armament bills, because they are not yet "actual" debt. Similarly, any calculation of military expenditures must depend on the inclusion or exclusion of expenditures for semi-military organizations and industrial investments for army purposes. Finally, the outlay on armaments cannot be regarded as their actual value unless account is taken of the real value of compulsory labor or of labor at less than normal working wages.

Hitherto the money to finance rearmament has been obtained by Nazi Germany in four ways: (a) by short and long-term debts, (b) by the appropriation for military purposes of funds dedicated to other needs, (c) by the sale of public assets, and (d) by outright confiscation of private property. The first of these, short-term debts, according to the German Institut für Konjunkturforschung, amounted at the end of 1935 to about 8,000 million gold marks. These short-term debts were contracted at an ever-increasing rate, rising from about 3,000 million for 1933 and 1934 together to 5,000 million for 1935 alone. Assuming an unchanged rate of velocity in 1936, an assumption which is more than justified by the evidence, short-term debts alone would have reached 13,000 million gold marks at the end of 1936. These short-term issues are complemented by several long-term issues which amount to about 4,500 million marks, giving a minimum total of Reich indebtedness of 17,500 million gold marks at the beginning of 1937. The correctness of these figures is attested by the official statement that the Reich's debt at the end of June, 1936, was 14,375 million gold marks, which figure did not at the time include tax certificates worth 1,040 million or the two loans of 1,300 million marks issued in July and December.

It is interesting to note, however, that at the very time

when official statistics put the Reich indebtedness at something over 14,000 million, Schacht's organ—and Schacht ought to know—put the total at somewhere between 18,000 and 19,000 million marks. Also, that the official figures cited above do not include liabilities for armaments and work creation, which at the end of 1935 were officially stated to be about 9,000 million marks, of which 5,000 to 6,000 millions were contracted after 1933. If we therefore allow only for a similar proportion of armament and work-creation bills in 1936, that is, 2,000 million, we get an officially admitted minimum for the Reich's debt of about 28,000 millions; Schacht's figures, inclusive of later commitments, would put the total debt nearer 35,000 million gold marks, nearly all of which was contracted during the period 1933 to 1936.

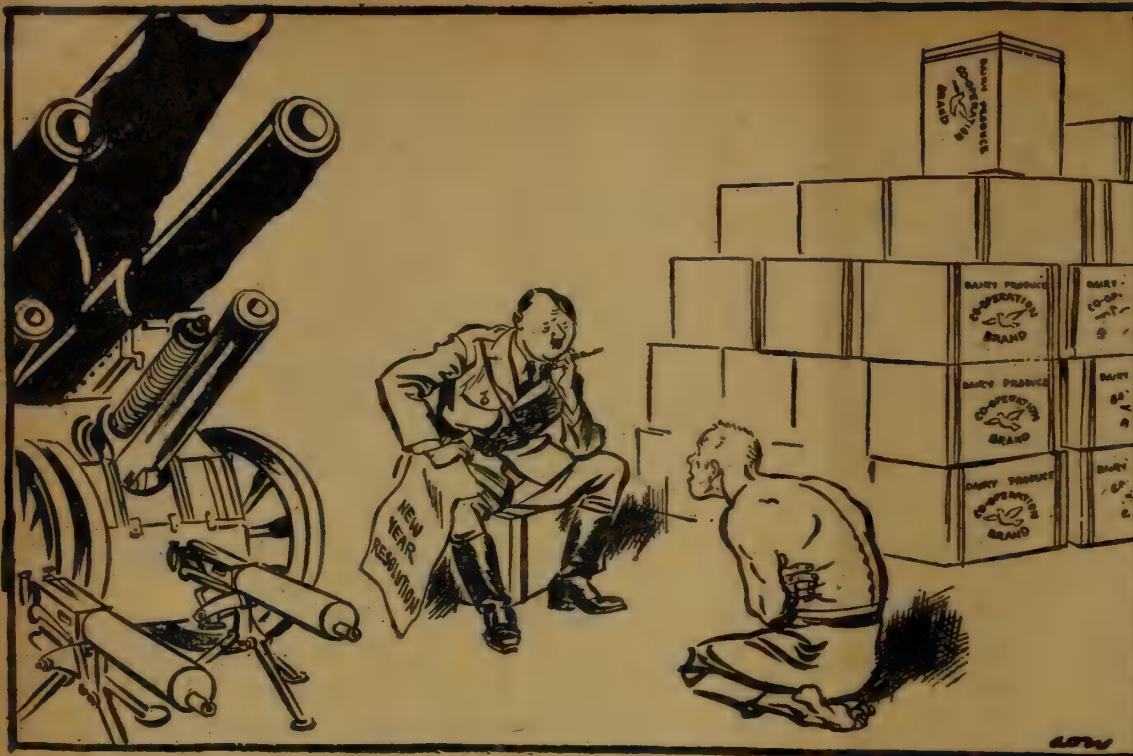
It is not disclosed, naturally, how much of this money and how much of the regular budget of about 25,000 million marks for the period 1933-36 was spent directly on armaments, how much indirectly on strategical road-building and industrial investment for arms manufacture, and how much on social measures. There is, however, a valuable admission by the Minister of Finance that reduced unemployment and increased revenue had expanded his resources during the same period by about 5,000 million marks. It may not be doubted that much of this money found its way into armaments.

Thus, if from the total of 55,000 to 60,000 million marks collected from budgetary sources and from loans we deduct the debts contracted before 1933, the regular budgetary needs, and extraordinary expenditures for social relief, and if we allow for the difficulty of exactly allocating to armaments or other purposes sums devoted to certain types of industrial investment and road-building, even so we obtain a minimum spent on armaments of not less than 20,000 million marks, while an estimate of around 30,000 million is probably much more realistic.

In addition to long- and short-term loans the Nazis have raised money from the sale of industries owned by the state. These industries, and also many industrial shares acquired by the German Socialist government, are now being sold off in increasing quantities, and a recent official statement implies that the Reich may sell even more of its undertakings in order to obtain means for "extraordinary expenditures." It is needless to ask what these "extraordinary expenditures" are.

Such "regular" methods of obtaining cash as budgetary receipts, debts, and sale of property are complemented by "ideological" methods, which means the confiscation of the private property of opponents. The latest addition to these "ideological" methods is a decree issued in December, 1936, by which private property can be sequestrated and put under a sort of bankruptcy receiver-

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DES CANONS OU DU BEURRE ?

ship if suspicion arises that the owner intends to remove his property from the Reich. During the first month of this law's operation no fewer than thirty-nine persons were dispossessed, and it can hardly be supposed that Nazi naivete goes to the extent of dispossessing the poorest of the citizens. In fact, considering the number of Jews in Germany from whom a few drops may still be squeezed, the inventor of this law may have opened to Nazi Germany sources of untold and untapped wealth.

But leaving aside the last two methods of raising cash, it is impossible to view without concern the economic condition of a state which not only spends 12 to 13 per cent of its national income on regular budgetary purposes but finds it necessary to raise the total government expenditure to a level where it equals about 30 per cent of the national income. This income was 46,500 million marks in 1933, something over 50,000 million in 1934, 57,300 million in 1935, and 61,000 million in 1936, making a total of about 215,000 million marks. The increasing state indebtedness incurred, mainly for the creation of capital goods and with no effort toward funding, is rapidly driving the German banking system into an inflationary cycle. Private saving stopped long ago; bank deposits in the five leading Berlin banks, for instance, have declined since 1933 from 6,800 to 6,140 million marks. German citizens who can afford it prefer immovable property to cash. Hence Germany is now entering a housing boom.

All this puts a special strain upon the banks, which have to meet increased demands from the state, industry, and builders without any corresponding increase in their real assets. The cyclic race between rising prices and the rising demand for money has begun in earnest. The Reichsbank's bill holdings—of rediscounted government bills—already exceed its note issue, and since there is no increase in its gold holdings, further rediscounting can be financed only by a further expansion of its fidu-

ciary issue. The only visible alternative is a cessation of state borrowing and a switch from the manufacture of production goods to that of consumption goods—in other words, the complete abandonment of the present high speed and volume of rearmament.

Government policy is even more disastrous to industry than to banking. In order to obtain the liquid capital necessary for armaments, the government has put an embargo on the issue of shares and debenture flotations by private companies, thus preventing the expansion of any industrial concern

without special consent. This consent is primarily given to industries directly or indirectly occupied with the manufacture of arms. Thus of the total capital investment, which in 1933 amounted to 5,300 million marks, in 1934 to 8,700 million, in 1935 to 11,600 million, the government claimed officially 48 per cent, while another 30 per cent was in industries concerned with armaments.

This withdrawal of funds for the needs of the government or favored industries has left insufficient funds for replacement of wear and tear. Thus the Trade Research Institute stated in the autumn of 1936 that "after more than three years of continuous and intense utilization of the industrial apparatus, there is need for replacement of plant and for new industrial equipment." This need for replacement of depreciated plant the institute put at about 4,000 million marks.

German machinery and plant may still last for some time. But eventually German industry will reach a point at which high-pressure armament manufacture must come to a standstill, unless all of industry is converted to war uses. It is then that the Reich will have to shoulder the almost superhuman task of reconstruction under the double burden of exhausted liquid capital and arbitrary and misplaced industrial investment.

The present German prosperity has been achieved, and rearmament financed, in a threefold way—by using all the means of the present, by pledging much of the earnings of the future, and by spending the capital inherited from the past. No nation can go on indefinitely with such a policy, not even the Third Reich. The only question is how long? And we shall be able better to answer it when we have considered two other factors—the German position in raw materials and the sacrifice in human material which the Nazis are making at present on their highest altar, that of armament.

[This is the first of two articles on Nazi economics and rearmament. The second will appear next week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Germany and Ethics

WHATEVER else may be said about the European dictatorships, they are compelling us to test anew our standard of values in ethics as well as our political beliefs. They are, for example, presenting us at every turn with the age-old question as to whether the end can ever justify the means. Hardly a day goes by that I do not meet somebody just returned from either Germany or Italy who tells me how marvelously happy and prosperous the people are. "You may say what you please about Hitler," is what they say, "but Germany never looked so well. The people are polite. They go out of their way to be nice to foreigners. There seems to be no discontent whatever. Of course the dictator does many things of which I disapprove, but you must be fair and give him credit for the good things he has accomplished. It's not all bad."

I find it hard to reply politely. I am tempted to imitate Dorothy Thompson, who usually says: "I will not debate with anybody the exact merits of a bloody-handed murderer." I, too, am not interested in an effort to evaluate the exact ethical worth of a man who had no less than 1,254 men and women and youths killed in one night and then stood up in the Reichstag, swore that there were only seventy-seven murdered, and assumed in emphatic language the complete responsibility for their deaths. "I assumed the supreme power." I cannot be enthusiastic over the good manners of the Germans toward foreign visitors, for I think of the 25,000 men and women still confined in concentration camps and often horribly tortured and maltreated. I deny emphatically that the man responsible for these and many other crimes against humanity can in the slightest degree atone for those crimes by building a magnificent stadium and superb roads, or by freeing his people from the yoke of the unjust Treaty of Versailles.

Any dictator can build good roads. Any dictator can send 3,000,000 Christmas baskets of food to the destitute and needy with his picture and the words: "Your Leader is thinking of you." Any dictator can enforce outward order and militarize his people. I do not have to go to Germany to know that superficially things look well; that the streets are clean and free of beggars; that there is universal politeness; and that by means of the huge army, the compulsory work camps, the great rearmament orders to heavy industry, and the concentration camps, the number of unemployed has been reduced by the dictator from 6,000,000 to 1,000,000. Nor do I have to go to Germany to know that side by side with this "progress" and the great change in the psychology of the

youth of Germany, the whole intellectual life of Germany has been destroyed; that three years have been cut out of the primary educational system and one year out of the university course; that academic freedom is no more; that the press is denatured and dead; that there has been created an atmosphere of fear and domination and of disregard of the most precious human rights in which no creative spirit or instinct can survive.

These things alone seem to me so infinitely worth while and necessary to the spiritual development of a people that I cannot feel that the material achievements of Hitler and Mussolini weigh many grains beside them. Their material advances are in the first place not the sole prerogatives of dictatorships. In the second place, the achievements of both the Italian and German dictatorships have been purchased by a distinct lowering of standards of living; and, finally, we do not yet know whether they will not crash financially. Certainly the regimentation of the whole people in order that what there is in the way of butter and other fats may be evenly distributed does not warrant the belief as yet that even on the material side the dictatorship is a howling success. "Guns instead of butter," is General Göring's slogan. Well, I believe, like Anthony Eden, that for the health, safety, and sanity of peoples the world over and for their future happiness and security butter is preferable to guns.

No outward order or material accomplishment can offset the ethical and spiritual degradation of a people. No roads or other public works and no beautifully drilled armies and navies can possibly counterbalance the misleading of a great people by the doctrine of force, by the teaching that war is the supreme good, by the dissemination of utterly false and unscientific racial theories, and by the assumption that there is wisdom enough in any dictator to guide the intellectual development of many millions of people. Of course the economic welfare of the people must be a government's primary concern; without that there can be no other advance. But the question is simply whether material prosperity is to be vouchsafed to a lot of disciplined slaves or to free men living in that atmosphere of individual liberty and experimentation and self-expression which history has invariably proved to be the sole condition under which humanity progresses.

How any loyal American—loyal not to the flag; the mere symbol of our nation, but to its fundamental principles—can indorse the regimes of the dictators is beyond me. Yet I meet these disloyalists at every turn, with their panegyrics on the great progress of Italy and Germany. Again I deny that the outward material progress achieved by Hitler in any way offsets or compensates for the misery, the injustice, the blood upon which it is built.

BROUN'S PAGE

Laurels for the Living

ANDREW MELLON has given to the government his collection of paintings and will build a gallery to house them. I'm under the impression that Mr. Mellon's art consists largely of old masters, and there can be no question that the value of the gift runs high into the millions. There are many less useful things which Mr. Mellon might have done with his money, but I am going to be pretty impatient if editorial writers begin to point out that such a gift is the complete justification for the capitalist system.

It will be said, I suppose it has been said already, that but for great fortunes there would be no art, no science, and precious little education. But it seems to me that rich men, including Mr. Mellon, have done much less than enough for American painting. The federal projects have come closer to the need. Perhaps I press my point too hard, but I honestly believe that the emphasis placed upon the collecting of old masters does very little to encourage the native painter. It almost handicaps him. Throughout the land there is created a kind of thinking which moves the mind to believe that painting is a thing which once existed but now is definitely dead.

It is a familiar fact that there is no general buying public for paintings in this country. The walls of homes and hotels and schools are mostly adorned with prints and reproductions, some of them good and some simply terrible. As far as the schools go, the so-called boondoggling has been a godsend. Young artists have come in and done some amazingly good murals based on modern themes. For the first time the average pupil is beginning to learn that there can be such a thing as wet paint in the field of art.

Of course, fiction and the drama of stage and screen have done a great deal to encourage the neglect of painting. I might indict the opera as well. We of the general public have held pretty closely to the idea that if a man didn't wear a funny hat, live with his model, and starve in a garret, he couldn't really be a painter. I'm frank to admit that the strength of this tradition has done a great deal to hold me back from following up a natural aptitude in oils. It wasn't the hat which scared me off, and starving in a garret would undoubtedly be good for me, but I've not had the fortune to meet any willing model. As a matter of fact, I never found anybody who would pose for me, let alone share a garret. And so I have lived as a landscape painter and probably I shall die the same way.

But I cite my own tragedy merely as a minor one. I suppose even in a socialist state it might not be feasible for the commissar of art to pick a likely young woman and say, "You must serve as a model for Broun and share his garret. It is for the state and for pos-

terity." You see posterity includes the very people I want to leave out of the equation.

Posterity furnishes the least encouraging of all publics. The man who writes or paints or sings for posterity is really doing a monologue for his own entertainment. Even before the federal government began to scratch the surface in its art projects one American industry had just about solved the problem of discovering and encouraging young talent. I refer of course to the art of professional baseball, and by now college football has begun to follow its example.

I seem to see five young men living in a small town in Texas. One of them is a promising youth who can pitch with his left hand. Another is a halfback of great capacities in a broken field. The third can sing. The fourth could be a sculptor, and the fifth can paint like nobody's business. Let us assume that each of the youths is equally talented in his own line. Which of the five do you think will come first to fame and fortune?

The proper answer is that it will be a nip-and-tuck race between the first two mentioned. Some scout from the big leagues will be sure to take a look at the left-hander while he is still in high school. Mel Ott, the so-called veteran outfielder of the Giants, was lifted out of a little country school in Louisiana when he was sixteen. Farsighted alumni of the better colleges keep themselves informed about which scholars in the preparatory schools can make a forward pass or drop kick.

Once upon a time the coach of a New York State college was driving down a country road in summer. A tall youth with spreading shoulders was putting white paint upon an imitation colonial cottage. They were almost the broadest shoulders the coach had ever seen. He stopped his car and came to the edge of the lawn. "Hey, you," called the football mentor, "how much are they paying you for that job?"

"Four dollars a day," replied the young man.

"Come down off that ladder," said the coach with simple dignity, and the young man passed all his examinations that autumn and went on to become one of the greatest roving centers of all time.

But he happened to be a house painter. If he had gone in for nudes or still life, no passing motorist would have given him a tumble.

All of which brings me back to Andrew Mellon. Mr. Mellon did his scouting in the galleries of the established dealers. He made no discovery. He was not a pioneer. When he bought a painting, the lifetime batting average of the artist was already complete and familiar. Mr. Mellon did not lift up his eyes toward any living person on a ladder. It is a good thumping gift, but it is not enough to justify the existence of swollen fortunes. There should be laurels for the living.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

PSYCHOANALYZING ALICE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MOST readers of *The Nation* must have seen in their daily paper some account of the adventures of Alice in the new wonderland of psychoanalysis. Many years ago the late André Tridon undertook to explore the subconscious mind of the same little lady, but Tridon was something of a playboy while Dr. Paul Schilder, research professor of psychiatry at New York University, was presumably in dead earnest when he warned his hearers at a recent meeting of the American Psychoanalytical Society against exposing children to the dangerous corruptions of Lewis Carroll. All of Carroll's ten brothers and sisters stammered; "this fact might have made the author unhappy"; and in any event his superficially pleasant fairy stories are the expression of "enormous anxiety."

According to the account of Dr. Schilder's speech printed in *The New York Times*, most of Alice's adventures are "calculated to fill her with anxieties" of a pernicious nature. "She feels separated from her feet, she is stuffed in and out of small holes, and she never knows from minute to minute whether she will be small or large. . . . There are severe deprivations in the sphere of food and drink. . . . The poem of the Walrus and the Carpenter is of an astonishing cruelty. The Lobster is cooked. Alice herself frightens the birds with tales of devourings. . . . The fear of being cut to pieces comes again and again into the foreground. The head of the Jabberwock is cut off. There is a continuous threat to the integrity of the body in general." Even worse, apparently, is the fact that Carroll plays fast and loose with language and the conception of time. The innocent child may never recover from the shock of "mimsey" or "wabe." "This is a world of cruelty, destruction, and annihilation. . . . One may be afraid that with-

out the help of the adult the child may remain bewildered in it and may not find his way back to the world in which he can appreciate love relations, space, time, and words." Personally I have never heard of a child who confessed to being dangerously terrified by "Alice," or of an adult who attributed his downfall to a trauma received from the book in infancy. But no doubt that proves nothing. The fears inspired are subconscious also.

Now there is not, so it seems to me, any reason for doubting the large general assertion that Lewis Carroll had "complexes" or that his fantasy was to some extent, at least, an expression of them. Even if we leave such esoteric matters as "threats to the integrity of the body" in the hands of specialists like Dr. Schilder, it ought to be evident that his nonsense, like so much nonsense and so much wit, was a device by means of which his intelligence protested against various kinds of cant which his priggish and conventional temperament would not permit him to flout openly. I see nothing far-fetched in the assumption that queens are absurd puppets in "Alice" because Carroll outwardly accepted the absurd legend of Victoria, or that the farce of the trial is largely unconscious satire of the pompous procedure of courts. Nor do I see how anyone can ponder the dilemma in which Alice is placed when she tries to choose between the Walrus and the Carpenter without perceiving a submerged La Rochefoucauld in the mild-mannered don who found his chief delight in photographing little girls. Alice, it will be remembered, thought she liked the weeping Carpenter best because he seemed a little sorry for having betrayed the oysters. But when she was told that

it was he who had eaten the most and tried to shift her sympathy to the Walrus, she got a crushing retort—the Walrus had eaten as many as he could get. Only a man who had hidden somewhere in his soul a very cynical conception of human behavior could, I submit, have conceived that incident.

If we go that far we may also, I suppose, take it as a matter of course that Alice's fantastic adventures are none of them quite sane. But that is not the point. Why, of all people, should a psychoanalyst be shocked to find complexes in an artist, or afraid

to have children ("polymorphically perverse" by Freudian premise) introduced at an early age to a literature the very secret of which is its successfully playful catharsis of certain all but universal obsessions? As for the satire and the cynicism which Dr. Schilder does not mention, I should say that any child is ready for it as soon as he is capable of recognizing its existence and that he is never too young to begin to laugh at those morbid



fears which, the psychoanalyst himself is ready to assure us, he is never too young to feel.

In America the philistine used to be above all else a moral man. The arts had nothing to fear from his fury except when he could discover that they were "impure." Nowadays he is more likely to discover in the most unexpected places some defiling trace of either "bourgeois prejudice" or "psychological abnormality," and to look askance upon anything which does not combine the obsession of a social worker with the "normality" of a boy scout. Some years ago when I first met a certain distinguished psychoanalyst I told him that I had observed in his many books what appeared to me to be a rather serious non sequitur: the first eight chapters were usually devoted to showing how abnormal most of the distinguished people of the world had been, while the last always concluded with a "therefore let us endeavor to be as normal as possible." I asked him if he did not suppose that a too thorough psychic house-cleaning might be undesirable for those who aspired to be something more than merely "normal," and I received a remarkable if somewhat pompous reply. "I would not," he said, "like to give a categorical answer to that question, but I will say one thing. Dr. Freud and I are the only two prominent psychoanalysts who have never themselves been analyzed—and I think we have made the greatest contributions to the science."

BOOKS

Behind the Lines

INVASION. By Maxence Van der Meersch. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. The Viking Press. \$3.

THIS is another addition to that most recent phase of war fiction which, in France especially, has been concerned with exhibiting the moral and psychological dislocations caused by modern warfare in the civilian population. It even manages to ring a change on such a novel as Louis Guilloux's "Bitter Victory" by rendering a population that is living under the yoke of an invader. The background is the great textile-manufacturing region of northern France throughout the whole period of its occupation by the Germans. Van der Meersch, who lived through the period as a child, presents a minute, almost day-by-day chart of the war-time temper as it was registered not only in the conduct but in the most intimate psychological adjustments of his fellow-townsmen in the representative small industrial community of Roubaix.

The most fundamental of these adjustments, of course, for everyone—from the starved wives of the mill workers to the ruined manufacturers—was the establishment of some sort of working arrangement with the enemy. There are half a hundred characters drawn from every stratum of society, but the problem in every case is the same. Nearly all the situations in the book's seven hundred-odd pages de-

rive from the conflict between a natural desire for survival and a too drastically challenged patriotism. Although the manufacturers agree among themselves not to keep their mills running for the enemy, some of them do not hesitate to negotiate secretly or to engage in other modes of profiteering. The mayor of the town is forced to play the difficult game of cooperating with the general staff and preserving the respect of his compatriots at one and the same time. As for the women, those who do not sell themselves openly for food or special privileges, seize the opportunity to betray husbands in jail or away at the front. Only a few individuals succeed in keeping their integrity absolutely untarnished, and these are properly rewarded with the contempt and suspicion of their fellow-citizens. Next to the greed, lust, hypocrisy, and general inhumanity of the native population, the transgressions of the invaders seem remarkably mild. Certainly this particular section of France seems to have conducted itself during the last war in a manner that can be anything but reassuring to those patriots engaged in preparing their country for the next. Unquestionably, the success which this work enjoyed in France, and for which its author was tardily awarded the Prix Goncourt in 1936, was to a large extent a *succès de scandale*.

But since the controversial aspect will hardly exist for the American reader, more will depend on the extent to which shape and significance are given to the unusually rich and fascinating body of material. And, despite several memorable scenes and a number of good characterizations, it must be said that neither of these objects is satisfactorily achieved. A loose chronicle of violent physical actions and often too obvious psychological divagations, cemented together with detail that is almost too absorbing for its own sake, the book falls into the quite common error of reproducing the chaotic disorder of its subject. The reason for this lack of any guiding and selecting focus is undoubtedly the palpable uncertainty of the point of view. This seems to vacillate between the Christian stoicism embodied in the quotation from Thomas à Kempis on the title page, "Here are hearts proved as gold in the furnace," and the kind of historical despair voiced by the disillusioned idealist Henneidyck in the long dialogue at the close. To the latter's "What's the use?" Van der Meersch does respond with what may be taken as his own resolution of the mood produced by the human spectacle:

In me there is a constant struggle between reason and the will, and I am on the side of the will. I want to believe, to believe in something, in progress, in justice, to have faith in the destiny of mankind. Only so can I find a motive for doing anything, a reason to go on living, the promise of final peace. If I lost that belief, there would be for me only the terrors of nothingness and despair.

But throughout the book the evidences of the reason, in the picture given of civilized European society during one of its periodic crises, have been much more convincing than these rather febrile manifestos of the will-to-believe tacked on at the end. It may be that in his more recent writing this important young novelist has come to believe sufficiently in that "divine consciousness" which he invokes to express it properly in terms of his art. Here it is a sudden breath of suspicious mysticism that adds nothing to our understanding because it bears too little relation to what has preceded it, like a moral that does not fit the tale.

WILLIAM TROY

The Constants of Social Relativity

IDEOLOGY AND UTOPIA. By Karl Mannheim. With a Preface by Louis Wirth. Translated by Louis Wirth and Edward Shils. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

DISCOURAGED by the ways in which the perspectives of different people, classes, eras, cancel one another, you may decide that all philosophies are nonsense. Or you may establish order by fiat, as you bluntly adhere to one faction among the many, determined to abide by its assertions regardless of other people's assertions. Or you may become a kind of referee for other men's contests, content to observe that every view has some measure of truth and some measure of falsity. If they had asserted nothing, you could assert nothing. But in so far as they assert and counter-assert, you can draw an assertion from the comparison of their assertions.

Professor Karl Mannheim's "sociology of knowledge" is a variant of the third of these attitudes. He would begin with the *fact of difference* rather than with a *choice among the differences*. But in erecting a new perspective atop the rivalries of the old perspectives, he would subtly change the rules of the game. For the new perspective he offered would not be simply a *rival perspective*; it would be a *theory of perspectives*. In so far as it was accurate, in other words, its contribution would reside in its ability to make the *perspective-process* itself more accessible to consciousness.

Faction A opposes Faction B. To do so as effectively as possible, it "unmasks" Faction B's "ideology." Faction B may talk nobly about "humanity" or "freedom," for instance. And Faction A discloses the "real meaning" of these high-sounding phrases in terms of interests, privileges, social habits, and the like. Faction B retaliates by unmasking Faction A's ideology.

Each faction exposes, as far as possible, the conscious and unconscious deception practiced by the ideologists of rival camps. But in the course of exposing the enemy, a faction comes upon principles that could be turned upon itself as well. Hence, it can spare its own members from the general censure only by "pulling its punch." And precisely at this point there enter the opportunities for a "sociology of knowledge," if only the sociologist can so change the rules of the game that he finds no embarrassment in completing and maturing this "unmasking" process.

This he does in the easiest way imaginable. Whereas the ideologists of the opposing factions "point with alarm" to the fact that there is a difference between the face value of an opponent's idea and its real value in social commerce, the sociologist starts out by taking such discrepancies for granted. He begins with the assumption that an idea must be "discounted" by the disclosure of the interests behind it. Hence, he can treat the difference between the face value of an ideology and its behavior in a social context not as an "unmasking" but as an "explanation" or "definition" of the ideology. Thus, instead of being startled to find that an idea must be discounted, and taking this fact as the be-all and end-all of his disclosures, he assumes at the start the necessity of discounting, and so can advance to the point where he seeks to establish the *principles of discounting*.

Such, at least, is the reviewer's way of understanding Professor Mannheim's point in tracing a development from the "unmasking of ideologies" to the "sociology of knowledge." And his book presents a great wealth of material to guide the sociologist who would define ideologies in terms of their

social behavior. Incidentally, in his gauging of the case, he suggests reasons why members of the intelligentsia are not a perfect fit for strict political alignment. Their working capital is their education—and in so far as they accumulate this capital to its fullest, they venture far beyond the confines of some immediate political perspective. He does not use this thought, however, to disprove the value of political affiliation. On the contrary, he suggests that there are ways in which this somewhat "classless" ingredient in the "capital" of the intelligentsia may serve to broaden and mature the outlook of the stricter partisans, and enable them to take wider ranges of reality and resistance into account.

As for the key terms, ideology and utopia, their "discounting" in social textures makes it impossible for the reader to follow them as absolute logical opposites. In general, the term ideology is used to connote "false consciousness" of a conservative or reactionary sort—while utopia stresses the same phenomenon in the revolutionary category. If conditions have so changed, for instance, that the landed proprietor has become a capitalist yet "still attempts to explain his relations to his laborers and his own function in the undertaking by means of categories reminiscent of the patriarchal order," he is thinking by "ideological distortion." And the "spiritualization of politics" in the thinking of the Chiliasts is treated as a typical utopia, surviving even in the thought of anarchists like Bakunin. However, although the conservative is not naturally given to utopian imaginings, being content to accept the status quo, the competitive pressure of revolutionary utopias spurs him to the construction of counter-utopias. Hegel's romantic historicism, erected in opposition to the liberal idea, is given as a prime example. Perhaps the following quotation illustrates the difference most succinctly:

As long as the clerically and feudally organized medieval order was able to locate its paradise outside of society, in some other-worldly sphere which transcended history and dulled its revolutionary edge, the idea of paradise was still an integral part of medieval society. Not until certain social groups embodied these wish-images into their actual conduct, and tried to realize them, did these ideologies become utopian.

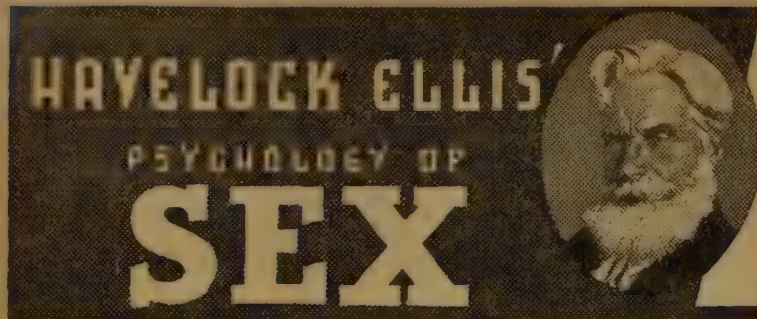
The book is concerned with the ramifications and subtilizations of this distinction, and with a theory of knowledge to be drawn from the plot of history as charted in accordance with these terms. The discussion being conducted largely in abstractions, the book will probably not endear itself to the general reader—but anyone interested in the relation between politics and knowledge should find it absorbing. Perhaps we could venture to summarize the case this way: whereas the needs of the forum tend to make sociology a subdivision of politics, Professor Mannheim is contributing as much as he can toward making politics a subdivision of sociology.

KENNETH BURKE

Modern and/or Contemporary

A BOOK OF CONTEMPORARY SHORT STORIES. Edited by Dorothy Brewster. With an Appendix on Writing the Short Story by Lillian Barnard Gilkes. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THE assumption here—in itself a very valid one—is that enough has taken place since the publication of the editor's "Book of Modern Short Stories" in 1928 to render necessary a volume of "contemporary" short stories in 1937. Ten years ago, Miss Brewster observes prefatorily, the com-



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The Treatment of Sexual Anesthesia in Women

piler of "modern" short stories designed his anthology to "illustrate different ways of handling material"; today, however, he must seek fresh contexts for judgment in the "shifting preoccupation from form to subject matter." Accordingly, Miss Brewster parts the angry waters to Left and Right, distributing her 695 pages equally between the Ivory Tower practitioners—surely a misnomer—"recording physical and spiritual adventures which might happen to almost anybody, anywhere, in any period," and the exponents of the "Red Square," carrying forward revolutionary themes and pointing the direction in which modern society "is going, or might go, or should go."

Yet having parted the waters Miss Brewster does not walk across dryshod; indeed, she is more hard put than one might have surmised to pour her materials into the molds prepared for them. Her ivory towers reveal Russian cupolas, her Red Square opens on formal gardens, and the relative "modernity" of each is computed, in the last analysis, in terms of mere topical immediacy. One is at a loss to understand, for example, why Langston Hughes's *Rejuvenation Through Joy*, shelved with the Ivory Tower pieces, is to be regarded as any less "modern" than his "revolutionary" Professor, also included; or on what authority, other than the toss of a coin and its publication in *International Literature*, Isaac Babel's *Awakening* has been assigned to the Red Square.

As a survey of shorter fiction based on sociological themes, the latter half of Miss Brewster's volume has its value and usefulness; and setting aside for the moment any consideration of categories, the stories by Conrad Aiken, Katherine Anne Porter, Chekhov, Henry James, Lillian Barnard Gilkes, Sandor Gergel, Ignazio Silone, and Yuri Olesha may be read in their own right as distinguished exercises in craft. The line that quarantines the "modern" short story from its "contemporary" neighbors, however, remains written in water until the editor is ready to follow it into the labyrinths of language and technique where it eludes the cartographer's compass and where, at the present moment, it still awaits its discoverer.

BEN BELITT

The Community as a Hero

WHERE THE WEAK GROW STRONG. By Eugene Armfield. Covici, Friede. \$2.50.

CERTAIN writers and critics of the left—notably M. Jules Romains—have lately been obsessed with the problem of multiplicity in fiction. Recognizing that a highly organized industrial society implies the spiritual disenfranchisement of the individual, these thinkers have been looking for an art form into which they might translate this economic reality. Specifically, they have been trying to postulate or, more rarely, actually to write a novel which should have as its protagonist not the One but the Many. While a great deal of cerebration has gone into this matter, very little action has come out of it. One thinks of M. Romains's work-in-progress and of Mr. Dos Passos's completed trilogy, but even in these cases the Individual often seems to have stolen the show from the Masses. It is therefore astonishing to find that a young writer, Eugene Armfield, has with his first novel done the trick, and done it so simply and so unpretentiously that it looks easy.

"Where the Weak Grow Strong" has a collective hero—the town of Tuttle, North Carolina, in the year 1912. Mr. Armfield has shattered the community into the multiple molecular lives that make it up, yet the town remains greater

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than the sum of its inhabitants. The book is divided into four parts: a morning, an afternoon, a Saturday night, and the day of the town carnival, "Everybody's Day." These sections are in turn composed of innumerable episodes—small, characteristic fragments of the lives of the townsfolk. Many and perhaps most of the hundreds of characters are glimpsed briefly, never to be seen again, yet they have been caught in such natural attitudes that the reader can truly be said to be familiar with them on first acquaintance. Mr. Armfield is clever: each episode, though it be only a few sentences long, is in a sense resolved; so that the reader's curiosity is never whetted to the point where he demands to know more than Mr. Armfield will tell him. The ends of Mr. Armfield's people are unquestionably inherent in their beginnings, and in this connection the author is fortunate in his choice of subject matter. Determinism hangs heavy over the book; the characters move as if on a treadmill; indeed, these keyhole peepings reveal less of the mystery and wonder of life than they do of its predictability. Yet life in 1912 in a Southern town was surely like this. Free will may have been a pious Episcopalian illusion, but practically the element of surprise must have been noticeably absent. Mr. Armfield's subject does harmonize neatly with his method, but to say this and no more would be unfair. Mr. Armfield knows his subject well, knows its social and economic inequalities, its frustrations, its occasional, happy homeliness; and he tells the truth about it. This book is, above all, technically striking; but it is something more than a stunt novel, for it has real humanity.

MARY MCCARTHY

The Economics of Chinese History

LANDLORD AND PEASANT IN CHINA. By Chen Hanseng. International Publishers. \$2.

KEY ECONOMIC AREAS IN CHINESE HISTORY. By Ch'ao-ting Chi. Allen and Unwin. (Issued in the United States by the American Council of Pacific Relations.) \$2.50.

ALTHOUGH written wholly independently, these books present a consistent and penetrating interpretation of the dynamics of Chinese history. It is Dr. Chi's contention that the development of water resources has played a decisive role in charting the course of dynastic history. He shows that in the frequent periods of chaos when various principalities were struggling for dominance, victory almost invariably went to the side with the best-developed irrigation and canal system, because this alone could assure the production and transportation of food. Vast irrigation projects were of necessity undertaken by the state, since local groups had neither the organization nor the equipment to attempt them. Thus it usually turned out that the strength of the dynasty depended on its energy in initiating and carrying through huge public-works projects, or in developing new "key economic areas" to support the army and the legion of political hangers-on. Water-control activity, according to the account of Dr. Chi, was primarily a political weapon which conferred incidental economic benefits on the poverty-stricken peasants.

This situation persisted until about the middle of the nineteenth century, when a complete new set of economic and political relationships was established by the opening of the country to foreign trade and industrialization. It is at this

THE *Nation* ANNOUNCES THE POSTPONEMENT OF ITS DINNER

The Department of State has informed *The Nation* that André Malraux, the distinguished French novelist announced as a guest of honor with Louis Fischer at a dinner in New York City on January 28, has withdrawn his application for a visa. Hence he will not be in New York on January 28.

The Secretary of State pointed out that certain features of Mr. Malraux's case necessitated inquiries before a visa could be granted.

Pending the receipt of information that Malraux has received a visa, *The Nation* has postponed its dinner. It is hoped that the situation may be cleared up promptly.

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point that Mr. Chen begins his analysis, showing the effect of the forces unleashed by the West on the traditional economy of China. The picture is an appalling one. In the province of Kwangtung, where his study was undertaken, foreign commerce has existed for more than a century, but it has reacted only to the benefit of the comprador class. Many of these men have become immensely wealthy, and have invested their money, like all good Chinese, in land. The result has been a serious intensification of what was already the region's most serious problem—landlordism. Today 60 per cent of the cultivated land in the province is leased. Equally serious in its effect on the peasantry has been the development of a "modern" system of political organization which has increased taxes—taxes which are collected from the tenants rather than from the landlords—and given greater power to the local gentry.

As a consequence, Mr. Chen reports a steady and serious decline in living standards, agricultural productivity, and wage levels in the province during the past generation. A large proportion of the men have been driven into the army or to foreign countries, and agricultural labor has been performed to an increasing extent by women. Only about half of the tillable land is actually cultivated. The rest has suffered seriously from erosion and lack of proper care. Yet land is so expensive that it requires the equivalent of the wage of an agricultural laborer working for from ten to forty years to purchase a subsistence plot. On top of this, the handicraft industry has been practically destroyed by the flood of machine-made goods. Being a social scientist, Mr. Chen does not draw the obvious political conclusions from his study. But if the factors described by Dr. Chi still operate, one would expect that the neglect of fundamental resources, particularly

labor power, would manifest itself in continuous civil strife and peasant uprisings until a constructive leader or new dynasty emerges.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

A General Tells Some Truths

WE CAN DEFEND AMERICA. By Major General Johnson Hagood. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

GENERAL HAGOOD, who was summarily removed from his position last winter for criticizing WPA expenditures and then restored for a day, has done a great service by writing this book. For once an intelligent general has spoken out. And he has not followed the usual custom of demanding more troops, more money, more barracks, more airplanes, and more preparedness of a wholesale character. Instead, he has sharply criticized the War Department and its methods and made statements which, if they were published by a general in any other country than our own, would result in an immediate governmental inquiry. But when Admiral Sims charged that the educational system of the navy was absolutely bad, called for the complete making over of Annapolis, and asserted that not a single officer on arriving at flag rank was competent to command the fleet in war time, nobody did anything. Hence it is too much to expect that General Hagood's book will receive the national attention that it deserves.

It is true that General Hagood favors the best navy in the world, which we are so plainly not getting. In his own field his thesis is that we can defend America without difficulty with a small regular force. He wants an army conceived, organized, and administered, not as they do it in Europe, but in accordance with the genius of the American people and our own geographical situation. He wants an "essentially defensive army," organized simply to repel invasion, and he points out that it is a thousand-fold more difficult for Europe to make war upon America than to make war upon itself. An army of a million men landed upon American shores would have to unload 20,000 tons of cargo per day to maintain itself. This includes motor trucks, poison gas, ammunition, steel rails, and so on. If we had landed in France during the World War all the materials that we needed, it would have called for 40,000 tons of cargo per day, and there are only five ports in the United States which could handle so much tonnage. Moreover, no country except England has the cargo ships to transport anything like what would be needed to keep even 500,000 men supplied from Europe.

Our seacoast defenses, the General says, are "a pile of junk." As for the air corps, he does not want a large one but a small, thoroughly up-to-date force, organized with some conception of our needs and of the task that an air corps would have to undertake. He thinks it ridiculous to form our air corps on the theory that it can be used to raid European countries behind their military front, and he is sure that if we had 5,000 airplanes, the bulk of them would be antiquated before the newest were completed. The new German army program of smashing an enemy's capital by a huge force of army airplanes and following that up by a forward drive of a small mobile army, he laughs at. "No such force could come across the Atlantic Ocean," are his words. Then he adds: "It could not be a German, a French, or an Italian force, because they do not have the ships. It could not be a British force, because they do not have the men. It could not be a Japanese force, because Japan could not operate so far from its base without a very long period

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of preparation, including the destruction of our fleet in the Pacific."

Another section of the book, devoted to the training of men, constitutes an important argument against long periods of training and universal military training. General Hagood cites one instance after another in the infantry, cavalry, field artillery, and coast artillery in which bodies of green men were trained by good professional officers in an amazingly short time—in six weeks—not by the methods employed during the World War but by using common sense and doing away with routine drills in barracks.

Next he affirms that America is not seventeenth among the military powers, as the War Department says, but the very first, and that it needs only a very small expeditionary force in case of an emergency. He pokes fun at all the manners and customs of the army, especially at the saluting. He doesn't even believe in uniform clothing for troops, only that they should wear rough clothing suitable for the season of the year; and he is crazy enough to think that dentists and surgeons on duty with the army do not need to wear boots and spurs. The important thing is to give the men the best of weapons and to train them not to become automatons but to use their brains. He thinks it would have been vastly better to have given the 200,000 American troops who landed in France without having fired their rifles a few hours of instruction in shooting than to have wasted weeks in teaching them to salute and do calisthenic drills.

If this is not treason to our whole pompous, autocratic, and utterly unrealistic military system, what could be? It is a conclusive argument for the immediate creation of a civilian board to modernize the whole defense business—if we must have a defense army—and to see to it that a definite program of defending our shores shall be worked out and our whole military effort centered around it.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Shorter Notices

ASPECTS OF WILDE. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

The bulk of this book deals with Oscar Wilde's last years in Paris, a period of the writer's life that has been far more of a target for criticism and mud-slinging than the pre-jail period itself. We have been given pictures of a fat, beringed personage sinking helplessly into debauchery; Lord Carson, the prosecuting lawyer at Wilde's trial, has described bumping into a "poor, painted creature" in a Paris street, and many others have added their muddy, self-righteous contributions. Mr. O'Sullivan attacks these critics from the standpoint of his acquaintance with Wilde after the latter's release from prison, and the Wilde he presents is in no way a sunken, cowardly personality but rather an alert observer, enduring a tormented life of staring, hostile people with admirable courage. Always the author bears in mind that Wilde is a literary figure and should be considered as such, and so he has detached him from the general mess of moral prejudice and criticized his works and conversation sensibly and without bias. Originally intended as an essay the book was stretched into its present form—an unfortunate thing, as there are many pages in which Wilde is not mentioned at all and the main theme of the book is neglected. Many of Wilde's quips and anecdotes as quoted here are embarrassingly poor and serve only as padding. But in those portions of the book where quantity has been ignored the quality of the writing is very

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good and forms an excellent and much-needed defense of Wilde. There are also comments on many of Wilde's friends and enemies, all of which make good reading.

RICHARD VAUGHAN

THE NOVEL IN MOTLEY. A HISTORY OF THE BURLESQUE NOVEL IN ENGLISH. By Archibald Bolling Shepperson. Harvard University Press. \$3.

The importance of Mr. Shepperson's subject is proved by the circumstance that three of his chapters are devoted to Fielding, Jane Austen, and Thackeray, each of whom served an apprenticeship in fiction wearing the cap and bells. Each of them began with parody upon a prevailing style, and each of them built upon that style an enduring one of his own—purified, of course, by a great talent, but purified also in the fires of criticism. For parody is criticism, as Mr. Shepperson perfectly understands, and it was by no means to the disadvantage of these three novelists that they had to start out by using their minds. Mr. Shepperson treats the whole story of burlesque fiction between Fielding and Bret Harte as if it were a chapter in the history of literary criticism, as indeed it seems to be; and only hints the moral that the chapter should not have closed with the nineteenth century, when for one reason or another the art of prose parody declined. Fiction continues to need something of the sort, particularly at a time when the criticism it gets is as absurd in its solemnity as most of the fiction is in its foolishness. Mr. Shepperson writes other chapters on the Frenchified romance, the novel of "feeling," the revolutionary novel, the Gothic tale, and the novel of knighthood as victims of current ridicule; and appends a valuable list of burlesque novels written between 1830 and 1900. His study is both workman-like and graceful, and should continue for a long time to have its uses.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

Near the Bohemian Coast

ANYONE who came in in the middle of "High Tor," Maxwell Anderson's new play at the Martin Beck Theater, might be pardonably bewildered. High in the air he would see two substantial but sinister citizens imprisoned in the bucket of an idle steam shovel, while upon a crag just beneath, the robustious shade of one of Henry Hudson's men is holding converse with a stenographer from a twentieth-century office. Other things just as odd as that happen quite regularly throughout the play, and yet—if the reader will only take my word for it—they can seem quite reasonable to one who has followed from the beginning the airy and delightful fantasy. Versatility is one of the most conspicuous though not the most important of Mr. Anderson's many virtues, and in "High Tor" he has written a playfully imaginative comedy agreeably unlike anything our theaters are accustomed to house.

Some spectators, to be sure, seem to have fretted themselves into believing that they do not understand everything as precisely as they should; but that is only because they have been looking for a more solemnly detailed symbolism than the author had any intention of providing, and the outline

of the story is simple enough. A romantic young man—played with his usual combination of authority and charm by Burgess Meredith—owns a bit of mountain overlooking the Hudson. Living there in refuge from the modern world which he hates, he refuses to sell out to the industrialists who are gradually taking over the region; and during the course of one wild night, while the emissaries of the enemy are imprisoned in the bucket, he holds converse with those same Dutchmen who put Rip Van Winkle to sleep. They are embodiments of his romanticism as well as representatives of a race displaced by his forefathers exactly as he is about to be displaced by new aliens, and they convince him that it is folly to resist new civilizations—partly because they will win anyway and partly because, as an Indian surviving in flesh and blood explains, even the new turns into the quaint if you give it years enough; there is nothing man can build which does not make a very romantic ruin in time.

No one is likely to misunderstand that much of plot and meaning, but to hunt for precise symbolism in all the fantastic details which embellish or enliven the play is to assume a tight allegory when what one has is a freely playful fantasy instead. What one needs is not profundity but liveliness of imagination, and the curtain of the first act will illustrate as well as anything else the spirit of the piece. There has been some talk of the legendary Dutchmen, whose existence our hero will neither affirm nor deny, but who are said to appear in stormy weather. As dusk falls, he is facing the audience when suddenly one sees their silhouettes, schnapps keg and all, advancing across the crest. As the young man turns, we wait for the cry of astonishment. Nothing happens for an instant, and then he remarks calmly, "Well, it's going to rain all right." Now that, of course, doesn't mean anything except that the Dutchmen are a familiar sight to the hero. But at the moment when it comes, it is surprising and funny and delightful.

Using the word merely to define and not to evaluate, "High Tor" is surprisingly Shakespearean—or Beaumont and Fletcherish—in the sense that its immediate ancestors seem to be not any of the symbolic plays of recent years but the freer romantic fantasies of the Elizabethans, dominated by poetry and playfulness rather than by allegory. Nor could I help feeling that one of the most striking things about the performance was the happily receptive attitude of an audience which, I feel perfectly sure, would even five years ago have felt it a duty to resent anything so devoid of "sophistication." Perhaps the scene in which one of the Dutchmen mistakes two men under a blanket for a double-headed monster is a bit too directly Shakespearean (*vide* "The Tempest"), but Mr. Anderson modernizes the incident very amusingly, and his whole play may help accomplish something which the modern drama needs as badly as it needs anything else. It may help limber up the imagination.

I have already mentioned the engaging performance of Burgess Meredith. Considerably less expected is the richly humorous one by Charles G. Brown as one of the Dutchmen. All of us who had seen Mr. Brown in a long series of hard-boiled roles knew that he was a good actor, but we had about given up hope that he would ever be intrusted with anything except the comic relief in detective mysteries and the like. Now he emerges as the possessor of a real style which seems to fit perfectly the role of a half-comic, half-romantic ghost. I nominate him for almost any of the low-comedy roles in Shakespeare—anything from, say, First Grave-Digger to Sir Toby Belch.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Black Is Black

IT HAS been said by at least one newspaper that "Black Legion," the film which Warner Brothers have made out of a recent American scandal, is "vastly important" and should be seen by everybody. To say this is to indict most Americans of a grossness which I think they do not possess. Most Americans disapproved of the doings in Michigan last spring, and the film can only underline their disapproval, since it keeps the night riders in a bad light throughout and sends a dozen of them to the penitentiary for life sentences at the close. But this is an easy moral triumph—kicking an obvious villain when he is already behind the bars. A subtler and perhaps more valuable triumph would consist in making us see a villain where we thought we had seen a saint, on some social level so high above that of the Michigan morons that many of us suppose it to be beyond criticism. We might learn something from such a film, whereas we are told by this one that black is black, and we knew that a long time ago. The film is not even excellent in its own terms; it is full of stock figures, it moves with a barren obviousness, and in general it has about one-tenth as much art in it as "Fury" had, to name a predecessor which itself was imperfect.

The frontier beyond the law is with us likewise in "The Plainsman" (Paramount), which brings Gary Cooper to his millions of adorers under the name of Wild Bill Hickok. The director, Cecil B. De Mille, has handled the inevitable Indians with a surprising restraint; the story is substantially true; and the march of events is very stirring. I say that the story is substantially true in spite of the fact that the original Hickok managed to get along without Calamity Jane (Jean Arthur) and, while certainly a killer, was always on the side of the law. It was perhaps a sound instinct that touched him here with irregularity, for it gives us a chance to see him softening under the influence of a woman. As for Gary Cooper himself, let it suffice that all biographers of Hickok report him as "handsome and fascinating." Mr. Cooper has never been more of either.

The Museum of Modern Art began its second annual series of revivals the other evening with a program which included one of the most famous of the early German films, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." It seemed to me a little less horrible than it was in 1921, partly perhaps because it had not been cut to the brilliant length it originally possessed in America. But the best of it was still powerful; and one could be sure that this best was exactly what it had once been, since the revival of a film is not, like the revival of a play, a new entity altogether—unless, as in the case of "Broken Blossoms" (Belmont Theater), the film has been remade from the ground up. Griffith's minor masterpiece of 1919 is no masterpiece at all in this English caricature of its celebrated and, of course, exaggerated terrors, the fine work of Dolly Haas as Lucy scarcely compensating for the crudeness of the rest.

While I am on the subject of revivals I should say to New Yorkers that the World Cinema on Forty-ninth Street is always worth watching, since any good film on earth may turn up there from the comparatively recent past.

MARK VAN DOREN

Teachers!

Twenty years ago the idea that knowledge of party politics, the price of electricity and the chance of a student finding a job after graduation belong among the materials of education was a revolutionary, almost sacrilegious notion. Today school walls are open wide to the problems which stretch beyond the classroom. Since 1914 the editors of *THE NEW REPUBLIC*, and its contributors—such men as Herbert Croly, Professor John Dewey, Professor Charles A. Beard—have been foremost among those who have put their shoulders against stiff academic walls and pushed them open. An important part of the audience of the weekly *New Republic* is composed of teachers and students. More than 100 colleges and schools use the paper today for supplementary reading.

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Letters to the Editors

A Seaman Does His Bit

[The following letter is reprinted from the Voice of the Federation, the lively newspaper published weekly by the Maritime Federation of the Pacific.]

Brothers: I'm second in command of a converted British yacht. . . . We picked up our boat in an unnamed Baltic port—crew were Danes and Esthonians. Now (November 29) we're off the Catalan coast, near Cape Ras, I believe. We'll slip into a little French port, Port Vendre, or maybe anchor off Banyul-sur-Mer. I'll try to slip ashore or send this ashore along with a few other "important" letters.

The weather has been thick, luckily for us, but the blockade is bad. Italy may not be in this thing officially, or Germany either, but the Dago subs are as thick as mourners at a rich Gee's funeral. And we saw several Heinie destroyers off Barcelona, where we did *not* go in.

Not that all this matters to you back there in the states. But it's pretty grim and pretty dirty business to the Spiks over here. It's the same sort of high-handed tactics sometimes used in the states by owners fighting the workers. And the lesson we can learn by watching the outcome of this mess may help the workers and the union men when a similar crisis comes to the United States.

I suppose I'll be blacklisted in the states as a damn Communist. I can alibi that I'm running arms—for that's our job—for the dough and the kick I get out of it. Put it down that way. But you can also hint to any comrades in the states that I'd see myself burn in hell before I'd run guns for that "Bastid" (as Hemingway calls it) Fascist Franco.

If and when we get this load through, and if and when we finish this business, I may stay and enlist with what is left of the workers' army—fighting in whatever country the battle is being waged. Or I may return to the United States and enlist in the battle that is going on there *all the time*. Maybe with what I've learned over here I can be of some help. If you want me, that is.

So—*Hasta Luego*, as the Spiks say.

Off the Coast of Spain,
Thanksgiving Day, 1936

R. B.

Monroe and Roosevelt

Dear Sirs: I accede unreservedly to Mr. Hallgren's superior knowledge of naval and military possibilities in a future war in which the United States may be involved. I admit my ignorance about the strategic importance of Guam and sincerely hope that my fears that New York or San Francisco may be bombarded by enemy airplanes are entirely unfounded. Mr. Hallgren may be assured that I am not a press agent for any of the aviation firms. That, so far, there are no bombing planes which can fly 3,000 miles and back with a full load, I readily admit.

Rereading my article, however, I somehow cannot discover the passage in which I said that the United States could be *conquered* by submarines and airplanes. Mr. Hallgren would have saved sixteen lines of his argumentation in the valuable space of *The Nation* if he had not overlooked the fact that, at the beginning of my article, I said that these bombers could be launched from airplane carriers. Airplane carriers can be protected by warships and submarines. Twenty years ago German submarines were able to come to American shores and there sink American ships. Moreover, I do not see why an expeditionary force of "volunteers" from Japan or the European fascist powers could not be landed, for instance, during a civil war in Mexico, and then marched to the United States border. It is not farther from Europe to America than from America to Europe, and twenty years ago America was able to land one and a half million men in France to fight against Germany.

Though I must dispel Mr. Hallgren's doubt that I had ever read Monroe's original message to Congress, I looked it up again in the "World Almanac" and I remain under the impression, which I happen to share with the spokesmen of all the reactionary Latin American governments, as well as with those of their extreme leftist opponents, that Monroe's message was a unilateral declaration. Roosevelt's address appeared to me, as to most commentators, to be a departure from the idea of the original Monroe message by its implication of a multi-lateral agreement in the mutual interest of all countries, which of course means

also in the interest of the United States.

Mr. Hallgren's statement to the effect that Roosevelt's intention is to prevent the Latin American republics from "fighting on the other side" is not only no refutation of my interpretation but practically identical with what I said on the subject, namely, "Roosevelt's speech was apparently also a warning to those Latin American countries which flirt with the idea of aligning themselves with the European fascist countries." And the American desire "to protect the sources of certain raw materials that America might need in the war" is quite obviously implied in that idea and needs no special emphasis. I also grant Mr. Hallgren that another objective may have been the furtherance of "peaceful economic penetration." But this is also so obvious that, probably for this reason, a very similar passage in my original manuscript was left out by the editors of *The Nation*, because of lack of space.

True, from the point of view of uncompromising traditional pacifism and radicalism, the intentions of the Roosevelt Administration fall undoubtedly under the category of imperialism, but I shamelessly admit that I believe that as long as the millennium is still in the offing, the workers of these semi-colonial countries might be better off within the sphere of an enlightened economic imperialism, Roosevelt style, than under the heel of Hitler, Mussolini, or the Japanese war lords.

STEPHEN NAFT

New York, January 23

The Honor Is Ours

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* itself, and an Associated Press release, brought me the news that you had seen fit to include my name on your 1936 honor roll. I sincerely appreciate this honor. Since I started to college I have been a regular reader of *The Nation*, and I give the magazine and its staff a large part of the credit for any liberal outlook that I may have.

In your citation you refer to the dark regions of Mississippi. It is true that my native state is backward in many ways, but this particular section, northeastern Mississippi, more especially the Tupelo area, is the most liberal area in the mid-

South. The chief factor helping to create a measure of liberality in this immediate section has been the coming of the TVA. We have a long way to go, but I sincerely believe, and I say it advisedly, that if the TVA is allowed to go through with its broad program, this immediate area will take the lead in progressive measures in the South.

Your recognition of my work is the greatest honor that I have ever received, and I want to say again that I greatly appreciate it.
GEORGE MCLEAN
Tupelo, Miss., January 2

Another Durruti

Dear Sirs: Your issue of December 26 carried a letter signed by Max Nomad, Stephen Naft, Carlo Tresca, and others which said that Buenaventura Durruti, leader of the Anarchist column in Spain, "is the same Durruti whom the *New Masses* of June 9 accused of working with the fascists."

This is not the case. The *New Masses* of June 9 published an article from Spain by Ilya Ehrenbourg which said that "the police arrested a certain Anarchist, Marcelo Duruti, who was planning in league with the fascists quite an underhanded affair." Obviously Marcelo Duruti is not the same as Buenaventura Durruti.

As for the "cowardice" of the Spanish Anarchists, one is surprised that anyone should miss the point. What originally made the Anarchists a menace to the defense of Spanish democracy was not their cowardice. They always have been and are to this day extremely brave men. But their Anarchist principles nullified their courage. Several months ago they plastered the walls of Spain with posters saying: "Let us organize *indiscipline*." The practical application of this doctrine was disastrous. In war the most exalted personal courage is no substitute for that discipline which the Anarchists at first rejected in principle.

That much the Anarchists themselves learned from bitter experience. Today one of their leaders, Juan Peyro, says to his comrades: "It is necessary that you, lovers of indiscipline, realize that now we must have a war discipline. . . . The members of the National Confederation of Labor did not go into the government to represent indiscipline, but on the contrary to demand discipline and unified command."

It is true that "for the last sixty years the Spanish Anarchists have been the romantic daredevils of their country's labor movement." It is also true that

romantic daredevilry by itself can never solve fundamental military and political problems. For the last sixty years the Spanish Anarchists have been following a false theory which the experience of the civil war has caused the best of them to abandon.

JOSEPH FREEMAN
New York, December 28

On Buying ■ Used Car

Dear Sirs: Some time ago my wife and I saw an advertisement that looked good to us: "1934 Ford Coupe, good condition, \$425, run only 21,000 miles."

"Mary, that's the car we need. I can use it going to work, and then you can have it the rest of the day." "Do you think we can afford it, Jim?" "Well, we will go down and look at it."

After we had signed on the dotted line, I paid \$100 down as first payment, then \$1.50 for license transfer. A few days later I received a notice from a finance company that they held my notes, having bought them from the used-car dealer, and that the interest on the unpaid balance was \$70. In the same mail was a copy of my contract from the used-car dealer, with insurance papers covering fire, theft, and collision. The insurance cost me \$56 down, and my monthly payments were \$29.33 a month on the unpaid balance.

One week after we bought the car two cylinders started to pump oil. After trying to remedy this by new plugs, I had to have the valves reground. This cost \$7. Then my coil unit burned out, and the brakes refused to hold; the complete bill this time was \$22. About a month later I noticed a bulge in the rear. It looked like a paint blister, but when I tried to sandpaper it down, the whole piece fell out. A hole had been knocked in the back and then patched up with wood filler. I had to take it to a body mechanic, who repaired it and painted it—for \$6.

A week or so later I noticed a knock either in the engine or the clutch housing. On examination I found one gear worn and a piston ring broken—cost \$32. I had to have a complete set of new rings put in, as well as other parts for the clutch. By this time my tires were down to the fabric. I tried to get by with some second-hand tires, but after two months they were just as bad as the others, so I went to Sears, Roebuck and got a complete set for around \$45.

I still must pay \$150 on the car before I can get the title; by this time the car has depreciated in value, so that if I sell it for \$150 I will be doing well. Pro-



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vided I don't have to make any more major repairs in the next three months, the car will have cost me \$708.46. If I ever have enough money ahead I believe I will become a used-car dealer.

CORBILCO

Richmond, Va., January 11

Pilot, Retired

Dear Sirs: "Twenty-seven people were killed last month in airplane crashes." You start the paragraph on aviation in your issue of January 9 with a shock; and I am glad of it. But you do not mention that one of these twenty-seven was Juan de la Cierva, the inventor of the autogiro. His death in an airplane was certainly an "irony of fate."

Your recommendations for air safety are sound. After flying as a professional pilot for fourteen years it dawned on me that it was a hazardous business; so in 1931 I got a mechanic's job with the Pitcairn Autogiro Company. Carrying mail with a parachute as life preserver, as I did in 1919, was okay, but to have a load of passengers trusting in my good luck seemed a bit too much.

It was not long before I was flying the "whirligigs" and liking it. In the navy it was a pleasure to fly over the water in a good old flying boat, but I had never been really happy over the land, wondering where to "land" if—

The air lines have done wonders, but

I doubt if they pay big dividends until flying is proved to be not only faster but also safer than other forms of transportation. I believe this can be done with the autogiro and the dirigible. I trust that you will give aviation more notice. Its progress will aid unity among nations as other forms of fast transportation have done.

JOHN MILLER

Upper Montclair, N. J., January 11

Rivera's Frescos

Dear Sirs: Many of your readers have doubtless seen Diego Rivera's magnificent series of twenty-one frescos painted for the people of New York by the great artist as a voluntary labor, and housed by him in the auditorium of the New Workers' School. The building is now to be torn down, and the New Workers' School has received a dispossession notice.

We have found a new home, a big trade-union and labor center at 131 West Thirty-third Street, but the rent is more than three times as high as in the ramshackle old building we have been occupying, and the cost of proper moving and installation is above \$900. A minimum sum of \$1,500 raised promptly will cover the moving and some of the additional expenses thus incurred. The murals have now been crated and moved into the building, where they will be kept on permanent exhibition when sufficient funds have been raised.

The New Workers' School is a non-profit, volunteer-operated institution with no funds of its own. Will you help us save the murals and make them accessible to many more thousands? Make checks payable to Mural Fund, New Workers' School, 131 West Thirty-third Street.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

New York, January 15

Objection Allowed

Dear Sirs: Max Nomad, Stephen Naft, Carlo Tresca, Anita Brenner, and J. M. Escuder are right in protesting against my unnecessary and undesirable indiscretion about the column which allowed the Spanish rebels to enter the university suburb. This is the time for an armistice among anti-fascists which may offer the opportunity for greater understanding, closer cooperation, and perhaps ultimate fusion.

LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, January 15

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The Shape of Things

★

BLOOD HAS AGAIN BEEN SHED IN FLINT, IN the course of the General Motors attempt to reopen its plants. Twenty-five men were hurt in clashes of strikers and company guards, and General Motors had to concede Plant No. 4 lost to the strikers. While the strikers were coping with one strike-breaking method, company guards, counsel for the C.I.O. was fighting another, the court injunction. General Motors is basing its plea on its property rights, but it ignores the fact that the most important property right involved is the right of the workers to have their jobs under decent conditions.

★

SENATOR BORAH'S ORATION OVER NBC IN defense of the Supreme Court was played up beforehand as a masterpiece by the tory press. It added nothing to the debate on the Constitution except to strengthen the conviction that the tories will oppose any curbing of the court's power and will insist on change (if any) by constitutional amendment, on the theory that they will be able to block an amendment more easily than a Congressional curb. And with this speech Senator Borah clinches the role of the Daniel Webster of his time. Meanwhile the court, in a decision which will have more influence than the Senator's speech, outlawed the Washington state utility tax, and showed that it is still operating on its old five-to-four basis.

★

IF THE SECRET OF HITLER'S SUCCESS HAS been his ability to do the unexpected, his fourth anniversary message was the least successful of his career. On internal policy there was little that he could say that had not been repeated a dozen times. The four-year plan will be pursued until national self-sufficiency is achieved, even though the food shortage is aggravated. But on foreign affairs he had a choice between meeting Blum and Eden halfway and thus alleviating the tension created by his Spanish adventure, and a bold gesture of defiance which would have electrified his supporters at home. In doing neither he revealed a weakness which may ultimately prove fatal for fascist leadership. The repetition of his demand for colonies meant little to his German hearers but profoundly disturbed the British, who looked in vain for a conciliatory note in answer to Eden's pleas. Similarly, his attempts to drive a wedge between France and the Soviet Union by asserting that there "are no humanly conceivable points of dispute"

between France and Germany fell on deaf ears as far as the French government is concerned. The repudiation of the war-guilt clause stood as a lone reminder of the audacity by which Hitler has captured German confidence. With no further surprises possible except through violating the sovereignty of other countries, it remains to be seen how long Hitler can without war divert the people's attention from their empty larders.

★

THE PAST WEEK'S REPORTS FROM THE MADRID front indicate that the government is once more on the offensive. Despite almost continuous rain or fog, the loyalists followed up their success at the Cerro de los Angeles with a brilliant advance in West Park which threatens the rebel position in the University City area. Government forces have also advanced in the vicinity of Bilbao and are said to be menacing Granada. At Malaga the situation remains critical, but the rebel advance appears to have been halted by government reinforcements. The increasing strength of the loyalist forces is largely due to improved morale, better discipline, and a development of the war industries in government territory, but it also reflects a steady deterioration in the rebel forces. The insurgents have already lost the better part of two armies—the regular Spanish army, which never could be trusted in fighting against the people, and the Moors, who have suffered terrific losses. As a last resort Franco has some 20,000 Germans to draw on, but he has hesitated to use them, possibly because he fears to alienate such sections of Spanish middle-class opinion as still believe in the patriotic motives of the rebels. If the insurgent army continues to deteriorate, Hitler and Mussolini will be hard put to carry through the first step in their program for world fascism.

★

ACTION BY THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD increasing the reserve requirements of member banks by one-third reduces but does not eliminate the danger of credit inflation. As the board points out, the total amount of deposits in banks and the Postal Savings system, plus currency outside the banks, is already two billion dollars larger than in 1929. If the turnover on these deposits were comparable to pre-depression levels, they could support far greater business activity and considerably higher prices than exist today. Even with the new reserve requirements, there will be at least a half-billion dollars in excess reserves, which might be transformed into four or five billion dollars' worth of new credit. While it is true that the Federal Reserve Bank could further cut these reserves by selling its holdings of government bonds, such action would probably lead to an undesired increase in interest rates and impair the government's borrowing power. And if business activity increases very rapidly, some banks are likely to desert the Federal Reserve system in order to free themselves from the stringent reserve requirements. Yet some action was imperative, and it was well to take such a step before pressure from business groups made it impossible.

JUDGE JULIAN W. MACK HAS AGAIN SHOWN his talent for economic realism and judicious statement in a decision of the first importance in the Electric Bond and Share case. Our readers will recall the furor which was raised in holding-company circles by the so-called "death sentence" clause of the Public Utility Holding Company Act—a furor which was nourished by the hysterical opinion handed down by Judge Coleman in the famous Burco case and which, on what Chairman James E. Landis of the SEC calls the "bad Liberty League advice" of well-paid counsel, was extended into a bitter fight on the part of the big holding companies against registering at all under the act. The holding companies proceeded to tie the government up in a tangle of suits, and thus divide its strength. The government's strategy in turn has been to push the Electric Bond and Share case because it presents the issues most clearly. Judge Mack has decided that the registration provisions are separable from the rest of the act, that registration may itself be viewed as a regulatory device through the publicity of accounts which it achieves, and that it was not up to him to pass on the merits of the rest of the act, which can be decided by the courts after the companies register. The decision is as clear and admirable as any which has recently emerged from the lower federal courts.

★

TO HERR GOEBBELS, GERMANY'S MINISTER OF Public Enlightenment, we happily recommend the following etymological item lifted from a French newspaper: The word Sanhedrin is defined as "the supreme council and tribunal of the Jews, presided over by a president, the Nazi."

★

TOM MOONEY HAS LOST THE FIRST ROUND of his new fight for freedom. Early in 1935 an application for a writ of habeas corpus was presented to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that Mooney's conviction was in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. The court denied the writ, holding that Mooney had not exhausted the resources of the California courts. The proper steps were promptly taken, one by one. An appeal to the Superior Court of Marin County was denied without a hearing. An appeal to the Appellate Court of the state was denied in a two-to-one decision. In July, 1935, the California Supreme Court appointed as referee an attorney named Shaw to report to the court on Mooney's charges of perjury and frame-up. After lengthy investigations, hearings began. They lasted 135 days and were marked by bitter wrangling between the referee and Mooney's attorneys and by the dramatic appearance as witnesses of both Mooney and Billings. And now the referee has at last handed down his expected "findings." He reports that the trial was not a frame-up, that perjured testimony was not introduced, and that evidence favorable to Mooney was not suppressed. The state Supreme Court will soon hear arguments on the report and will render what will also un-

doubtedly be an adverse decision. Whereupon the case will again be taken before the Supreme Court of the United States and the real fight for Mooney's freedom and the righting of a historic wrong will there be waged.

★

THE DETAILED PICTURE OF A RACKET WHOSE tentacles reach into organized labor is being unfolded at the trial now going on in New York City on the basis of material dredged up by Thomas E. Dewey and his staff of investigators. The courage of one Benny Gottesman, secretary of Local Number One of the Waiters' Union, in resisting the illegal advances of racketeers armed with money, guns, and, allegedly, the support of a Tammany leader stands out against the sordid evidence of bribes, shakedowns, and betrayals involving officials of other locals and the agents of "Dutch" Schultz. Some trade unionists have accused Mr. Dewey of using his investigations to discredit labor, though this hardly jibes with his well-known political ambitions. There is genuine danger in the new wave of agitation for laws to "protect" labor unions which the trial has set in motion. There is no reason why unions should not be subject to laws giving the public access to their accounts. But both labor and liberals should be wary of legislation going beyond this. *The Nation* has consistently pointed out that ultimately the only cure for racketeering in unions is rank-and-file control. In more than one union in New York City this cure has been effected in the last few years. If the industrial-unionism movement succeeds, it will be more potent than any legislation in sweeping labor's house clean.

★

THE MUDDY WATERS OF JAPAN'S CABINET crisis have not been appreciably cleared up by the formation of the new government. General Hayashi's appointment as Premier is clearly a makeshift which does not resolve the situation definitely in favor of one side or the other. Nor does it indicate any change in foreign policy, although it was dissension over foreign policy that caused the downfall of the Hirota Cabinet. From the point of view of the army extremists, two distinct issues were involved. One, the maintenance of a unified control and the elimination of factionalism within the army, was a matter affecting the military. The other, involving dissolution of the Diet and the establishment of an authoritarian government, was a question of national politics. Starting a drive to settle the second of these issues, the army extremists blundered into raising the first over the question of General Ugaki as Premier. A man of wide experience, strong mind, and independent convictions, Ugaki was distinctly out of favor with the ruling army clique because of personal clashes in the past. Neither issue has been settled by the choice of General Hayashi. Although he is a solid army career man, he represents the moderate conservative group rather than the extremists, and this does not help the cause of army unity. And with the army still in control, the struggle between the military and the Diet is bound to recur.

Behind the Soviet Trials

IT IS possible that it will be another hundred years before all the actual facts about the recent Soviet trials are known. That is true of any complex event that involves clashes of national policy and the ambitions of individuals. Meanwhile it is the task of progressives all over the world to appraise, without any political or emotional commitments, the meaning and implications of what has happened in Russia, to separate legal procedures from political realities and both from matters of faith. Russia is the laboratory in which the success of a workers' state is being tested. And when there is an explosion in the laboratory, the whole world watches the results.

The foremost question in the recent war of the pamphlets has turned on how authentic the confessions are and how fair the judicial procedure. The other big question is the relation of the trials to the struggle for power going on in Russia. Both questions must be viewed in the context of Soviet law and revolutionary history.

Soviet public law differs from ours in several essential respects. In a regime of Socialist construction such offenses as sabotage and wrecking, which in other regimes would be classed merely as property crimes, are considered crimes against the state. Moreover, Soviet judicial procedure is patterned more on the Continental model than on the Anglo-American. A man is held for a political crime after an initial investigation by the Department of State Security. There follows an elaborate examination by the State Prosecutor, witnesses being called and a verbatim report of the evidence taken down. All this is secret. Finally comes the trial itself, in which the defendant is given the right of counsel (whatever may be its value in the hostile atmosphere of the regime) and of utterance, and in which he has a chance to deny or withdraw confessions or testimony given in the preliminary examination. Like other Continental trials, the Soviet trial is informal, both prosecutor and defendant being allowed to make speeches which we should consider as belonging on the hustings rather than in a courtroom. The tribunal is the Supreme Court of the U. S. S. R. and from it no appeal lies. Death penalties are provided for a whole series of political and economic crimes against the state. Nor is there anything unusual, even outside Russia, in basing a conviction upon confessions. In both English and American law all that is needed to prove treason is two witnesses to the overt act or a confession in open court. The heart of the difference between Soviet and Anglo-American law lies rather in the meaning assigned to "open court." With us the trial is the thing itself, with the burden of proof resting upon the prosecution; with the Soviets it is the final stage in a series of investigations, and the defendant's safeguards lie not in the sifting of every scrap of testimony and documentary evidence but in his chance to challenge or repudiate any testimony. According to Soviet law, the government is under no obligation to publish documentary evidence, and seems in these cases to have lived up to its own judicial procedures. But the prosecution's failure to produce and publish

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such evidence has profoundly disturbed everyone brought up in the Anglo-Saxon concept of due process.

The first reaction of liberals to the trials was one of sheer incredulity. Surely the thing was not possible! Given crimes so monstrous, how explain the fulness, even the fulsomeness of the confessions? To the credit of most liberals, they did not place much stock in the theories advanced by the Hearst papers, the *American Mercury*, and their close runner-up, the now reactionary *Time*—theories of the use of torture or of some strange and hypnotic "confession gas." The first trial had a bad press, both in England and America. If the second has had a markedly better press—and we believe it has—one reason is that the incredulity has decreased before the relentless piling up of the testimony. Another reason is that the defendants in the second trial, especially Radek, Piatakov, and Serebriakov, were men of more stubborn strength and greater integrity than those of the first trial, and their confessions were therefore more impressive. Finally, the suspicion that the confessions might in the first trial have been extorted by a promise of freedom was weakened when the executions were carried out and when it became clear that the defendants in the second trial made their confessions while facing what they believed to be certain death. It would have been possible for Radek to say a few words of repudiation in open court in the presence of foreign correspondents and the diplomatic corps, and with those words to electrify the whole world. That he did not do so carries considerable conviction.

This leads us from the realm of judicial procedure to that of political reality. It must be clear that the two recent trials do not stand alone. They are best viewed as rounding out (of course there will be other trials soon, but they will be sequels to the last two) a chain of judicial prosecutions of political offenses that stretches back over the last fifteen years. In 1922, after the attempt on Lenin's life, twelve Social Revolutionaries were condemned to death at proceedings attended by Vandervelde and Liebknecht, but their sentences were commuted. From 1926 to 1933 there was a succession of trials of Soviet and foreign technicians, among them the Shakhty trial of Russian technicians in the Donetz coal mines in 1927-28, the Kharkov trial of Ukrainian intelligentsia in 1930, the trial of Professor Ramzin and other Soviet engineers in the same year, the 1931 trial of the Menshevik professors, and the 1933 trial of the Metro-Vickers engineers that caused such a furor in England. In 1934, however, a new phase was reached by the Kirov assassination, followed by a series of reprisals including the round-up and secret trials at Moscow, Leningrad, Minsk, and Kiev of some two hundred persons charged with being implicated in the murder, and the execution of more than a hundred. The two recent trials are thus part of a sequence in which the Soviet regime has fought its internal enemies, economic sabotage, and the danger of foreign intervention. But they differ from those that have preceded in that the defendants have been "Old Bolsheviks" who served with Lenin and occupy an important place in the calendar of revolutionary heroes.

This whole sequence of sabotage and conspiracy on

the one hand and ruthless judicial prosecution on the other is best explained in terms of the struggle for power that has been an inevitable part of the consolidation of the revolutionary regime—a struggle that has involved both men and ideas. To understand this struggle it must be remembered that most of the defendants in the last two trials were, along with Lenin and Stalin, the leaders of the October revolution. It was difficult for these men, as Stalin moved into power, to take subordinate positions to one whom they considered their intellectual inferior. One must understand the bitterness of men who were once giants in the revolution and who now felt that their opinions were ignored and their talents wasted in minor administrative posts. One must understand also the bitterness of Stalin and his following, who believed that these men would stop at nothing to displace them from power. One must remember the long sequence of secret maneuvers, arrests, exile, repentance, and pardon in the cases of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and several of the others. And one must see these personal conflicts and hatreds, finally, in the context of a struggle between two theories of revolution—between the belief that the social revolution all over the world must be put ahead of everything else, and the belief that the best contribution to the revolutionary cause was the defense at all costs of the hard-won Socialist gains in Soviet Russia. This struggle was exacerbated by events in Germany and China, and it came to its highest pitch in the belief of the anti-Stalin group (now seen to be mistaken) that Russia would leave the Spanish masses to their fate.

The part of the charges most difficult of belief is the part that has to do with conspiracy with fascist powers. Here one can only suspend judgment. That the opposition group, seeing the economic gains that the Stalin regime had achieved, seeing also the massive administrative machine and the fabulously strong army that it had built up, and realizing that it had intrenched itself in the opinion of the masses—that in the light of this the group should have turned to terrorism and conspiracy is quite plausible. It is less credible that they should have gone so far as to negotiate with hostile foreign powers, although it may be made to fit into the same pattern. For it has been part of the creed of world revolution that national boundaries are less important than revolutionary gains. Lenin himself used the permission of the Kaiser's government to pass through Germany on his "sealed train" in order to reach the scene of revolution. And at Brest-Litovsk he was less concerned with the territory he had to cede than with the task of building up the revolutionary regime. Minds convinced of the rightness of their cause might even have gambled with a possible war between Russia on the one side and Germany and Japan on the other, especially in the belief that such a war would be a certain prelude to world revolution.

From the side of the Soviet government it is probable that the trials have been not only judicial prosecutions but also publicity exhibits. In the present position of Soviet Russia, threatened as it is by war, the health of the state consists in complete unity, and the discrediting of "Trotskyism" by connecting it with terrorism, sabotage,

and fascist conspiracies may have seemed an effective way of removing the last vestige of opposition. In foreign affairs the Soviet policy of forming a popular front with the democratic forces and against fascism is threatened by similar opposition. The charges of foreign conspiracy and attempts to restore capitalism in Russia may therefore have been emphasized for their effect upon mass opinion.

A final question remains—whether the whole episode indicates a political weakness inherent in the Soviet system. The passing of a handful of men, however important as revolutionary figures, is of minor importance and in itself cannot touch the inner fabric of the regime. But the trial itself and the conspiracy from which it emerged, even assuming as true the most extreme charges of the government, are both disturbing. The plain fact is that under a proletarian dictatorship men who differ fundamentally from the government cannot express their differences through political action. When a regime makes opposition illegal it sows the seeds of conspiracy; the inevitable result is the growth of plots which find their sequel in ruthless repression and in trials like the one just concluded. This circle can probably be broken only when stability—domestic and international—has existed long enough to allow the realization of the democratic aims embodied in the new Soviet constitution, and by further additions of democratic procedures in ever larger doses in the future. Ultimately in a proletarian dictatorship, as distinguished from a fascist state, no ruling group can remain in power unless it uses its energy and strength for purposes of which the working class approves. That must be the final test of the Soviet system. Meanwhile the sympathetic outside observer must offer the Russian government a measure of that criticism which a legal opposition provides the government of a democracy. He must point out the dangers inherent in a prolonged dictatorship, while refusing to use the trial as the enemies of the Soviet Union are using it—as a curtain which they draw down upon Russia's positive achievements in building a collective economy and a culture.

Keynes and Wall Street

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, the most gifted and provocative of contemporary economists, has written a series of articles in the *London Times* calling upon the British government to take immediate steps to protect the country against the next depression. He is no alarmist; but he insists that the time to prevent a slump is while the economic curve is upward. Action taken after the onset of depression will be palliative at best.

Mr. Keynes's program is consistent with the one he has been advocating—more or less vainly—for four years, but it is adapted to a different stage of the economic cycle. He believes that the time has passed for the government to try to stimulate business activity and that it should now devote its efforts to the contrary policy—a deliberate attempt to slow down the forces threatening boom conditions. But he rejects the weapon by which this has traditionally been achieved—dear money, which he says

must be avoided "as we would hell-fire." Instead, he suggests a cessation of public works, an increase in taxes, and a reduction of the public debt. To supplement this, he suggests that the creditor countries permit a flow of gold to the raw-material-producing states to fortify them against the next crisis. As a final recommendation, Mr. Keynes proposes the establishment of a board of public investment which would make plans now for socially justified public works that should be undertaken upon the appearance of the next slump.

Perhaps the most striking thing about Mr. Keynes's program is the fact that it is almost the direct opposite of that proposed by the more conservative Wall Street interests in this country. The financial pages of our press have been filled recently with statements calling for a return to "normal" interest rates. It is true that Wall Street would like a reduction in the public debt, but it has fought bitterly against all proposals for an increase in the income tax (which is what Mr. Keynes means when he calls for increased taxation). The recently adopted policy of sterilizing gold imports is likely to hinder a normal deflation in our fantastic gold reserves, and a board of public investment is about the last thing that Wall Street would tolerate in its present mood.

But the fundamental difference between Mr. Keynes's economics and those of Wall Street lies far deeper. Wall Street assumes that any policy which increases profits and benefits the wealthier elements in the population is automatically beneficial to the country as a whole. Keynes believes that the primary weakness in the capitalist system is to be found in the failure of the wealthier groups to spend their incomes on consumption goods and in their tendency to "overinvest" savings in needless productive enterprises. Thus an increase in prosperity which, like the upturn of the past year, chiefly affects the property-holding classes, lays the basis for the next slump.

A word of warning is necessary to those who would apply Mr. Keynes's theories directly to this country. In contrast to the situation in Great Britain, American consumers' incomes have been maintained in recent years primarily by governmental expenditures. And despite a certain amount of new capital construction, it is probable that buying power would immediately bog down if public works and other government expenditures were severely curtailed. Doubtless Mr. Keynes would be the first to recognize this, for he advocated vigorous governmental enterprise in the depressed areas of England, where a volume of unemployment comparable to that of the United States still exists. It also must be remembered that American taxation is but a fraction of British taxation of moderately high incomes, and that America's provision for maintaining mass purchasing power through social insurance is far less extensive than the British program. When the *London Times* repeats somewhat approvingly Mr. Keynes's fundamental plea for "a gradual reconstruction of our social system, with the object of providing everyone with the means of maintaining a decent level of consumption," it is asking for something far more comprehensive than our New Deal. Can anyone imagine the *New York Times* in a similar role?

A Program for Labor

WE HAVE presented in these pages in the past few weeks recommendations to Congress and to the Administration for promoting the public welfare in such a way as to consolidate the forms and the reality of democracy, carry out its avowed and socially necessary aims, and at the same time insure efficient operation of the vast mechanism of government in a country three thousand miles square. It is a relatively simple matter to project specific legislative programs for social security, for relief, even for reorganization of the administrative mechanism. In the field of labor relations, however, we come up against the whole problem of economic and political power whose shifts determine, and are never determined by, laws. As a consequence recommendations can only be relative.

It is a truism that the forms of government reflect the organization of economic power. The Supreme Court and its accretions of power during 150 years are firmly grounded in private ownership and capitalist property claims; the National Labor Relations Board is no less a reflection of labor's power; and the disparateness of their strength and prestige is a not inaccurate gauge of the relative political strength of big business and labor, of ownership and, essentially, non-ownership. At the moment, the dominant characteristic of the political landscape is the fact that *non-owning* labor, by organizing its mass, is beginning to challenge *owning* big business. Labor, as Mr. Lewis says, is on the march. Concurrently the Administration, for a variety of motives ranging from the desire to spread purchasing power to a sentimental and hence not reliable attachment to the democratic ideal—not to mention the practical necessity of catching votes from an increasingly class-conscious electorate—is encouraging the march of labor at least to the extent of putting no obstacles in its way. The two developments are of course related, and both owe their present importance to the business cycle which has recently completed one of its most vicious circles. In a word the forces represented by the National Labor Relations Board are challenging those represented by the Supreme Court. (No wonder the Supreme Court instinctively reaches for a constitutional club with which to destroy the NLRB.) And the Administration for the moment is egging on the aggressor. Or rather it seems to be egging labor on. In reality, its encouragement has consisted in supporting such laws as the Wagner Labor Relations Act and allowing the National Labor Relations Board to function freely even if it means that some of our best corporations are shown to be in league with labor-spy agencies. The Administration has not yet taken steps to insure the enforcement of the laws it has allowed to pass, and most of them have broken against the high stone wall of Supreme Court opposition. This will continue to be so until labor has organized its economic power so well that its political battering ram can level that wall.

In a period of shifting power, with industry intrenched but on the defensive and labor potentially strong but not

yet organized, what may we expect in the way of legislative proposals, what are we likely to get in the way of laws, and what should labor seek to obtain?

We have already had a wide sampling of proposals from the right. They include facsimiles of the British trades-disputes act and a law against sitdowns. The most disingenuous is the suggestion that labor unions be incorporated—which by making them suable would hand them over, securely trussed up, to a system of courts expensively dedicated to defending the rights of property. It is unlikely that the present Congress will take any of these proposals seriously. It will almost certainly pass the bills that emerge from the discussions now going on in Administration quarters. The burden of these discussions is the revival of the basic principles of the NIRA in a form which will not be declared unconstitutional. Labor will of course support the general trend toward the establishment of minima of wages and hours and the drive for reemployment. It would be fruitless to review the various proposals in their present indecisive stage, but the labor lobby would do well to support the plan offering the least scope for the direct or indirect regulation of its activities. It should also realize, taking the longer view, that legislation modeled on the NIRA will tend to increase monopoly. This being so, labor must take up the cudgels for the consumer, who is ultimately only a wage-earner in reverse. The best way to judge the merits of any bill on the first count—that of regulation—is to consider what uses it might be put to by a reactionary Administration. As for the dangers of monopoly, the only effective protection, in the long run, will prove to be the socialization of basic industries.

The only legislation on the horizon relating directly to labor is the pending bill to give the Secretary of Labor power to subpoena parties to a controversy such as the present deadlock between General Motors and the United Automobile Workers. William Green is against it; John L. Lewis presumably favors it. In a way it illustrates the dilemma of labor and legislation. A weak, unaggressive labor movement (the A. F. of L. and Mr. Green) would either have no use for such a law or would have reason to fear it might be used to labor's disadvantage. A potentially strong, aggressive labor movement (the C. I. O. and Mr. Lewis) might find it a useful weapon in bringing to terms an employer (Mr. Sloan) whose plants are already shut down. Paul Ward points out that the bill has little chance of being passed because Congressmen feel that to support it would be to vindicate the sitdown.

The moral is clear—and we have drawn it often before. Labor's first job is to get ahead with organization. It should use the existing laws to the full as, for instance, it has used the Wagner Act and the NLRB to foster a favorable climate for collective bargaining. It should pay close attention to legislation in general, for in a period of shifting power every law is a labor law. It should advocate new laws warily, keeping always in mind the fact that where political minorities are concerned even good laws do not achieve gains but only signify that gains have been made.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Vladimir Romm

Washington, January 31

THE General Motors strike has vied with the bewildering Moscow trials for the center of the conversational stage here these last few days; so that a number of other vital developments—such as the President's TVA stand and the further disclosures of the La Follette and the Wheeler committees—could not get the space they deserved. No matter how bewildering and contradictory the Moscow trials were, they would not have captured the attention of the body of office-holders and journalists who are the nation's capital had they not involved in Vladimir Romm a man who until last November was Washington correspondent for *Izvestia*. Romm had fascinated a great number of the local journalists and civil servants. He was the only dyed-in-the-wool revolutionary that most of them had ever seen at close range. Whereas Troyanovsky and his staff held themselves aloof except for the precise social contacts of embassy receptions and musicales, Romm had circulated freely. The men found him likable and the gals found him charming. He had an Oriental suavity, courtly manners, a lean figure, curly black hair, and handsome, if slightly protuberant, brown eyes. I knew him, I am inclined to think, better than most and lunched with him many times. He had been a student and had entered the army at the time of the revolution. His wife had been a school teacher and was, it always seemed to me, a stauncher revolutionist than her husband. He was a more intellectual and therefore more troubled being.

I should like to do something to help Romm out of his present peril. So would many other members of the Washington press corps. A group of them recently interviewed Troyanovsky, leaving behind a note of intercession that somewhat naively suggested Romm could not have been a conspirator because he never let any of his friends here in on any of the alleged plotting. That move was made before the trial court let Radek and two others escape the firing squad. On the day the sentences were announced, the correspondents' unit of the Washington Newspaper Guild, at a meeting which only fifteen of its nearly seventy members saw fit to attend, adopted a resolution expressing "solicitude for the welfare of Romm in the court proceedings at Moscow" and sent the resolution to the State Department. The vote, taken after heated discussion, was nine to five. One or two members of the opposition were Stalinists. The rest fought the resolution on the ground that the Guild was a trade union and should confine its attention to trade-union matters. This type of opposition had caused a full meeting of the Washington Newspaper Guild held a few days earlier

to refer the Romm case to the correspondents' unit, which has no members from the chains, press associations, or local papers.

While I knew Romm well and received from him a farewell letter written aboard ship as he returned to Russia, I can contribute little bearing upon his innocence or guilt. I know that he was unhappy here. I know, too, that his wife was eager to return to Russia and that he was not. His feelings on the matter were obscure; he frequently was vague in his speech. He was particularly vague about his recall, conveying at times the idea that he was being sent to London and at other times that he was being recalled to Moscow. He seemed moody and tense, and I was morally certain he was returning under a cloud. But it never occurred to me—perhaps because the embassy gave him a jolly farewell party—that he was in trouble politically. I thought that his work, perhaps, had been unsatisfactory. He frequently consulted me about events in the United States but, with one exception, I could never get him to go out with me and see those events taking place. The exception was the time I got him to attend a United Mine Workers' convention. He was inclined to shun active contact with news events and to prefer to read about them in the seclusion of his apartment. He was preoccupied most of the time with the Far Eastern situation, perhaps merely because he had represented *Izvestia* at Tokyo. If he was either a Stalinist or Trotskyist zealot, he concealed it well. I never heard him say anything even remotely critical of the present Russian regime, and his intellect was such that it is as hard to associate him with the fantastic plot Vishinsky laid bare as it is to associate Radek with it.

The most startling development of the last few days has been the sudden restoration to Frances Perkins of the spirit that flared all too briefly in her in that early New Deal day when she spoke her piece at the NRA steel-code hearing. A rapid search of the records fails to reveal that any of her predecessors as Secretary of Labor ever spoke out so bravely and to such good effect as she did this past week after General Motors' Sloan defied her summons to a peace conference here with John Lewis. When she voiced her belief that Sloan's refusal "must make it clear to the American people why the workers have lost confidence in the General Motors Corporation," she was talking as a Secretary of Labor should talk. And she has continued talking in this vein, for she is fighting to recover her lost prestige and has at last been made to realize that labor expects the head of the Labor Department to be its champion and not merely a referee with a social-work complex. Unfortunately, she is trying so hard that she seems to be cracking under the strain.

She was nearly in hysterics when she had to announce Friday night that Sloan had "run out" on her a second time, and now she has had to let the peace negotiations be switched back again to Governor Murphy and chalk up a failure for herself. As this is written, her White House boss still is afraid to take a hand openly in the General Motors strike beyond publicly rebuking Sloan for his recalcitrance. Precisely what happened here Friday—whether Sloan did agree to a peace conference and then recant—is a matter of dispute between him and Miss Perkins. The weight of the evidence, however, favors the Secretary. The evidence also indicates that it was not Mr. Sloan who made the final decision for General Motors.

Miss Perkins's proposal of legislation giving her department power to subpoena records and witnesses and prosecute fact-finding inquiries into the causes of major labor disputes seems to have little chance of becoming law. Efforts to line up Congressional support for it revealed only that a large block of Congressmen were averse to taking any action that might be construed as supporting the General Motors strike and defending the sitdown technique. Labor Department lobbyists found Southern Congressmen particularly opposed to the suggestion; they fear adoption of the sitdown by share-croppers. For that matter, the proposal has none too vigorous support from labor, for it obviously can be twisted to labor's detriment. But a labor movement committed to reliance on the federal government can ill afford to balk

at this point. Furthermore, the dangers involved for labor are more theoretical than real. Such disclosures as labor has to fear can always be laid bare by employers without the aid of new legislation; they have only to turn to the courts and the injunctive process. Publication of Miss Perkins's proposal was followed immediately by efforts to depict it as a proposition without Presidential sanction. The A. F. of L. was the only sucker caught by this bait. Bill Green issued a statement attacking the Secretary's plan. He got it off the mimeograph and into distribution just as the White House put its official imprimatur on Miss Perkins's proposal.

At the same time that Roosevelt rebuked Sloan and designated Miss Perkins as his personal representative in the General Motors peace negotiations, he called strike three on Dr. Arthur E. Morgan and the "power pool" plan by which the utilities hoped to end the TVA. The President's new Power Policy Committee is virtually the same in personnel as the old National Power Policy Committee that gave us the Wheeler-Rayburn public-utility holding-company bill. All that has happened is that General Markham, T. W. Norcross, and David E. Lilienthal have been dropped, and Frederic A. Delano has been added to say yes at proper intervals. Benjamin V. Cohen remains the committee's general counsel, and Joel D. Wolfsohn continues as its executive secretary. There is no need to fear that these boys will hoist a white flag with the fight against the power trust at last swinging in their favor.

A Challenge to Pacifists

BY VERA MICHELES DEAN

THE Spanish crisis, by crystallizing the struggle in Europe between fascism and communism, has raised the question whether the democracies should passively view this struggle from the sidelines or meet the challenge of aggressive dictatorships even at the risk of war. This question has been complicated by the fact that the Western democratic governments regard both fascism and communism with suspicion and avoid a clear-cut alignment with the Soviet Union against fascist powers.

At this stage of their history the peoples of France, Britain, and the United States—the so-called "satiated" countries—have little love for militarism, are reluctant to become involved in any incident which might provoke war, and are eager to substitute pacific methods for the arbitrament of force. But they are profoundly divided and confused in their ideas of how a peaceful world should be achieved. Many pacifists, while abhorring the violent and arbitrary character of dictatorships, would rely on persuasion, generous treatment, and the satisfaction of just grievances to wean dictators from the use of force. They apparently assume that peoples living under dictatorial rule not only share their desire for peace but are free to

advocate a pacific policy—an assumption disproved by the treatment which men like Ossietzky have received in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. Some pacifists who condemn the use of force in international affairs attack the French and British governments for failing to supply Spanish loyalists with arms, the very production of which they had previously opposed; or they advocate economic sanctions against an aggressor without facing the risk of war that sanctions imply. Others, believing that the peace settlement of 1919 sowed the seeds of existing unrest in Europe, demand revision of the treaties as the first step toward organization of collective security; and contend that the democratic governments, whose past records bear the stains of imperialist aggression, should not cast the first stone at armed dictatorships. Nor are pacifists united in their political views. Some believe that peace cannot be secured until the whole world is ruled by socialism or communism; other revolt at the idea of cooperating with communism against fascism, and seek perilous refuge in strict isolation. In this maelstrom of contradictory ideas it is essential for those concerned with the preservation of peace to ask themselves a few searching questions, and

to determine what policies may serve to prevent war.

It must be recognized at the outset that, so far as political technique is concerned, the government of Stalin is no less a dictatorship than that of Hitler or Mussolini, and that the new Soviet constitution, significant as it is for its bill of social and economic rights, fails to transform the Soviet Union into a democracy in the Western sense. But two important distinctions—rooted in the history and geography rather than the political theories of Russia, Germany, and Italy—should be drawn between fascist and Communist regimes. The Soviet government, through its efforts to raise the economic and social level of a backward people which had known only the rule of a reactionary autocracy, constitutes an important step forward in Russia, while the dictatorships of Germany and Italy represent a setback for the forces of liberalism in countries once considered standard bearers of Western civilization. Moreover, Hitler and Mussolini, claiming that they need land and natural resources for their expanding populations, openly threaten European peace, while the Soviet Union, which has no such needs, has displayed an unmistakable desire to avoid war.

Can the democracies prevent war by adopting a passive attitude toward the encroachments of fascist dictatorships? Spain's experience proves that a policy of non-intervention, unless strictly enforced, plays into the hands of potential war-makers. The pacific nations in their desire to avoid war observe the restrictions, while the dictatorships disregard them. France and Britain have sought to justify this policy on the ground that the non-intervention agreement, with all its loopholes, has so far prevented the war from spreading beyond the confines of Spain. They assume that without such an agreement Germany and Italy would have openly supplied the rebels with war material and forcibly tried to block Soviet or other aid to the loyalists, thus creating immediate danger of a European conflict. This assumption, based on a number of imponderables, is as difficult to prove or disprove as the British government's conviction in 1935 that oil sanctions against Italy would involve Europe in war. It may be asked, however, whether the democratic governments, by taking it for granted that resistance to dictatorships must inevitably cause war, are not simply rationalizing their reluctance to face the prospect of another war.

Would the democracies, by resisting the demands of dictatorships, precipitate another world war? The danger of war is always present in a world armed to the teeth, where not only bodies but minds are daily schooled in military drill. There is no reason, however, to believe that war will follow more readily if the democracies take a determined stand against unprovoked aggression than if they pay any price the dictators may demand for the maintenance of peace. Continued truckling to the threats of potential aggressors may temporarily avert conflict, but it fails to remedy the international maladjustments which eventually produce war.

Would the dictators carry out their threats of aggression if warned in advance that they would meet with resistance on the part of democracies? By skilful propaganda the dictatorships have sought to convince the world

that, unless their demands are met, they will use force. Much of the bellicose atmosphere created by fascist spellbinders is sheer bluff, which succeeds only because the democracies are paralyzed by fear of war. General de Bono in his book on the Ethiopian campaign reveals that, had Britain shown signs of resistance as late as 1935, Italy might have renounced the offensive preparations it had begun three years before. The real danger is that the democracies, ultimately goaded into resistance, will fail—as did Britain in 1914—to make their attitude known until the eleventh hour, thus encouraging the dictators to take up positions from which they cannot retreat.

What will the dictators do if they encounter no resistance? Obviously they will not squander men and money on war if they can achieve their ends without it. Europe can have peace indefinitely, provided it bows to the will of the dictatorships.

Can peace be negotiated with dictatorships? No informed person denies the injustices of the Versailles treaty or the legitimacy of German demands for revision of its territorial clauses. If it were merely a question of reexamining the status of the Polish Corridor, Danzig, and Eupen and Malmédy, and of giving Germany a share in the administration of African mandates, this question, difficult in itself, would not defy solution by international negotiations. Nazi Germany, however, lays claim to territories which were not torn from the Reich at Versailles: it would absorb Austria, detach the Sudeten region from Czecho-Slovakia, dominate the Balkans, and unite all Europe under Hitler's leadership in a crusade against communism, with the ultimate objective of securing the Ukraine and possibly the Urals for German agriculture and industry. Do Germany's legitimate grievances against the former Allies, or the fact that these grievances fostered the growth of National Socialism, justify a scheme of expansion that aims at German hegemony in Europe? For the democracies to acquiesce in this scheme would be to purchase a short-lived respite by abandoning all countries east of the Rhine to Hitler.

If negotiations with Hitler and Mussolini offer little hope of any but a dictated peace, what is the alternative? Should the democracies jointly resist the expansion of dictatorships, even if their resistance may ultimately involve the use of force? Democracy achieved its hold on Western Europe by fearlessly combating feudalism, monarchy, and hereditary privilege. Today, as a result of their long tradition of compromise, free speech, and respect for the rights of the individual, democratic governments use the threat of force only in exceptional circumstances. They tend to rely on diplomatic negotiation and the exchange of concessions. But they are beginning to learn that in dealing with fascist dictators these tactics meet with undisguised contempt. If the democracies seriously intend to oppose the avowed aggressive aims of the dictators, they must be prepared to meet force with force. Those who deplore the encroachments of fascist dictatorship and demand sanctions against aggressors, yet condemn armaments, reveal a dangerous confusion of thought.

It may be argued that the use of force—which might

have been justified if collectively applied by the League of Nations—is not admissible today, when all states are arming and the League shows signs of disintegration. Might not armed democracies, in cooperation with the Soviet Union, merely organize a new Holy Alliance designed to suppress the dictatorships and freeze the status quo, thus recreating the conflicts of the pre-1914 period? This danger exists. But the alternative—the unopposed

expansion of German and Italian rule—is even less to be tolerated. The only course open to realistic pacifists is to support strong resistance to aggressive dictatorships while urging an honest attempt to remedy their legitimate grievances. Pacifists and radicals who prefer the continuance of democratic methods of government to the ruthless techniques of fascism must be prepared to defend their choice. Democracy must not be left unarmed.

Boettiger—His Master's Voice

BY ELLEN McGRATH AND J. P. DALLAS

Seattle, January 26

THE spectacle of William Randolph Hearst in sheep's clothing does not deceive organized labor in the Northwest. Here labor is wise in the ways of employers who have lost a strike. The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, closed for three and a half months by a strike of the American Newspaper Guild, was reopened in true Hearstian style. Public meetings were called by the Chamber of Commerce. Fireworks were set off in the streets at night. And John Boettiger, President Roosevelt's son-in-law, was hired to manage the paper.

Assurances were given to the public that Mr. Boettiger would have a "free hand to run things as he saw fit." Organized labor was told that chiseling on contracts and other unfair practices of the past would be stopped. These practices and the incipient fascist attitude of the paper had driven labor into a unanimity of action never before witnessed in this part of the country.

The craft unions of the printing trades had contracts of many years' standing with the Hearst management. Yet when the newly organized guildsmen struck, the printers, the pressmen, and other organized crafts closed the plant and kept it closed for the duration of the strike. This was done in spite of the opposition of their principal international officials, who outlawed the strike and refused to grant strike benefits. A plan for a settlement sponsored by William Green, after a conference with Hearst representatives, was promptly turned down by the striking unions and the Seattle Central Labor Council. Only when Hearst came through with an offer embodying practically all the Guild's demands was a settlement arranged.

This, then, was the scene upon which Mr. Boettiger appeared as Hearst's peace offering to the people of Seattle. There were some who regarded the hiring of the President's son-in-law as sure proof that Hearst and the *Post-Intelligencer* had turned over a new leaf. Others, more critical, pointed out that Hearst had used this same kind of tactics before on his Chicago paper—that W. V. Tanner, former publisher of the *P.-I.*, was still retained as an official, and that perhaps Mr. Boettiger was merely to be window dressing. The majority, however, viewed the whole matter with a healthy skepticism.

Skepticism is fast disappearing. The first conference

between Boettiger and union officials resulted in a disagreement. When invited to meet jointly the executive boards of all the unions involved, he at first declined. He preferred to meet each union separately. But the Maritime Federation of the Pacific has taught the value of solidarity to all Northwestern labor, and the lessons of the picket line have not been forgotten either. Mr. Boettiger met the unions jointly.

Mr. Boettiger has an engaging personality. He turned the full force of it on the new union with a plea not to raise labor issues at present but to give him time to get his feet on the ground. Yet at this very time a company union was being formed, and it has continued to exist with his knowledge. A majority of Seattle labor is fast coming to believe that his feet are not only on the ground but stuck in the mud. Dave Beck, one of Seattle's most powerful labor leaders, recently had a conference with Boettiger on the company-union issue. Exactly what Beck said is not known, but reports agree that he told the young publisher that company unions were not wanted here.

The real issue facing the Guild in Seattle as the result of the successful *Post-Intelligencer* strike is the company union. To persons not familiar with the situation this may seem a paradox. A victorious union with a company union still to deal with—how can that be? The answer is that at the time the settlement was made there was no company union. It has been organized and grown to be a menace since Boettiger became manager of the paper. When the Guild members went back, they got recognition but not a closed shop. A wage raise and improved working conditions were granted. The Guild expected to organize the unorganized members of the staff with ease.

Backed by Hearst's organization and millions a company union is a serious matter to any labor organization; for inexperienced white-collar workers it is particularly serious. It is a standard policy of Hearst's to pay well a few key men in the organization and to underpay the rest. He counts on the privileged few to stem the rising tide of organization. Throughout the strike certain "loyal employees" were paid their salaries. These men now head the company union. When the local Guild chapter was being formed, they remained aloof. With brand-new fat contracts in their pockets, they are the spear-

head of Hearst's strategic move to prevent unionization of his white-collar employees. "Wouldn't I be a sucker to join the Guild when I can get a week off any time for any writing I choose," said Doug Welch at the hearing of the Labor Relations Board.

The Roosevelt family connection with Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer* does not stop with a mere son-in-law. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, the President's daughter, has become associate editor in charge of the women's department. Her actions in this post have strengthened the suspicion that the Boettigers were bought by Hearst to cover the licking he took in the strike and the Presidential election, and to give a liberal front to his reactionary policies. Among the chief supporters and advertisers of the paper had been the members of the women's Republican groups—Pro-America, Women of Washington, and other similar organizations. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger's job was to win back the support of these women for the paper after the post-election headache. One of her first acts was to organize the Homemakers' Club for *Post-Intelligencer* readers. Women who a short time ago were extolling the democracy of Mr. Landon over the sovietism of Mr. Roosevelt are now hobnobbing with the President's daughter down at the Homemakers' Club, where they ponder various ways of using a biscuit mix made by one of the paper's biggest advertisers.

Word that President Roosevelt's wife had applied for membership in the American Newspaper Guild came over the teletype, but it was not given space in her son-in-law's newspaper. When Mrs. Boettiger was invited to join the Guild, she said she knew nothing about it, and as the wife of the publisher was unwilling to take any action that might be contrary to the policy of the paper.

As one Guild member put it, "Hearst, the old leopard, still has his spots." Chiseling started the day the strike ended. Richard Seller, president of the Guild, was

shunted to the night beat at the police station. By-lines of active guildsmen were conspicuous by their absence from the paper. Not until pressure was applied by the Guild and associated unions was Mr. Seller restored to general assignment and by-lines to active guildsmen.

These incidents, while minor in themselves, did not strengthen confidence in John Boettiger. In fact, they tended to prepare members of the Guild for his response to the Labor Board's decision. The strike was called originally when the Hearst management fired Frank (Slim) Lynch, fifteen years a staff photographer, and Everhardt Armstrong, seventeen years a dramatic critic on the paper, both active members of the Guild. During the strike their cases were placed before the National Labor Relations Board. The strike settlement provided that "all striking employees shall return to work without discrimination or prejudice" and that the cases of the two staff members whose discharge precipitated the walk-out "will continue in the hands of the National Labor Relations Board." Labor accepted the settlement in the belief that Hearst would abide by the then pending decision of the board.

On January 15 the National Labor Relations Board published its decision against Hearst and for the two discharged employees. It ordered Hearst and the management of the *Post-Intelligencer* to reinstate Lynch and Armstrong. On January 16 over Boettiger's signature the paper repudiated its obligation to comply with the order and announced that it was going to fight the decision and appeal to the federal courts. This will mean interminable delay. It will mean an ultimate appeal to the Supreme Court, with the risk that the whole Labor Relations Act may be invalidated. Northwest labor is unwilling to have the issues languish in a long-drawn-out court fight. The Guild, backed by the Seattle Central Labor Council, is considering further action.

The Supreme Court and Civil Liberties

BY ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

THIS year we celebrate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution. The Bill of Rights will figure in after-dinner speeches, and newspapers will repeat the noble phrases that have come from the Supreme Court in defense of civil liberties. Few will mention that these phrases come almost entirely from dissenting opinions and that the Bill of Rights—under the expert manipulation of the federal courts—has never been what it was thought to be. The Constitution is 150 years old, but the decision in *De Jonge vs. Oregon* handed down on January 4 happens to be the first in all that time in which the constitutional guaranty of free speech, press, and assembly was applied by the Supreme Court in a case involving a radical. That the court has always—or almost always—been ready to defend the

liberties of conservatives will remain of merely academic importance until police begin beating up members of the Union League for criticizing the government. A decision setting aside the conviction of a Communist, De Jonge, under the Oregon criminal-syndicalism law is genuinely a victory for civil liberties.

Even this victory may be overestimated. De Jonge was arrested at a meeting called by the Communist Party in Portland, Oregon, to protest against the illegal raids made by the police in their effort to break the longshoremen's strike in 1934. He was sentenced to seven years in jail for "criminal syndicalism." Despite the capacity of the judicial mind to befog the simplest issue when fog is advantageous, De Jonge's conviction could hardly be regarded as other than a clever invasion of fundamental

liberties. It is indicative of how far we have drifted that we are so pleasantly surprised when the court begins to recognize the obvious.

I say "begins" to recognize. A law that provides the police with any excuse for breaking up meetings of this kind—and the history of criminal-syndicalism cases since the war shows that this was no exceptional occurrence—is a menace to freedom. It is comparable to a law which would enable the police to make a practice of confiscating automobiles on the excuse that they were trying to prevent fatal accidents. Would the court order a seized automobile returned but leave standing the law which permitted its confiscation? The court does not exercise forbearance in dealing with property rights. In the *Schechter* case, though it was only called upon to decide the constitutionality of federal supervision as applied to the purely intrastate poultry business, the effect of its decision was to void the NRA in its entirety and to lay down principles which would seem to bar federal wage, hour, and trade-practice regulation in *any* business. The court is more circumspect where fundamental liberties are concerned. It did not hold the Oregon statute unconstitutional. It merely set aside this particular application of it. "We hold," the court said, "that the Oregon statute as applied to the particular charge as defined by the state court is repugnant to the due-process clause. . . ." Would the court were as cautious in dealing with social legislation!

The *De Jonge* decision may even have drawbacks. Liberal decisions have often been won in the past at the expense of establishing restrictive principles which bear evil fruit in later cases. The Supreme Court in this case decided only that no man could be found guilty of criminal syndicalism merely for participating in a meeting held under Communist auspices. The court goes on to tell what offenses *De Jonge* might have been convicted of: ". . . while the defendant was a member of the Communist Party, he was not indicted for participating in its organization, or for joining it, or for soliciting members, or for distributing its literature." *De Jonge's* case was "remanded for further proceedings not inconsistent with this opinion." Do these words mean that if *De Jonge* were now to be indicted and convicted of joining the Communist Party, or recruiting members for it, or distributing its literature, the court would be ready to uphold the conviction? Some price must have been paid for the acquiescence of Sutherland, McReynolds, Butler, and Van Devanter in this opinion. Has the court laid the basis for greater restrictions than ever on civil liberties under our state criminal-syndicalism and anarchy laws?

Nor is it pleasant to find what seems to be an implied acceptance of the idea of surveillance over the exercise of the rights of speech and assembly. In dealing with property rights the court has held that freedom is the rule and restraint is the exception. In the matter of fundamental liberties it has been held—though the principle has been more honored in the breach—that only an overt act or clear and imminent danger justifies limitations on the exercise of free speech, press, or assembly. The court in one part of this decision speaks a new language. "The

broad reach of the statute as thus applied," the court says, "is plain. While defendant was a member of the Communist Party, that membership was not necessary to conviction on such a charge. A like fate might have attended any speaker, although not a member, who 'assisted in the conduct' of the meeting. However innocuous the object of the meeting, however lawful the subjects and tenor of the addresses, however reasonable and timely the discussion, all those assisting in the conduct of the meeting would be subject to imprisonment as felons if the meeting were held by the Communist Party." And if all those who participated were adjudged Communists and if the object were not "innocuous" and the discussion were not in the court's opinion "timely" or "reasonable" and the "tenor" of the addresses were to be considered unlawful, what then?

Past experience underscores the necessity for vigilance. The Bill of Rights is prominent in the official portrait of the court, but plays an inglorious role in its actual history. The federal courts were enthusiastic in their enforcement of the Sedition Act under Adams. The Supreme Court was ineffective in its one puny gesture of protest against Lincoln's suspension of habeas corpus, and with it of all basic rights, during the Civil War. The court helped to forge new instruments of repression in its interpretation of the immigration laws. It was ready to find excuse in far-fetched analogies for the use and abuse of the Espionage Act during the World War. It has consistently upheld criminal-syndicalism laws, product of the post-war red scares. The *De Jonge* case and its predecessors disclose the wide gap between myth and fact even in a civilized community. Our legal soothsayers have succeeded in portraying as a tribune of the people a governmental organ whose most consistent and conspicuous function has been the adaptation of our basic law to the needs of corporate enterprise. Not a few timid liberals still fear curtailment of the court's swollen powers lest it be unable to protect us from fascism. In their visions they see Justices Sutherland, Butler, McReynolds, Van Devanter, and Roberts manning legal barricades in defense of Messrs. Norman Thomas and Earl Browder. This is pure fancy.

Even Justice Holmes (in the war-time *Schenck* case) drew from the illegality of advocating murder and the wickedness of shouting "fire" in a crowded theater constitutional non sequiturs that place powerful instruments in the hands of those who may some day seek to regiment the American people. No construction has been too broad when property rights were before the court. It has been ready to enlarge on the Constitution and to invoke the divine order of things to legalize some of the greatest steals in our history, notably in the Yazoo frauds and the *Crédit Mobilier* scandal. But it looked the other way when the Chicago anarchists were hung, Debs was jailed, Mooney framed, and Sacco and Vanzetti sent to the chair. It will cut through all procedural difficulties and overturn well-established precedents to review both law and fact when a utility company appeals from a rate-cut order, but it falls back on extremes of legal punctilio when human lives and basic liberties are at stake, especially

those of radicals, that is, of those who most need protection. Far from being a bulwark against fascism, the court may serve a double function in its rise. If the court continues to hamstring Congress and state legislatures, it will play directly into the hands of the fascist demagogue who sneers at the "inefficiency" of democratic processes. If fascism comes and the court should, by some miracle, seek to block it, Der Duce will not play Alphonse and Gaston with the court. On the other hand, a fascist regime will find material in past court decisions to provide itself with legal, nay, "constitutional," justification; even in two decisions handed down by liberal justices.

The Fifth Amendment guarantees due process and trial by jury, but in the *Ju Toy* case Justice Holmes held

that this did not give the right of appeal from an administrative order barring a man from this country, even though a lower federal court had decided that the man was a citizen of the United States. The decision, providing as it does the basis for arbitrary administrative action, would be a blessing to the director of a concentration camp. Justice Brandeis's decision in the *Dorchy* case may yet—though he himself was innocent of any such intention—provide the basis for serious restrictions on the right to strike. And the criminal-syndicalism cases, notably the conviction of the Socialist editor, Gitlow, will make easier the process of finally suppressing free speech, press, and assembly. I have a sneaking suspicion that when *der Tag* comes, if it does, the "liberal" *De Jonge* decision will have its uses, too.

Germany's Economic Impasse

BY ALEXANDER VIDAKOVIC

Raw Materials and Food

IF GERMANY'S financial and industrial problems were merely internal, there is no saying how long the economic Bedlam in the Reich might continue. The people's ignorance of the real situation, the financial wizardry of Schacht, and the discipline of Nazi rule combine to prevent an explosion. The internal problems are complicated, however, by Germany's dependence on foreign raw materials and food. It is this that forces the Reich to maintain a system of economic life and interchange which, if not exactly normal, cannot deviate from the normal beyond a certain point.

Germany's ability to obtain goods from abroad is restricted by two facts. One is that in buying foreign raw materials and food it cannot, as in its internal economics, rely on the sale of property, because it has no property which is convertible into means of payment acceptable to foreign sellers. Its colonies have gone. Its pre-war investments abroad, estimated at about 25,000 million gold marks, have been lost, confiscated, or sold. The few crumbs of private foreign holdings which may be picked up through the threat of the death penalty can hardly make any difference. The 28,000 million marks borrowed from abroad during the early post-war period have all gone for reparation payments, for internal reorganization, or to offset the unfavorable trade balance of those years. All that Germany has inherited from the past is 7,000 million frozen marks from its creditors and a reluctance on the part of foreign investors to freeze more cash into the German economic structure. Therefore all Germany's purchases must be made from current resources.

The second restriction is the fact that the country's resources are strictly limited. Not only did the Nazi regime come into power at a time when foreign trade, after the

1931 financial débâcle, was at its lowest, but the Nazi philosophy, with its gospel of self-sufficiency, has rendered the situation even worse. By deliberately cutting imports in order to obtain a favorable trade balance which might be used for armaments, Germany also cut down its export capacity, and no subsequent efforts to increase exports have met with any success. During the four years of Nazi rule German exports have remained practically stationary—4,871 million marks in 1933, 4,167 million in 1934, 4,270 million in 1935, and 3,853 million during eleven months of 1936. Such surplus as is created, moreover, is largely earmarked for repayments under the standstill agreement, since most of German trade is now carried on through clearing accounts. And the standstill debt, although it was reduced by 500 million marks in 1934 and by 350 million in 1935, is still 1,750 million marks. Even these meager results—meager because they represent no more than 30 or 40 per cent of the export volume of pre-Nazi days—were obtained at great sacrifice. Export subsidies are estimated to have cost Germany about 1,000 million marks in the last four years.

Instead of pursuing the policy of an active trade balance against the gold-owning countries of the West, Germany pursues a policy of a passive trade balance against the raw-material and food-producing countries of the East. Huge debts have been run up on clearing accounts with the object of forcing those countries to receive in exchange any kind of German goods, wanted or unwanted. Even this ingenious arrangement, however, seems to be doomed to failure: first, because many of those states, having found that Germany was buying goods from them on credit which it was reselling for solid cash, are now endeavoring to reach the cash-paying countries directly; secondly, because Germany tried to exploit trade connections for political influence; and, thirdly, because much of the merchandise foisted on these states was poor in

quality as a result of the use of substitutes and the deterioration of the German industrial plant.

In short, with the diminution of its gold reserve under the Nazi regime from over 400 to 66 million gold marks, the cessation of industrial deliveries to Russia, and the decline of its competitive strength in the agricultural countries of Eastern Europe, Germany has little prospect of an export trade which will bring in the solid cash required for foreign purchases. The only means left of increasing the quantity of imported raw materials, therefore, is to cut down food imports. This the government has done ruthlessly. Wheat imports, which in 1927 were 2,530,000 tons, were cut in 1935 to 145,000 tons, and during eleven months of 1936 to 23,000 tons. Maize imports for the same periods were cut from 2,105,000 tons to 282,000 and 166,000 tons respectively; barley was cut from 1,996,000 tons to 158,000 and then to 47,000.

Such a reduction of food imports might be justified if Germany in the meantime had succeeded in increasing its food production. But this it has not done. To take the two most important cereals, the production of wheat in the present Reich area has increased from the 1913 figure of 4,000,000 tons to an average of 4,700,000 tons for the 1934 to 1936 period, while the production of rye has actually declined from 10,000,000 tons to an average of 7,500,000. In the current winter the country faces a production of bread cereals of 12,420,000 tons, which is admitted to be insufficient, and a poor estimate for the winter rye. In live stock there has been some increase, although not of a spectacular kind. During the period 1927 to 1936 horned cattle increased from 17,200,000 to 18,900,000, and pigs from 19,400,000 to 22,800,000. With domestic food production more or less stationary and food imports from abroad drastically reduced—as against an increase in population—the German nation must consume less per capita now than it did in pre-Nazi days. The reduction, indeed, appears to have been about 15 per cent in 1935 and to have approached 20 per cent in 1936.

The slogan, cannons instead of butter, has thus become a reality. The German nation under Nazi rule is paying with privation for the future honor of becoming cannon fodder. Even this might be bearable if the reduced standard of living were borne equally by the whole nation, and if the reduced expenditures for food were releasing more cash for other articles of consumption. This, however, is not the case. In order to make up somehow for increased production costs, workers' wages have been kept down severely; they have even been reduced 3.2 per cent since 1932. The average weekly wage in the steel-and-iron industry, which employs 151,000 men and pays comparatively high wages, is 44.25 marks before "voluntary" and other contributions have been deducted. That in the textile industry, which employs 197,000 workers, is as low as 23.12 marks. Most of the other industries range between these two. The average weekly wage in the chemical industry is 37.77 and in the paper industry 31.18 marks.

With wages stationary, the German worker has to contend not only against a general rise of prices in the

last four years from an index of 93.3 to 104.3, but also against a surreptitious increase in retail food prices of anything from 10 to 25 per cent above the official price. It is no wonder therefore that the demand for consumption goods has not kept pace with that for production goods. During the last year, indeed, the production of consumption goods has dropped a further 2 per cent against an increase in production goods of 26 per cent. And since even this diminished amount of consumption goods includes 30,000 private cars and many luxury articles, we are forced to the conclusion that there is plenty of money in the hands of a small and select minority, while the workers have to meet the costs of armament with tightened belts.

From whatever angle we look at conditions in Germany they appear precarious. With most of the available capital frozen in government hands, with an incipient inflationary movement which can be counteracted only by contraction of credit, with an unreplaced wear and tear of plant which must lower its competitive power abroad, with an inability to increase purchases of raw materials beyond a certain point, and with a vanishing margin for the reduction of food consumption, Germany is piling up for the future a cumulative debt of threatening dimensions. Substitutes (*Ersatz*) can hardly extricate the nation from this predicament, as their production is too costly for a nation with lowered earnings and would require also a reorganization of finance and industry such as Germany is no longer capable of carrying out. Nor would devaluation help, as the mark is already devalued to all intents and purposes, and further devaluation would only increase the cost of raw materials. The Reich Institut für Konjunkturforschung definitely states that "a rise of only 1 per cent in the price of raw materials would mean an increase in expenditure in foreign exchange of about 3,000,000 marks per month for imports."

This does not mean, however, that the end is in sight. There are still numerous means of prolonging present conditions. A reduction of interest would lessen state obligations. Confiscations and the sale of assets can continue for some time. Maintenance of the wage level may still delay a rise in costs even though it cannot prevent the growing gap between the internal and the foreign price level. Finally the Nazis do not hesitate to use force to back up argument or bolster waning enthusiasm.

But such delays do not imply a solution. There are only two possible solutions. One is that Germany receive back its colonies or be given easy access to raw materials. This, of course, could be contemplated only under a stipulation that the raw materials were not acquired simply as a means to further armament. The other would require a complete reversal of the present armaments policy and a return of finance, industry, and labor, through a series of painful adjustments, to normal productive activities. Such a reversal of policy would be tantamount to abandoning the tenets of the Nazi philosophy. If neither of these methods is tried, the result must be collapse or explosion.

[The first part of Mr. Vidakovic's article, *How Hitler Pays His Arms Bill*, was published last week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE most disappointing feature of the President's plan for a reorganization of the government is his failure to combine the army and navy under one head. I am well aware that there is a difference of opinion as to the desirability of this consolidation. Major General Johnson Hagood has come out against it on the ground that it has never been done in the United States, and that the army and navy cooperated efficiently during the Civil War and during the World War. He dislikes it also because it is a European idea. But surely it is significant that all the foreign governments are moving in this direction, the last being the French government under Prime Minister Blum. Certainly if any country has a difficult and dangerous defense problem it is France. The proposed reorganization, moreover, was not a product of scheming politicians but, if the press is correct, originated with the military themselves. Some American army men would take direct issue with General Hagood. They point out that whatever may have happened in war time, there is no coordination whatever in peace time and no joint planning for future eventualities. To the lay mind it is an extraordinary thing that the army has one air fleet and the navy has another, and that the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard also have their own fliers. I have heard an officer of high rank say that if war should come suddenly the army and navy air fleets might go off at tangents or perhaps even get in each other's way. Today they do not communicate with each other or even buy their planes cooperatively.

From the point of view of saving money it seems as if enormous economies could be made by coordinating the army and the navy. Both departments have to buy boots, clothing, food, motor cars, and many other articles of equipment. Is there any question that savings could be made by placing joint orders? General Hagood is terribly concerned about the waste of public funds by the army. In his new book, "We Can Defend America," he has an entire chapter entitled Pity the Poor Taxpayer, but the economy of combining the two departments does not interest him at all. It is true that the problems of army and navy are quite different, but the plan provides for separate under secretaries in charge of the army, the navy, and the united air corps. At least under this arrangement we should have an end to the present preposterous situation in Washington, with the War and Navy departments in sight of each other and yet utterly ignoring each other's existence. Perhaps if both were under the same head, there might be some decrease of the intense antagonism the two military services cherish for each other—an antagonism that does not come to the surface very often but is there none the less.

But the important thing is that there should be some planning for the future. At present national defense policies are not coordinated with the policies of the Chief Executive. For this the army and navy are not to blame; the responsibility rests with the White House. As a result, so far as the country is aware, no actual defense program has been laid down. President Roosevelt, like his predecessors, keeps saying that our army and navy are for defense only, but both arms buy offensive weapons meant for overseas use and do not limit themselves to purely defensive measures. What does defense mean? Nobody knows. Does defense mean an attack on Japan's coast, or does it mean defending the line from the Aleutian Islands to Hawaii and thence to Panama? On the Atlantic Coast does it mean defending our shipping lanes between the United States and South America, or does it mean only actual defense of our harbors and shores? The army, if all reports are true, is still thinking of war in terms of 1917 and is again planning to land some say two million, some say three million, men in Europe. General Hagood says that our coast defenses "are a pile of junk." He says that no progress of any kind has been made in improving our harbor defenses during the past twenty-five years. Yet we have spent billions and billions for defense. Why must this be? And would this continue if there were one head responsible for the whole situation?

Last year Congress authorized a number of new air stations. Was this in accord with a long-studied and carefully worked-out national program. Obviously not. Are we building coast-defense vessels? No, indeed; the two new battleships that are to be laid down are meant for long voyages and overseas fighting and are not coast-defense vessels. And so it goes. What the President ought to do is obtain authorization from Congress to set up a civilian board to study this defense problem and map a course which would make this country invulnerable so far as armaments can do it. I don't believe it can ever be done and I am personally opposed to armaments and to the waste of funds involved, but as that seems to be the policy of the country at the present time, let's at least do it efficiently. I was the first daily journalist in the United States to urge the formation of a general staff in the hope that that would make the army a little more efficient. General Hagood's book says that it is woefully inefficient and wasteful and that it will take years and years to make over the War Department into an effective instrument for the purposes for which it was created. Why not try putting all the defense under one head? If the General is right, we could not be much worse off even if consolidation should fail.

BROUN'S PAGE

Louis and Lewis

ONE of the products of the American genius for organization is the prize-fight game. Of course, industry would be a better word. Boxing flourishes in some other countries and we imported it from England, but no other nation has ever devised anything to match the ballyhoo which is put on here in preparation for an encounter. It seems to me that the newspapermen assigned to cover the sport are among the most talented of reporters. The average managing editor in handling his forces uses his brightest workers for baseball and for boxing. Floods and strikes are covered by the second stringers.

Any ambitious youth on a newspaper welcomes the assignment to the sports department. His pay is likely to be higher, and he will have more space and a greater amount of freedom from interference. Occasionally there may be such a thing as paper policy in regard to some promoter or club owner, but there are fewer sacred cows on the diamond or in the ring than graze along the meadows of the world outside.

The result is a somewhat lopsided sort of journalism. A year or so ago an instructor in a Middle Western college tested his class with, "Identify John L. Lewis, Joe Louis, and Sinclair Lewis." Somewhat unfortunately the Negro pronounces his name precisely as the labor leader does, and this was sufficient to cause a great deal of confusion among the students. At any rate, the net result was the discovery that only a small fraction of the class had ever heard of John L., while the recognition of Joe was practically 100 per cent.

To be sure, the president of the United Mine Workers of America has made giant strides in the last few months. His name has been pretty constantly on the front page, and a good many editorial writers seem to be under the permanent instruction, "Begin each day with a denunciation of Mr. Lewis." Nevertheless, I rather suspect that Joe still leads in popular recognition. And that is a pity, because Lewis is actually a far more interesting figure than Louis. Indeed, John L. can even challenge comparison with his rival in the latter's own line of endeavor. The punch which felled Hutcheson was a more important blow than any ever delivered by the "Brown Bomber." I think that Mr. Sloan's best friends ought to warn him that when John L. knocks a man out he stays knocked out. Although more than a year has passed, Hutcheson still appears to be inarticulate and glassy-eyed.

I seem to see preliminary symptoms that American journalism may be coming of age. I am thinking specifically of the interesting case of Paul Gallico. Mr. Gallico was the sports editor of the *New York Daily News*. He was particularly well known and widely quoted as an

authority on prize fights. His post was just about top in his field. A survey revealed the fact that he was the most popular sports writer in New York City. He took a year's leave of absence to devote himself to magazine work, and when he returned everybody was surprised to hear that Gallico had asked to be taken off sports and put on general reporting. Thus while his old companions were down at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, watching Joe Louis knock out stooges in training, Gallico was in Flint observing the far more interesting battle between John L. Lewis and Kid Sloan, the Harry Greb of fighting tactics in the industrial ring.

It seems to me that Paul has chosen the better part, although I will admit that as yet the crowd at Dempsey's does not say as frequently as of old, "Did you read Gallico today?" That will come in time. We need to be educated. Indeed, we need to unlearn a great deal of persuasive writing which has been set before us every day for a number of years.

One of the curious things about the trade of writing sports is that the practitioners sometimes succeed in fooling themselves. When Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis, he jarred the experts mightily. Almost without exception they had picked Joe to win. Indeed, he had been hailed by many as the super-fighter of all time. Since I was one of those who had joined in the chorus of acclaiming Joe Louis as the outstanding heavyweight of the age, I cannot afford to put on superior airs. My apology must contain the admission that I don't know very much about boxing and that I never did.

To me at the moment Louis is more interesting as a social phenomenon than as a ring technician. In spite of his vast hitting power he is too mechanical in his methods. One feels the hand of his trainer, Blackburn, always upon his shoulder. Joe does what he is told. In person he seems to me to be shy but affable. Of course he had no great opportunities of education in his early life. What native shrewdness he possesses is still debatable. Generally he dodges questions such as those bearing on his attitude toward the Scottsboro case and other vital problems affecting the Negro. As a rule when a sports writer talks with Louis, he deals only in such stock questions as "How do you feel today, Joe?" "Who do you think will win the pennant in the American League?" Or "Have you seen any moving pictures lately?" You can't really figure out a man's I. Q. on any such meager test.

But I do think it is unfortunate that many Negroes in America should have adopted Joe Louis as a hero and to some extent have overlooked the real leaders of the race. John L. Lewis through the organization of Negro workers in the mass-production industries has done more than Joe. Indeed, I ask leave to change my original estimate. I think that Lewis is the greatest heavyweight of our day.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A BELIEVING THOMAS

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE character of Tom Paine was built upon that framework of cast-iron rectitude—unassailable but not always lovely—typical of the reformer *pur sang*. Drink, so often the vice of those who permit themselves no other, got him at last; but like most professional freethinkers in the days before freethinking became respectable, he seemed to feel that public repudiation of Christianity necessarily entailed the practice of all those Christian virtues which Christians so commonly feel it enough to believe in; and the "practical" revolutionists found his stubborn adherence to principles as inconvenient as conservatives ever had.

It is true that—again after the common fashion of those reformers whose high opinion of the human race makes them unspeakably cruel to its not always unamiable weaknesses—this defender of the rights of women contracted a marriage he had no intention of consummating because he believed a convenient marriage would put him in a better position to improve the lot of woman in the abstract. But he was sentenced to death by successful revolutionists in France and cold-shouldered by successful revolutionists in America because he was naive enough to insist that a revolution ought to achieve its professed aims, and was yet to learn that no one is likely to turn more suddenly "realistic" than a revolutionist who has just succeeded in getting the upper hand. When he pleaded for humanity at a meeting of the convention, Marat protested that Paine was a Quaker whose "mind is contracted by the narrow principles of his religion; he is incapable of the liberality requisite for condemning men to death."

Hesketh Pearson's biography* does not pretend to present any new facts or anything startlingly new in the way of interpretation. It is sympathetic both to Paine as a man and to his ideals, though the point of view is distinctly that of one who is ready to anticipate the disillusionments which so obviously came as a surprise to Paine himself. Though hardly more than a piece of solid journalism for the occasion of the bicentenary, it is, nevertheless, pleasantly readable and informative. One discovers Paine, the corset-maker, overmastered by passion for his various convictions. On Franklin's advice he goes to America, where he stiffens and unifies the purpose of the colonists so successfully that he has been credited with doing more than any other man to make the revolution a success. After that he is alternately in England and France—wherever he can get in the most trouble—and he ends almost literally in the gutter, partly at least because he had the bad judgment to provide his attacks

on the Bible as a convenient excuse to those who would have felt less easy in their minds had they been compelled to persecute him for his political sentiments alone. Mr. Pearson stresses the practical effect of "Common Sense" and "The Crisis"; he does not say much about something which may have been quite as important. The American Revolution was in part a phase of eighteenth-century "enlightenment," in part a specific quarrel between England and a group of colonists who were by no means philosophers first of all. Paine probably did as much as any single person to supply these colonists with what is now called an "ideology," and to organize practical American discontent along the lines of eighteenth-century liberalism.

Paine was, of course, neither a scholar nor a *littérateur*. Something of the limitations of the typical village atheist, of the faddist who sees certain things so clearly that he does not see anything else, clung to him always, and his writing is about as devoid of overtones as any writing could be. Few great pamphlets have been so little more than pamphlets as his, and the only excuse—a good one incidentally—for the unimaginativeness of his treatment of Biblical literature is the fact that this "reasoning" of his was at least no more unimaginative than what we should now call the "fundamentalism" of his clerical and respectable opponents.

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that several bits of table talk quoted by Pearson have a bite and an irony more finished than anything I can remember from the formal works. "There is no body of men more jealous of their privileges than the Commons—because they sell them." "If I were obliged to accept a title it would be that of knighthood, as the infamy of it would not descend on my family." Or a bit of economic interpretation which anticipated Anatol France's famous remark about the prohibition against sleeping under bridges: "The law is equally open to the poor and the rich; so is the London Tavern." Pearson also tells a delightful story about how Paine once insisted upon putting to the vote of a company his opinion that, since the ignorant are more numerous than the wise, the minority should govern all assemblies. All agreed with Paine except "Peter Pindar," who thereupon insisted that by Paine's own contention he, Pindar, must be right. Paine's proposition may seem a strange one for a democrat, but the explanation is, I suppose, that in those days democrats were in the minority, and that the opinion which most of us hold concerning the "wisdom of the majority" is pretty likely to depend upon whether or not the majority is with us.

Just how deep Paine's final disillusion went I am not

* "Tom Paine, Friend of Mankind." By Hesketh Pearson. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

myself sure, but Mr. Pearson seems to think that it went pretty deep. Contemporary Marxists will of course insist that in so far as the movement of which he was a part failed to achieve the "free" and beautiful society he looked forward to, the failure was due to the fact that economic democracy was not achieved along with political democracy. That inequalities of wealth are among the immediate causes of the difference between what actually resulted and the results which idealists like Paine hoped for, no one can well deny. But to say that is by no means to prove that, to put it bluntly, nothing except "capitalism" stands between mankind and Utopia. One may admit that Paine was insufficiently aware of the power of wealth to corrupt society, but one may also state his mistake in general terms. Paine was one of that large class of reformers who assume that nothing stands between mankind and the good life except human institutions. He refused to admit, or at least to take sufficient account of the fact, that human nature also is somewhat less than perfect, and finds a way of expressing itself even under institutions which perfectionists have drawn up on paper. The real question is whether or not Marxists also are insufficiently aware of the fact.

BOOKS

Ichor of Imagination

THE INFERNAL MACHINE. By Jean Cocteau. Introduction and English Version by Carl Wildman. Oxford University Press. \$3.

IN "The Infernal Machine" Jean Cocteau is as he was in "Orphée," a "fantaisiste" on a known theme." Fulfilling the prediction of the oracle, as in Sophocles, Oedipus kills his father Laius (by accident, not knowing the victim), thwarts the Sphinx (the devourer of the young men of Thebes), is rewarded by marriage with Jocasta (queen, and his own unrecognized mother), and having been made aware of his guilt puts out his own eyes. "He solves riddles, becomes king and an object of affection, is envied of all, yet suffers a desperate end; never call a man happy until you have read the last chapter," is the summary by Sophocles, and with it one compares "The Infernal Machine" by Cocteau, also Carl Wildman's statement in the introduction: "He has dived with the greatest ease into the heart of the legend and brought back the almost sacred characters stiff with glory, brought them back to life, humanized them." Act I lacks contagion, but the play does gradually compel in the reader an author-forgotten, self-forgetting, participating suspense.

A potent device in fiction or drama is that in which one character describes another to that other, unaware that he addresses the person of whom he speaks. This principle, inherent in the original Oedipus, Cocteau has made the most of; as in Jocasta's remark, "What a courteous young man! He must have been taken care of by a very kind mother, very kind"; and where, misconceiving the recoil of awareness with which Jocasta recognizes the scars on his feet, Oedipus

says they were "from the hunt, I think." This principle is extended by Cocteau in the encounter of the Theban matron with the young girl in white whom she warns against the Sphinx. Sophocles's device of the corroborating shepherd who confirms Oedipus to himself is matched by Cocteau in the episode of the talisman returned to Oedipus by Tereias—the belt Oedipus had given the Sphinx, saying, "This will bring you to me when I have killed the beast." It is a good and dramatic moment in Act I in which Laius's ghost calls to Jocasta and the soldiers—undiscerned by them while they commiserate one another on its non-appearing; and there is drama in the mockery of Oedipus by Anubis, in the nightmare, Anubis repeating the words which Oedipus had naively spoken to the Sphinx, "Thanks to my unhappy childhood. . . ."

"Logic forces us to appear to men in the shape in which they imagine us; otherwise, they would see only emptiness," Anubis is made to say—a statement of which the invisible ghost of Laius is an illustration; also a strong clue to the mind of Jean Cocteau himself. The extra character, Anubis—death's orderly—is an invention particularly characteristic of Cocteau—cognate to Azrael and Raphael, death's assistants in "Orphée." In that preceding play "darkness has been shown in broad daylight," Mr. Wildman says; and always it is as the poet we must think of Cocteau—the person who says "a thing can rarely at the same time be and seem true," who says he is "incapable of writing a play for or against anything"; and warns one that "it is not the poet's role to produce cumbersome proofs." M. Cocteau is haughty and dictatorial, he does not spread his cloak on the mud, he does not make promises, and his temperament permeates all his concepts; but he is fervent. His ardor of imagination, voracity of presentment, inexhaustible fund of metaphor, and crisp fastidiousness comprise an apperceptiveness rivaled only by that of the animals.

Aphorism is one of the kindlier phases of autocracy and is used from time to time in "The Infernal Machine." Creon says, "The most secret of secrets are betrayed one day or another to the determined seeker," and the Soldier says, "A word of advice: let princes deal with princes, phantoms with phantoms, and soldiers with soldiers." But going beyond mere incisiveness, M. Cocteau sometimes imparts to a word a kind of lovable neatness, such as we have in Aristophanes where he speaks of the man who whiled away the time making frogs from fruit skins. We have it in Corbière and in E. E. Cummings; and in Clarence Day where "l'hippopotame" is introduced as an equivalent for the Biblical behemoth.

Cocteau's vituperative tendency of superficial contentiousness appears in the soldiers' banter; and as Mr. Wildman notes, in the Sphinx. Yet more marked—as an asset however—there is the tendency to incantation. One sees it in Le Grand Ecart, in the Narcissus passage, where the river "cares nothing about the nymphs or the trees it reflects—longing only for the sea"; and here, in the Sphinx's self-characterization: "A judge is not so unalterable, an insect so voracious, a bird so carnivorous, the egg so nocturnal, a Chinese executioner so ingenious, the heart so unpredictable, the prestidigitator so deft, the star so portentous, the snake sliming its prey, so intent. . . . I speak, I work, I wind, I unwind, I calculate, I muse, I weave, I winnow, I knit, I plait. . . ."

The author has invested the play with modern emotion, and reveling in verisimilitude, causes Jocasta to say to Oedipus as she lifts him in the nightmare, "Don't make yourself heavy, help me." Oedipus, successfully vivid, pants and arrests

the eye, Jocasta half infatuates, the Sphinx—symbolizing the machinery of the gods' injustice—inspires fear, though her literal femininity and emphasized claws point to a crochet on M. Cocteau's part. He appears to have an unfeminist yet not wholly detached attitude to woman; Jocasta being, like the Sphinx, "of the sex which is disturbing to heroes." Burdensome yet seductive, she asks, "Am I so old then," and adds, "Women say things to be contradicted. They always hope it isn't true." But also as part of the author's mental tendency, she is "poetic" and has the aspect of sculpture—dead, white, beautiful, with closed eyes.

At the end of the play, instead of a somber dimming of personality as in the Greek play, there is an allusion to "glory," as completing the destiny of Oedipus, and horror is relieved. Ought it to be?

One must not put *hic jacet* on a living person; Jean Cocteau gives the effect of concentration, rapid communication, self-amused satire, of suitably interesting creatures, of haberdashery, and of colors grayed by lime. Convinced of his liveliness and energy, aware that imagination with him is not an appurtenance but an ichor, as it was shown to be in "Le Sang d'un Poète," one has, nevertheless, the sense of something submerged and estranged, of a somnambulist with feet tied, or a musical instrument in a museum, that should be sounding. He is like a person of valor in a fairy tale, changed by hostile enchantment into a frog or carp, compelled to sequestration in a well or pool. There is here a riddle for him to solve, because great art must obsess one; it is not a thing which can be left and returned to at will. In myth there is a principle of penalty: Snowwhite must not open the door of the dwarf's house when the peddler knocks, Pandora must not open the box, Perseus must not look at the gorgon except in his shield; and Jean Cocteau, in refusing to be answerable to any morality but his own, is in the Greek sense impious and unnatural. But he is a very fine inhabitant of the Underworld. In anything he writes he realizes an atmosphere of his own, is willing to be betrayed as well as supported by his congenial appetites, and reaffirms himself in sundry psychic weather vanes and favorite fancies.

MARIANNE MOORE

Lover's Indulgence

REPERUSALS AND RECOLLECTIONS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THOUGH the author has nothing new to contribute to our critical understanding of literature, and though his whole intention seems to be to exhibit a rather obvious and academic personal taste, yet there remains a quality of charm in these essays, a flavor of leisurely good gossip, which gives them readability. In the matter of pure appreciation of previously ascertained literary values, Logan Pearsall Smith is already famous. Now he writes well, if wordily, on many subjects: on the English aphorists, on Carlyle as the "Rembrandt of English prose," on Jeremy Taylor, on the sermons of Donne, on Sainte-Beuve and Montaigne and Madame de Sévigné and others—including, inevitably, Walter Pater. At his discursive best—as in the essay on the quaint diary of his American Quaker ancestress, Ann Whitall—Mr. Smith is neat, informative, and entertaining. But what can we, schooled to a scientific appraisal of letters, say of a critic who writes of "the glories of our literature" and complains that there has been no interesting or beautiful prose composed since the later "glories" of Henry James? I think that we can only

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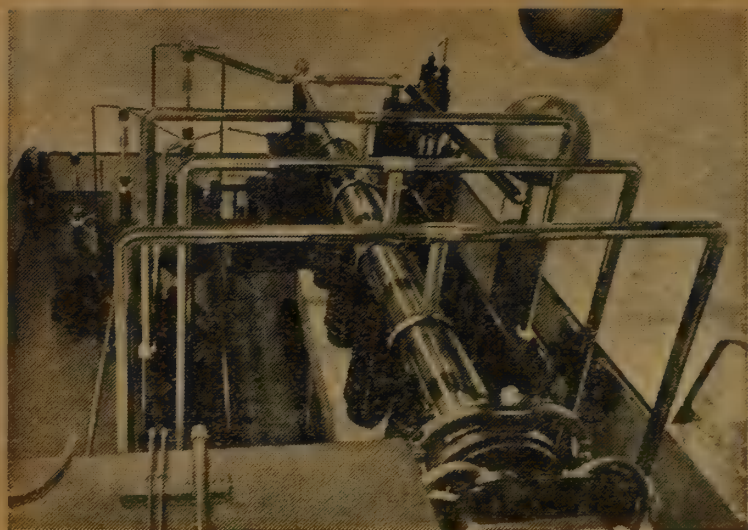
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adapt a metaphor from Amiel, and call Mr. Smith a gardener rather than a geologist. He cultivates the earth for its flowers; he does not dig deep enough to understand it.

"There are readers—and I am one of them—"Mr. Smith confesses on page one, line one, "whose reading is rather like a series of intoxications. We fall in love with a book. . . ." So we follow Mr. Smith's infatuations; the most notable, as well as the most constant, object of his highly articulate affections being the Purple Passage. He even presents a spirited defense of what he calls Fine Writing (the sort of thing Pater did), making his points against some puritanical moderns, like Herbert Read and Middleton Murry, with all the fire and some of the unscrupulousness—to apply Mr. Smith's own figure—of a lover or a drunkard. But perhaps Mr. Smith's passion for Fine Writing ought better to be described as an addiction to it. Here, at any rate, is the result: "Deep in the *male bosom*, from before the *dawn of history*, there has persisted an *almost religious awe* of the *unsullied chastity* of the other sex." In one frightful sentence four frightful clichés. Positively, Mr. Smith, this is debauchery!

Criticism apart, though—and who expects criticism from a lover—there are many excellent passages of appreciative insight in these essays. They are the product of a cultivated mind, soaked—one might almost say, sodden—with the phrases and rhythms of great books. Mr. Smith will add little to your understanding, but his essays may be numbered among your pleasures.

MICHAEL SAYERS

A Century of History

THE HUNDRED YEARS. By Philip Guedalla. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

MR. GUEDALLA'S performance is always brilliant, and in this instance he has been brilliant enough not to undertake "the despairing enterprise" of trying to cram a century into a volume. What he gives us is "the leading moments . . . as they affected the leading units of the Western world," a discontinuous method applied to a consecutive plan, not a "peepshow of picturesque events, but an unwinding panorama in the last scene of which we are living." Within "the strictest limits of historical precision" he has striven for a living presentation of scenes, situations, and forces, and tried to see them through the eyes of contemporary witnesses.

But though scenically and psychologically they have the look and accent of their time, inevitably, because of the underlying plan, the last scene in which we live colors our sense of the earlier scenes. When the dawn rises over the Western Hemisphere on a summer day in 1837, we already feel the tug of the unwinding scroll. It rises over Kensington, where a young girl will awake to be queen of a country she will not fully know and will give her name to an epoch she will not understand; over St. Petersburg, slumbrous twelve years after the Dekabrist revolt; over Vienna, more interested in dancing and *Schlagsahne* than in the explosive possibilities around its frontiers; over the "uncomfortable mosaic" of the German Federation; over Paris, where Louis Philippe sits stolidly on a volcano; over Spain, already stormy; over the United States, where the terrible depression is in full swing, having burst on the astonished citizenry one month after President Van Buren's inaugural speech celebrated "an aggregate of human prosperity not elsewhere to be found." In 1848, year of revolutions and dictators, the Chartist demonstration collapses miserably at Kensington

Common, the inability of the English to apprehend general ideas, Mr. Guedalla holds, combining with the climate to make revolution impossible; but in France ideas and musket shots "almost imperceptibly" ease out the Second Republic and a few months later usher in the Second Empire; in America the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo ends the Mexican War with the cession to the United States of vast territories which change its shape, possibilities, and sectional relationships. Henceforth its destinies will be continental, molded by transportation, and the first freight carried out of Chicago in this same year by the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad is more important historically than all the European alarms and excursions. Such evaluations, however arrived at, are Mr. Guedalla's obeisance to the economic aspects which he indicates here and there in telling paragraphs, but the reader must bring a good deal of predigested knowledge to their elaboration and criticism. In 1861 Russians cease to be serfs but do not become free men, and at Charleston, South Carolina, the firing on Fort Sumter ushers in the long process toward a similar result. In Europe it is becoming painfully obvious that there is a German point of view, and in '71 the dramatic scene in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles subsumes the whole Machiavellian policy of Bismarck and the precarious equilibrium of Europe. The swaggering figure of William I frightens France into the arms of Russia and England into the arms of France. The portrait of the German emperor is the conventional one, but it is done with such verve and virtuosity that he disputes only with "that formidable man" Lenin the foreground of one's memory after the book is read.

The emphasis is mainly on politics and personalities, the point of view liberal and British, the method pictorial. Mr. Guedalla is a scenic artist. If he has somewhat novelized and personalized history, he has done so within the framework of historic events and with better balance and greater erudition, charm, and wit than we are likely to get from any other popular historian. But in making pictures much must be sacrificed to composition. There is almost nothing about the development of industry, either technically or socially, nothing about emigration. Social movements, arts, and sciences hardly come within the scope of the book, and though there is an underlying plan, and many acute observations, there is no underlying philosophy. A small atlas of maps showing the progressive changes in the boundaries of Europe and the United States is a valuable feature and a welcome exception to the inadequate cartography of most historical narratives.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The Usable Past

SCENERY THEN AND NOW. By Donald Oenslager. W. W. Norton and Company. \$5.

IT CAN be said, I think, without pulling the Woolcott over anyone's eyes that American scene designers show a surprising aptitude for expressing themselves in prose as well as in paint. Aline Bernstein has just trekked with the "American Caravan" to its latest oasis. Robert Edmond Jones's occasional prose pieces have the smoldering elegance of his best costume designs. I have been a part-time journalist and author since 1914. Donald Oenslager now continues the tradition in a fluently written volume that analyzes the relation of the theater today to its past, and demonstrates with a good deal of critical acumen and theatrical imagination how the modern designer can make use of the traditions

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of the theater's heyday, in Aristophanes's Athens, Plautus's Rome, Gozzi's Venice, Molière's and Racine's Paris.

Mr. Oenslager has too acute a sense of theatrical presentation to become a pious revivalist. With all his enthusiasm for the accepted glories of the theater's past, he has no interest in academic resuscitation. "Convention in art," he points out, "is flexible experiment tightened by constant practice into common procedure." Historic methods of staging plays "may open up a new world of invention for the scene designer if he will put its ancient traditions to new uses."

Being a first-rate scene designer, he treats scenery as part of the dynamics of production, as only one element in putting a play over. He revives the past by giving his reader a sense of what it may have been like or must have been like to witness a performance at Athens, Rome, or Versailles. The "classic" play, whatever its period, is to him always a good show, and as a historian he recreates the impact of a particular type of play on a particular audience, its vitality and glamor, the particular emotional tingle it aroused and sustained. His successive obeisances to historic models are imaginative reconstructions of performances that have all the excitement of successful opening nights.

The revival of Plautus's "Casina" is played against a comic backdrop of a Roman street that is a vaudeville backdrop in "one," and the comic business is put over with all the slapstick directness of vaudeville. "The Birds" becomes a fantastic revue about aviators, an "Attic Follies." It needs "a strong tonic of all the most vigorous elements of modern production. It must be pitched to the tempo of burlesque and vaudeville with the variety of a three-ring circus and the new dimensions of radio and even the movies—Gershwin music, and scenery with newfangled lights—for actors, the Marx Brothers, Victor Moore, Beatrice Lillie, and a chorus that can mime as well as dance." A revival of Gozzi's "Love of the Three Oranges" with Prokofiev's music "must be completely exposed to the contagion of theatrical combustion. First the scenario must be translated into the satiric idiom of our own day. Scenery and costumes may have as many styles as there are comic artists to draw them. Ask Thurber and Disney, Dali and Fox to design the production. . . . The King belongs to Soglow. Smeraldine is a black-faced Topsy. The giantess is a Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade gollywog balloon whom the fearless Prince deflates and mortifies in no time."

Mr. Oenslager is not solely interested in cutting Max Gordian knots or outflaunting the Billy Rose. He revives "Egmont" with somber affectedness and fills the fjords and fields of "Brand" with romantic chiaroscuro, relying on what he calls "the miracle of light," electric light that in the modern theater "is an emotional and dramatic medium capable of infinite expression and as subtle as a whispered phrase or as obvious as a comic strip." Mr. Oenslager's most original contribution is, I think, his restaging of "The Emperor Jones," in which the tree trunks of a shadowy forest gradually take shape as African totem poles, symbols of atavistic fear, and Jones's final terror is dominated by a gigantic jungle idol.

Unfortunately the technique of Mr. Oenslager's drawings, dramatically interesting and imaginative as almost all of them are, is the least original element in the volume, being derived from the type of black-and-white rendering that Robert Edmond Jones made his own a number of years ago in his drawings for "The Jest," "Richard III," and "Hamlet." But the fact does not detract from the originality of the volume.

which as a whole demonstrates how ■ repertory theater today, in the hands of directors and designers as imaginative as Mr. Oenslager, might be made continuously exciting even to Broadway audiences.

LEE SIMONSON

Modern Dance in America

AMERICA DANCING. By John Martin. Dodge Publishing Company. \$3.

THIS is the most complete account we possess of the modern dance in America. The first part is a statistical survey of the growth and present status of the dance movement. The number of groups that practice this art is truly impressive, and Mr. Martin makes the most of it as evidence of a popular awakening to the dance. There is a good account of the influences which formed the present generation; Isadora Duncan, Delsarte, and the Denishawn group are regarded ■ the most important. Mr. Martin thinks ballet has had no influence except ■ negative one, and he minimizes the importance of the Continental modern dance in the formation of the American modern dance. In the final section he gives the training, artistic credos, and principal works of some two dozen of the better-known dancers. This part contains useful information but lacks critical discrimination. Everyone turns out to be "unique" and "the greatest living" something or other. In ■ work of description and propaganda this may pass, but the omission of Louis Horst's work in the training of Martha Graham's group is harder to justify. Mr. Horst and Miss Graham's group give ■ demonstration of this training and of the relation of the pre-classic musical and dance forms to the modern dance which is the best rationale of the modern dance that I have encountered.

In the theoretical and critical part of his book Mr. Martin becomes very confusing. He attacks such questions as tradition, the nature of a national art, and the relation of dance to music, literature, and the theater, as though he had never pondered the words of the standard critics. He writes heatedly, but I could not discover that he had a consistent critical position; he repeats popular battle cries, but sheds no light. Where he excels is in his acquaintance with all the facts of the movement. Mr. Martin, indeed, as dance critic on the *Times*, organizer of the New School series on the dance, member of the Bennington School of the dance, as lecturer and tireless propagandist, is himself one of the leaders of the movement. He knows the work of teachers, organizers, and propagandists as well as that of the celebrated performers. It is pleasant to find work of this kind recognized.

FRANCIS FERGUSON

New Novels

NOT ALL RIVERS. By Adriana Spadoni. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THE question of what shall be the political position of honest liberals faced with the facts of oppression and violence is a legitimate subject for novelists today. Miss Spadoni, in the last third of ■ longish novel, confronts her heroine with one of the California growers' strikes. Pickets are beaten, vigilantism is riding high, workers' makeshift homes are burned, and as a last straw the heroine's husband, ■ liberal lawyer unsuccessfully defending the workers' cause, is beaten by the local "Committee of Safety." What shall a liberal do if he cannot quite join his ranting direct-action friends? Miss Spadoni is ■ little muddled in her answers,

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

by

C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.S., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England.

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COMING SOON IN THE NATION

but she states the problem with force and considerable passion. The first part of her novel, in which her heroine grows up as a woman, is less impressive. Growing up, in this case, seems to mean a realization that love and sexual desire are not the same thing. This momentous conclusion seems unimportant and irrelevant in the light of the real intellectual conflict offered in the latter part of the book. Which does not mean that the relationship of loyalty to sexual passion is a less interesting subject for fiction than is society, but merely that Miss Spadoni is better equipped to describe it than to resolve the difficulties which society presents.

LANCER AT LARGE. By F. Yeats-Brown. The Viking Press. \$2.75.

Mr. Yeats-Brown, the incurable lancer, returns to India after fifteen years. His travels take him to Meerut, to Calcutta, to Madras, to Bombay, to Peshawar, and to various places in between. He considers India's ancient past as well as its disturbed present. He is fascinated by Yoga and gives explicit directions for meditation, including breathing exercises which have to be undertaken with care or they may be dangerous. He interviews government officials, Swamis, gurus, untouchables, Brahman priests, Hindu mystics, women, and Mr. Gandhi, and watches at the Allahabad fair the procession of naked bhairagis on their way to the holy Ganges. India, he says, is a land of paradoxes, "cynical, credulous, coldly ascetic, madly passionate," its people are "experimenters with the most delicate and devastating of vices, and practitioners of the most absolute purity!" And there are 350,000,000 of these people. A book about such a country and such a people cannot fail to be in some degree interesting. But the traveler's chitchat, interspersed with his own mystical yearnings, which Mr. Yeats-Brown offers his readers is not interesting enough. India deserves a better book.

TOLD WITH A DRUM. By Edward Harris Heth. Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.

What happened to German-Americans during the World War has been told often enough. That, of course, is no reason why it should not be told again, if in the telling the author presents some important artistic conception to give his story meaning. Mr. Heth has merely been realistic, sympathetic, and clear. This is enough to make a novel pretty good but not first-rate.

CAROLINE SMITH

RECORDS

VICTOR'S new recording of the music of "The Mikado" (11 records, \$16.50), made by the D'Oyly Carte Company, is well sung and clearly recorded and should give pleasure to many people. But it disappoints those who know the old set which it replaces. The words of Ko-Ko as sung by Henry A. Lytton in the old set had a sharpness, a sting, that is essential to their meaning and effect, and that is lacking in them as Martyn Green sings them in the new set; and this may be said also of the words of Katisha as sung by Bertha Lewis and now by Josephine Curtis. What it is that is lost one can hear in the singing of Darrell Fancourt, who is the superb Mikado of both sets. And there is in fact a loss of spirit in the entire performance. Also the new set is issued without a libretto.

Possibly the failures of American composers should be recorded, but they should be offered to the public as failures, not as successes. I hate to think of anyone deciding to see what there is in cultivated music, and deriving his idea of it, as a result of Victor's selling talk, from the records of MacDowell's Piano Concerto in D minor, and particularly from a performance in which the solo pianist, Jesus-Maria Sanroma, does not play the music but attacks it in the steel-fingered manner appropriate to Stravinsky or Toch. And the crowning ineptitude is to include in the same album two records of a Divertissement by Ibert—presumably because it, too, is played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Fiedler (5 records, \$7.50).

Flagstad's recording of Elsa's Dream on a single Victor record (\$2) is her best so far, and better than "Dich, teure Halle" on the reverse side. But these other Victor items I do not recommend: Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter (2 records, \$3); Balakirev's "Islamey," played by Simon Barer (1 record, \$2); the Brahms-Dvorak Hungarian Dances Nos. 18 to 21, played by the Minneapolis Symphony under Ormandy (1 record, \$1.50); "The Heavens Are Telling the Creation" and "Achieved Is the Glorious Work" from Haydn's "The Creation," sung by the Royal Choral Society with the London Philharmonic under Sargent (1 record, \$1.50).

In most of the performances on Victor records by Benny Goodman's large band one hears a great deal of the brilliance and verve of the band as a whole, and not enough—for my taste—of the individual quality of certain fine players. Krupa's drumming is of course always prominent, there is no performance without its phrase or phrases from Goodman's clarinet, and occasionally there is a trumpet or saxophone solo, but almost never does one hear Stacey, who is a pianist of unusual delicacy and taste (he contributes the piano solo in "Blues of Israel," which I mentioned a few weeks ago). The recent performances of the large band that I have enjoyed are "St. Louis Blues" (Victor 25411) and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (25445); but I have derived most pleasure from the marvelous performances by Goodman and Krupa with Teddy Wilson at the piano and Lionel Hampton at the vibraphone (my pleasure has not come from the vibraphone): performances of "Tiger Rag" (25481) and "Exactly Like You" (25406) by the trio, and of "Dinah" (25398) by the quartet. The playing of Goodman and Wilson grows constantly richer in style, and in these performances there is an astonishing increase in the richness of Krupa's contribution—its intricacy, and withal its subtlety and integration with the work of the others.

Good things on Bluebird records are "Casey Blues" and "I'se Just a Bad Luck Man" (6519), sung by Casey Bill with superb accompaniment of guitar, piano, and bass; "Shreveport Farewell" (6733), a piano solo by Little Brother; "Washboards Get Together" (6633), by the Washboard Serenaders; and two old Duke Ellington items—"Old Man Blues" (6450) and "Saratoga Swing" (6565). If you don't know them already, investigate Ellington's "Swing Low," "Ducky Wucky," and "Swanee Rhapsody" (Brunswick 6432, 6288).

If you are interested in records made by Battistini, Melba, Sembrich, and other singers of legendary greatness, you will find a collection of them at the Vesey Music Shop, 67 Vesey Street, New York, a catalogue informs me.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Effective Neutrality

Dear Sirs: There is a confusion of two issues which are best kept distinct in Mr. Villard's *Issues and Men*, published January 2, and your editorial of January 9, on the subject of neutrality legislation. Question one: Should a neutral embargo by the United States apply to all belligerents in all cases, with no provision for making a distinction even in the clearest of circumstances between aggressor and law-abiding victim? Question two: If there were to be differentiation between victim and aggressor by the United States, should the decision in a particular case be made by the President, by Congress, or by the two jointly?

Of course, the so-called "mandatory" embargo favored by the isolationist Senators would allow for no distinction at all between attacker and attacked, so the second question would simply not arise. But it is incorrect to assume, as Mr. Villard does, that a policy of cooperating with other nations for the purpose of discriminating against clear violators of the Kellogg pact must leave the ultimate decision with the President. Such a policy could be *either* discretionary for the President or mandatory upon him to report to Congress and obtain its authorization before taking any action.

This latter plan is the one actually proposed in the neutrality bill drawn up by the expert committee of the National Peace Conference in December, 1935. I quote its Section 7:

If the President shall find that one or more of the belligerent countries [to which a temporary embargo has automatically been applied, as provided earlier in the bill] was attacked in contravention of the provisions of the Pact of Paris, and if such finding is concurred in by a majority of other non-belligerent countries parties to said pact, he shall so advise the Congress, and, with its consent, he may revoke his embargo proclamations issued under Section 3 of this act in respect to such country or countries so attacked, and the provisions hereof shall thereupon cease to apply in respect to such country or countries.

Such a policy would maintain the prerogatives of Congress, it would not commit the United States to deciding on the aggressor in unclear cases (as judged by the President and Congress), and it

would not put the United States in the position of single-handed action that might lead to attack by the aggressor. It is much more likely to keep the United States out of a major war than the "cast-iron" all-inclusive embargo of all belligerents, for this latter would almost surely prove untenable against the internal economic pressures that would develop after a year or so, and the propaganda for its abandonment would very likely unite with other propaganda making for entry into the war.

EUGENE STALEY

Chicago, January 15

100 Per Cent Organized

Dear Sirs: Milton S. Mayer, in *The Nation* for January 16, says that the *Abendpost* of Chicago is 100 per cent organized by the Chicago Newspaper Guild. I wish to call your attention to the fact that the Jewish daily press of Chicago has been 100 per cent organized for some fifteen years. The J. L. Peretz Writers' Union, a federal local (Local 17886), was, until the recent organization of the Guild, the only writers' union in existence. The membership includes not only Jewish writers but also several staff members of the *Federationist*, the official publication of the Chicago A. F. of L.

MORRIS SILBERT

Chicago, January 25

Dossier on John Toussaint Bernard

Dear Sirs: John Toussaint Bernard, the new Farmer-Laborite from Minnesota's Eighth Congressional District, the only Congressman to vote against the ban on help for Spain, lives at Eveleth, Minnesota. He is a Corsican and extremely proud of it. He was born on the Island of Corsica, March 6, 1893, which makes him not quite forty-four. He reached Eveleth in 1907. The public schools of France and Eveleth tutored him. He is by occupation both a city fireman and a miner. He is a member of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union and a leader among them in his area. He is a World War veteran, having served twenty-five months in the army, of which fifteen were spent with the A. E. F. in France. He is married and has one child. He got 70,063 votes as

against his Republican opponent's 54,067; his opponent was the then incumbent, William Pittenger.

During and since his successful campaign for Congress, he has told his constituents in his public speeches that it doesn't pay to trust any man too much and that, though they trust him, they had better keep checking up on him in his work at representing them here. He says that as a Congressman he proposes to be guided solely by his own mind and conscience, secure in the knowledge that he can always go back to being a miner if political independence brings him political misfortune.

W. L. G.

Washington, January 16

Six Lines' Worth

Dear Sirs: In your issue of December 19 Mr. Gunther writes, "Mr. Luce of *Time* invented 'snuggery' to describe Fort Belvedere."

"The New Merriam-Webster," latest of our great dictionaries, gives six lines of its valuable space to this word and quotes as authorities William De Morgan and H. Speakman.

D. SCUDDER

Claremont, Cal., January 20

Safety in the Air

Dear Sirs: The letter from John Miller, a former air pilot, in your issue of January 30 reminds me of a story which is told about the famous pianist Leopold Godowski. Mr. Godowski had arranged to make a trip by air. Shortly before he was scheduled to take off, the newspapers were full of the news of a fatal air crash, whereupon Mr. Godowski called the clerk in his hotel and asked him to cancel his reservation. When the clerk called the air line he met with a great reluctance to cancel the reservation and a long argument about the safety of air travel, including the number of miles flown without accident. The clerk was finally worn down and promised to convey these arguments to Mr. Godowski.

When Mr. Godowski remained unconvinced, the clerk, who by this time had been persuaded not only by the arguments of the air-line official but by his own eloquence, resorted to philosophy.

"Everybody has to die some time. And

when your time comes you'll die, wherever you are."

"That may be," said Mr. Godowski, "but I see no reason why I should insist on being ten thousand feet up in the air when the pilot's time comes."

ALEXIS CORNFATHER

New York, January 30

Mt. Holyoke Steps Backward

Dear Sirs: This is the last year that we shall have a woman as president of Mt. Holyoke College. Many of us who have seen President Mary Woolley's published statement of her reasons for thinking that a woman should have been chosen as her successor wish to express our appreciation of her courage in saying with her usual farsighted wisdom that the action of the Mt. Holyoke trustees in giving this position to a man has meant "striking a blow at the advancement of women the seriousness of which can hardly be overestimated."

A New York newspaper recently discovered 124 men and 183 women of professorial rank in the seven leading women's colleges and commented editorially that "if women are able to fill the higher teaching and research positions, we should expect more women than we actually find." But those of us who have, over a long period of years, seen able women fail to get well-earned appointments solely because they are women would say that it is wonderful to find so many women actually holding full professorships, especially in view of the fact that two of these colleges—Barnard and Radcliffe—are organized under conditions which make opportunities for women of professorial rank almost negligible, and two other colleges in this group have men as presidents.

Mt. Holyoke, according to the same newspaper, has been "strongly and consistently" generous in its recognition of women, with 4 men and 46 women holding professorships. Wellesley, with a woman president, has also been generous to women, with a professorial staff of 13 men and 52 women. In Smith College, on the other hand, with a man president, the men on the faculty have received full professorships very much more frequently than the women, and the professorial staff includes 44 men and 26 women.

It is important, also, to remember the parsimonious grants of graduate scholarships, fellowships, and assistantships that go to women. After all, every college woman knows that research opportunities in the great centers of graduate

study are largely for men—students. The great foundations, research councils, and research funds of all kinds are still administered by men, who make grants, again, almost exclusively to men. Chicago is perhaps the most liberal to women of all the great universities, but no one who looks at the situation here objectively can think that promising women students have equal opportunities with men. Miss Woolley has been the leader of the American Association of University Women, which has been struggling to support a handful of fellowships to try to meet the needs of the large number of able women who are practically excluded from the fellowships provided by the greatest universities. We shall miss Mt. Holyoke's leadership here.

Many of us mourn Mt. Holyoke's step backward. But women are used to disappointments, and we can take some comfort in the thought that education of any sort for women is still a very recent achievement. In my grandmother's day Thomas Wentworth Higginson delivered his well-known address, "Should Women Learn the Alphabet?" And during the last June Commencement season our Middle Western newspapers commended the University of Wisconsin for awarding a degree to a woman aged eighty-seven who had graduated seventy years earlier without a degree because the university did not grant degrees to women in 1866.

EDITH ABBOTT

Chicago, December 15

It's a Cold Winter

Dear Sirs: Contributions of money or warm clothing for men, women, and children are urgently needed by strikers in the mills owned by the Schuster-Hayward Woolen Company in East Douglas, Franklin, and Millbury, Massachusetts. The strike is being conducted by the United Textile Workers of America, affiliated with the C. I. O.

The strike has lasted twenty-two weeks, and in spite of repeated appeals, almost no help has been obtained from local relief agencies for the 1,700 people in need. Whether you are fat or thin, short or tall, your cast-off clothing will keep some striker or striker's children warm this cold winter, a winter made bitter by insufficient fuel.

Please express or mail your contribution to John Chupka, Depot Street, East Douglas, Massachusetts.

JOHN CHUPKA,

President, Local 2260
East Douglas, Mass., January 15

Correction

[In the article Profile of General Motors by Samuel Romer, which appeared in our issue of January 23, it was stated, through an error in transcribing proof corrections, that G. M. "in 1932, when it operated at an enormous deficit, paid dividends of \$53,993,330." The corporation just about broke even in that year, earning only \$164,979, but it did pay out practically \$54,000,000 in common dividends. In 1921, when it operated at a loss of \$38,680,770, it paid out \$65,459,056.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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The Shape of Things

★

THERE HAS BEEN NO GREATER TENSION IN American constitutional history since the Dred Scott case than exists now between the President and the Supreme Court. Mr. Roosevelt's references to the age of the judges have doubtless hurt them grievously. But since they showed scant respect (within the Constitution) for the feelings of millions of workers and farmers whom their decisions injured, they should not be shocked if the people's representatives in turn show scant respect (within the Constitution) for their feelings. Mr. Roosevelt will have a hard fight, but he should win out. *The Nation* prints in an editorial on another page of this issue its analysis of the problem.

★

THE LOSS OF MALAGA BY THE LOYALISTS IS, of course, serious; but it is no more decisive than were the earlier losses of Irun, San Sebastian and Toledo. The rebels captured Toledo on September 28, but it took them until November 6 to negotiate the forty-four miles of flat country between that strategic city and Madrid, where they have been stuck ever since. It does not follow, therefore, that Alicante, Valencia, and Barcelona are in any more immediate danger of attack than they have been hitherto. The government military position is always more favorable than it appears on the map, and the final outcome of the civil war will be determined by the numerical strength and armaments of the opposing forces in months to come rather than by the line of demarcation between loyalist and insurgent territory today. The presence of at least 15,000—and probably more—Italian troops at Malaga is therefore the most menacing aspect of the situation, for it proves that, despite the Anglo-Italian "gentlemen's agreement" and perhaps because of the many-act farce called "non-intervention," Italy and Germany continue to pour into Spain all the soldiers and munitions they wish to send. Partly to offset these, the government can obtain valuable reinforcements in the shape of volunteers for the international brigades. It will also speed up the process, now well on its way, of organizing a disciplined Spanish army. The surrender of Toledo was the shock which accounts for the startlingly stubborn defense of Madrid, and the loss of Malaga may also have a salutary effect on the republic's military and internal political affairs.

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THE INTRODUCTION OF A "CASH-AND-CARRY" neutrality bill by Senators Nye, Clark, Bone, and Vandenberg has clarified the basic issues in the neutrality controversy. In the belief that any trade with belligerents must ultimately involve the country in the same situation that it faced in 1917, the Nye bill would divest American citizens of all right and title to goods of any character shipped to belligerents in war time. The Pittman bill, on the other hand—which has the backing of the Administration—would permit trade in basic raw materials at the discretion of the President. Both measures would prohibit the export of munitions and implements of war and would impose an embargo on loans and credits, and both would ban travel by American citizens on ships of belligerent nations. The Nye bill assumes that peace is divisible; that the United States can be insulated from the fundamental economic and political forces which affect the remainder of the world. It also assumes that the profit-making propensities of important elements in the American population can suddenly be throttled on the outbreak of war. As it stands it would make war more certain by serving notice in advance that we shall deny even normal supplies to the democratic countries in their coming struggle with the fascist powers. There is no assurance that the Pittman measure can keep us out of war, but its flexibility may at least prevent us from digging the grave of American democracy at this time.

★

IN FAR-OFF SHENSI THE DRAMATIC EVENTS described elsewhere in this issue by Agnes Smedley seem rapidly to be approaching a climax. Angered by efforts on the part of the fascist clique to take advantage of the compromise settlement dictated by Chiang Kai-shek, the rank and file of the former Manchurian army recently mutinied and killed four officers who were accused of having sold out to the fascists. Large sections of Chang Hsueh-liang's former troops are reported to have joined the ranks of the Red Army, and others are likely to go over if the government does not make good its promises to resist Japan. There is every indication that Chiang Kai-shek himself has attempted to live up to the pledges that he gave on the occasion of his release from Sian, but that he is being sabotaged at every opportunity by the semi-fascist, pro-Japanese clique led by Ho Ying-chin, the War Minister. Letters from China tell of a veritable wave of terror in the cities under the control of this faction against the advocates of a People's Front. With the meeting of the plenary session of the Kuomintang scheduled for the middle of the month at Nanking, a showdown may be expected, though it is not at all certain that that hand-picked body will reflect the tremendous increase of sentiment throughout China for a common front against Japan.

★

FORTY THOUSAND MEN HAVE GONE BACK to work in the ports of the Pacific after a ninety-eight-day strike which was a masterpiece of orderliness and solidarity. The unions, which did not want the strike, came

through without losing any of their gains of 1934—and in fact made further gains. The employers had let it be known that their purpose was to take back what they had been forced to yield in 1934, particularly union control of hiring halls. Their stand hurt the pocket-books but not the prestige of the unions, and they lost, according to one estimate, \$700,000,000 worth of business. It is common knowledge that the San Francisco waterfront is a much more orderly place since the unions obtained a measure of control over hiring, which has always opened the way for serious abuses. When it is considered that the strikers made such modest demands as the eight-hour day, cash for overtime, and monthly wages ranging from less than \$60 to \$125 a month (for engineers), the cry of the employers about "union dictators" loses a good deal of its force. This strike may have convinced them that the union has come to stay—in which case we may expect a long peace. Meanwhile the conduct of the maritime strike by a democratic rank-and-file organization provides welcome evidence that trade unions can be successfully conducted on that basis.

★

RECENT HEAVY PURCHASES OF GRAIN BY Germany have been interpreted by the *New York Times* as indicating that the Reich has virtually overcome its food problem. As a basis for this it is suggested that the volume of foreign securities taken over by the Reichsbank from private sources, in accordance with a recent decree, has been unexpectedly large. Such an interpretation, however, appears to ignore both the facts of the foreign-exchange situation and the fundamentals of Nazi policy. If we accept the figures contained in Mr. Vidakovic's article in last week's *Nation*, the 170,000,000 marks which the Reichsbank is said to have sequestered abroad would be only a drop in the bucket in meeting the exchange crisis. And even if much more were obtained, the normal Nazi policy would be to spend it on the raw materials which are essential to its rearmament program. The grain purchases would seem to be not so much an indication of more plentiful foreign exchange as a reflection of growing anxiety over the domestic crisis.

★

THE SUPREME COURT HAS DENIED A WRIT OF certiorari to Vincent Ferrero and thus apparently ended his two-and-a-half-year fight to escape deportation to Fascist Italy. Ferrero entered the United States legally thirty-one years ago and has lived during this entire period in San Francisco. He has never been convicted of crime but is known to have leased a room to the editor of an anarchist paper. For this he is charged with being a "member of an organization which advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence." Not satisfied with having condemned dozens of political refugees of this type to death in fascist countries in recent years, the anti-alien forces in Congress, under the leadership of Senator Reynolds, have launched a drive to deport all aliens on relief and to prohibit the employment of non-citizens by the government. A bill has also been

introduced which would require the registration and fingerprinting of all unnaturalized foreign-born and cut the present low immigration quotas by 90 per cent. In defense of these un-American proposals it is argued that aliens take jobs away from American citizens and that their deportation will solve the problem of unemployment. It apparently matters not to Senator Reynolds that two-fifths of the 4,000,000 aliens in the country are more than fifty years of age and have given the greater part of their lives to constructive and relatively unremunerative work in the United States. Nor are men of this type likely to be moved by the fact that the majority of such aliens would be citizens today if the high fees and the educational requirements did not bar many men of limited economic opportunities.

✱

A POLL OF NATIONAL SENTIMENT ON THE General Motors sitdown taken by the Institute of Public Opinion showed 53 per cent in favor of the company. Our own poll taken in the nerve-center of public opinion, a pullman smoking car between Washington and New York, is, we believe, closer to reality. Of eight men, three had no opinion, three were for the strikers, one was judicially on the fence, and only one was for the company. "Lemme tell you, a whiff of tear gas would fix 'em," said a white-haired, pink-cheeked Elk in a camel's hair coat. "What I say is," said a gentleman of heavy jowls, "we gotta know what they want. They oughta tell the public what both sides is demanding and then we'll make up our minds." A younger man in a black hat, gently drunk but quite determined, announced that he knew enough already to take sides. "Absolutely with the strikers," he said. "Ab-so-lutely." Lined up on his side was a lawyer with a brief case, who added that it wasn't Sloan's fault, because he had to do what the du Ponts told him to. "Sure," said jowls. "Sloan's all right. I unnerstand he's definitely pro-labor, only he can't let on on account of the du Ponts." "Gentlemen," said the drunk one in a solemn tone that silenced the others, "compared to Sloan, Machiavelli was a punk."

✱

IN BRINGING ABOUT THE RETURN OF TOSCANINI to conduct a series of concerts over the radio with the N. B. C. symphony orchestra, David Sarnoff has made a coup for the Radio Corporation, which has long been locked in rivalry with C. B. S. over the presentation of musical programs of high standard. The engagement will cause misgivings in other quarters. It is not entirely a secret that Toscanini's resignation as conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra was the result of dissatisfaction on both sides. In spite of his musical, not to mention his box-office, preeminence the Maestro made demands as to salary, rehearsals, and programs that seemed excessive to the Philharmonic Board of Directors. N. B. C.'s offer gives Toscanini not only the free hand and lighter schedule he should have but also an opportunity for sweet revenge; the Philharmonic is certain to feel the competition of his programs.

Law and the Sitdown

THE reporter who asked Governor Murphy how it felt to be between an irresistible force and an immovable object was a realist. Our nominee for the immovable object is the du Pont-General Motors combination. Reliable information has it that Lewis started by asking recognition in all sixty-nine General Motors plants, then reduced his demands to twenty, and is willing to make further concessions. But as we go to press General Motors remains adamant and refuses to discuss the paramount issue of union recognition. One does not have to be clever to see through the hypocrisy of their concern for "the rights of workers who do not wish to belong to the Lewis union." Their real concern is to break industrial unionism before it has a chance to build a force that can challenge the force of corporate capitalism. It is the du Ponts, linking the motor magnates with the steelmasters, who are the real sitdowners in the strike.

If the struggle begins again, as is likely, they are counting of course on their massive economic strength and staying power. But they are counting even more on middle-class property-conscious public opinion. And they believe they hold the key to that by being seemingly on the side of law and order. Their company guards, deputy sheriffs, armed thugs, "Citizens' Alliance"—none of these would they dare use openly if it were not for their claim to be on the side of law and order.

"The strikers are occupying our property," say the Sloan lawyers. "True," says Judge Gadola. And he goes through the mumbo-jumbo of equity procedure, and issues an injunction and a writ of attachment. "But they won't budge," says Sheriff Thomas Wolcott, "and I need help." So he appeals to Governor Murphy to use the militia. "If I send these men against the strikers there will be a massacre," says Murphy. So the men remain sitting, and Murphy finds himself snowed under with threatening letters and demands for his impeachment. And the tragedy is that even some progressives have been ensnared by the cliché of property rights and thrown into consternation by Judge Gadola's injunction.

Actually the labor injunction must be viewed not as an abstract embodiment of even-handed justice but as a weapon in the struggle that American industry has been waging to keep labor from organizing—a weapon no different in essentials from tear gas or labor spies. To do otherwise is to uproot law from its social context, and you can no more do that than you can uproot a tree without its withering away. There is no valid legal basis in precedent for the labor injunction. In England, where it is relatively little used, it is regarded as an American growth. In America it began quite accidentally: after the panic of 1873 the railway properties were in the hands of court receiverships; the railroad strikes were therefore regarded as interferences with the courts, which proceeded to issue injunctions against them. Industry immediately saw the value of this device, and in the 1880's injunctions began to be issued quite distinct from receiverships, until in 1895 the Pullman strike was smashed

by injunction. And the employers have continued ever since trying to smash by injunction every attempt to achieve collective bargaining through organization. The Norris-LaGuardia Act severely limits its use so far as the federal courts are concerned. That is why General Motors sought out a state judge. The more advanced states like Wisconsin and New York have passed their own anti-injunction laws, but Michigan is still in the Dark Ages in this respect.

If it is a question of property rights, the worker has a perfectly good property right in keeping his job under decent conditions of work. Nor can General Motors lay claim to a monopoly on law and order. One of the significant things about the sitdown is that, by making mass picketing unnecessary, it tends to eliminate violence from strikes. Or rather it puts the burden of violence on the employers. Governor Murphy has a triple function. He must execute the laws of the state; but he is also a conciliator in the strike; and upon him devolves the primary responsibility for avoiding bloodshed in Flint. The eviction of the strikers by force could not be accomplished without bloodshed. We must come to understand that the real guardians of law and order are those who wish to provide an orderly settlement of labor disputes through collective bargaining. The enemies of law and order are those who are willing to spill other people's blood in order to keep unionism from getting a foothold.

Spain Is the Key

EUROPE'S political commentators seem finally convinced that Germany is the greatest, if not the sole, danger to world peace. On January 19 Anthony Eden, speaking in the House of Commons, singled out Germany as the potential trouble-maker and appealed to it to make a contribution toward European peace. Even unsupported words might have persuaded those British elements which would be happily pro-German if Berlin gave them the slightest opportunity. But Hitler's vague and rambling address to the Reichstag simply confirmed the belief that Germany is resolved on self-imposed isolation and militant intransigence. If the nations of the world now realize that this is the predominant Nazi mood, some progress has been made. For then the source of danger is definitely labeled.

That, however, is not enough. The governments of Europe feel that they must take measures to prevent Germany from throwing the torch of war into an inflammable continent. These measures assume the form of vastly augmented armaments. England, France, and Russia, as well as the smaller countries which dread fascist aggression, are arming at a rate which makes even the rocket-like rearmament pace of 1935-36 seem like the movement of snails. Given Hitler's monomania, the haste of these governments is understandable. Yet clear political seeing and thinking might check fascist aggressive tendencies without imposing such back-breaking armament budgets upon the peoples. The key is Spain.

Spain is today the front line of the battle against German and Italian aggression. The Nazis and the Italians have been helping Franco with airplanes and other arms. They have made the rebel cause theirs. Franco has become the agent of Hitler even more than he is the tool of Mussolini. A victory for Franco would therefore be a triumph for Hitler, and would not only strengthen his hold on the German people but confirm in him the thought that in the future as in the past insolence, arrogance, and audacity are sufficient to overcome European democracies. Franco's success would encourage the Nazis to go and do likewise in Czechoslovakia, Danzig, the Polish Corridor, or anywhere else.

Defeated in Spain, Hitler would be sobered and checked. He would also be weakened by the expenditure on Franco of several hundred million dollars—this by a regime which complains that it lacks the money to buy raw materials for its plants and food for its undernourished population. The crushing of Franco would undermine Hitler's prestige, cripple his diplomacy, and give him trouble at home with a part of the civilian population and with his army chiefs. If the fascists are beaten in Spain, they are weakened everywhere.

The Caballero government can beat Hitler in Spain. At last, after numerous serious setbacks in Germany, Austria, and elsewhere, the anti-fascists have an excellent chance to win. Why, then, do not the Western democracies help the Spanish democrats to a victory? Valencia and Madrid cannot do it alone, for they must cope with foreign fascists as well as with their own rebels. The answer consists of an excuse and a partial explanation. England claims that it will not be ready to act until it is rearmed, and that will not be for eighteen months. Without England, France is disinclined to act. The supineness of the democracies can also be understood in the light of their fear or alleged fear that Madrid may be another Moscow if the government triumphs.

But Moscow's support of the loyalist cause does not imply a Communist Spain. Communism is not coming in Spain yet; the alignment of social forces would not permit it without another and perhaps even costlier civil war. The struggle today is between Spanish reactionaries supported by foreign fascists on the one hand and all the forces of democracy and revolution on the other. Moreover, Moscow is not anti-British or anti-French. The contrary is the case. A fascist Spain would be a graver menace to British and French national interests than even the Soviet Spain which they pretend to dread. Class bias in England and France, however, obstructs clear vision, and French and English policy in the Spanish conflict has therefore been of a halting, wavering character which plays into Franco's and Hitler's hands.

It remains, accordingly, for the world's anti-fascists and democrats, bound together not in governments but in trade unions, political parties, and liberal societies, to grant the Spanish republic just that measure of voluntary aid which, together with its own resources and Russia's help, will be sufficient to swamp Franco and drive his masters to cover. The supreme test of an anti-fascist today is not what he says but what he does for Spain.

Purging the Supreme Court

THERE can be little doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's attack on government by senility has been a brilliant tour de force. The right is dismayed by it. The left is confused. The country as a whole is puzzled and entertained. No wonder the President felt a bit prankish when he read the message at his press conference. But the question of the adequacy of the proposal remains. Our answer will probably remind the reader of the Scottish jury that came back with the verdict, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." We by no means feel that the President has chosen the best plan—but along with a better plan it deserves

support. The proposal is in the form of a reorganization of the federal judiciary. It finds the cause of the delays in justice in the failure of judges to retire at seventy. It proposes that for each judge who refuses thus to retire an additional judge shall be appointed to his court, provided that the size of the Supreme Court shall not exceed fifteen. There is every indication that the President is giving the Supreme Court judges a dose of their own medicine—legalism. He adopts the Supreme Court's method of disguising important changes in state policy behind a screen of innocent-seeming legality. It is unjust to accuse the President of duplicity. He is doing exactly what Justice Roberts did when he talked elaborately of states' rights and killed the processing taxes. Two can play at that game, and in the realm of high strategy the Supreme Court has met its master.

But it is not all play. What the President is proposing is to dynamite the reactionary judges into retirement. To effect this he uses the most convenient handle—old age. But it is a handle to a very real grievance, in the lower federal courts as well as in the Supreme Court. There are four sitting members of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals. Their average age is seventy-seven and one-half years. It is Judge Buffington of this court, over eighty-one, who has been holding up the Pennsylvania Greyhound case, involving the Wagner Labor Act, since 1935. With respect to the Supreme Court, the Roosevelt luck, it must be remembered, has not operated. No appointments have fallen to him. He has had to sit by helplessly and watch the years accumulate and men decay. He now presents the tory judges with the bitterest hemlock cup any tory has had to quaff. Six of the present court are over seventy, only one of them—Brandeis—definitely a liberal. If they genuinely wish to keep the court from being "packed," they can hold the number

down to nine by retiring. Whichever ones do not choose to retire must bear the responsibility of permanently increasing the court's number by that many.

One thing is clear. Mr. Roosevelt has been at least consistent. He has since the NRA decision steadily held that the Constitution needs no change if it is interpreted liberally. He has deftly sidestepped the three plans that have been most vigorously pushed—giving Congress the power to override the Supreme Court's veto, limiting the Supreme Court veto to at least a two-thirds' vote, giving Congress explicit power (by amendment) to regulate industry and agriculture. He has evi-

dently considered that these measures would be at once too radical, since they would directly curb the judicial power or reestablish the supremacy of Congress, and also too dilatory, since each one might—by raising questions of constitutionality—have to be enacted finally as an amendment. His present plan does not touch the judicial power, and does not change the relation of the court to Congress. There can be no question of its constitutionality. It neither seeks to curb the court nor (despite the current impression) pack it, for if the judges retire there is no increase in numbers. Rather it purges the court by removing the infirm, and therefore (by a rough and imperfect logic) the least fit.

Where the President got the plan and why he should have sprung it just now are not entirely clear. Paul Ward points out in the *Baltimore Sun* that a similar technique was proposed in an 1869 bill in Grant's Administration, but failed of passage. The theory that he may have wished to influence favorably the Wagner Act cases seems untenable; if anything the proposal is calculated to freeze the judges into sheer immobility through rage. There may be some relation to the automobile strike and the power jam, as warnings to the business community that the President has trump cards which he is willing to play. But our own guess—and it is only a guess—is that Mr. Roosevelt wished to seize the occasion when public sentiment was ripe for action of some sort but before the movements for more radical curbs on the court had grown too strong to be stopped.

There are basic objections to the President's plan. It clearly does not meet the issue of the judicial power ■ an obstruction to democratic action. It does not go to the root of our judicial oligarchy, but by reorganizing it seeks rather to perpetuate it. There is a danger that, especially after the number of fifteen has been reached,

THE NATION'S CANDIDATES

1. Professor Felix Frankfurter—Harvard Law School.
2. Dean Lloyd Garrison—Wisconsin Law School.
3. Chairman J. Warren Madden—National Labor Relations Board.
4. Professor Walton H. Hamilton—Yale Law School and Social Security Board.
5. Robert H. Jackson—Assistant Attorney General.
6. Herman Oliphant—General Counsel U. S. Treasury.

■ justice will wait until he has a favorable President before resigning, thus creating a semi-hereditary caste. It can be used as effectively by ■ reactionary President ■ by a liberal, and ultimately it may produce simply a benchful of younger reactionaries—just ■ blind and stubborn in their fifties as in their seventies. Moreover, even a liberal President finds that there's many a slip between the nomination of ■ judge and his decisions: be it eternally remembered that McReynolds was appointed by Wilson. And certainly Mr. Roosevelt, judging from the names most mooted now, cannot be depended upon to choose more wisely than his predecessors.

Nevertheless, it is the task of progressives to support the measure—with an open-eyed awareness of its shortcomings. It will clear the blockage of New Deal legislation—at least for the immediate future. Meanwhile it will have delivered a blow to the sanctity of the Supreme Court from which the court will never wholly recover. If the court can be defeated once, it can be defeated again—and that is ■ lesson from which the people will profit. While logically the plan is leaky, psychologically it is sound. For talk as we may about educating the common man on the judicial power, the thing that sticks in his mind is that the men who exercise it are old men and therefore probably behind the times.

But for progressives to support this measure does not mean that they should stop there. *Purging the Supreme Court does not preclude curbing it.* A movement for a constitutional amendment must be launched now, so that when the rejuvenated court again grows ossified, we shall not have to fight the same battle all over again. But to refuse support to Mr. Roosevelt's measure and to hold out for "an amendment or nothing" is now—whatever it may have been before—playing into the hands of the reactionaries. They will inveigh against "packing" the court, grow hysterical about the supposed blow to the independence of the judiciary, and insist that the only method of change is through an amendment. Do not be trapped by them. The only thing they value in an amendment is the delay it would involve and their hope finally of being able to beat it. And without Roosevelt's support for an amendment, that hope would be a reality. With his support it is possible to push on the campaign for constitutional reform, viewing the present proposal merely as the opening gun in a battle that will be protracted and fiercely disputed. In such a battle what the progressives have chiefly to overcome is the myth of Supreme Court divinity. When they have conquered that, they can move on to achieve democracy.

Our program is, then, for progressives to support Roosevelt's proposal if he will support them in simultaneously launching an amendment. In that spirit we present, in the box on the previous page, our candidates for the six new posts. We have omitted members of the present Congress, since they would be barred until the end of their term from occupying posts they had themselves created. This has made it necessary to exclude several excellent choices. We submit the list with the earnest reminder that what value there is in the plan will be completely sacrificed unless genuine liberals are chosen.

Thanks, General Franco

OUR sincere gratitude goes out to General Franco. All anti-fascists are indebted to him for his self-revealing replies to the questions put to him by Roy W. Howard of the Scripps-Howard press.

"The new Spain" which Franco thinks he will establish after his expected victory "will progress along the lines of a totalitarian state." Moreover, as Franco understands Spain's "vigorous national characteristics," the Spanish people want no voice in their form of government. "Nor should the immediate concern of the citizens of Spain," he telegraphs, "be the choice of the particular regime that is to govern them." He declares that "our soldiers fight for liberty of conscience and respect of religious beliefs and for national traditions" in "Catholic Spain." "Our soldiers" are the Moslem Moors and the troops from Nazi Germany who respect neither liberty of conscience nor the Catholic church nor any other church. Franco, nevertheless, will not separate church from state. The dark tradition of illiteracy and bigotry must remain unbroken.

The Generalissimo, however, has decided views about certain aspects of the future. "The family and the workshop will be the basis for a new Spanish society." This is very exciting, very different, and very new. "Franco's Spain will banish class hatred"—just as in Germany. These are not vague promises. Things are already being done in the midst of a war that is taxing all of Franco's energies. "We are improving the housing conditions of the lower classes," he says. The General probably makes this claim with justice. He has killed off so many members of the lower classes who protested against his regime that those who remain undoubtedly have access to more living space. Franco does not have to tell us what he would do if he won. The Francos have been ruling Spain for centuries, and the result is a miserably poor, unprogressive economy, millions of peasants living in a permanent state of undernourishment.

Nevertheless, Franco is not so confident of victory as he once was. To be sure, he enjoys the "moral support lent to us by Germany and Italy." But these airplanes, submarines, cannons, machine-guns, and rifles are not sufficient to enable him to win, and he has been stuck at Madrid ever since the first week of November. "When do you expect the capture of Madrid?" Mr. Howard asked him. Franco did not answer. Franco has not been so reticent in the past. He prophesied that he would take the city on October 12 to commemorate the "Day of the Race," the day Columbus discovered America in Spanish ships. Then he publicly prophesied that he would enter the city on November 7, just to celebrate the Bolshevik revolution. Later he broadcast to the world that his Islamic soldiers would occupy Catholic Madrid on Christmas Day. The Spanish military love to announce long in advance what their armies are going to do. Suddenly now Franco is silent. We wonder whether he realizes at last that the stirring defense of Madrid by the loyalist forces and the harried civilians of the city is slowly but perceptibly destroying his military strength.

Flint Faces Civil War

BY CHARLES R. WALKER

Flint, February 8

JUDGE GADOLA has issued his ouster injunction and the tension which may break into civil war has reached a new high. Only cool heads in the union, plus superior numbers, plus telephoned warnings from Governor Murphy to the forces of "law and order," prevent the expected massacre.

"We'll stay in till they carry us out on stretchers," is the message sent out by the sitdowners in Fisher 2. "We'd rather die than give up." But will the 400 special police, deputized from Flint Alliance members, actually try to carry out the injunction at the zero hour of three o'clock? Will the 4,200 tin hats of the National Guard, equipped with howitzers, machine-guns, rifles, bayonets, and tear gas, be ordered to *enforce* the court order? The union does not know. But they mobilize hastily to resist. A picket line of 3,000 forms around Fisher 2, 10,000 citizens gather across the street, and a stream of cars from all over Michigan brings in automobile workers by the hundreds to reinforce the picket line. The picket line cheers while it marches, and when 500 women of the "Emergency Brigade" with red berets and "E. B." arm-bands join the line, the sitdowners at the windows of the huge plant go wild. What will happen? By nightfall Judge Gadola announces that until General Motors again goes to court to give evidence that the court order has been held in contempt, there will be no ouster. The sitdowners remain in possession. Flint breathes again.

At midnight a new crisis comes. The Flint Alliance people are furious; a mobilization of special police takes place; the Mayor openly tells newspapermen, "We are going down to the plants to shoot." The union mobilizes again on the streets. Finally a conference between union heads and the chief of police results in an agreement that if the chief will demobilize the deputies, the union will send the pickets home.

The pact lasts till the next day, when the police break it by swearing in 600 new deputies, bringing the number to 1,000. The city's temperature rises, and General Motors gets a writ from the court for the arrest of the union leaders. Sheriff Wolcott frantically tries to telephone Governor Murphy to ask that the National Guard be permitted to assist him in ousting the sitdowners. The union sends word to the sitdowners in all three plants: "Be calm, probably nothing will happen, but be prepared." Wives, sweethearts, and mothers hold a dance in a snow storm in front of Fisher 2.

I try to take the temperature of opposing forces.

A National Guard captain says to me, "If the Governor doesn't let the National Guard evict the strikers all government is at an end! We are under terrific pressure," he says, "the 'good' citizens of Flint can't be held

under much longer." In a drugstore I talk to three guardsmen. "We have faith in Governor Murphy; he'll never order us to put out the strikers. And if he does, we'll shoot over their heads; we're automobile workers too." But in the big houses on Du Pont Avenue there is plenty of pressure for military eviction. George Boysen has just announced that Governor Murphy should be impeached. The owner of the drugstore has another view. "This whole block of stores," he announces proudly, "is solid for the union. Hell," he says, "I never got anything out of G. M. dividends; a union victory is better for my business."

In the three plants held by the sitdowners morale has been high all week. In Plant 4 (Chevrolet) heat and electricity have been turned on and off intermittently by the company in an apparent effort "peacefully" to evacuate the plant. The company sends foremen to the wives of sitdowners urging them to send "come home" messages to their husbands. But only a handful have left. In Fisher 2 the original Flint sitdowners are thoroughly cheerful. Since their battle with vigilantes on Monday food has been coming in regularly; the men have three radios, and by knocking the bottoms out of two wastebaskets and tying them to stanchions in a storeroom, they have made themselves a basket-ball court. Both plants are guarded by howitzers and machine-guns and detachments of bayonet-armed guardsmen. In Fisher 1 I attend a night meeting of all the sitdowners. They have organized themselves in preparation for a siege. They declare that they are ready to "get shot" if General Motors gives the signal for enforcing the court order.

Unquestionably the distinguishing feature of the Flint strike, apart from the heroic determination of the sitdowners, is the almost military control and discipline that prevail among the strikers in the whole area. Union headquarters in the Pengelly building are thoroughly departmentalized into strike strategy, commissary, women's auxiliary, transportation, publicity, and other committees. Inside the plants a committee governs through a corps of plant stewards with from twenty-five to fifty men under each. Machinery in the plants is scrupulously protected, and the whole plant is cleaned once a day. Internal police keep order, and there are sentinels on the roof. A stream of workers signs up daily with the union in the Pengelly building. Since the first sitdowner sat, membership has doubled in the Flint area. But there are still thousands of non-unionists.

Through the endless negotiations it is Flint which has been the chief threat to Knudsen's position, the chief weapon in Lewis's arsenal, and incidentally the bomb on which Governor Murphy has been manfully sitting for more than a week. Will it explode?

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Presenting John P. Frey

Washington, February 7

WHILE the rest of the nation mulls over the President's move to dodge the constitutional-reform issue by padding the Supreme Court, let's take up the case of John P. Frey, chief backbiter of the American labor movement at the moment. Frey has just issued a public statement attacking the sitdown-strike technique as "made in Moscow." Before that he successfully used his influence to get the Cleveland Federation of Labor to rescind its resolution indorsing the C. I. O. strike at local General Motors plants. And before that he had engineered a demand by metal and building-trades unions that General Motors reopen its plants and refuse to deal with the C. I. O. "outlaws."

All these things have been of invaluable aid to labor's enemies in creating the idea that the American labor movement's rebirth in the General Motors strike was and is illegitimate. They have been of aid solely because they bore the stamp of a supposedly responsible and high-minded labor leader, the president of the A. F. of L.'s metal-trades department. It is important, therefore, to consider precisely what kind of man Frey is, and we may as well begin that consideration by reporting that among labor lobbyists here—both A. F. of L. and C. I. O.—he commonly is referred to as the liaison officer between the A. F. of L. and Army Intelligence. Neither Frey nor the War Department will confirm this report, of course, and the War Department records show simply that he has been since 1928 a lieutenant colonel in the Reserve Corps and only recently was retired to the "inactive" list because of his age.

The report itself may help to explain why Colonel Frey not long ago boasted to some newspapermen that he sees copies of all the confidential correspondence passing between Communist leaders in this country and abroad. It may also explain why the La Follette committee—in exposing the National Metal Trades Association as a far-flung espionage agency engaged, with the aid of some of Frey's subordinates, in sabotaging the very unions Frey is supposed to lead—was unable to obtain any helpful data from Frey but was offered by him, instead, a mass of alleged evidence showing Communist "infiltration" of the trade unions. Once a year he struts off to the War College to teach the soldiers about organized labor; and those in his audience who are attached to Army Intelligence go on helping the labor-espionage agencies with their work, while the War Department tightens up its plans to conscript labor during the next war.

Frey, if he were not actually dangerous, and potentially more so, would be a laugh-provoking spectacle. An in-

herently stupid man, he is full of pretensions to scholarship. But even his appearance stirs the risibilities, especially when, as so frequently happens, he dons his officer's uniform and goes on parade. He is almost Negroid in appearance but unbearably Aryan in his race pride. In recent years he has taken to boasting that his forbears were Prussians and that his name is, by rights, *von* Frey. He was born sixty-six years ago at Mankato, Minnesota, of a German father and a French mother. During the World War he emphasized his French ancestry and efficiently served as Gompers's French interpreter overseas. In the years immediately after the war he used to denounce anything distasteful to himself and the rest of the A. F. of L. hierarchy as "made in Germany," just as today he denounces the sitdown strike as "made in Moscow." Until recently unemployment insurance in Colonel Frey's opinion was "made in Moscow," and he publicly reviled it as a scheme destined to destroy the labor movement. At the 1920 A. F. of L. convention at Montreal he dubbed the stand of the railroad brotherhoods for public ownership as "made in Germany" and helped Gompers and Matt Woll to keep the convention from indorsing the brotherhoods' position.

He belongs to the Molders' Union, which gave us Tom Mooney, and rose to his present eminence via the editorship of the *Molders' Journal*, which he held from 1903 to 1927. Frey joined his colleagues on the union's executive board in suppressing the progressive inclinations of the rank and file and thus reducing the union to its present size and impotence. This man who now assails the sitdown strike as a threat to democratic process in trade unionism has all his life been engaged in stifling rank-and-file efforts and crushing democracy out of the labor movement. In 1924 rank-and-file delegates to the Molders' Union convention put over resolutions calling for a third party and for amalgamation in the metal trades, that is, industrial unionization. The union's delegates to the A. F. of L. convention that year were instructed to present and fight for the adoption of similar resolutions by the federation. Frey and the rest of the salaried officers of the union were its delegates to the A. F. of L. convention. That delegation, with Frey taking a leading part, decided that the delegates to the Molders' Union convention did not know what the rank-and-file membership wanted and that the resolutions they had adopted were unwise and unsound. They proceeded to oppose instead of support the position which their own convention had taken by democratic process. The "dictatorship by militant minorities," which Frey discovers and assails in the General Motors sitdown strike was not distasteful to him in 1924.

It was this same Frey who "prosecuted" the C. I. O.

unions in the proceedings before the A. F. of L. executive council last year that resulted in their suspension from the federation. He played a similar role at the A. F. of L. convention and became so overwrought that he had to leave for a European rest cure. John L. Lewis recently remarked that he never thought of Frey without recalling the Buffalo convention of the A. F. of L. when, as Frey was making a speech, Jim Fitzpatrick, of Actors' Equity, leaned over and said to Lewis, "I've been coming to these conventions for twenty years and all I've ever seen that man [Frey] do is constantly try to correct the mistakes of God." Frey brought to the ouster proceedings a vast venom and a stupefying array of irrelevancies. It took hours for Frey to get to the point, for it was essential to his assumed role as the great scholar of the American labor movement that he go back to the beginnings of history for his opening statement and work up gradually to date.

Frey's scholarly pose is almost pure fake. Nevertheless, it is taken seriously by a great number of American leaders who regard him as a Jesuit among them and respect him unutterably for it. It even causes him to be called "Dr. Frey" by the swart and oily Matt Woll. Frey's reputation as a scholar is rooted almost entirely in the fact that he has read Gibbons's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." He awes the bullnecks who cluster around him at labor conventions with talk of ancient Rome. As proof that he is an authority on the subject he shows them snapshots of ruins that he himself took while on a visit to Rome some years ago. His other badge of scholarship is a book he wrote in 1922 on the history of labor injunctions. Only Frey could conceive so deadly dull a book on the subject; it would still be gathering

dust in the publisher's bins if Frey's friends at the top of the A. F. of L. had not passed out word that it was a good book for any labor leader to have who aspired to higher things.

At the moment Frey himself is unable to devote his full time to deploring the G. M. sitdown strike because he is having to give part of it to assisting J. P. Morgan, Myron Taylor, Charles Schwab, E. T. Weir, and the rest of the steel barons in carrying forward an employers' sitdown strike. The steel manufacturers have decided not to bid on steel contracts offered by the Navy Department unless they can escape the forty-hour week imposed on all federal contractors by the Walsh-Healey bill. As a result of their strike the Navy Department is about to have to stop work on two submarines building at its Portsmouth yards and probably will have to stop work on other war craft. The navy has joined with the steel masters in bringing pressure on the Labor Department for an "emergency" exemption from the Walsh-Healey bill and, meeting no success there, has now turned to Frey and his metal trades with a plea that unless they help get an exemption out of the Labor Department 30,000 machinists will have to be laid off by the navy. Frey has agreed to a conference on the matter here a few days hence and has asked that there be no public hearing and that the negotiations take place in secret. It would never occur to him, or to the Navy Department either, that if an "emergency" that endangers the national security exists, the time has come for the government to take over the mills and make its own steel, instead of yielding to the steel barons, who actually are intent only on resisting the workers in their fight for unionization.

Chicago Is Broke

BY MILTON S. MAYER

Chicago, February 3

IN THE midst of the greatest era of prosperity this country has ever known since the last one, the city of Chicago is going broke. It cannot meet its obligations. Day after tomorrow is pay day for its 13,000 teachers, but there will be no pay.

Two months ago the Civic Federation stated that "financial chaos" was imminent unless tax collections improved. One month ago Mayor Kelly said that the city would not be able to meet its pay roll "by summer" unless tax collections improved. Day before yesterday was the deadline for the second instalment of the 1935 real-estate taxes—Chicago lives two years ahead of its income—and, with tax collections rising in every other large city, the receipts were the poorest in three years, the levy of \$139,000,000 having been only 56 per cent collected.

Cook County's uncollected taxes for 1928-34 total \$355,000,000, and if it were not for \$22,000,000 in

taxes paid through HOLC and RFC loans—not to mention \$136,000,000 poured into improvements, maintenance, and dole by the PWA and the WPA—the city would be not only broke but boarded up. (In 1934 New York, with a lower tax rate than Chicago, spent \$98,700,000 of its own funds for relief, while Chicago spent \$1,100,000.) Dun and Bradstreet places Chicago's total tax delinquency at 35 per cent—the highest in the country by almost 10 per cent. Of the \$355,000,000 "uncollected," more than \$50,000,000 of real-estate taxes has been taken off the books by court action; \$180,000,000 is represented by that standing joke, the personal-property tax. Tax experts agree that \$150,000,000 may ultimately be realized on the "uncollected" \$355,000,000.

But this \$355,000,000 has been spent, every cent of it. How does a city spend \$355,000,000 it hasn't got—more than half of which it will never get? That's easy. When the constitutional limit on the bonded debt has been reached—and Chicago has long since passed that

stage—the city obtains operating funds by selling to the banks warrants against future taxes. There are \$150,000,000 in tax warrants outstanding at the present time, bearing interest as high as 6 per cent.

Back in the early thirties the banks grabbed the warrants right up to 75 per cent of the levy—the limit allowed each governmental unit. Since then they have refused to finance more than 60 per cent of the budget in this way. Then what does the city do? Why, it turns to the \$67,000,000 traction fund, which has been built up out of the straphangers' nickels for the past thirty years against that glorious vision of "eventual" municipal ownership. Big Bill Thompson discovered what could be done with \$67,000,000 lying around loose; his successors emulated him, until today the traction fund consists of \$1,500,000 in cash and \$65,500,000 in—guess what?—tax warrants, sold *by* the city *to* the city.

The tax-spending bodies of Cook County will have to sell warrants against taxes collectible two years from now to finance their 1937 budgets. How far will the banks gamble, with current tax collections falling steadily and collections for the past seven years 35 per cent delinquent? Banks don't gamble, not when they have a city by the throat. A few weeks ago an out-of-town sucker finding himself stuck with warrants bearing high serial numbers went to court, and Federal Judge Wilkerson held that all warrants would have to be paid off pro rata, instead of by serial number. Thus the banks, which hold all the low serial numbers, lost their preferred standing and, it may be assumed, some of their appetite for tax warrants. Last year, when the city tried to issue bonds to pay off warrants—oh, we've tried everything in this town—the state Supreme Court said no, and the warrant business took another on the chin.

The school board, the most notoriously and the most consistently broke of the six major tax-spending units in the county, still has 1935 and 1936 tax warrants unsold. Until the state legislature and the city council approve the board's 1937 levy—all three bodies are adjuncts of the Kelly-Nash machine, but the legal mechanics of approval take time—the board can't issue any 1937 warrants. Maybe, says Board President McCahey, the first or second pay roll in March will be met. Well, the teachers went payless for eighteen months before the RFC took a \$22,000,000 mortgage on the school board's property. Mr. McCahey warns the public that unless the board gets the \$45,000,000 it is asking for, teachers' salaries, already reduced 23.5 per cent, will have to be cut, the school year curtailed, and the teacher load probably increased.

Chicago is two years behind on its bills and getting farther behind all the time. It has to pay a premium of from 10 per cent to 15 per cent on its purchases. Judgments against the city date back to 1931 and are selling as low as 30 cents on the dollar. Bonds have been sold to meet operating expenses. Pay rolls have been suspended and services reduced. Chicago's adjusted tax rate of \$35.15—New York's is \$24.84—is second only to Boston's \$38.00 and is going up fast.

Where will it end? The answer is that it won't end.

Here is a corporation that is bankrupt by every standard of corporate practice. But the city, the legal boys tell us, "is a sovereign which cannot abdicate." What can its creditors do? They can get judgments, but they can't sell the City Hall to satisfy the judgments. They can't throw the city into bankruptcy. That door was recently closed by the United States Supreme Court. "The only remedy," Justice Cardozo said in his minority opinion, "was a mandamus whereby the debtor was commanded to tax and tax again. The command was mere futility when the tax values were exhausted. . . . Municipalities and creditors have been caught in a vise from which it is impossible to let them out."

Of course there are reasons—superficial reasons—why Chicagoans don't pay their taxes. One is the "relief" given small home-owners by executive or judicial fiat reducing tax bills. That happens in no other city; it has happened twice in Chicago in the past few years, on both occasions at the behest of the local Hearst papers in their customary false-face as the little fellow's friend. In 1933 the state tax commission reduced the valuations on small homes and flat buildings by 15 per cent, over the protest of its one non-political member, Professor Simeon Leland. Then County Judge Jarecki heard the clarion call of justice—or was it the voters?—and ordered a 7½ per cent reduction in the tax bills on 400,000 small homes. One of the "remedies" proposed in the present crisis is the remission of penalties—aggregating as much as the taxes themselves on the oldest bills—in exchange for immediate payment.

The effect of these measures is inescapable. Every taxpayer who didn't come in for "relief" last time withholds his taxes in the hope that if his category becomes sufficiently delinquent some far-sighted office-holder will grant him "relief," too. The taxpayers of Chicago have come to understand that there has been no real effort to collect taxes. State's Attorney Courtney, the local J. Edgar Hoover, was too busy flushing Touhys to prosecute voters (who happened to be taxpayers) or impanel a grand jury to investigate tax-fixing. Back in 1932 chance revealed that the tax commission had forgotten to assess the capital stock of the Pullman Company, one of the largest corporations in the county.

Illegal levies have furnished another incentive to tax-resistance. Budgets have been padded year after year to create collateral for tax-warrant loans. During the re-assessment of 1928 there were no tax bills payable for twenty-six months. The new assessment equalized the most outrageous of the disparities—previous valuations had run all the way from 13.9 per cent to 74.1 per cent of the sales value—but when the accumulated bills were sent out, in 1930, the depression was on and the taxpayers were critical. There were lawyers in plenty to point out illegalities for them, and tax objections were filed by the thousand. (Objections for 1935, now being filed, are expected to run to 40 or 50 per cent of the total levy.) The religious went on paying the excessive bills; the wise guys objected and received reductions.

Then the county treasury's antiquated bookkeeping system collapsed. The tax books had been kept for indi-

vidual years, without any indication of accumulated delinquency. With four or five years' taxes delinquent and litigation on hundreds of thousands of individual bills in various stages of court proceedings, the county treasurer—the choice of the local Tammany—just gave up. Fraud was rampant. Tax payments were recorded which were never made. A recent examination preparatory to the installation of modern bookkeeping (now that both horse and barn have been stolen) revealed that no court orders overruling objections and opening the way to tax sales or tax receiverships had been placed on the books since 1928. All this not only discouraged taxpaying; it made it impossible to initiate a tax-collecting campaign. No one knows today how much, within millions of dollars, is owing the city; how much, within hundreds of dollars, each piece of delinquent property owes; how much, within tens of millions, has been washed off the books by reductions and remissions.

More than half the "uncollected" taxes are on personal property—\$180,000,000, or 44.3 per cent of the total personal-property levies for 1928-34. The creaking Illinois constitution provides for uniform taxation of real and personal property. The inequity of the latter tax has been universally recognized since Governor Altgeld pointed it out in 1894.

The personal-property assessor is without the power of search. He cannot take sworn testimony. And he is supposed to ascertain not only the value of tangible personal property but of intangibles—stocks, bonds, bank accounts. The only thing he can do is guess. A gentleman renting a desk in a public stenographer's office for \$5 a month and calling himself the Wilson Finance Company is assessed at \$55,555.55. The firm of Dowdle Brothers, one of the city's biggest contractors, is assessed at \$278.

And now we get to the root of Chicago's recurring crises. Only an amendment to the state constitution will permit the substitution of some source of revenue more equitable and more collectible than the personal-property tax. The obvious resort is a state income tax, and that is what the men who really run the machine that appears to run Chicago and Illinois will not permit. That is where "State Street"—the business interests—fits into the picture of the political organization whose petty speculations cost the wealthy a few dollars a year in the present types of taxes, in campaign contributions, and in outright graft. Aside from any other coincidence of interests—and there are many—the business leaders support the political system that supports the present tax system.

That is why the movement for a city manager sponsored by the City Club and the *Chicago Daily News* cannot obtain the support of the city's commercial and industrial giants and their "Civic Federations" and "Citizens' Committees on Public Expenditures." The present governor, Horner, "demanded" a revenue amendment to the state constitution when he ran for governor in 1932 and for reelection in 1936. Between elections the present constitution seems to suit him.

Chicago is ripe for reform. One scandal after another has broken on the heads of the bosses. The sins of the Kelly-Nash machine have brought Chicago's political

morality to an all-time low. The taxpayers will take it out on those boodlers, by golly; they won't pay their taxes; they'll throw them out of office. But when the election comes along, everybody is for Roosevelt and Roosevelt is for everybody, and Ickes sees the light and comes through with an Outer Drive Bridge, and the Kelly-Nash New Deal sweeps every office in the county. And the taxpayers are going to pay their taxes besides, because they are the stockholders in a monopoly that can assess the stockholders without limit.

The present crisis will doubtless be "relieved." Silas Strawn's Citizens' Committee relieved the crisis of 1930 with a sales drive for high-interest tax warrants and a \$75,000,000 revolving cash fund that revolved once and stopped. There will be more of this kind of relief, and Chicago will come through—on the bankers' terms. New laws for the forfeiture of delinquent property and the adjudication of tax levies before the bills go out will be passed. The legislature will grant the city new licensing powers at once, because the electricians' union, after giving the city a taste of three hours' darkness the other night, is going to go on a real strike unless pay reductions are restored, and most of the rest of the employees are suing the city besides. "If restorations were made to all city employees, it would amount to \$2,800,000," said Mayor Kelly, "and the city just hasn't got it."

The city would have it if there weren't any Mayor Kelly and if there weren't "civic leaders" who support the system that produced him. The city would have it if the taxpayers didn't believe—about 25 per cent correctly—that "it all goes for graft anyway." The city would have it if it found out why a total of \$30 was collected in 1935 on the barber-shop license fee running from \$5 to \$50 per shop. The city would have it if the *Chicago Tribune*, wringing its hands over "the tax muddle," wanted to tell the real instead of the superficial reasons why people don't pay their taxes.

"There is much to indicate that in the field of political intelligence the people of Chicago are subnormal," Professor Herbert D. Simpson wrote in his book, "Tax Racket and Tax Reform." The city-manager campaign gives the people of Chicago an opportunity to repudiate their reputation and to break the iron network of racial and national subcommunities which provides the key to their political impotence. But before Chicago can vote on city management the right to change its charter must be granted by the legislature.

When the Kelly-Nash "regular Democratic" organization tried, unsuccessfully, to dump Horner in the gubernatorial primary last spring, the Governor threw his own strength to the Republican side of the house and passed the permanent registration law. "It will cost us 200,000 votes," said National Committeeman Pat Nash publicly. Horner hasn't forgotten last spring. If he breaks with the machine on the city-manager legislation he will win the support of the *News*—which, even under Frank Knox, is still Chicago's only independent newspaper. The machine, its grip on the state restored by the last election, is confident that Horner won't dare rebel. But bedfellows have been known to make strange politics.

How Chiang Was Captured

BY AGNES SMEDLEY

Sianfu, December 15, 1936

THE uprising in Sianfu and throughout China's Northwest is a logical sequence to the events of the past year. The growing hostility of the Chinese people to what is known as Nanking's "surrender policy" with respect to Japan has extended to Chinese soldiers and officers in every part of the country, even including many under the command of General Chiang Kai-shek. One of the first armies so affected was the Tungpei, or North-eastern Army, under the command of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. The Twenty-ninth Route Army in Hopei is also imbued with this hostility, as are the troops in Kwangsi and those of Yang Fu-cheng in Sianfu. Months ago General Yang Fu-cheng and Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang welcomed student delegates from Peiping and called mass-meetings of their soldiers to hear the message of the National Salvation movement, which appeals to people of every class willing to fight Japanese imperialism. General Chiang Kai-shek, in the attempt to crush this rising tide of criticism and hostility, not only passed his special emergency laws, but whipped students in the streets, and kidnapped and arrested students, professors, and writers. He also sent Blue Shirt units through China to penetrate all National Salvation groups and hold the opposition in check by spreading the rumor that the Nanking armies would fight the Japanese within three months.

During the past year Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, pressed by the officers and men of his army, has asked

the Japanese-German alliance and the German and Italian recognition of Manchoukuo.

Then came the Japanese invasion of Suiyuan and the armed occupation of Tsingtao. All propaganda to the contrary, none but General Fu Tso-yi's troops are fighting in Suiyuan; General Chiang has only three divisions in Shansi and Suiyuan, and these are in the rear. Not one Nanking plane has attempted to drive off the Japanese bombers. In late October Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang sent urgent telegrams to General Chiang Kai-shek and to General Chen Cheng, Chiang's ablest military commander, asking for a new policy of resistance to the Japanese and for a united front which would include the anti-Japanese Red Army. He was refused. Later he met General Chiang and argued for defense against the Japanese. General Chiang refused and made threats. Marshal Chang continued to obey General Chiang's orders in public. In a lecture at the military school in Sianfu he said that the Tungpei Army must continue to fight the Red Army, which was the nearest and most dangerous enemy. The Japanese, he said, were not the chief enemy. After the lecture the student-commanders openly criticized this policy, saying it meant surrender to Japanese imperialism. On the following day men rose in class to oppose it. Still obeying General Chiang, Marshal Chang dismissed these men from the school. At the same time students, soldiers, and even officers were canvassing every household in Sianfu collecting money for the Suiyuan troops. This action had led in other cities to the arrest of students, but in Sianfu the authorities did not dare arrest them.

Now Marshal Chang in a long and urgent letter made another appeal to General Chiang, reminding him of his promise at the last Kuomintang Congress that he would fight if the Japanese took one more inch of Chinese territory. "I and all my officers and men have obeyed you faithfully for years," wrote Chang, "believing that you would lead us against the Japanese. You have not done so. However, it is not too late. We now demand that you give us the right and opportunity to drive out the Japanese. In any case, I must tell you that I cannot control my army much longer." In reply to this ultimatum General Chiang asked the Marshal to meet him in Loyang. Nothing came of this meeting except a promise by General Chiang to come to Sianfu and meet the Tungpei commanders in person.

Behind the scenes, however, many events had taken place. The Tungpei troops had had enough of fighting their own countrymen in the Chinese Red Army. They had suffered serious defeats and refused to try any longer to do what General Chiang with a million men had been unable to accomplish in eight years of ceaseless warfare. Moreover, the Red Army was appealing to them to



more than once for authority to move against the Japanese. After the formation of the People's Front in Spain and particularly in France, agitation arose for a Chinese People's Front to fight China's chief enemy, Japanese imperialism. But General Chiang and his followers looked rather to Fascist Germany and Italy as examples, and the true face of fascism was revealed to China in

form a common front against the Japanese and had proved its sincerity by many compromises in tactics. General Chiang, knowing that a truce had existed for months, sent three of his best-trained and best-equipped divisions into Kansu under General Hu Chung-nan, Blue Shirt chief. General Hu boasted to Marshal Chang that he would annihilate the "red remnants," but Marshal Chang sagely remarked that this was a big boast. Then, said General Hu, he would so weaken them that they could be destroyed gradually. Marshal Chang replied, "Beware, lest it is you who are so weakened." General Hu marched against the reds and in the three weeks preceding November 18 advanced eighty *li* into Red Army territory. The reds slowly retreated. Then on November 18, and again on the twenty-first, they swooped down, surrounded two brigades of Hu's crack division, and captured them with all their equipment. Some of the captives were sent back to Papa Hu to tell the other troops what had happened. The others were disarmed and read a lecture on the folly of Chinese fighting Chinese at such a time. Meanwhile the rest of the invading army had retreated, this time covering the eighty *li* in three days. To General Hu, Marshal Chang sent a telegram saying in effect, "I told you so!"

A short while before, Marshal Chang had organized a special military training school for students in Sianfu, which was attended by about a hundred students from the North. General Chiang objected to this school and wired Marshal Chang that he had information that many of the students were Communists. Marshal Chang replied that he took any man who loved his country and was willing to fight for it, and added, "From whom did you get your report? I ask because my representatives in Peiping got the same news from the Japanese. I suggest that you do not believe everything the Japanese say."

The Generalissimo kept his promise made at Loyang and on December 7 came to Sianfu to consult with the Tungpei commanders, who had agreed with the commanders of General Yang Fu-cheng to ask for permission to move against the Japanese at once. General Chiang arrived in Sianfu with a large retinue. With his secretary, Chen Ta-chen, his nephew, Chiang Hsiao-hsien, and his bodyguard he lived in the hotel-temple at Lintung some twenty or thirty miles northwest of the city. The others lived in the Sianfu guest house. The Generalissimo would not meet the Tungpei and Yang Fu-cheng commanders at a general conference. Instead, he began his famous tactics of splitting them into cliques and trying his "silver bullets" on them. Admitted to his presence one at a time, to a man they answered him in phrases like these: "My mother, General Chiang, was killed by the Japanese; my two brothers and my sisters were slaughtered." "My native land is occupied by the Japanese." "My father's body, slit with Japanese bayonets, remains unburied in my native village." "Your word we must obey, Generalissimo, and we have done so up to today. But we refuse longer to fight our own people."

To which General Chiang replied, "You have one duty before you—to destroy the reds."

On December 9 an incident occurred that did little to improve the situation. On that day, an anniversary of the student movement, thousands of students, large and small, marched through the streets of Sianfu in support of the demand that armies be sent to the defense of Suiyuan and Shantung. The police force of Sianfu is under the control of Hsiao Li-tze, one of General Chiang's chief officials and civil governor of Shensi. General Chiang ordered him to break up the student demonstration and not allow them to march to Lintung to petition him. As the students marched toward Lintung, the police fired,



seriously wounding two little boys, twelve and thirteen years old. This incident sent Marshal Chang and a number of other leaders to Lintung in angry protest. They had already demanded the release of the seven National Salvation leaders in Shanghai, and had met with a categorical refusal, General Chiang stating definitely at this time that he was opposed to a People's Front.

The tense atmosphere in Sianfu was aggravated by the presence of the Blue Shirts, to whom General Chiang Kai-shek had handed a list of suspects to be arrested. The Blue Shirts were armed, and it was known that they were planning a coup. Marshal Chang, however, knew every Blue Shirt in the city, he knew of the blacklist, and men went into hiding. On the night of December 11 the commanders of the Tungpei Army conferred with those of Yang Fu-cheng's army. The next morning they struck with lightning rapidity; if they had not done so, their soldiers might have acted without them. General Chiang's headquarters at Lintung were surrounded at dawn. The first man captured was General Chiang's nephew, Chiang Hsiao-hsien, chief of the Blue Shirts. When the soldiers learned who he was, they shot him to death on the spot. General Chiang escaped in his nightshirt, but only one of his bodyguard would go with him. This lone protector accompanied him for a short distance, then thought better of it, and turned back to inform the Tungpei men of General Chiang's whereabouts. Soon the General was captured with his staff.

The Sian guest house was occupied by Yang Fu-cheng's troops at dawn and all the inmates captured. General

Hsiao Li-tze, who had ordered the firing on the students, was taken, along with practically every one of his officials. His Bureaus of Public Safety were all occupied and their chiefs taken prisoner. All the Blue Shirt headquarters, including their "secret" radio stations, were seized with their staffs and documents. One of Chiang's airplanes which landed in Sian to investigate was also captured. The 100 airplanes under General Chiang's command in Sianfu, ostensibly sent to fight the Japanese but in reality to bomb the Red Army, were all captured. In Sianfu the feeling was so bitter that one Chinese official in the General's party was shot because he looked Japanese.

Throughout Kansu these acts were duplicated. Tungpei troops attacked General Hu Chung-nan's troops, capturing one brigade outright in Lanchow. On all fronts there was open fraternization between the Tungpei soldiers and the Chinese Red Army. Martial law reigned in Sianfu for one day only; then shops were opened and life went on as before. A new administration was set up on the basis of the following eight points, which were outlined in a proclamation: (1) Reorganization of the Nanking government to include anti-Japanese representatives from all parties, groups, and organizations throughout the country; (2) the ending of civil war; (3) the immediate release of the National Salvation leaders in Shanghai; (4) the release of all political prisoners in the country; (5) the removal of all laws against and restrictions on the patriotic mass movement; (6) the protection of the people's civil rights—free speech, press, and assembly—and full political freedom; (7) the immediate realization of the last will and testament of Sun Yat-sen, which calls for an alliance between China and all countries that be-

lieve in its freedom and independence; (8) the immediate convocation of a National Salvation congress. On December 14 a Military Affairs Council was organized in which the anti-Japanese Red Army was accorded representation.

Thus ended one phase of a year-long struggle, in which Marshal Chang obeyed the orders of the Generalissimo until his entire army threatened to take independent action. Up to this time the prisoners have been treated with the greatest courtesy and care. At present the city bristles with anti-aircraft guns, and soldiers patrol the walls; heavily armed soldiers protect the mass-meetings at which all classes gather. Peace or war rests with Nanking. The Northwest will not fire the first shot.

Such is the situation down to December 15, evening.

[After ten days of negotiation Chiang Kai-shek was released on December 25 and flew to Nanking with his captor, Chang Hsueh-liang. While details of the ransom agreement were kept secret, the farcical "trial" and subsequent pardon of Chang Hsueh-liang were generally interpreted as part of a bargain by which Chiang Kai-shek agreed to accept the united-front program demanded by the Young Marshal. This interpretation was further confirmed by an agreement reached on January 17 whereby Chang's former aids, Yang Fu-cheng and Yu Hsueh-chung, were permitted to retain approximately their previous positions in the Shensi area. Right-wing Nanking elements, however, have repeatedly tried to undermine this agreement and at the last report were threatening to renew the anti-Communist campaign.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

High Finance Among Friends

BY JOSEPH EDMUNDS

THE curse of bigness, as everyone knows, is a substantial curse; but it requires the testimonials of the best-paid corporation managers to make this clear. Seated in the confessional of a Senate investigation, the men who rule the country admit that they have bad judgment but never bad intentions. This should console those who suffer during periods of economic collapse.

The Wheeler committee, whose chairman is Burton K. Wheeler of Montana and whose counsel is Max Lowenthal, has been investigating the affairs of a number of railroads chosen for study by Joseph B. Eastman. Since early in December the committee has held public hearings in Washington on various aspects of the Van Sweringen financing as handled by the New York banks. The principal witnesses have been William C. Potter, chairman of the Guaranty Trust Company, and his assistants in managing the banks' affairs. The Guaranty Trust Company is the largest trust company in the United States, having assets, and liabilities, amounting to more than

\$2,000,000,000. It appears from what Mr. Potter and his juniors have said that the public is indebted to them for an imposing proportion of its losses in Van Sweringen securities. The Wheeler probe has shown how some of these losses were brought about. Negligence, probably induced by the size of the transactions, was the cause of some; the confusion caused by a conflict between the banking and the public interest may have caused others. On occasion, when favored by every circumstance, the public escaped injury. Such a conflict of interests and such an escape are shown in the record of the committee's hearings. The following memorandum was written by a vice-president of the securities department of the Guaranty Trust Company:

In October, 1930, Alleghany Corporation had to make a payment of \$10,500,000 on account of the terminal properties in Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri, which it had contracted to purchase, *but found itself unable to borrow the money needed for this purpose because*

of the 60 per cent borrowing limitation imposed by the provisions of the preferred stock. Arrangements were therefore made with J. P. Morgan and Company whereby they purchased \$10,500,000 of Missouri Pacific convertible 5½ per cent bonds, due 1949, at par, and gave Alleghany Corporation an option, running to April 16, 1931, to repurchase the bonds at the same figure. At the time of the purchase (October 16) the bonds were selling at 105½. Guaranty Company participated to the extent of \$3,000,000 in this purchase.

As Alleghany Corporation was unable to repurchase the bonds, the option was allowed to expire on April 16. Meanwhile the bonds had declined to a price of 82¼ and are now 75-77¼, and J. P. Morgan and Company and ourselves face a substantial loss.

Messrs. Van Sweringen recognize and concede that it was not contemplated that the bankers should incur any loss in connection with this transaction, *that the transaction was intended to be in the nature of a bank loan*, and that it took the form of a purchase with an option to repurchase only because that was the only way the company could comply with the provisions of the preferred stock. [My italics.]

Herein we see, by comparing the italicized passages, a recognition by the bankers of the prohibited character of the transaction which they were, nevertheless, attempting to carry through. At the same time, the Guaranty people consulted Lansing Reed, of the law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner, and Reed, who with John W. Davis, his partner, was also at that time a director of the Guaranty Trust Company, regarding means by which the trust company could be indemnified against any loss resulting from this transaction. This is particularly striking since the 60 per cent provision limiting Alleghany Corporation's borrowings had been written into its charter by the very same lawyers.

When confronted with this plain evidence out of the files of his own bank, William C. Potter, chairman of the Guaranty Trust Company, offered the following explanation to Senator Wheeler:

MR. POTTER: . . . Senator, these memoranda are the result of overzealousness on the part of some young man in the Guaranty Company. I know about that sale myself, and I was consulted when we bought the bonds, and it looked as though it was a very safe purchase at the time, and I was just wrong. I authorized the Guaranty Company to go ahead and buy those bonds, and when they came and talked to me about this thing, and about all these devious ways of getting in and out, and limiting our losses, I told the men, after I had had a talk with Reed, "You might just as well forget it. You have made a loss here. What is the use of crying about it?" We dropped it and did not do it.

The chairman shortly thereafter read into the record another memorandum written by the same vice-president who wrote the one previously quoted:

THE CHAIRMAN (reading): "We also discussed with Mr. Anderson [a partner in J. P. Morgan and Company] the matter of getting down in writing Mr. Van Sweringen's recognition of the moral obligation of Alleghany Corporation and of the Van Sweringens as individuals to hold us harmless against any loss on our purchase of the

Missouri Pacific bonds. Mr. Anderson said that Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen had arranged that a suitable resolution be drafted covering this point which at the proper time was to be spread upon the minutes of a meeting of the board of directors."

Apparently this overzealous young man, from this statement, had discussed this with Mr. Anderson, of the house of Morgan, and Mr. Anderson, of the house of Morgan, said that Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen had arranged that a suitable resolution be drafted covering this point, which, at the proper time, was to be spread upon the minutes at a meeting of the board of directors.

MR. POTTER: But it was never done.

THE CHAIRMAN: All right. It was never done. Nevertheless, it shows that Mr. Anderson, of the house of Morgan, felt that this was not a straight sale, and that they ought to be recompensed for the loss that they had made; is not that true?

MR. POTTER: I will have to let Mr. Anderson speak for himself, but I know what I felt about it.

Morgan partners also, if not young, are evidently overzealous. Finally, Senator Wheeler said:

THE CHAIRMAN: If this was, as is stated in one of these memoranda, not a sale, but in the nature of a loan, then it was a clear violation on the part of the Van Sweringens, with the help of the bankers, of the charter provision, was it not?

MR. POTTER: If it was a loan.

THE CHAIRMAN: Yes; if it was a loan it was a clear violation of the charter provision.

MR. POTTER: Yes, sir.

THE CHAIRMAN: And if these young men are right, these overzealous young men, then it was a violation of the charter provision?

MR. POTTER: Yes; but they were wrong.

THE CHAIRMAN: And that provision was introduced by the bankers' lawyers [again, Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner, and Reed] in their prospectus?

MR. POTTER: Yes.

THE CHAIRMAN: And made very much of in the prospectus?

MR. POTTER: Yes, sir.

THE CHAIRMAN: And, of course, by reason of the fact that the Guaranty Company had floated these preferred stocks, it was the duty of the Guaranty Company not to do something which would violate the charter provisions of the Alleghany Corporation?

MR. POTTER: That is right.

The interesting part of this episode, apart from whether the New York bankers tried to help Alleghany avoid its contractual obligations, is that the chairman of the bank, if one believes him, kept from his staff the nature of the transaction. From October through May, if Mr. Potter is to be believed, the nature of the deal was known to Mr. Potter alone. But communication may be difficult between the ranking officers of two-billion-dollar banks. Or worse, if the facts were really known below stairs in the Guaranty, the help took matters into their own hands and disregarded their superior. This passage in the life of the bank should then be remembered as the heroic rebellion of the Guaranty vice-presidents.

Another phase of the investigation which the newspapers, for lack of space or other reasons, failed to make

clear, is revealed in another story told by Mr. Potter. Alleghany Corporation, set up in 1929, sold in 1929 and 1930 about \$160,000,000 of securities, both bonds and stocks. These were offered to the public through an underwriting syndicate participated in by Guaranty Trust Company, and Guaranty Trust Company was the trustee for the bonds. One hundred millions of the proceeds were devoted to buying the control of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company. But according to Mr. Potter, the Van Sweringens, who were the promoters of Alleghany, did not reveal to their bankers the intended use of the money. The Guaranty, in the person of Mr. Potter, "thought" the funds were to be applied to the payment of debts; though there was no showing that such immense debts existed. Mr. Potter's story would indicate that the Van Sweringens were incorrigibly given to concealing their actions. Not only did they fail to reveal their affairs to the public, but they kept them secret from the bankers on whom they depended for their money. Mr. Potter's story also indicates that the Guaranty people were remarkably careless, attaching their name to tens of millions in securities without overseeing the use of the proceeds.

But if the chairman of the Guaranty Trust could decide that a loan was a purchase, as in the case of the \$10,500,000 Missouri Pacific bonds, and leave his helpers uninformed of the nature of the transaction, it may be that some other Guaranty person knew of the Van Sweringen dealings in Missouri Pacific. Perhaps this time only Mr. Potter was ignorant.

In one very striking case ignorance of what Commissioner Eastman unhesitatingly characterized as fraudulent bookkeeping could not have been pleaded by J. P. Morgan and Company. The Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, in applying to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for loans of \$23,000,000 to pay off its debts to the New York bankers, submitted balance sheets which showed cash on hand which it did not have. The RFC relied upon these statements in considering the advisability of making the loan to the railroad, which subsequently went bankrupt, thereby endangering the safety of the government loans.

J. P. Morgan and Company became aware of the falsity of the railroad's statements in January, 1933, and a memorandum was found in its files by the Wheeler investigators proving this awareness. However, there is no evidence to show that the bankers at any time took any steps to have the truth made known to the public, which held the bonds of the railroad which the bankers had floated, or to the government, which had lent money to the railroad.

If Mr. Potter was shocked to know that the Alleghany money was being used for buying another railroad, he was doubly hurt when the Wheeler committee presented certain documents from the Van Sweringen Corporation files. This corporation was set up in 1930 to finance the Cleveland urban properties of the Van Sweringens, which were tied in with a terminal development intended to be similar to the Grand Central district in New York. After considerable urging by their friends, the Morgans, the

Guaranty people underwrote an issue of \$30,000,000 of five-year unsecured "gold" notes on which the public lost \$15,759,000. The history of this note issue is complicated in many ways, but in two details shows how trusting the Guaranty people were as far as their Cleveland clients were concerned.

The Van Sweringen Corporation had as its principal asset the stock in the company which owned the Cleveland terminal land and buildings. This company had never earned money, a fact unknown to Mr. Potter or any of his Guaranty Company vice-presidents. No one in the Guaranty Trust Company, according to the testimony, had ever seen a balance sheet or income statement of the company which owned these Cleveland real-estate assets. Nor had they asked for such statements.

In the same hearing it was brought out that the assets of the Cleveland Terminals Building Company were written up by \$16,000,000 immediately before the Van Sweringen Corporation notes were offered to the public. This write-up had the inevitable effect of causing the Van Sweringen Corporation to appear more appealing as an investment. Fortunately for the conscience of the Guaranty Trust Company, if not for its reputation, Mr. Potter and his assistants were able to testify that they had at no time been aware of this accounting feat.

The Guaranty people were so horrified when these facts were discovered seven years afterward, and by strangers, that their leader, Mr. Potter, made an informal statement expressing his shock. As on so many occasions it appears that the New York bankers had been too trusting. Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen was from Cleveland, which is a large city, and he had deceived Wall Street with his artful and deceptive manner. This version of the dealings between the New York banks and the Van Sweringens has become incontrovertible since the death of both Van Sweringens.

The last week has witnessed an attempt to cripple the Wheeler investigation by denying the committee the use of expert personnel employed by other branches of the government. It is curious that this attempt has been made shortly before Thomas W. Lamont and other Morgan partners are to appear in Washington. Connoisseurs would be reluctant to have the hearings come to a premature halt in the midst of Mr. Potter's stories. Those who enjoyed Mr. Lamont's version of history before the Munitions Committee are looking forward to his treatment of the Van Sweringen cycle.

Aside from its value to social historians, the testimony of men like Mr. Potter and Mr. Lamont is of no use unless it moves Congress to take the control of American economic life out of their hands. Congress, being by nature inert and its acts inconclusive, will not be moved except by the gadfly of an investigating committee, reinforced by a candid press and public support. The Wheeler committee has wisely refrained from espousing any program of action until its inquiry is concluded, despite the fact that its chairman introduced a government-ownership bill in the last Congress. Failing government ownership, Mr. Potter will continue to be shocked and surprised. Mr. Potter's last shock cost the public \$15,759,000.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MY FRIEND Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild has taken me to task vigorously for a sentence in my *Issues and Men* of December 19. Writing of the overwhelming flood of begging letters I had received, I said that most of them would be unnecessary "if our whole economic system were revised"; and then I added, "But that is a long, long way off." It was this last that so deeply stirred Professor Fairchild. He declared that it was a defeatist attitude and wrote, "Of course social regeneration must remain a long way off if people like yourself, who have understanding and convictions, continue to be so timid and evasive." And then he asked, "Why didn't you follow up your very impressive presentation of the situation by a vigorous attack upon the cruel irony and waste of all such futile benevolences and a ringing challenge to your wide circle of friends and readers to face realities squarely and join with you in a campaign to bring about that revision of the economic system which you believe to be efficacious? Must we go on forever evading, sidestepping, and waiting impotently?"

Well, perhaps I should have said that a revision of the economic system need not necessarily be a long, long way off. I did not elaborate that point for several reasons. In the first place, I am limited to a page, save in a few very special cases. In the next, it never occurred to me that in saying that economic revision was a long way off I was taking a defeatist attitude. And if I had thought about it at all, I should probably have considered that after so many years of writing my views in the *New York Evening Post* and *The Nation* I was pretty thoroughly on record both as to the necessity of revision and as to my belief that it could be brought about in our lifetime.

But, after all, journalists have to be realists. By that I do not mean that they should be recreant to their ideals or hesitate to press them, but that they must face the facts. All my life I have advocated pure and unadulterated free trade, and I have to admit that it is only within the last three or four years, since the passage of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, that we are beginning to make headway against the protection infamy. So with the general revision of our economic system. I have criticized that system innumerable times; I have denounced it with all the vigor that I could command; and in these pages I have repeatedly named the steps which should be taken to change the wrongs that cry out to heaven, to end the injustices that are so utterly indefensible. I agree with Professor Fairchild that "if the trumpet give forth a feeble sound, who shall prepare himself for battle?" But that does not prevent my realizing that the battle has been very long and is going to be long, and that in

certain places, as in Germany and Italy, we have lost a great deal of ground in the last few years.

One difficulty, of course, is the magnitude of the battlefield and the number of issues. I have often said that the American Abolitionists were the most fortunate reformers I have ever known, since they had one cause to fight for, yet that cause was an economic, a social, a political, and a moral one. It had every attribute to enable its proponents to arouse their fellow-citizens. We have innumerable issues because we have become conscious—even the conservatives among us—as never before, of the many phases of the struggle for human emancipation, of which that of the colored people was only one. Our sympathies are torn today by the wrongs of the sharecroppers in the South, of the miners in Harlan County, Kentucky, and the coal fields everywhere, of the floating fruit pickers in California, of the seamen, of the children in the factories and the mills—endless wrongs visible wherever one turns. And there is no single specific for these. No new Emancipation Proclamation can end all these wrongs with one stroke of the pen, as Abraham Lincoln ended the buying and selling of human beings. The Communists think they know how, and Russia may yet prove that it has achieved the millennium, but heaven knows Russia is a long way from that today.

If we turn to Professor Fairchild's little book "This Way Out," we find that he, too, has no really immediate remedy. He believes in the development of cooperation; he desires a certain amount of collectivism; he believes that a collective society can be far more efficient than our present system. He thinks that a plant run successfully by a man hired by 500,000 stockholders can be just as successful if the man is hired by 125,000,000 Americans, and he supports his beliefs with strong arguments. I think that he wants us to take over banking and credit, transportation, communications, light and power, underlying natural resources, munitions, and basic industries, and to do so by making the corporations the center of transition, just as Germany has taken over a majority interest or the entire ownership of many corporations. But this calls for time—lots of it. It would be a staggering task, and even if the country should agree tomorrow to accept Professor Fairchild's views, it would be years and years before they could be put into complete practical operation. How long will it be before we can get even 10 per cent of the population to agree upon a program of action? But we must not lay down our arms or cease to urge our own particular remedies simply because unanimous action is difficult and delayed. With that I agree, and if I have ever been remiss in speaking out, I apologize.

BROUN'S PAGE

All the News and Fits

THERE have been some strange capers in the papers of New York. In particular the *Times* has been departing from certain long established traditions of its own. The changes are interesting and not without merit. Even so I was recently startled to find the *Times* using two headlines on the first page to announce that one of its reporters, Russell B. Porter, had been barred by the sitdown strikers from a plant in Flint. I may point out that in the past it was not considered news when a reporter failed to get a story. His failure, whether caused by some fault of his own or an act of God, was considered a private matter concerning only himself and his editor.

By a coincidence the turndown of Russell Porter came on the same day that Mr. Sloan refused to see Miss Perkins. To the editors of the *Times* the two events seemed of equal importance. I had my early reportorial training on the *Morning Telegraph*, which had a lesser standing than the *Times*, but my boss, the late Shep Friedman, said to me, "Don't write about yourself or other newspapermen in doing a story. Reporters and what happens to them have nothing to do with the news." And at that time most of the dailies of New York adhered to this philosophy. The coming of the by-line brought a certain shift away from sheer impersonality. But the *Times* lagged in allowing signatures, and even when reporters had their names at the top of their stories no license was granted to them to express opinion. Indeed, Mr. Sulzberger on many recent occasions has spoken in favor of utter impersonality in reporting. He has professed to fear that any kind of organization of reporters would diminish impartiality, since, according to his theory, a member of the Guild might write of labor from a sympathetic standpoint.

Now I wonder whether he is aware that he has run smack into another horn of the problem. The sitdown strikers of the Flint plant denied admission to Mr. Porter because he is not a member of the American Newspaper Guild. And by calling attention to the episode in headlines I rather fear that the *Times* has greatly impaired the utility of an excellent newsgatherer. Mr. Porter has now been advertised to the world at large as a man who has steadfastly refused to join the union of his own craft. Almost inevitably other labor groups with whom he comes in contact during his work will regard him as a man whose mind is set against organization.

The case of Edward Angly of the New York *Herald Tribune* is even more unfortunate. His paper did not give very much space to the fact that its reporter was barred at the same Flint plant for the same reason, but it did commit the indiscretion of carrying a short signed piece by Mr. Angly in which he announced that he was

not a Guild member. This system of announcing the particular point of view and background of each reporter may be arduous as well as revealing. I wonder, for instance, whether the *Herald Tribune* will think it necessary to print below the name of the reporter who covers some Democratic candidate for office the short notation, "Our correspondent is an Ind. Rep. but once voted for Grover Cleveland." And to carry out the logic of this scheme, the story of the Yale-Princeton game on the sport page might not be considered complete without an editorial announcement, "Remember that the author of this piece is a Harvard man."

Another piece of editorial judgment by the rapidly changing *Times* was puzzling to one of its long-standing admirers. John S. Sumner brought a complaint against the novel "A World I Never Made," by James T. Farrell. It so happens that the *Times*, for reasons best known to itself, refused advertisements of this book. Nevertheless, the case is the first important prosecution of a well-known author which has come into court in several years. I do not see how such a happening can be shoved out of the realm of news. And yet when the case came before Magistrate Curran the *Times* made no mention of the matter. To make it still more puzzling, it did report the second day of the trial at some length.

This particular veteran reader of a great newspaper is curious to know whether Mr. Sulzberger is going to continue to allow his opinions about literature to interfere with his opinions about news. I'm also wondering whether the *Times* feels that it will get complete impartiality in the reporting of labor news if it demands that the man assigned to the story must be himself a person on record as opposed to organization.

Speaking of news and fits, the *Herald Tribune* has been doing a little dervish whirling on its own account. It is indignant that the New York State Senate passed the child-labor amendment with celerity. The *Herald Tribune* holds that there should have been extended debate and public hearings. But after all, the question has been before the legislators for a long time, and any person capable of reading a daily paper must by this time have heard the arguments on all sides.

The *Herald Tribune* identifies itself as "one of the leaders in the long fight to end child labor." But it goes on to say, "A major constitutional change, the object of steadily increasing doubt over the long period during which it has been before the country, was jammed through a branch of the legislature in the largest state of the Union without any real consideration whatever." The *Herald Tribune* may have been a leader in the fight against child labor at one time, but it is certainly dropping out of contention at the moment. It ought to move over to give somebody a chance to come through on the rail.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

APPEALS FROM THE SUPREME COURT

BY MAX LERNER

WHETHER it is true or not, ■ Mr. Dooley suggested, that the Supreme Court follows the election returns, it is indubitably true that the publishing season follows the Supreme Court returns. Last year was an *annus mirabilis* in the court's history, with the court handing down a whole series of executioners' decisions any one of which might have served to make an ordinary year notable in judicial annals. The result has been an avalanche of books which question the court's whole function in a bristling manner. The appeals from the Supreme Court are now being fought out not in the law journals but in the public prints; they are being discussed not in academic lecture-rooms but in forums, trade-union groups, and legislative chambers, they are being taken finally not to a faculty of law professors but to the people themselves, with whom alone an effective appeal can lie.

The two books that have the best chance of popular success are Morris L. Ernst's recent study of the judicial power¹ and Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen's book on the present personnel of the court.² There have been others during the past year that have had much merit in them—Secretary Wallace's "Whose Constitution?" (a plea for a flexible interpretation), Fred Rodell's "Fifty-five Men" (on the Founding Fathers, written with a fine simplicity), Irving Brant's "Storm over the Constitution" and Robert K. Carr's "The Supreme Court and Democracy" (in both books a new and vigorous Jeffersonianism, arguing that democracy today can be maintained only by the sort of federal action which the Supreme Court is blocking), and John M. Henry's "Nine Above the Law" (chaotic, but filled with good material on the court's usurpation of power). There are three characteristics that most of these books have in common. They are *radical*, not in conclusions but in method, in the sense that they go back to the roots of the Supreme Court's power over legislation. They are *popular*, tending to deal with erudite matters in the vernacular. Finally, they are *secular* rather than theological; they are relatively unimpressed by the supposed divinity of the judges or of the Founding Fathers, and almost succeed in treating them like ordinary human beings, betraying—by a curious inversion—their still lingering sense of divinity by the very access of zeal with which they go about the debunking process.

What gives "The Ultimate Power" and "The Nine Old Men" their effectiveness is that they combine these traits of the radical, the popular, and the secular, and cement them with a quality of verve and daring which allows the

authors to appeal to the intellect via the imagination. That is always a dangerous sort of route to the intellect, but no book that wants to reach hundreds of thousands of people and affect public policy can afford to travel any other way. Mr. Ernst does not pull his punches. "I think the time is ripe," he writes, "for the non-lawyers to reassert their earnest disrespect for what lawyers and judges have done to us all." And what his book seeks to do is to give the miner, the farmer, the automobile worker, the professional man and woman the material on which to base this "earnest disrespect." The thesis of the book is quite simple. The Constitution was a response to very specific economic and political conditions, and was fashioned thus by the very human Founding Fathers; the job was to set up a new nation in terms of the economics of 1787. In the struggles that ensued over consolidation of power the Supreme Court captured a veto power over legislation; but American society today has a new technological base, and the economics of 1937 are far different from the economics of 1787. Given the new economic conditions, the Supreme Court's veto makes any "pursuit of happiness" by the masses a grim mockery.

In developing this thesis Mr. Ernst has given us ■ *mélange* of history, economics, politics, law, and personal description. These are held together by the unflagging energy of a darting mind expressing itself in crisp, concrete, hard-hitting, although sometimes clumsy, prose. He uses ■ style admirably suited to its purpose—that of persuading the largest possible number of people to recapture the ultimate power and bring it back where it belongs—with the people. Throughout the book there runs the primary assumption that economic realities dictate political forms, and that where the latter fail to respond to the relentless onward march of economic change, an explosion may quite probably follow. Throughout the book there is thus a sort of continuous counterpoint between the economics and the conditions of life of the America of 1787 and the economics of today. Mr. Ernst has hit upon an interesting technical device for presenting this counterpoint—a sort of Dos Passos newsreel technique, flashing back and forth from one end of the time-span to the other, such as I have never seen applied outside the novel. On the whole Mr. Ernst has produced an exciting book, full of the stuff of narrative and likely to sway beliefs.

I approach the other book, "The Nine Old Men," by Pearson and Allen, with mingled feelings. The sort of thing that it seeks to do I find admirable—to make the nine abstractions on the court today human beings. For that reason, and because there is no other book that performs this task so well, I could wish that the book would achieve a circulation to make "Gone with the Wind"

¹ "The Ultimate Power." By Morris L. Ernst. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

² "The Nine Old Men." By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

pallid by comparison. I like also the courage and the brash vigor of the book. But there are two doubts that I have about it. I am not referring to its scholarship, which has been strongly attacked by Thomas Reed Powell in a recent number of the *Yale Law Journal*. I refer rather to its possible effect on opinion. It is a good maxim that if you strike at a king you must kill him. But you do not, on that account, have to kill his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. I do not think we should be spared any details about our justices, but I do not consider the fact that Justice Butler's brother had an illegitimate child or the fact that Justice Cardozo's father was convicted of corruption as really bearing on their exercise of the judicial power. Given the state of middle-class opinion about the court, any departure from the relevant may prove a boom-erang for the very healthy debunking process that is going on now.

My second doubt refers to the danger of personalizing the judicial power. It may be a valid criticism of the Pearson-Allen book that one may easily emerge from it with the feeling that if we could get a majority of liberal judges, we could put up with the judicial veto. That I consider the major fallacy of liberals today with respect to the Supreme Court. It is a fallacy that vitiates President Roosevelt's recent proposal for changing the court—a proposal that falls in line with this book's linking of senility and toryism. We must remember that it is not individual justices we have to cope with but the institution of the judicial power. Our task is neither to fight the Nine Old Men nor to convert them, but to make it impossible for any Nine Old Men to wield the Ultimate Power.

BOOKS

The Hub of the Wheel

PRINCIPLES OF SHAKESPEARIAN PRODUCTION. By G. Wilson Knight. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

SOONER or later a critic of Shakespeare becomes his producer too, if only in imagination. The direction of any talk about the plays is toward the stage, and the tendency of the best talk is to let them say here for themselves what cannot be said in the language of analysis. The critic does not stop analyzing Shakespeare at this point, of course; it is rather that he begins to do so now in earnest, testing his theory of any play with an actual or an imagined performance of it which relates its parts to one another in the interest of some single effect which is the expression of the theory, and which perhaps was Shakespeare's intention. We shall never know what Shakespeare's intention was in any case; but we have become increasingly aware that each of his plays has its remarkable and inexpressible unity—inexpressible, that is, save on an ideal stage; and what every serious critic wants to do is to construct this ideal stage.

Mr. Knight has taken then a very natural step from the position where he formerly discussed Shakespeare. The effort behind his five books, "Myth and Miracle," "The Wheel of

Fire," "The Imperial Theme," "The Shakespearian Tempest," and "The Christian Renaissance," was to isolate and underline certain themes which he found predominant in the poetry of the plays, and furthermore to show how the plays were organized around these themes in terms of their imagery. He did perhaps all that a man can do—more than this, some say—to put Shakespeare into other words than his own. Mr. Knight's words were brilliant and vehement, and poured themselves out in a profusion which doubtless was excessive here or there. They had an important result, however. They restored the poetry of Shakespeare to our attention, and they reminded us that it exists in the plays as plays—things of vast dimension yet of the most delicate structure, and things which need to be seen as well as heard before they shall be fully understood. And now Mr. Knight becomes Shakespeare's producer; puts him not into words but into action, and thereby tests his criticism.

Like Mr. Granville-Barker, who both produces Shakespeare and writes "Prefaces" to further productions, Mr. Knight practices his art from time to time in veritable theaters. He has produced and played important parts in "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Henry VIII," and "King Lear." But this is not what convinces me that he understands Shakespeare as few men do today. The book in itself is convincing, and should be read by anyone who, desiring to produce Shakespeare, desires also to put as much as possible of him into our minds. Mr. Knight may not know how to put all of him there; but that at any rate is his passionate desire, and I have no doubt of the wisdom behind the desire, or of the genius at criticism which sees in the plays so many things that the average current production misses. Shakespeare can seldom have been shown so little to his advantage as he is being shown at present, when the poetry of a given play is likely to appear not so much as something central to its life as something famous and archaic which we must accept along with the melodrama. Mr. Knight does not think of "Hamlet," for instance, as a story told in metrical dialogue. He thinks of it as a poem which has both spatial and temporal dimensions; as a thing that lives in its wholeness and must be seen and heard in its wholeness.

The director of a modern play knows something like this as a matter of course, and acts upon it; for it is a commonplace of his trade that he must first of all understand what he is doing. But a play of Shakespeare's, partly because it is old, requires a special effort at understanding, and it would appear that the requirement is not often met. "To apply intelligence to the whole art-form," says Mr. Knight, "is not the same as abstracting from it those elements only that seem intelligible." The ideal producer of Shakespeare would be himself a poet of some sort, and therefore sensitive to the peculiar quality of each tragedy or comedy, so that "the whole play should often seem implicit in the particular moment." But he would have had to possess the whole play in his imagination before this could happen; and how to possess it is what interests Mr. Knight.

Many of our difficulties [he says] are illuminated by our recognizing that the germ of composition is an intuitive perception of stillness of some sort, an idea or quality. Such an intuition will condition creation. It will not necessarily come before the work is started, but we must suppose there to be always a moment of conception during the early stages of composition, when the essential nature of the work to be is first properly apparent. This then becomes the nucleus, preliminary drafts or ideas—if any—are recolored to tone with it, action and imagery clothe it, grow from it, cluster around it. . . .

So we will assume a single central, though dynamic, stillness at the back of the process. . . . At the center of creation and understanding alike remains ■ stillness, the hub of the wheel.

A producer of Shakespeare who cannot comprehend the foregoing ought to go out of business. It is really simple, and it describes what he does with any modern play. He should do as much with Shakespeare. If he thinks he cannot, then he has no use for the rest of Mr. Knight's book, which very specifically deals with lighting, scenery, diction, and gestures, and describes his own productions in detail. It is always excellent criticism—the sixth volume, ■ it now appears, in Mr. Knight's eloquent series.

MARK VAN DOREN

Newman's Wagner: Volume II

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. Volume II: 1848-1860. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

WITH the appearance of a second instalment of his monumental study of Wagner, it becomes clear that Mr. Newman is producing what will, for at least this generation, constitute the standard work on the subject. Working through vast thickets of unresolved and frequently controversial details, he has again refined and welded his material into a simple, compelling narrative, admirable alike for the extensive knowledge, acute judgment, and brilliant exposition that went into its making.

Here, in more than six hundred pages, is a survey, both judicial and interpretative, of twelve years, from the epoch of revolution (1848-9) through the "Tristan" period, the chief portion of which Mr. Newman justly regards as constituting the great formative period in Wagner's life both as man and as artist. One hundred pages are devoted solely to incidents anticipating and including the Dresden rising, and their effect is to refute the old view which sought to minimize Wagner's connection with the practical business of revolution. Clearly detailed are his motives for joining the democratic movement, the evidence of his having been animated by revolutionary principles of "the more crudely realistic kind," the proof of his increasing absorption in social problems as he came more closely into association with Röckel, Bakunin, and others who were shortly to lead the rising of May, 1849. Typical are the excerpts cited from Wagner's article glorifying Revolution—"a paean to the red goddess in her most incarnadine aspects"—written while he was still court Kapellmeister. From recently published and exhaustive German studies based on official material, Mr. Newman summarizes adequately, for the first time in English, Wagner's share in the revolt and the legal case against him. The conclusion is that "his association with the whole affair was anything but that of a curious spectator, or, as Glasenapp would have us believe, of a mere artist compulsorily interested in political events only because they touched by accident upon the outer edge of his artistic dreams."

But it is in his discussion of the years of exile following the flight from Dresden that Wagner's present biographer achieves his most telling strokes. The affair with Jessie Lausot—a major crisis in Wagner's domestic life—is not simply an "erotic desire for a new woman to replace the old, but also a revolt of everything that was best in him against domestic conditions that had reached the point where either he must break free of them or come to shipwreck as an artist." Later, when Wagner's association with Mathilde Wesendonck arouses bitter opposition from his wife, we are told that

SEX TECHNIQUE

By
ISABEL
EMSLIE
HUTTON, M.B.,
Ch.B., M.D.

Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London

Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
Former Commissioner of Education,
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FROM ■ very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly. Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is ■ of "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with excellent taste, and, ■ the American Medical Association says, "with good judgment ■ to what constitutes general medical opinion."

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"Minna's one-track mind took no account of the psychological complexities of more highly organized beings than herself: the situation, as she saw it, was simply the old one of one woman against another, and of an honest woman, with all legalities and moralities on her side, against a designing siren." But concerning the true relationship between Mathilde and Richard, Mr. Newman doubts "that she was ever one of the really seminal forces of his life, and that, in particular, she 'inspired' him with 'Tristan.'"

In similar fashion Mr. Newman scrutinizes a whole gallery of figures and episodes belonging to these years. But perhaps the general reader will be most enlightened by those passages in which Mr. Newman looks anew at Wagner's art—analyzing the genesis of the material of the "Ring" dramas, the successive recastings of this vast material during the course of many years, and the psychological changes—in line with the conversion of Wagner's social optimism into resignation—which the great work underwent between first conception and final form.

Lastly, this volume is as important to the cultural historian as to the student of musical biography. For the recital of Wagner's life and works does not stand alone, but is integrated with, and interpreted against, a parallel account of the history, the physiology, and the psychology of swiftly moving forces which were contributing to a major change in European musical life.

ELBERT LENROW

"All Quiet" in the Far East

TSUSHIMA. By A. Novikoff-Priboy. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

FOUGHT a generation ago, the Russo-Japanese War marked the crumbling of one empire and the iron baptism of another. Here, written by a Russian sailor who participated in it, is the story of its final episode, the Battle of Tsushima. One of the greatest naval engagements in history, it lasted five and a half hours, killed 5,000 men, and sent the greater part of the Russian fleet to the bottom of the sea. Among the survivors was Novikoff-Priboy, who spent the next eight months in a Japanese prison camp gathering from his fellow-survivors all they could tell him of their experiences aboard the different ships that made up the fleet. These, together with his own memories, he has woven into a log of the Second Pacific Squadron from the time it left Kronstadt to the time, after sailing halfway around the world, it met the victory of the grave in Tsushima Straits.

The result is a book which, both as new historical material and as a human document of men under the pressure of great events, belongs in the most exclusive category of history—that of primary sources. We can be especially thankful for its publication, for the manuscript has had as embattled a life as the author. Burned to the last word during a riot in the prison camp, entirely rewritten from memory, it was later secreted in Russia from the Czar's police by the author's brother, who died without revealing its hiding-place. It was not until 1928 that Novikoff found a bundle of old papers in a beehive, untied the string with trembling fingers, and discovered the Tsushima memoirs, lost for twenty-two years.

Hindsight has told historians that bungling generals, incompetent admirals, and a rotting government lost the war for Russia before a shot was fired. From "Tsushima" we learn that officers and men of the Second Pacific Squadron knew this even as they set sail from Kronstadt. Convinced that they were being sent to the same fate as the First Squadron

annihilated at Port Arthur six months before, mistrusting their variegated fleet, their rusty guns and rustier marksmanship, led by a coarse-mouthed admiral who commanded fear but not respect, untrained and miserably uneasy, a more demoralized group of men never set out to meet the enemy.

Month after month for more than half a year they sailed on under a blazing sun, crowded in close quarters—there were 900 aboard Novikoff's ship, the *Oryol*—nerves fraying, mutiny grumbling beneath the surface, drawing ever nearer to a war they hated and an enemy they feared. At the end, instead of making for Vladivostok by sailing around the eastern coast of Japan, the admiral, head down and eyes screwed shut, steered for Tsushima Straits, deliberately running head on into the Japanese fleet.

Moments later they were in the thick of chaos. The booming of cannon, the roar of water through a gash in the ship's side, the crackle of fire on the fo'c'sle, the crash of shells splintering the iron decks, the agonized shrieks of the wounded, the smell of blood; Novikoff looked down at his hands and saw they were holding a boot from which protruded the mangled remnants of a leg. He looked up and met the eyes of a man whose blood was pouring from a ragged stump.

The story of that battle ■ Novikoff saw it and as he transcribed it from the words of other survivors takes 250 pages to tell. The telling is dispassionate, yet every page of it squirms with agony, bewilderment, valor, cowardice, and death, with happenings so fantastic that they seem incredible in a world of human beings. There is the flagship, the *Suvoroff*, its turrets battered away, its decks afire, no one in command and no one at the helm, going crazily round and round like a decapitated chicken. There is the moment on the *Oryol* when the men peering over the side see the gleaming arrow of a torpedo coming directly for them, feel the actual knowledge of death, and then see the torpedo miss the prow by inches. There is the gunner Sedoff who clung to a stick in the water for eleven hours watching his companions drown one by one till he was left alone with a seagull which perched on the knee of a floating corpse and gazed at him out of red-rimmed eyes.

Who is Novikoff-Priboy and what did he think of the battle when it was all over? To begin with, he was a revolutionary before he ever stepped on the *Oryol* and therefore one of those who believed that the sooner a defeat by Japan, the sooner a revolution in Russia. Yet Novikoff's low opinion of the ability of his commanding officers was not the outcome of political bias but the thinking man's contempt for military pigheadedness, for blind obedience to orders in defiance of common sense. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die," makes no sense to Novikoff any more than it did to Lloyd George, whose impatience with the whole pack of generals sputters from the pages of his war memoirs. Novikoff saw one war from below; Lloyd George saw another from on top. It appears that the military mind looks the same from all angles.

In the straightforward narrative, in the vivid, detailed pattern of life aboard the men-of-war, in the magnificent fugue that is the account of the battle, with the stories of the different ships in the fleet carried on simultaneously, "Tsushima" is a modern epic. Because the war contained the germ of revolution perhaps it may be said to have served a useful purpose in spite of its horrors. But the survivors, on their way home from Japan, sailed back through the Tsushima Straits, where the bones of five thousand men lay rotting at the bottom of the sea.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

A Disgraced Name

SHINING SCABBARD. By R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.75.

MR. HUTCHINSON'S novel is a comment on the manners and morality of the era in France that ended, as "Shining Scabbard" ends, with the World War. The decaying aspects of that era, with its overemphasized family traditions and its overvalued escutcheons, are synthesized in Colonel Séverin's obsession with dishonor. The Séverins' dilemma, for it cannot be called a tragedy, is the anachronistic one of a disgraced name.

Colonel Séverin is a Balzacian tyrant of the bedchamber, a hypochondriac obsessed with proving his innocence in a long-forgotten scandal of the Franco-Prussian War. That obsession is the skeleton in the Colonel's closet and the master of his house. It rules and runs the Séverins. Madame Séverin ministers to it as she ministers to the Colonel's imaginary ill health. Her purpose in life is the proof of her husband's innocence. To this strange family Captain Pierre Séverin, a son posted somewhere in the African desert, has sent his wife, Renée, and their two children. Renée's love and concern are for her husband and children. She remains aloof in the Séverin midst, but her extraneity to the obsession of the household creates an atmosphere of resentment that isolates her in her room, where she morbidly guards herself against the hostility of the Séverins, just as she must guard her son against the Colonel's sadistic interest in the boy's possibilities as a soldier. Eventually Pierre responds to Renée's letters by deserting his post to join her. He reaches the family home in Baulon at the outbreak of the Great War, which is to resolve the Séverins in its havoc. Renée and her son are killed by shrapnel, Pierre is left raving at the scene of their death, and the Colonel, finally revealing the origin of his paranoia, flees from the invaded town, abandoning his women to the hazards of bombardment just as in that other war so memorable to the Séverins he must have abandoned his soldiers to the Prussians.

"Shining Scabbard" is dextrous social comment, but in its other aspect, as the study of an obsession of tragic consequences, it lacks meaning and coherence. The fault is one of over-facility. Mr. Hutchinson has glibly substituted the mechanical movement of his plot for the growth and psychological culmination of his characters. The result is a kind of literary prestidigitation in which the author's hand is, unfortunately, often no quicker than the reader's eye.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Shorter Notices

SHINE, PERISHING REPUBLIC. By Rudolph Gilbert. Bruce Humphries. \$2.50.

This book about Robinson Jeffers presents no clear explanation of Jeffers's poems, but is rather a special plea for Jeffers the mystic. "Let us complete a picture of Jeffers by likening him to one gifted like Apollo with that freedom from the wilder emotions, that philosophical calmness of the sculptor-god. His eye must be sun-like according to its origin, even when it is angry and looks displeased." Such is this critic's summation of Jeffers's greatness. Mr. Gilbert unfortunately is given to superlatives. He compares Jeffers with the great Greek dramatists and finds no one in this country who has Jeffers's power. E. Merrill Root is mentioned as next in intensity of poetic vision, on a smaller scale, and then,

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Two Articles on Affairs in Washington

The House Committee on Military Affairs is holding hearings on a new war-profits tax bill which pretends to place capital and drafted men on an equal footing. After violent debate the bill is expected to pass the House. In an article to appear soon Stephen Raushenbush, who directed the Munitions Investigations for Senator Nye, presents the features of the new bill and tags its many dangerous provisions.

"Chowderhead" Cohen heads the list of sensational characters exposed by the La Follette committee investigating civil liberties and interference with the right of labor to organize. Less publicized, but equally pernicious, are dozens of other expert spies and strike-breakers discovered by the indefatigable investigators. How does the committee obtain its facts, build up its case, and present it to the public? These questions are frequently asked by our readers, and they are now answered in a factual article by Dwight MacDonald.

Winter Books

In the leading book article in next week's Winter Book Number, M. E. Ravage discusses André Gide's "Retour de l'U. R. S. S.," the account of a journey to Soviet Russia which "stirred up a tempest of debate" and sold over a hundred thousand copies. In the same issue S. K. Ratcliffe reviews the two final volumes of Lloyd George's Memoirs, and John Gunther reviews Walter Millis's "Viewed Without Alarm"; other reviewers include Alice Beal Parsons, Eda Lou Walton, Mark Van Doren, and Meyer Schapiro.

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curiously enough, Stephen Spender. Mr. Gilbert, in other words, looks for greatness in poetry only to the mystic; Blake comes in for much misinterpretation as the ancestor of Jeffers. Mr. Gilbert finds in Jeffers's poetry a prophetic vision of a dying world, an indication of how the truly great individual may be perpetuated through an escape from humanity. He traces the analogies in Buddhist, Greek, and Christian thought with Jeffers's philosophical symbolism, and notes no confusion—though there is confusion—in Jeffers's use of symbols. The book is, moreover, rather badly written—vague, pieced together, and repetitious—and contains any number of (in my judgment) incorrect comments on other modern poets. It will please uncritical admirers of Jeffers and annoy many students of poetry who have noted his limitations. The Jeffers bibliography included is fairly complete.

EDA LOU WALTON

THE AESTHETIC THEORIES OF KANT, HEGEL AND SCHOPENHAUER. By Isreal Knox. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

The effort to transcribe succinctly and lucidly the meaning of thinkers who, like Kant and Hegel, are not always easy to follow, deserves praise and would deserve still more were there not many competent commentaries already available. The effort to extract from philosophies of art deeply rooted in general philosophic systems whatever is still valid and valuable is equally praiseworthy, even if sometimes one doubts that the original text contains what the author finds in it. And Mr. Knox's guiding faith in the intimate nexus between art and life, although not his discovery, gives his study a contemporaneity seldom found in academic dissertations. What is not praiseworthy is Mr. Knox's assumption that his own opinion of what constitutes the aesthetic experience is more objectively valid than the obviously subjective opinions of the thinkers about whom he writes. The difficulty lies in Mr. Knox's neglect of experimental data. But this neglect is so widely current among aestheticians whose training is philosophic that the reviewer has perhaps no right to castigate the author for a fault committed and seemingly condoned by a whole brotherhood.

ELISEO VIVAS

DARKLING PLAIN. By Sara Bard Field. Random House. \$2.

An image here and there in these lyrics has the ring of direct observation. A line now and then is a limpid statement of genuine feeling. Miss Field can develop a verse form, and her poetry has a delicate music. Yet the general effect of the volume, the author's sixth, is one of redundancy and artifice. It is overburdened with tritely precious words like "argosy," "alabaster," "iridescent," "egrets," "bergamot," "attared," "basaltic." It is full of historical and mythological allusions that do not illuminate. It is poetry of fancy rather than of imagination, and fancy must be barbed. At its best Miss Field's fancy yields pleasant similes, as when she describes a vineyard as "a lately littered tigress stretched to sun"; at its worst, confused and disproportioned figures like

Then every other vintage memory
Was wiped as by a cyclone from the breast

In the shorter and sparer poems, such as *Preparation and Wings*, there is sufficient evidence of integrity to inspire the hope that Miss Field may yet learn to use the pruning hook. What she has given us here is not a darkling plain but a gloomy thicket.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

THE LETTERS OF MRS. HENRY ADAMS, 1865-1883.

Edited by Ward Thoron. Little, Brown. \$5.

It took Marian ("Clover") Hooper nine months of the very closest of intimacies to succumb to the Henry Adams influence. Though she was on her honeymoon and though she was passing thirty, the weekly letters she wrote to her father in Boston during this time seem by a homesick little girl of half her age. Presently the letters pick up in spirits, and by the time she has passed her second winter in Washington they show all the wisdom, wit, and air of Adams himself. Marian assumed a role, and very successfully, for it is only occasionally in little asides about illness and death and ignorance that her make-up seems askew. Her husband was not an easy man to minister to; upon her fell all the details of a "choosy" social life in the capital and the chief burden of its "over-excitement" (a term used by Adams in one of his own letters of the period). Despite the galaxies of big names, the letters are entertaining, and the political comment, mostly a reflection of Henry's mind, is considerable. Thoron has set down his notes in great fulness, omitting nothing of consequence except the principal fact concerning Mrs. Adams's death.

PAUL BEXLER

DRAMA

If You Have Tears

JAMES HILTON'S popular novel "And Now Good-Bye" has been made into a play and presented at the John Golden Theater with Philip Merivale in the role of a very "cute" clergyman who loves and loses. Stories of this particular soft and decorously tearful sort are often extraordinarily popular with the largest novel-reading public, but they have also the power of exasperating persons of robuster taste to a degree which may seem unreasonable, and the present piece is no exception to the general rule. Those temperamentally incapable of enjoying a good cry are likely to come away in a state of irritation more or less acute.

The clergyman in question is a frustrated music lover who has somehow or other got himself mired in the trivial activities of a peculiarly repulsive middle-class parish in England. During a visit to London he meets a run-away girl on her way to study in Vienna, discovers in her the understanding all the rest of the world has denied him, and is eloping with her when a railroad accident kills the girl almost before his eyes. Numb with shock, he returns to his parish to find that he is a hero who has performed prodigies of valor while searching the wreckage for his beloved, and settles down to get what satisfaction he can out of the discovery that his parishioners "need him."

Obviously this somewhat labored bit of pathos is harmless enough as such things go, but it is also a perfect example of that sentimental tragedy which is, at best, only a very sickly counterpart of tragedy itself. It is sad and sweet and touching. It spreads a veritable feast of pathos and tenderness without at any moment challenging the spectator to feel very deeply or to rise to any robust emotion. And it can do all these things for the very reason that it removes from tragedy all its tonic elements and substitutes in their place something soothing and bland. The hero is not a great man but a good one. We are

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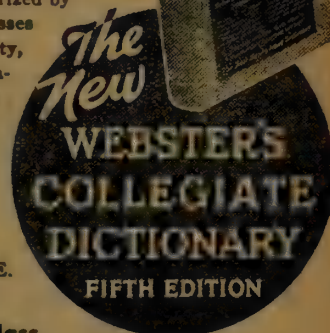
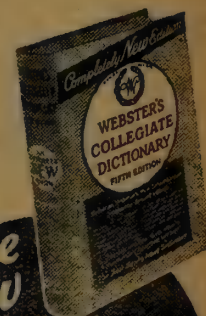
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drawn to him not because he is strong but because he is weak. He ends not in rebellion but in acquiescence, and his defeat brings not exultation but tears. Even the issue is not clearly drawn but dodged, not too artfully, by the device of the convenient train wreck. Almost any other possible ending would have forced the audience and the author to face some alternative, to reach some emotional conclusion. Our hero might have himself chosen the way of renunciation or actually faced the realities of his choice. But either painful alternative is spared the audience, which now needs only to feel vaguely sorry. It has, if I may put the thing this way, the privilege of eating its cake and of having it too—of gratifying its momentary desire to see the clergyman rebel without being compelled to face the full meaning of its choice, because the girl was—happily for it—removed in time. And that, I think, is the most important of the reasons why sentimental tragedy is the most popular of all the forms of nursemaid fiction. It is something not to be called upon—as in genuine tragedy we are—to confront ourselves with men greater than ourselves and passions stronger than ours. But that is only a negative advantage. The genuine essence of sentiment is emotion without the responsibility of choice, the privilege of feeling uncritically, of enjoying tears which really cost us nothing.

Mr. Merivale plays his role with restraint. So does the very attractive Margaret Churchill as the run-away. For that matter the play itself, though a bit slow in movement, is written with more taste than is usually exhibited in compositions of this kind. But no restraint in playing and no taste in writing can save "And Now Good-Bye" from the fundamental sentimentality of the whole conception.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Considering the Source

ALMOST invariably a film made from a novel or a play is inferior to its source, and this is never more noticeable than when the source was excellent in its own terms. It is difficult enough to produce a good film starting from scratch; but it seems impossible to start with something that has spoken clearly and powerfully in another language and then to find a new language for it which will induce us to forget the old ringing in our ears—or, if we happen to be ignorant of the original, to give us the illusion that this form was dictated by this matter. Usually there is self-consciousness in the direction, stiffness in the acting, and an absence of natural pace in the order of events. And when these faults are avoided there is likely to be a misuse or an overuse of irrelevant movie techniques—techniques which have their place but which are irrelevant here. There is no better way of understanding what a film ought to be than to watch one trying not to be a novel or a play and failing. A photograph of a play is not a film, yet it may be more satisfactory than some expensive mixture of the genres; and the more pains a producer takes to photograph either the physical or the mental background of a novel the more dismal his result will probably be. The audience pretends to be impressed, and may even believe that it is; but it does not lose itself in what it sees as it does at a "regular" movie—one, perhaps, that was

suggested by a fifth-rate magazine story or that merely came out of an obscure Hollywood head.

"The Good Earth" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) fails in almost every conceivable way to be either as interesting as Mrs. Buck's novel or completely interesting in itself. There are several "good things" in it—the plague of locusts, the mob scene, and the acting of Luise Rainer as O-lan—without the whole thing being good; and that is what any work of art is expected to be. "The Good Earth" is two hours and a half long and seems longer; Paul Muni as Wang Lung never for a split second looks or sounds Chinese (even the Chinese actors do not seem at home); the action comes to a dead stop a dozen times; and the vast efforts to build China before our eyes gives us nothing corresponding to what Mrs. Buck's simple sentences, flowing like an endless river, left in our mind. I had the uncomfortable feeling throughout that I was present at a classic, and no performance in a theater, least of all in a movie theater, ought to permit such feelings. I mean, of course, a classic that someone has not understood how to translate. Nor do I wish to found my whole case against "The Good Earth" upon its failure to be an equivalent of Mrs. Buck's book. But a certain illusion created by the book, namely, that a great deal of time is passing and yet that the telling takes no time, is an illusion which any good film achieves by its own devices; and the devices seem not to have been discovered in the present case.

"The Plough and the Stars" (RKO-Radio) is another failure at translation, for another reason. In O'Casey's play the Irish uprising of 1916 happens offstage, partly because O'Casey could not put it on the stage and partly because he was more interested in doing something else—reflecting it in the domestic tensions set up among a few persons created for the purpose. Through Jack and Nora, not to mention Mrs. Gogan and Bessie Burgess, he made us believe that an intolerable war was going on downstairs and around the corner. The film, it scarcely needs be said, takes us to the war—to the besieged Post Office and the street in front of it, and later on to a hospital yard where the Irish leader is being executed in his wheel chair. These scenes are exciting in themselves. But they destroy the play because they destroy its tensions. Jack and Nora (Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck) become relatively minor, and even the five imported Abbey players, including Barry Fitzgerald as Fluther, are rather lost among the machine-guns. The best moments are those in which Fluther is photographed doing exactly what he did on the stage; which prompts the question whether it might have not been better after all to set the camera down before the play and keep it winding for two hours. It would have been still better to produce a veritable film which somehow was equivalent to the play; that, however, as I have been saying, seems to be discouragingly difficult.

Or take "Camille" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), even with Greta Garbo in the title role and with the most accomplished direction (by George Cukor) always being flourished for us to admire. Now there is a flimsy play. But I shall remember the whole of it which I saw with Eva LeGallienne as Camille more agreeably than I shall remember these fragments of it in which the moving camera is so busy taking close-ups of Greta Garbo. Her acting is superb, particularly when she dies, but that is not the point. The point is that the techniques of the film are irrelevant to its total effect; and that a fine array of talent has been squandered on something which is actually less absorbing than any one of ten "regular" movies I could name.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

The Franks in Madison

Dear Sirs: The charge that Philip La Follette was motivated in whatever part he may have played in the ouster of Glenn Frank from the presidency of the University of Wisconsin by personal dislike and jealousy of the man has been so widespread over the country that it should have ■■ answer. I should like to present ■ truer picture.

Mrs. La Follette's mother, Mrs. George Bacon, was the wife of ■ mining engineer in Salt Lake City. With five daughters and a small income, she was still able to give such direction and meaning to the social consciousness of that city that after her death the new Welfare Center established there was very fittingly named for her. Mrs. La Follette thus came naturally by ■ sense of social values which matched her husband's heritage. Through the early years of her marriage she did her own housework, took care of her baby herself, and still kept up with the affairs of the world about her, developed an understanding and appreciation of painting and music through disciplined study, and indulged her natural taste for literature. When she came to the governor's house she brought with her a gracious blending of simplicity and dignity which has made her home ■ focus for the intellectual and artistic life of the community. The Governor's salary is not large, \$7,500 a year. During the depression he and his wife voluntarily gave back \$1,250 a year to the state and yet kept up the social responsibilities of their position with no complaint of inadequate finances.

The city of Madison has among its citizens plenty of people of wealth, culture, and experience in the sophisticated conventions of city life, but they have never tried to graft the artificial social standards of New York's smart set on the life of their own city. They have quite consciously rejected such standards. Into this community the Franks deliberately and self-consciously introduced an entirely different scale of living—the first butler in the city, always seeming a bit embarrassed in his livery, an ostentation approaching vulgarity in the lavish formality of their dinner parties, an insistence that their son, ■ normal and likable youth, should be driven back and forth to his school ■ half-mile away by ■

chauffeur, when all the other fellows in the neighborhood walked, ■ watchman to guard them at night, a use of the craftsmen of the University Service Department as personal servants in a manner in which too often *noblesse* did not *oblige*, and so forth.

Such goings-on in Madison could be interpreted in only one of two ways—either the Franks were completely insensitive to the atmosphere in which they were living, implying in itself a tragic defect, or they were seeking by mere display to impress their fellow-citizens, an interpretation even more shocking in its implications. But the level-headed citizens of Madison were not only not impressed by all this; they were alternately convulsed and disgusted. Now all this may sound trivial, but it cannot be so easily discounted when one realizes that with it went only the most superficial attempt to understand the basic problems of American life, which were so accentuated by the hardships of the depression. Inevitably the Franks created a feeling throughout the state that as long as they were "sitting pretty," the rest of the world could go to. Needless to say, they were unable to make of their home anything even remotely resembling ■ center for the cultural enrichment of the community. The feeling of most of their fellow faculty members rapidly progressed from amazement through mere dislike to contempt.

So you have a picture of a community in which the La Follettes stood for one mode of life, the Franks for another—two modes of life eternally irreconcilable and epitomizing the two warring social philosophies of shared opportunity versus special privilege which are tearing the world to pieces. The newspapers have dared to say that Governor La Follette was jealous of Glenn Frank. That is, of course, a rank absurdity. But if the term dislike can be stretched to cover ■ thoroughly justified disapproval of the Franks' mode of life, I suppose one might say that the La Follettes did dislike them as did the great majority of the university faculty and the citizens of Madison and the state of Wisconsin. However, there is nothing petty in the term used in this sense nor does it require apology, for it developed inevitably from a righteous indignation that the Franks, as heads of ■ great educational

institution that was trying to fire Wisconsin youth with ■ vision of what life might be at its best, should themselves appear to have only the most superficial social and intellectual standards.

Of course, the personal attitudes of the La Follettes and of the university faculty enter the picture only as a vivid background against which is projected Glenn Frank's indecision and evasion in handling the administrative problems of the university.

A FACULTY WIFE

Madison, Wis., January 26

Where Do Absentee Owners Stand?

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lovett's article in *The Nation* of January 30 must strike home to many readers who, ■ owners of ■ few shares of General Motors stock, wonder about their position as absentee owners. The public opinion of the community involved is always ■ factor in any struggle between capital and labor. But stockholders, scattered throughout the country, do not have even the minor influence of storekeepers and housewives in the immediate community. Should there not be some means by which these absentee owners could express their opinion of Mr. Sloan's refusal to accept the invitation of the Secretary of Labor to sit in on ■ conference?

Berle and Means have shown how the gulf between ownership and management gives ■ handful of men complete power over a structure which they do not own. In the great struggle which impends, as the C. I. O. continues its efforts to organize the unorganized workers, where will the absentee owners stand?

This question will doubtless be repeated for other companies than General Motors, other industries than the automobile. Many of the stockholders are workers. Doubtless ■ considerable number would approve the Lewis position rather than the Sloan one. It is their property and their profits that are involved, their employees who are being shot at. If a vote of the workers is suggested, why not a vote of the stockholders? Their vote at least could be private and free of intimidation.

LORINE PRUETTE

New York, February 4

The Secretary of War grabs the phone and says . . .



THE SECRETARY OF WAR grabs the phone and says . . . let 'er go! Pouf! Our American liberties go up in smoke. Mauritz Hallgren . . . former associate editor of *The Nation* reveals the serious implications of the Industrial Mobilization Bill up before Congress in this session—a bill that will undoubtedly become the law of the land, UNLESS we, the American people. . . .

Whither the Supreme Court?

WHAT is behind the newspaper headlines proclaiming that President Roosevelt wishes to enlarge the Supreme Court? Is the president really trying to make the court responsible to the people? If so, is this an effective way of doing it? Let Osmond K. Fraenkel, nationally known authority on constitutional law, an attorney for the Scottsboro boys, answer these and many other far reaching questions about the highest court in the land. A brilliant and thought provoking article.

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Blue Ribbon

Dear Sirs: Whichever one of you wrote that editorial on the Soviet trials deserves a blue ribbon for the fairest analysis of a complicated controversy I've seen in years.

ROGER BALDWIN

New York, February 5

October Is Safe

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on the latest Moscow trial strikes me as an interesting study in the hypnotic effect of revolution on decent people. If the trial had taken place in Germany, *The Nation* would surely have repudiated it at once, without indulging in any rationalization about the difference between Nazi and Anglo-Saxon concepts of justice. But because this thing happened in the Soviet Union, *The Nation* adopts an attitude of Olympian impartiality, and proceeds by implication to indorse or at least condone the whole questionable procedure. Why? I assume because it is afraid that any genuine criticism of the Stalinist regime may be construed as an attack upon the Soviet Union and the October Revolution—as if a *Nation* editorial could hurt Niagara Falls!

I shall not be surprised if within ten years *The Nation's* left-handed indorsement of Stalin's liquidation of the October Revolution is something that its editors would prefer to forget. For it may just possibly be that the true friends of the Soviet Union are the people who either repudiate these recurrent "blood-purges" or at least really "suspend judgment," and not those who accept the Stalinist justification with or without a protective show of pseudo-liberal hocus-pocus. If liberal journalism has any function at present it is that of clear analysis and fair judgment. Your editorial never once strikes below the surface of the political situation of which the trials are symptomatic, and in dealing with the surface it is either naive or disingenuous.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

New York, February 5

For Jewish-Arab Amity

Dear Sirs: The six terrible months from which Palestine has just emerged have left hundreds of dead and thousands of wounded. Economic losses mount into the tens of millions. The country has been torn into two warring camps.

"Antifa," the only international organization in Palestine, has unfurled the banner of the solidarity of the Jewish and Arab toiling masses and proclaims to the whole world: There is room in Pales-

tine for both peoples, and there is a basis for their cooperation.

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Among the sponsors of Antifa here are Roger Baldwin, B. J. Bialostotsky, Morris R. Cohen, John Haynes Holmes, Sidney Hook, H. Levick, Ludwig Lore, Norman Thomas, Ernst Toller, James W. Wise, and R. Zuckerman.

Send your contributions to P. L. Goldman, Treasurer, 305 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. SHERMAN,

Secretary

New York, February 5

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES R. WALKER, a journalist and editor, is the author of "Steel, the Diary of a Furnace Worker." He will bring out in March a new book, "American City," a study of class conflict in Minneapolis.

MILTON S. MAYER was a reporter on the Chicago *American* until lately, when he resigned to become a free-lance journalist. He recently contributed to *The Nation* an account of the Newspaper Guild in Chicago.

AGNES SMEDLEY has been active in the radical movement in China for ten years, has served as secretary to Mme. Sun Yat-sen and with her founded the Chinese League for Civil Rights, and is the author of "China's Red Army Marches" and other books on China.

ELBERT LENROW, the translator and editor of "The Letters of Richard Wagner to Anton Pusinelli," is giving a course on the social backgrounds of world literature at the New School for Social Research.

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The Shape of Things

★

THE TIDE IN THE SUPREME COURT BATTLE is turning in the President's favor. Those who doubt his strength should read Paul Ward's dispatch in this issue. And those who fear it should read our editorial.

★

P. J. PHILIP'S HYPOTHESIS, WIRED TO THE New York *Times* from Paris, that Germany and Italy are about to withdraw from Spain does not make sense. We prefer James M. Minifie's more realistic suggestion in the *Herald Tribune* that Germany and Italy have struck a bargain to allow Mussolini a "free hand in Spain" while Germany turns to Austria and Czechoslovakia. Anne O'Hare McCormick, who knows more of what is in Mussolini's mind than do most foreigners, tells the *Times* readers that "in private Mussolini does not pretend to be fighting the red menace." If Mussolini really intended to retire with only a few mining concessions, one wonders why he went into Spain at all. It was after signing the Anglo-Italian "gentlemen's agreement" that he sent tens of thousands of troops to Spain and boasted that his men won the Battle of Malaga. Mr. Philip offers no explanation of why the Duce should suddenly have changed his tactics. Our doubts about Mr. Philip's interpretation are increased when he says that Russia too "has lost interest" in Spain because "the effort to establish communism among the Spaniards is not going to succeed." When Mr. Philip speaks of Russia's loss of interest he does not know what he is talking about.

★

CONTRARY TO MR. PHILIP'S VIEW, WHICH allowed the *Times* headline to say, "Powers Will Drop Neutrality to Let Franco Win," M. Blum is subject to tremendous pressure to end the farce of neutrality and help the Spanish government. His warning to Italy that he will not tolerate an "open invasion of Spain" was in response to this pressure. But he must reckon with England, and England is playing a complicated game. Powerful elements in British politics prefer Franco to Caballero. Louis Fischer wired *The Nation* from Valencia on January 10 that he "would not be surprised to see a move to eliminate Hitler and Mussolini followed by a [British] attempt to democratize Franco" in order to make his cause palatable to British public opinion. This would be the ideal British solution, but it must not yet be mistaken for a reality.

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BURLINGAME
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THERE IS NOBILITY AMONG LABOR SPIES. WE do not refer to the fact that "finks" are also known as "nobles." We are thinking of the officials of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, who, according to their counsel, will not reveal the names of operatives because they "cannot find it in their consciences to let these men down." That will be a comfort to workers who have been "hooked" and let down by the king of the Pinkertons and his nobles. We doubt whether even the Pinkerton operative as he slides bright-eyed and sharp-eared through the interstices of industry will sleep much better for the reassurance. Meanwhile it is interesting to note some of the things the Pinkertons found it in their consciences to do. They spied on Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor. They "got around" a Wisconsin law so that their operatives could spy on workers at the Chevrolet Motor Car Company in a Wisconsin town. This, indeed, was a small favor to perform for General Motors, considering that that corporation bought \$839,764 worth of assorted espionage from Pinkerton in the eighteen months preceding July 31, 1936. It is quite apparent that the Pinkertons will take any assignment, including the White House. No Congressman can fail to support the request of the La Follette committee for a new and generous appropriation.

★

MAGISTRATE HENRY H. CURRAN IS TO BE congratulated for acquitting James T. Farrell and "A World I Never Made" of the charges of obscenity. We found his decision a delightful discourse on life and literature. It belongs with Judge Woolsey's judicial masterpiece on "Ulysses."

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TALK OF A LOAN TO GERMANY IS CURRENT still despite the enormous obstacles in the way. Among these are the Johnson Act, forbidding loans to European defaulting countries, Germany's dismal record on past loans, and American hostility to the Nazi regime. Yet Chairman Pittman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* on January 20 as favoring American financial aid to Germany, and several big American bankers have made similar statements. There are persistent rumors that Sir Walter Runciman's visit to the White House had a German loan as one of its purposes. In fact, England has been the spearhead of the whole movement. A sign of this is the formation in London of a firm called Compensation Brokers, Ltd., for the purpose of extending raw-material credits to Germany. Great Britain holds a larger stake in Germany today than any other European country—a half-billion-dollar stake in short-term commercial debt that is tied up under the standstill agreement. That may be adequate reason for British pro-Nazism. What we resent is the attempt by British economists to sell America the idea that unless Hitler is helped with raw materials he will be driven into war. On the contrary, Germany cannot go to war unless it obtains food and raw materials financed by American capital.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TRANSMITTING to Congress the report of the Great Plains Committee is academically unexceptionable. He grasps the real problem and outlines the real solution in terms of the cooperation of federal, state, regional, and local agencies. We anxiously await the project of law that is to transmit this excellent theory into action. It is possible that after the scourging of the drought the state and local governments will be ready to join in such a cooperative enterprise, even though the indicated relocation of population will mean the abandonment of hope for many villages and towns formerly dominated by inveterate boosters. But there is no time to be lost. Sooner or later we shall have a series of years of fair rainfall, and the sentiment of the prairies will turn against any kind of planned use of land that does not permit the maximum production of wheat and the maximum of grazing.

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PRESIDENT CARDENAS OF MEXICO HAS succeeded in opening the Catholic churches of the province of Vera Cruz after a dramatic but brief struggle with Miguel Aleman, governor of the province. Contrary to the popular impression, Cárdenas has always sought reconciliation with the church. It was largely through his efforts that the Gold Shirts, semi-fascist bands which sought popularity through anti-Catholic terrorism much as the Nazis utilized anti-Semitism, were outlawed and crushed. In important sections of the country, including Mexico City, complete freedom of worship has always existed. Cárdenas has constantly sought to enlarge this area by refusing to enforce the restrictions on worship embodied in federal law. But until this week he has not dared interfere in the provinces, where the working-class and progressive elements in the population are most firmly anti-Catholic. It would be pleasant to believe that his act was in response to a definite pledge by the Catholics to refrain from political activity, but it appears much more like a bid on the part of Cárdenas for Catholic support in the event of a military revolt.

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NATIONAL SHARE-CROPPERS WEEK WILL BE celebrated from March 1 to 7. Meanwhile it is well to have the report of the Farm Tenancy Committee, which is in many respects a hopeful document. In recommending the creation of a new agency built along the lines of the Resettlement Administration, it avoids the danger of placing the tenants at the mercy of an unsympathetic Department of Agriculture. The recommendation that arbitration committees be set up in the various states to settle disputes between landlords and tenants is at least a recognition that share-croppers and tenants have legal rights which should be defended. Similarly, the suggestion that states repeal their laws making it a misdemeanor for tenants to quit their contracts is excellent, although there still remains the task of getting the states to act. But the proposal to solve the basic problem by allowing tenants to buy farms from the government with forty

years to pay is pitifully inadequate. It was suggested by one member of the committee that \$10,000,000 would be needed annually for 3,000,000 tenants—about \$3 per family per year. And even for those who get the land, the benefit will be dubious. A small plot may support a family in good years, but the small farmer, lacking mechanized equipment, cannot compete on equal terms with the large landowner. In bad years he gets into debt or starves. Larger units, cooperatively owned, which would permit diversification of crops and the full use of mechanized aids, would seem the only real solution.

★

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL CARTEL WAS born when an agreement was recently concluded in Tokyo between the American Cotton Textile mission and representatives of the Japanese cotton-cloth manufacturers. On a yardage basis Japanese shipments are only 1 per cent of our total domestic production of cotton goods. But their exports are growing rapidly, and the price difference between their cheaper products and ours presents a pressing problem. The Japanese agreed at Tokyo to limit their exports to a fixed yardage during the next two years, it being assumed that the higher prices resulting from the agreement would make up for the loss in volume. America has had ample experience with other cartels—in aluminum, chemicals, copper, nitrates, and rayon. In each case prices have been raised to an uneconomic level. The consumer's last protection—the competition of cheaper foreign imports—is now stripped from him in yet another industry. The problem is a difficult one to solve. But one thing we may be clear about. A private trade association should not take it upon itself to decide what imports the United States is to have.

★

CHARLES SEYMOUR WAS SURPRISED WHEN the Yale Corporation selected him to be president of Yale University. We are less so. He had often been mentioned for the post, along with Dean Furniss of the Graduate School, Professor Rogers of the Law School, and President Hutchins of Chicago, and he had generally been conceded the inside track. He comes of the American intellectual elite, who have always supported the holders of economic power. His great-uncle and his great-great-grandfather were both presidents of Yale. He was an intimate of Colonel House, participated in the Versailles fiasco, and since then as a historian has interpreted America's entrance into the war in legalistic rather than economic terms. He comes into a position of great influence and responsibility at a time when the discussion of the causes of America's entrance into the last war will for some years have an immense bearing upon America's entrance into the next. Thorstein Veblen once wrote a brilliant book called "The Higher Learning in America: A Memorandum on the Conduct of the Universities by Business Men." There is nothing in Provost Seymour's career which makes him from such a point of view an unsafe choice.

The Automobile Victory

THE COMMITTEE for Industrial Organization and the United Automobile Workers of America have won an important victory, though the settlement was fitted with face-saving devices to provide all concerned—including the unhappy press—with easy exits from sundry diehard positions. General Motors can deny that it has given the U. A. W. sole bargaining power in twenty plants, but the union has the guaranty of General Motors—to Governor Murphy—that for six months the company will not negotiate with any other group in the twenty struck plants without consulting the Governor, and the union recognizes that guaranty as practical recognition. The agreement to withdraw the Gadola injunction renders the first legal offensive against the sit-down null and void, and establishes that device as accepted strategy in labor struggles. Strikers are to be reinstated without discrimination, and what is even more important, unionists are to be allowed to wear their buttons in the plants, thereby making espionage unnecessary.

The terms of the settlement fit neatly into the context of Benjamin Stolberg's article (page 203), which was written just before the peace was signed. We refer our readers to his illuminating analysis of the play of forces, economic and political, which produced the C. I. O.'s first major treaty with mass-production industry.

This first victory will no doubt come to seem slight as well as historic. Its importance for the present can best be appreciated by reflecting upon the state of organization in the automobile industry just a year ago. It is in this light also that labor will judge the preposterous and treacherous statements of William Green, whose sabotage of unionization in the automobile industry started with the Great Sell-Out in 1934 and continued until he and his henchmen lost control a few months ago. His attacks on the C. I. O. at this juncture confirm Mr. Stolberg's statement that from now on the A. F. of L. executive council will function in the labor movement mainly as a breaker of strikes.

As we have indicated, the six months' clause of the automobile settlement is the crucial one. It means that the U. A. W. has a free hand to complete its organization without the interference of such company-inflated dragons as the Flint Alliance; and it has won sufficient prestige in the offensive just concluded to make its conquest relatively easy. The fact that Flint, queen city of the General Motors kingdom, was faced with a serious relief problem when the strike was only three weeks old is eloquent evidence of the kind of security the "loyal" automobile worker has enjoyed.

We congratulate Mr. Lewis on his generalship; but we reserve our warmest greetings for the workers' army in the automobile towns. According to competent observers they conducted their first major battle with a discipline and efficiency worthy of far more experienced unionists.

Mr. Knudsen, who appears to be something of a worker himself, can now "have peace and make motor cars." Steel is next.

Neutrality Makes Wars

NEUTRALITY is frequently regarded as a means of preventing wars. This gives it its popular appeal. A simple common-sense analysis, however, must show that neutrality leads to war.

Historians of the first World War agree that if Foreign Minister Edward Grey of Great Britain had made it clear in July, 1914, that England would aid an attacked France, Germany might not have opened hostilities. The possibility of British neutrality encouraged the Kaiser. In exactly the same way the hope of American neutrality will encourage a potential aggressor.

If Germany were certain that England and America would remain aloof from the next international struggle, war would perhaps be upon us already. The chief and unchanging purpose of Nazi foreign policy is to neutralize Great Britain. With London neutral and Washington indifferent, France or any other victim of Germany would be at the mercy of a sudden offensive.

Such a neutrality as is advocated by the American isolationists has been Hitler's greatest hope. He rejects collective security. Instead of wanting to have all countries guarantee the peace, he urges that when hostilities break out between two states "the other nations withdraw at once from both sides." Hitler insists on the "localizing of smaller conflicts." He regards this as the essence of complete neutrality. Only the aggressor and the attacked fight. The others sit and watch. Germany marches into Czecho-Slovakia. Russia, France, and England remain neutral. Germany wins the war. Next Germany violates Poland. The powers maintain an Olympic passivity. France's turn would be next and then England's. Neutrality followed to its natural and logical conclusion means the end of international law and the collapse of diplomacy. It is wind in the sails of aggressors.

Hitler advocates neutrality because he wants to pave his way to military victory. And American pacifists advocate neutrality because they do not understand this and the other realities of the world situation. They see the formal side and think there is nothing more to it. They think neutrality will keep us out of war.

If we examine the latest crisis in international affairs we shall see how fallacious is the entire theory of effective neutrality. France, England, the United States, and the small powers are all neutral with respect to Spain. The result is that Germany and Italy can be as active as they please and actually send in troops to capture Spanish cities. The Soviet aid to the legal Spanish government has not caused the conflict to spread.

Suppose Great Britain, France, Czecho-Slovakia, the Scandinavian countries, Russia, and the United States, all sympathized with democratic Spain and wanted it to win. That would be enough to force Germany and Italy to retire. Germany is weak from a social, financial, economic, and, relatively, even from a military standpoint. Mussolini's fervor for German domination in Spain is not excessive. A firm diplomatic stand by the present neutrals would suffice to expel the aggressors and achieve

real neutrality. The present partial neutrality vis-a-vis Spain has fostered fascist aggression.

A notice by the great powers for Germany and Italy to get out of Spain would not lead to international war. Those two countries took a chance because they had learned to know the flabbiness of democratic diplomacy. Together they are as nothing against the united forces of non-fascist governments. If they were made to feel that the others meant it, they would listen. But they despise and laugh at the non-interventionists. Non-intervention is neutrality, and non-intervention has been Hitler's and Mussolini's windfall. To scrap neutrality is not to catapult all into war. It is to bring peace by proving to the fascists that they cannot get away with their aggressive acts.

Early in January France was frightened by suspicious German activity in Morocco. Paris rapped on the table, rapped hard, and within twenty-four hours Hitler made a statement disavowing any intention of digging himself into Morocco. Today France may be poised for similar decisiveness in the whole Spanish problem. Germany and Italy have already sent to Spain too many troops for the comfort of the French People's Front. France will not act without Britain. This means that it will have to overcome English obstructions. But if both countries do move against Italian-German aggression in Spain, they can end the civil war soon. Similar situations would arise very seldom for the United States, but an unneutral America could, without moving a single man or gun, work for peace and social progress.

The Court and Fascism

THE tory hysteria over the court issue surpasses even the memorable hysteria of Mark Sullivan and Mrs. Preston Davie during the campaign. All Mr. Roosevelt's old enemies are at him again—the Liberty Leaguers and their lawyers, the public-utility barons, the hirers of spies, the big industrialists who own the newspapers. To be sure, they are staying in the background. They find it better policy to leave the center of the stage to conservative Democrats and to liberals like Borah and Norris. About the Glasses and the Baileys and the Kings and the Clarks we are not worried. Their opposition does honor to Roosevelt. But for liberals like Norris and Wheeler to join them shows the density of the smoke screen which the press has raised, and betrays the basic liberal confusion over the issue.

The liberal objections to the President's proposal take a variety of forms. On the radical extreme it is argued that it does not go far enough and does not really remove the obstruction of judicial power. We agree, but as we pointed out in our editorial last week, this is an "all or nothing" position which plays into the hands of the tories. A good solution for such liberals is to tie their support of the President's proposal to a movement for a constitutional amendment.

On the other extreme there are the liberals who feel

that the President goes too far in his assault on the judicial power. This is variously phrased. The President, we are told, is seeking to "pack" the court. Also, he is attacking judicial independence. Also, he is insulting old age. Most of these views are based on a hazy notion, which is utterly untrue, that the President is adopting an unconstitutional method. And those who see that the President's proposal would offer a speedy and constitutional solution insist nevertheless that it is *psychologically* a step toward fascism and dictatorship. For, they argue, if Mr. Roosevelt can accustom the people to such an assault on the judicial power, what may not another President accustom them to in the future?

The issue of the Supreme Court and fascism should be faced frankly. Dictatorship involves the substitution of personal government for a government of laws. Its soil is economic confusion and governmental deadlock. Its method is a ruthless scrapping of constitutional provisions and the use of force to override the popular will. Its object is to smash the democratic institutions which stand in the way of the ruling plutocracy.

There is not the slightest sign of such a dictatorship in Mr. Roosevelt's proposal. On the contrary, we regard it as one of the necessary steps in blocking the road to fascism. The most sharply *personal* government we have had has been government by judiciary—a personal government in the sense that it has allowed a few men to read their own social and economic views into the Constitution. The soil of economic chaos out of which fascism grows has been amply supplied by the court's refusal to allow national action for economic control. The most serious governmental deadlock in the last two years of crisis has been that between representatives of the people on the one hand and a group of justices appointed for life on the other. The real philosophy of fascism is the philosophy that has breathed through the opinions of Justices McReynolds and Roberts.

Let the liberals remove the tory-made blinders from their eyes. The issue is one of democracy versus a possible fascism. But the side of Congress and the President is the side of democracy.

Love from All

THE era of good feeling, after a curiously elusive career, has at last received encouragement. We refer to the advertisement of Morris Ernst's book "The Ultimate Power" which appeared in the *Times* one morning last week. It was a statement signed by fourteen well-known publishers "heartily recommending" the book of a rival firm and adding that "whereas we, individually, may not agree with any or all of Mr. Ernst's conclusions, we consider it a timely and important work." Now here is a new spirit inaugurated by Doubleday, Doran, publishers of "The Ultimate Power," which, if widely used, would soften the edge of fratricidal strife and breathe new sweetness into a crabbed world.

For example, in the midst of all the current turmoil a statement to the press such as the following would have a soothing influence: "We, the undersigned, wish to express our entire confidence in Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt. After all, he is only fifty-five and doesn't know any better. *Signed*, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and the New York *Herald Tribune*."

A little touch of friendliness will do much to heal old wounds and lay the foundations for a more brotherly feeling in the future. A real *beau geste* would be a notice to this effect: "Fisher No. 1 and Fisher No. 2 present their compliments to Messrs. Sloan, Knudsen, du Pont, du Pont, du Pont, and du Pont, and to Mr. John L. Lewis, Governor Murphy, Madam Secretary Perkins, and the National Guard and request the pleasure of their company at a dinner on the premises at half after eight o'clock. Black tie. N.B., bring your own drinks."

We might also recommend that Eugene O'Neill, Philip Barry, George Kaufman, Marc Connelly, and others, instead of sulking in their tents, write a friendly note to Noel Coward and Maxwell Anderson along these lines: "Look, boys, enough is enough. Nine plays for one of you and three for the other, all running at the same time, begin to look like you're establishing a monopoly of Broadway. After all, there is such a thing as the Sherman Anti-Trust Act."

Nor need the spread of good-will be limited to this country. It is the season of happy sentiment, and this could be taken advantage of to improve international relations. In some such fashion:

TO JOE STALIN

Through with all our past dissemblin',
Lovesick hearts, we hail the Kremlin.
Echo sounds from Rome to Rhine,
Comrade, be our Valentine.

FROM BENITO, ADOLF, AND PIUS XI.

Indeed, conditions abroad provide many splendid opportunities for the exercise of the Doubleday, Doran good-will treatment. For instance, "A Manifesto to the Communist Red Army of China. We are miserable sinners unworthy of the trust and hope placed in us by the Chinese people. In deepest humiliation we admit we have failed in our duty and made example of our weaknesses and trespasses. Our only consolation is that perhaps you are no better than we are. *Signed*, Generals Chiang, Chang, Feng, Cheng, Yang, Wang, Ho, and Hu."

Or we suggest the following letter: "Dear Mrs. Simpson: We wonder if you would care to accept an offer, accompanied by suitable remuneration, to deliver a course of lectures through the medium of the Broadcasting Company on 'Homemaking in England.' Cordially yours, Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister; Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir John Reith, President of B. B. C."

Or how about a telegram addressed to Premier Largo Caballero, Madrid. "Having a wonderful time stop wish you were here. *Signed*, Franco, Mola, Quiapo de Llano."

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Roosevelt Will Win

Washington, February 14

IN THE welter of debate and speculation over Roosevelt's plan for giving the Supreme Court a blood transfusion, one vital thing seems rapidly to be dropping out of sight. This is the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is going to get what he wants. His mathematics may have to undergo some changes. The number of justices may not be increased to fifteen and the retirement age may have to be pegged a bit higher than seventy. But when all the shouting and the tumult dies, the nation will find that Roosevelt has at last achieved his objective.

Already the tide has begun to run strongly in Roosevelt's favor. The flow of protest letters on embossed stationery has begun to peter out, and the folks who really elected the present Congress are beginning to be heard from. And they will be heard from in increasing numbers now that Senator La Follette has gone on the air in defense of the President's proposal and has been followed by that wily orator, Attorney General Cummings. As soon as the situation is ripe, Roosevelt himself will go to the country on the issue, and then there will be nothing left to do but see which of the justices decides to be lead-off man on the retirement list. Organized labor this past week began bringing up its batteries in Roosevelt's support, and now that John L. Lewis is back from the General Motors war there will be some effective cannonading from that salient. The farm organizations, beautifully disciplined by Secretary Wallace, also began this past week to move their battalions up from the rear. In another week or two the success of Roosevelt's program in the House will be past doubt. Only the Senate will remain as a battleground, and there the battle is already half won. One young sage who sits in the Senate press gallery summed up the situation precisely when he said, "It's the lawyer in the Senators that turns them against the President's plan and it's the politician in them that makes them for it, and, Brother, there's more politician in them than lawyer."

This was just another way of saying that most of the Senators know, even as you and I, that the people to whom they must look for reelection snicker at senility in high places and have none of the awful respect for courts and judges that John W. Davis, Newton D. Baker, Dave Reed, Herbert Hoover, Moo-cow Borah, and Carter Glass affect to have. Even the Tories so piously ranting in defense of the Supreme Court's sanctity are completely aware that the electorate is not on their side. Their desperate efforts to keep the Liberty League and Alf Landon out of the fight are a part of that realization. It takes something worse than a knave and less than a fool to

forget that from the republic's beginnings judges have been suspect with the men and women who labor for a living. It takes no masterly rhetoric from a President to persuade organized labor that judges are all too human; union men and women and the non-union men and women who work beside them have built up through personal experience the doctrine that the courts are "with the corporations." Nor is it an exclusively proletarian doctrine. Those very Nestors of the bar who now assail the President for treating the Supreme Court realistically would fire any junior member of their law firm who failed to choose a "friendly" court for trial of an important case. Every practitioner before the Supreme Court begins his argument with an unspoken assumption that nothing he can say will turn certain of the justices there against his client or win others over to his side.

These notions are so widely held that it is hard to see how defenders of the status quo can hope to defeat Roosevelt's plan by a resort at this late date to sanctification of the courts and deification of the men who earn their livings in them. Their efforts to do so can only play into the President's hands. As in the campaign of 1936, he has only to sit back and let his enemies win for him, and if he were more or less a gentleman than he is, he already would be installing in the White House offices a battery of stenographers sending out thank-you letters to all those publishers and high-priced shysters who have invoked the shibboleths and alignments of 1936 in another attempt to lick him. What truth there is in their argument cannot prevail against what most of the electorate regard as a greater truth: that most of the judges of our courts do not belong on the bench. And the truth is on Roosevelt's side.

The important thing for liberals, radicals, and progressives to seize upon is that, if the scareheads of the press and the thunder of the Tories frighten them into unqualified support of the President's program, they will have lost another grand opportunity. It is the opportunity to pry out of Roosevelt as a price for their support a pledge committing him to fight for an amendment to the Constitution to safeguard the public will against the prejudices of the future Supreme Court majority. The opportunity will last only so long as there is an element of uncertainty about the outcome of his fight for power to remold the court. I think it is big enough at the moment to allow not only a constitutional-amendment pledge to be obtained but also some definite commitments on new legislation. That legislation must encompass more than a few frowsy enactments with respect to minimum wages and maximum hours. There must be a frontal attack on the corporate devices by which prices are jacked up so that the wage-earner's share in the fruits of his labor remains stationary.

The C. I. O. Moves On

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Washington, February 9

THE Committee for Industrial Organization was conceived in the American Federation of Labor convention in San Francisco in 1934. And in spite of all the abortive efforts of Drs. Green, Frey, Woll, and Hutcheson it was born in Washington in November, 1935. It started out with ten unions and a little over a million members. Today it has fifteen unions, though two of them are affiliated only through their officers, and it is rapidly approaching a membership of two million. Numerically it is almost as large as the A. F. of L., 25 per cent of whose membership exists only on paper. It has profoundly stirred the working masses. And it is shaking the basic industries.

I

I doubt whether any of us—labor leaders or students and reporters of labor—emotionally appreciated the psychological forces which the mere change in the formal organization of labor from craft separatism to industrial unionism would release. To be sure, we have long had some industrial unions, the United Mine Workers and the two great needle trades. But they were merely encysted in the body of craft unionism. The most remarkable thing in modern American labor history is that John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky have gone off their "jurisdictional" reservations and set out to organize other workers than their own. They are now thinking and acting in terms of American labor as a whole—economically, politically, and socially. This new industrial-union drive means the organization of vast masses of workers in technologically automatized industries, workers who have borne the brunt of the depression and who are socially angry if not personally class conscious. In short, the very form of the organizational drive of the C. I. O. has released a militancy such as American labor has never known in its history.

Not that American labor had never been militant. Nothing but militancy ever organizes labor. The A. F. of L. in the eighties and nineties, the Wobblies in the early part of this century invariably organized workers through militancy. But when they lost a strike, the leaders could always afford to disappoint the rank and file because the issues involved were local and limited. The A. F. of L. bureaucrats went back to their offices; the Wobblies went back to their dreams. You can afford to lose a melee in guerrilla warfare. You cannot afford to lose a campaign in a modern war. During the second half of its existence the A. F. of L. invariably dropped the strikes it failed in. It just pulled out. There were always enough dues-paying members to support the hierarchy. And the strikes they called and dropped were limited to the personnel they let down. But when you pull

strike in steel or in automobiles, then you affect both these industries and many others besides. You risk interfering with the business cycle and antagonizing large sections of public opinion. And you endanger the interlocking directorates of General Motors and the House of Morgan. You are not stepping on a cat; you are pushing a lion around. And you have to be ready for a fight.

The leaders in the automobile strike could not be other than intransigent because they could not let down the rank and file without a complete smash-up. That is why they repudiated the Lansing agreement when General Motors broke it by announcing that the company would deal with the Flint Alliance, its own stooge. The A. F. of L. would have accepted this breach of faith as a "victory." The C. I. O. repudiated the agreement because multiple representation is impossible under industrial unionism.*

This new militancy, of course, has its dangers. Probably the greatest internal difficulty of the C. I. O. will lie in the need to discipline without quenching the militancy of the workers. The strength of the sitdown lies in the fact that its spirit is catching. And its danger to labor lies in the same fact. Without strong union discipline a sitdown may be started at any time by a group of hot-headed workers, or by a nest of stool pigeons. It can be used at any moment to sabotage contractual relations after a strike has been settled. Hence the new rule in the automobile union that there must be no sitdown strike without express permission from the local executive committee.

The automobile strike was not a runaway, but there is no doubt that the C. I. O. prefers to go ahead as it has done in steel. In that industry the C. I. O. has proceeded with a powerful, militant, yet cautious organization campaign, sucking into itself the company unions and organizing some 80,000 workers whose membership cannot be doubted. All along, of course, the C. I. O. has been busily and effectively organizing in rubber, in automobiles, in the oil fields. The U. A. W. has silent agreements with Chrysler, Studebaker, Nash, White, Pierce-Arrow. It has effectively broken the hold of Father Coughlin over the workers in automobiles. But I doubt whether it was quite ready for the strike in General Motors. That the strike was not a complete runaway is indicated by the fact that the men waited until two days before the inauguration of the new Democratic governor, who owed his election to the labor vote. Still, the national officers would probably have preferred to wait a little longer.

It was at this point that the splendid courage and masterful strategy of John L. Lewis came into play. The

*Though it is couched in face-saving terms, the six months' guaranty by General Motors to Governor Murphy for all practical purposes grants sole recognition in twenty plants.

A. F. of L., of course, would have let the workers down. Lewis stepped right in and took hold of the situation. He didn't just follow; he led. Nothing ever loses a strike as hopelessly as letting workers down. Lewis's action was not motivated by stubbornness, as the public was led to believe after the collapse of the Lansing agreement. It was sheer skill which kept him every moment in control of the strike situation. For the initial organization of the basic industries does not permit the alternative of drift or mastery. Only control is permissible.

II

The drive for industrial unionism is bound to render American labor ever more conscious politically. It was during the NRA that the progressive labor leaders realized that the old craft structure and the non-partisanship of the A. F. of L. were leading nowhere. To be sure, American labor could not jump from complete non-partisanship into direct political action. Nor would it have been wise to form an independent labor party which could not influence national and local office-holders during the crucial period of industrial organization. And so what happened was that labor formed the left wing of the Democratic Party, contributed to the victory of Roosevelt, and *definitely elected* all those Democratic governors who won out in ordinarily Republican industrial states. There is not the least doubt that they elected the Democratic administrations in Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Indiana. Governor Earle of Pennsylvania is extremely sympathetic to the steel drive. Governor Townsend of Indiana made the sheriff of Anderson, during the Auto-Lite strike, fire a number of deputized gunmen and swear in sixty union men instead. And Governor Murphy of Michigan, in spite of his close connections with big business, has handled the General Motors strike with kid gloves. None of these governors elected by labor likes the idea of calling out the National Guard to shoot down workers who elected them. Indeed, the comparative bloodlessness of the major strikes these last two years has been amazing. Moreover, when Lewis turned the heat on Roosevelt with the demand that he back labor in the automobile strike, he was far from committing a "diplomatic blunder." He knew mighty well that Roosevelt could not afford to ignore him because the Democratic National Committee cannot afford to ignore him.

Lewis is shrewdly coordinating Labor's Non-Partisan League with the whole industrial development. The new executive vice-president of the League, Eli L. Oliver, put it very succinctly: "We have now about 50 progressives in Congress. And when we have some 125 we may decide to go in for a farmer-labor party." And when that day comes, labor may have a lot of sheriffs elected on its own ticket as well. To be sure, one of the dangers of labor's growing political power is that of increasing government intervention. But as Paul Ward pointed out in *The Nation*, "a labor movement committed to reliance on the federal government can ill afford to balk at this point." The old A. F. of L. anarchist position of the less government the better becomes ever more unrealistic because the conditions which made such a position tenable are gone.

III

The relation of the C. I. O. to the A. F. of L. and to the company union is largely one of diplomacy. The upper bureaucracy of the A. F. of L. cannot be won; you cannot win a man out of his job. The problem then is to wean away the rank and file in the craft unions from the reactionary top leadership, whose hold is confined to the most skilled and conservative trades. In this task the C. I. O. is succeeding very well. In fact, it is not an overwhelming task, because the lesser leadership and the rank and file in the regional bodies—city and state federations—are by and large sympathetic to the C. I. O. It is one thing for Bill Green and John Frey to encourage scabbing from their mausoleum in Washington. It is quite another thing for a city or state labor organization to encourage scabbing locally.

As for the company union, it is rapidly merging into the C. I. O. The whole C. I. O. drive is proving that big industry these last fifteen years has unwittingly been helping to prepare its workers, through the company union, for industrial organization. Company unions are falling into the lap of the C. I. O. like ripe apples.

IV

Since the World War big industry has used two weapons against labor organization. One was gangsterism and the other was company unionism. Gangsterism it usually farmed out, as the testimony before the La Follette committee is currently proving. The guerrilla bands of craft unionists were met by the Hessian troops of strike-breaking agencies wherever a skirmish occurred. The company-union movement was a highfalutin personnel-management development manipulated by the same stooges, such as Vice-President Arthur Young of United States Steel, who hired spies and scabs. With these two weapons the A. F. of L.'s attempts to organize workers could usually be stopped.

Within this last year big industry has had to find new weapons to fight the mass movement of the C. I. O. Strike-breaking agencies have been relegated to the place of mere auxiliaries and the company-union regiments have been found most untrustworthy, since at the first opportunity they deserted to the enemy. What big business needs is to divide the working class. For this they found one means ready at hand: the oligarchy of the A. F. of L. And they invented another means in what may be called vigilante democracy.

Since the A. F. of L. hierarchy cannot fight the C. I. O. directly through workers whom it never organized, there is only one way left for it to fight—through sabotage. The A. F. of L. now is in the same disintegrating position as were the Knights of Labor in the late eighties, with one essential difference: the K. of L. never lent themselves to strike-breaking activities. The oligarchy of the A. F. of L. from now on can have no other major function. William Green called up Governor Murphy on February 7 and excitedly insisted that under no circumstances must the United Automobile Workers be recognized. Later, under pressure from countless labor bodies, the executive council announced its neutrality.

There is every reason to believe that the General Motors strike in Atlanta, last November, was precipitated by an A. F. of L. organizer in an attempt to hurt the C. I. O. One of the most influential A. F. of L. organizers, with an enormous jurisdictional territory, told me that Green is now using his organizers exclusively for such tactics.

The other weapon of big industry is the organization of the least progressive elements among the workers under vigilante leadership, demanding "recognition" from the company and pretending that the legitimate union is trying to represent the workers against their will and interfering with their right to work. During the rubber strike in Akron a year ago a disreputable politician named Sparks organized a "law and order" league very similar to that which is now attempting to disrupt the automobile strike—the Flint Alliance under the leadership of an equally discredited politician, George Boysen, a former mayor of Flint and Buick paymaster. It would be foolish to deny that backward workers can be temporarily organized through these tactics, for such vigilante organizations have a factitious appearance of democracy.

V

In a little over a year the C. I. O. has changed significantly the relation of social forces in American industry. It is changing both the structure and the orientation of American labor. It is changing the tactics of big business in fighting labor. It is gradually killing off the A. F. of L. in all but the most craft-ridden industries. It is profoundly affecting our two major political parties. It is transforming the relation of government to industry.

All profound social change involves danger, and the deeper and more rapid the change the greater the danger. The C. I. O. is the most progressive and vital force in

American life today. But you cannot release such a force in the very heart of American industry without raising up all the powers of reaction against it. The student of American labor cannot hope to understand our labor movement from now on without realizing that the mass industries cannot be organized without audacity—and they cannot be left unorganized. From now on American labor must live dangerously. Every situation is of a kind where the leadership must take chances. The sitdown is dangerous. The need for exercising increasing political pressure is dangerous. The need for exposing the A. F. of L. scabocracy without antagonizing its rank and file is dangerous. The mere fact that a strike in a basic industry is not a mere strike but an economic stoppage of vast consequences is dangerous. Even the victories of the C. I. O. will be dangerous, for it would be silly to suppose that the Liberty Leaguers who own our basic industries will yield without a desperate struggle.

John Lewis has been criticized in the public press and even by some friends of labor for being too stubborn, for lacking diplomacy, for an almost reckless audacity. In reality his behavior so far has been extraordinarily shrewd. Lewis is not a fool who loves a fight for its own sake. His whole history in the United Mine Workers is one of great circumspection. The fact is that Mr. Lewis is being forced by the exigencies of the situation to drive ahead quickly and powerfully. In the automobile strike, for instance, he was afraid of one thing only, and that was of having the leadership left behind by an aroused rank and file which could not function without leadership. Mr. Lewis understands the dangers far better than any of his critics. And the men around him submit to his leadership not because he is the boss, but because he does understand.

Floods Can Be Controlled

BY JAMES RORTY

I

Knoxville, Tennessee, February 8

A WEEK ago when I was traveling on the edges of the flood area, riding on refugee trains, listening to the endless stories of flood victims, talking to fliers who had seen it from the air, I realized how impossible it is to convey either the abominable arrogance of a masterless river or the wretched terror of the people in its path. The planes don't fly high enough, the camera lens has too narrow a focus, the sounds that come over the radio are trivial, frivolous. How can one see, except in the mind's eye, that sudden muddy gulf opening from Pittsburgh to Cairo? How can one hear, except in imagination, the vast composite sigh with which thousands of ruined people acknowledge utter defeat?

Yesterday I stood underneath the Norris Dam, which at the moment was being permitted, gingerly, to spill

some of its two million and a third acre-feet of stored water at the modest rate of 20,000 cubic feet per second. From the caldron at my feet to the top of the spillway was higher than Niagara: high, wide, and thick—all the dimensions are huge. Yet it did not *feel* big. Instead, it seemed neat, precise, perfect, like a de luxe toy. The Clinch, tributary of the Tennessee, has been a vicious, dangerous river in its time. Not now, I reflected. Not with that beautiful concrete collar around its neck.

Will it be possible to multiply and coordinate such victories until at last people who live and work beside the Ohio, the Mississippi, and their tributaries need no longer live in terror of flood warnings? Is a real solution of the problem of flood control possible? How much would it cost, and would it be worth the price?

I brought these questions to Knoxville, headquarters of the Tennessee Valley Authority. We, the people, have

given millions to TVA with the object not merely of rehabilitating the Tennessee Valley but of obtaining nationally applicable answers to these very questions and to other related questions. Now, in the stricken aftermath of a great disaster, we want the answers, if any.

The accomplishment to date is impressive enough and easily demonstrable. Even a year ago Norris Dam cut three feet off the flood crest of the Tennessee at Chattanooga—enough to protect 5,000 homes that would otherwise have been flooded and save three-quarters of a million dollars. And when the water started to rise last month, the TVA engineers drove the Tennessee as a skilled chauffeur drives an automobile. An elaborate forecasting system, plus split-second time-control of the flood gates at Norris and Wheeler, twice prevented the flooding of the coffer dams at Pickwick Landing.

This, however, represents the smallest part of the TVA's actual and potential contribution. What we have got out of our investment in the TVA is not merely a partial, far from complete solution of specific local problems of water and soil control, navigation improvement, fertilizer production, power generation and distribution, but an adult, integrated grasp of *all* these problems in all their dimensions, plus a rigorous scientific procedure. The preceding sentence roughly paraphrases a statement of Dr. A. E. Morgan, chairman of the TVA board, whom I saw in Washington en route to Knoxville. It expresses, I think, the fundamental philosophy of the TVA triumvirate, to which all its members adhere despite current differences.

"When we first tackled the problem of the Miami River," said Dr. Morgan, "we thought levees were the answer—everybody thought so then. But we soon learned better. What you do is to write out the obvious solution first and all the other possible solutions in order. Then you start selecting, rejecting, combining. Usually you astonish yourself by the solution you finally arrive at, but that's it, just the same. On the Miami conservation project we used the whole repertory of control devices, with our main reliance on the reservoirs that had played no role at all in the first solution we projected. But it worked, and it's the only method that will work—for the Ohio, the Mississippi, the problem as a whole. The army abandoned the "levees only" doctrine after the 1927 flood. Today our best hope is that creative minds, with no vested interest in any doctrine, may work freely toward a real solution."

As I have already pointed out, a practicable solution of the flood problem must be expressed in economic, political, and engineering procedures. Let us first consider the engineering aspect.

A 100 per cent solution must insure protection against super-floods that may come only once in 50 years, and against super-super-floods that may come only once in 500 years. The highest flood level on record was established in 1792—probably by the coincidence of heavy rainfall and rapid run-off on all or many of the tributaries of the Mississippi. The next highest was in 1844, both before the building of levees. This year the

rainfall was high in the Ohio basin but fortunately somewhat less on the Tennessee, upper Mississippi, Missouri, and other watersheds. Neither in 1792 nor in 1844 had deforestation or cultivation assumed anything like their present importance in causing erosion and rapid run-off. Are we to conclude, therefore, that the restoration of the forest and grass cover at the headwaters of streams is not sufficient to prevent floods? Yes, with important qualifications.

A. E. Morgan says: "Reservoir control is most effective with a relatively small number of large reservoirs on large streams. Small reservoirs on headwaters may be useful in some cases for local flood control or for other reasons, but they constitute about the most expensive and least effective method of control on large streams. It would be unfortunate if Congress should enter into a great program of building small reservoirs on small streams to control floods on large rivers. Forestation and increase of grassland are important in our national economy, but play relatively little part in the prevention of great floods on large rivers.

"If the proposed Gilbertsville Dam in the lower Tennessee River and a dam across the Ohio just above the mouth of the Tennessee had been built, the present flood would have been so controlled as largely to remove danger along the Ohio River from Paducah to Cairo and in the Mississippi below. The Norris Dam has done full service in the present flood. When the TVA dams are completed they will supply a large measure of flood control on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers."

Nothing in Dr. Morgan's statement would be objected to by the "up-streamers"—the advocates of heavy expenditure on reforestation and other erosion-control measures. But as he would be the first to admit, it presents only a part of the problem. And here enters the "other Morgan"—H. A., TVA's agricultural expert.

"Granting that a sudden, heavy rainfall will waterlog the forest or grass cover of even a properly protected slope so that a quick run-off and floods occur," says H. A. Morgan, "we must still give weight to the fact that a properly covered slope *will* absorb and hold gradual rainfall; that erosion-control measures, adequately applied, offer us the practical assurance that we can in this way both prevent many minor floods and also prevent some floods from becoming super-floods.

"Anyway, what are the major losses in any flood? Do they consist only of houses, factories, man-made structures damaged or destroyed? Not at all. The major loss is soil—plant food. Should we be more concerned with the Louisville cigarette factories and distilleries than with the soil necessary to grow the grain and tobacco out of which their products are manufactured? Isn't a thousand dollars' worth of soil worth just as much as a thousand-dollar building? Our experiments have shown that on the same slope and soil, receiving the same rainfall, plowed land loses 105 tons per acre every year and corn land 67 tons, whereas grass and alfalfa lose only a little over half a ton. And you don't have to have a flood to lose this valuable soil. Ordinary rains do it. When you talk flood control, water control, you're also talking soil

control. And when you're counting costs you'd better not forget the major costs—the year-in and year-out costs of soil erosion, flood or no flood, which no system of high dams, levees, or combination of the two will stop unless supplemented by adequate erosion-control methods.”

II

Complete protection of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys against floods and super-floods is theoretically possible. All the TVA experts agreed on that although some of them, like W. A. Woodward, one of the ranking authorities in America in his field, muttered obstinately that we don't really know enough yet. We don't know, for example, how fast dams silt, given varying conditions of soil and rainfall. The TVA engineers, who suspect that silting has been much over-emphasized, expect to find out more about this by means of the measured monuments they are placing in their dams. The TVA also expects to learn a lot about dam building from the records of the instruments it has buried in the concrete, which show the effects of heat and other factors. But even allowing for all the factors still to be determined, the job could be done. It would take between twenty-five and thirty years and cost—nobody knows precisely how much. Billions, certainly.

Would it be worth it? Here again the answer is yes. Yes, if we take ourselves seriously as a civilization that expects to preserve itself, and perhaps ameliorate slightly the ordeal of human life on our part of the planet. Yes, if and when we recognize that flood control and soil and water control are national problems and that only a national program planned and coordinated by federal agencies can solve them.

The floods, as A. E. Morgan remarked dryly, have amended the Constitution with respect to the power of the federal government to deal with some of these basic matters; in the lurid light of successive disasters we have more or less decided to dispense with legal formalities. But we'd better be sure about that if we really intend to tackle the problem seriously. The sordid spectacle of Mississippi and Louisiana farmers crossing the river and blowing up their neighbor's levees so that *his* fields, not theirs, would be flooded—such things are of recent memory.

We may have to blast something besides levees before the way is open to an honest, scientific attack upon the problem. I have in mind specifically an Associated Press dispatch I read on the train in which a new organization called the “United States Flood Control Federation” declared that it would oppose “any act which would remove from the corps of United States Army Engineers authority over flood-control works.” Who and what is this federation, I wondered, and why this somewhat invidious enthusiasm for army engineers? Is it because TVA coordinates flood control, navigation improvement, erosion control, and soil conservation with *power production and distribution* and applies the income from power sales to the costs of this necessarily integrated job? Is it possible that the private utilities are favoring the United States Flood Control

Federation and its official line because the army just builds dams, the power product of which the private utilities would like to exploit? A complete program of flood control would cost many billions. Is the government to be stopped from paying part of the costs by selling the power its own dams generate?

A while back the army engineers, basing their estimates only on recorded flood damage on the Mississippi from Cairo down over a thirty-year period, declared that an expenditure of \$450,000,000 designed to reduce the flood crests two feet, would be well justified. But figuring only physical damage, and ignoring both soil loss and human suffering, the floods of the past twelve months have cost the people of the Ohio and its tributaries about a billion dollars. If we put the flood losses in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys to date at \$3,000,000,000, we should still be taking account only of damage to physical property, still ignoring soil loss—and the figure would be conservative.

Three billion dollars would build many dams and provide local flood protection in the form of levees. But it still would not solve the basic problem of America, a problem closely related to but transcending flood control: reorganization of our agricultural economy in terms of scientific conservation before the plant food of the nation washes and blows away from under us.

Let H. A. Morgan, TVA's agricultural expert, speak on this point. “We have eight major agricultural economies,” says Mr. Morgan. “They are the cotton economy, the wheat economy, the corn economy, the pasture economy, the diversified economy, the dairy economy, the fruit and vegetable economy, the forest economy. In practically all these economies except the diversified economy what has happened, roughly, is that whether the farmer got good or bad prices for his crops—and they were usually bad prices—he was forced to operate his land in such a way as to destroy his basic capital, which was *plant food*, that is, certain irreplaceable elements in the soil. Of these phosphorus is today the most important. We need phosphorus to put cover crops on our eroded soil—legumes which restore the nitrogen and also lessen the run-off. That's why TVA is making phosphates at Muscle Shoals. That's why our known supply of phosphate rock is so tremendously important. We have barely enough for our own needs. To export it is suicidal.

“Assume that your guess is roughly accurate—that our recorded flood losses on the Ohio and Mississippi total at least three billions. Does that stagger you as much as the fact that in a single ordinary year at least three billion dollars' worth of soil washes down the rivers into the sea?

“Flood control, certainly. It can be done, and it must be done. But soil control is our basic problem. Nobody knows, of course, how much it would cost. But have we any choice? Every civilization stands or falls according to its ability to utilize and conserve intelligently the plant food in the soil that sustains life. We must tackle this problem or face the progressive and cumulative exhaustion of the physiographic base of our civilization.”

Mr. Aylesworth Moves Ahead

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THE news stories announcing that Merlin H. Aylesworth, for ten years president of the National Broadcasting Company, would sever his connection with the radio industry to become a member of the general management of the Scripps-Howard newspapers omitted several important details which should interest all students of success in business.

Mr. Aylesworth (he is Deac, short for Deacon, to his friends) has moved steadily from one important job into another. Six years after he was graduated from law school, he became chairman of the Colorado Public Utilities Commission. He kept this job for four years and then, having acquired considerable knowledge of utility operations, became one of the executives of the Utah Power and Light Company. But Mr. Aylesworth's special genius was too great to permit a single utility to monopolize it. A year after he had moved his headquarters to Salt Lake City he was appointed general manager of the National Electric Light Association, the propaganda organization of the Insulls and other utility leaders.

From the records of the Federal Trade Commission we learn that Mr. Aylesworth made good as manager of the N. E. L. A. His job was to arouse public sentiment against government ownership of utilities and to "educate" the public in the advantages of private control. Mr. Aylesworth had had no previous experience in handling publicity, but he proved that he had a flair for it. His methods were simple. He bought at bargain prices the integrity of college professors and newspapermen and through the press, textbooks, and classroom lectures "carried on the greatest peace-time propaganda campaign ever conducted by private interests in this country." At a conference of the Middle West Utilities Company in the autumn of 1923, he explained how easily and cheaply the services of the professors could be bought. He said:

I would advise any manager here who lives in a community where there is a college to get the professor of economics, let us say, . . . interested in your problems. Have him lecture on your subject to his classes. Once in a while it will pay you to take such men getting \$500 or \$1,000 a year and give them a retainer of \$100 or \$200 for the privilege of letting you study with them. For how in heaven's name can we do anything in the schools of this country . . . if we have not first sold the idea of education to the college professors?

Some professors and colleges received more generous subsidies. The Harvard Business School, for example, received an annual subsidy of \$20,000. The payments to the Fourth Estate were, on the whole, higher. But as Mr. Aylesworth declared at a meeting of the N. E. L. A. in Philadelphia in 1924: "Don't be afraid of the expense. The public pays the expense."

By 1926 the N. E. L. A. had an efficient chain of "in-

formation bureaus" throughout the country. Newspapers were regularly printing articles and even entire editorial pages written by the association's publicity men, and teachers were well supplied with the utilities' syllabuses. It was time for Mr. Aylesworth to move ahead.

The National Broadcasting Company had been organized by the Radio Corporation of America as a result of a patent deal between the R. C. A. and the Bell System. Who should be intrusted with the responsibility of directing the new chain? Owen D. Young, as head of the General Electric Company, knew of Mr. Aylesworth's success in the N. E. L. A. and nominated him for the post. In his announcement of the appointment Mr. Young said, "One of his major responsibilities will be to see that the operation of the National Broadcasting Company reflects enlightened public opinion."

The testimony before the Senate's Banking and Currency Committee in 1933 indicates that Mr. Aylesworth continued to buy enlightenment at bargain rates after he went into the broadcasting business. At his direct suggestion Halsey Stuart and Company, underwriters of Insull securities, retained Professor Nelson of the University of Chicago to act as their mouthpiece on the air. When Mr. Stuart was examined, the Senators were inquisitive:

SENATOR REYNOLDS: What was the name of the "old counselor"? What was his name?

MR. STUART: I ought to remember it. He is a professor of note at the University of Chicago.

SENATOR REYNOLDS: How much did you pay him per week?

MR. STUART: \$50 a week.

SENATOR REYNOLDS: Is he still at the university?

MR. STUART: I think so. Of course, everything he delivered was written for him.

SENATOR REYNOLDS: Who wrote it?

MR. STUART: It was written in our office.

Several years before, Mr. Aylesworth had testified before a House committee that the "old counselor" was an actor chosen "because of his voice and not because of his banking intelligence." Apparently it was a role that almost anyone could perform.

Neither the Federal Trade Commission's report nor the other official evidence of Mr. Aylesworth's methods embarrassed the National Broadcasting Company or its president. He continued to head the largest network in the country until 1936, when he was "kicked upstairs" to become vice-chairman of the board of directors of the N. B. C. and president of the Radio Keith Orpheum, another of the Radio Corporation's subsidiaries. Now Floyd Odum, of the Atlas Corporation, and Lehman Brothers have purchased control of the R. K. O. and a reorganization plan is before the court. Undoubtedly the Radio Corporation could find a place for Mr. Aylesworth with still another of its subsidiaries. But Mr. Aylesworth moves ahead.

His qualifications for a top-notch job with the anti-public-utility Scripps-Howard newspapers are thus a matter of public record. Mr. Aylesworth knows the newspaper business as only a propagandist for the special interests can know it.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HAVING recently heard Maude Royden make two fine addresses in behalf of the emergency peace campaign, I find myself dissenting more and more from the point she chiefly stressed—that we must do justice to the overcrowded, “have-not” countries by redistributing colonies or otherwise giving them direct access to raw materials. With all respect to this gallant and charming woman, it seems to me that those who say this cannot have thought through the implications of their proposal. In the first place, the suggestion is to take away some swag from those who have improperly acquired it, usually by rapine and wholesale murder, and to give it to somebody else. Those who support this proposal seldom speak of the populations which are thus to be handed over, or ask whether the natives wish to be ruled by this country or that. They are just so many cattle to be bandied about as the white man sees fit, precisely as populations were disposed of by the Treaty of Versailles, with the consequences we all know.

But leaving the natives for a minute, why should Italy and Germany be specially singled out among all the “have-nots” unless it is because they are dangerous to the peace of the world and extremely ugly customers? Certainly if any country needs a little help in the way of more territory and access to raw materials it is what is left of Austria, but Austria is small and not dangerous and therefore gets no consideration. It is only the size of Italy and Germany and their bullying and threats which make people suddenly so anxious to “see justice done them.” Now obviously there are certain raw materials to which these countries never could get direct access, even if the dominant powers in Europe, France and England, wished to give them that help. They cannot get any part of Brazil, and it is from Brazil that the all-important manganese comes. It is probably not possible to give them territory in which large cotton or sugar crops can be raised, or in which there are important oil possibilities. Nature has been unequal in the distribution of its resources, and no amount of blackmailing by Italy and Germany can overcome that. As for those teeming populations, I should feel very much more sympathetic if it were not an undeniable fact that when they had colonies the Germans did not go into them in large numbers—only 24,000 Germans all told were in the colonies at the outbreak of the World War—nor did the Italians into theirs prior to the Ethiopian crime. Again, they have teeming populations because they want them, because they punish birth-control advocates and offer large rewards for increased families for military purposes, although they themselves admit that the economic

conditions into which these children are to be born cannot afford them a reasonable basis of existence.

I have been stirred to these remarks by reading an article in *Das Neue Tage-Buch* by Erich Andermann, in which he recalls the events in German Southwest Africa which led to the uprising of January, 1904. I followed these occurrences at the time and called attention to them. Herr Andermann quotes from the official account published in 1906 by the Military Historical Division of the great General Staff. This is, therefore, not the word of “atrocities-mongers,” or of “Jewish journalists.” The author explains that there had to be a settlement of the case by military force: “No policy, however skilful, would have been able to head off this racial conflict.” The only thing to do was to “use respect-creating force until the complete overthrow of the natives.” The decisive battle is described in a letter written by Lieutenant Colonel von Beaulieu:

For many kilometers along the Hamakari River were farm after farm which were the homes of many thousands of human beings and countless cattle. As far as our shells had reached they were transformed into a pile of ruins and everywhere obviously deserted in wild, headlong flight. . . .wounded, sick, and dying awaited in some corner of the kraals their fate. . . . The whole national wealth of the Herero people lay there along the main road unconditionally at our mercy. *The General had forbidden the killing of women and children, but for all the armed men who fell into the hands of our troops the last hour had struck.*

The report then tells how the rest of the Hereros were driven by the German troops into a sandy desert where there was not one drop of water and where they died of thirst. As the commanding general, Von Trotha, put it himself: “These half-starved and waterless groups are the last remnants of a nation which has ceased to hope for rescue or reestablishment.” Even that was not enough. The official General Staff report goes on thus:

The shutting off with iron vigor for many months of this sand desert ended the work of destruction. . . . The last gasps of the dying and the mad yells of the insane there ceased in the dignified silence of eternity. . . . The Hereros had ceased to be an independent people.

Incidentally, Herr Schacht, in his recent demand for colonies for Germany, promised that the new colonial policies of the Third Reich would be “much more energetic and much more thoroughgoing” than those of the Second Empire! Unquestionably the Hereros would vote their thanks to Maude Royden or to anybody else who would favor their return to the more energetic Germans of Hitler!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WHAT GOOD IS REVOLUTION?

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris

THE furor created by André Gide's "Retour de l'U.R.S.S."* seems at first astonishing. In a few weeks the little brochure has sold over a hundred thousand copies and has stirred up a tempest of debate fantastically out of proportion to its content or merit. Other writers have returned from the U. S. S. R. with reports at once profounder and more devastating to proletarian culture and socialist construction as practiced under the heirs of Lenin. Gide's fame as a novelist and traveler, great as that is, can be only part of the explanation. More pertinent are the one or two short passages of a book ("Pages de Journal") from the same pen published a little more than two years ago in which Gide proclaimed his solidarity with the Bolshevik revolution and his conviction that the goal pursued by the Soviet Union was the hope of a threatened and chaotic world. His journey sobered him, and his account of it is having a *succès de déception*.

Déception (disappointment) there surely has been. But what amazes the detached witness is the incapacity of both camps to perceive the primary fact that Gide abandons neither proletarian revolution as a way of salvation nor the Russian example. His strictures are addressed not to socialism, or even to the present leadership in the Kremlin, but purely and simply to certain departures from the original objective—to certain aberrations of Stalinism, if you like—or what appears to him to be such. That the non-conformist Marxists hail the publication with delight is easy to understand. But what the fascists and other foes of the Soviet Union find in the little book to crow over is a bit of a poser. There is nothing in its pages to suggest that Gide is about to join the Parti Populaire Français of Jacques Doriot. On the contrary, Gide remains more than ever convinced that socialism is the path of salvation; the achievements of the Russian Revolution seem to him, on the whole, admirable and convincing; and if there is any moral for the French proletariat in his observations, it is that they avoid the pitfalls and the snares of their Russian comrades.

Not much in all this for anti-Marxists to gloat over. But neither, it would seem to me, is there anything for revolutionists to lament and call names about, as *L'Humanité* and *Pravda* are now doing, still less to make them exert pressure—as I learn on good authority the French Communists did—in the hope of persuading the author to withhold his book from the public. Gide, to be sure, is not an orthodox Marxist. He never pretended to

be. He has not subscribed—to judge from a letter to a friend after the publication of his "Pages de Journal"—either to the class struggle or to the materialist dialectic; and if now he declines to be restrained by the superstition that a revolutionary must hew to the "line," follow the leader, and for the rest keep mum, the party directorate can hardly be surprised.

On certain tendencies in the U. S. S. R. Gide cannot be said to mince his words. Perhaps the reason for that is that he hews to the line too firmly. "Was I mistaken at the outset?" he asks. "Those who have followed developments in the U. S. S. R. for barely a year past will decide whether it is I who have changed or the U. S. S. R., and by U. S. S. R. I mean the man who rules it. . . . Dictatorship of the proletariat, we were promised. We are a long way from it. Dictatorship, yes, of course; but dictatorship of a man, not of the united proletariat, not of the Soviets. It is as well not to be deceived; let there be no mistake about it: it is not this we wanted. Another step and we might even say that is exactly what we did not want."

His chief complaint is about the depersonalization of the individual. Economics and social reorganization he leaves to the experts. That in the "classless society" so widely heralded there is nearly as much inequality of income—the only kind that matters—as elsewhere, that clinging, wretched poverty remains an apparently permanent phenomenon in "the workers' fatherland," he is ready to accept and forgive. That is not his department. His province is the spirit. He had hoped to find in the Soviet Union a mankind liberated of servility and conformity, a race that held its head high and spoke its mind freely. But "I doubt whether in any other country today, be it in Hitler's Germany, the mind is less free, more servile, more fear-ridden [terrorized], more vassalized." Is this the land of revolution—"his patrie d'élection, his guide and model"?

A number of instances illustrate for Gide this curious deformation of the temper that but twenty brief years ago shook the world. When, at a gathering shortly after his arrival in Moscow, Gide made some comments on the Spanish civil war, everyone looked uncomfortable, everyone seemed to look to his neighbor for a cue. The party line had not been announced. Therefore "no one knew what to think on the question." Several days later the Politburo took its stand, and Gide's words were greeted with general enthusiasm. In the U. S. S. R. a great deal is made of "self-criticism." Gide in Paris admired it and the results it must have. "But I grasped that apart from denunciations and remonstrances (the soup in the refec-

* "Retour de l'U.R.S.S." By André Gide. Paris: Gallimard. 6 francs. The English translation will be published in this country by Alfred A. Knopf.

tory is not cooked enough, or the reading-club hall is not swept properly) this self-criticism consisted in wondering whether this or that were or were not 'within the line.' The line itself is not discussed. What is discussed is whether such a work, such an act, such a theory is consistent with this sacred line. And woe to him who tries to push on farther."

Between Tiflis and Batum the Gide party paused at Gori, the little town where Stalin was born. It occurred to Gide that it might be courteous to wire a word of thanks to the new ruler of Russia for all the hospitality that had been shown him and his friends. He drew up the message: "Passing through Gori in the course of our wonderful journey I cannot refrain from addressing to you . . ." But that was as far as he got. The translator was scandalized. One could not say just "you" to Stalin. It would not be decent. One must add a flourish of some sort: "you, leader of the workers," or "you, master of peoples." There was nothing for it but to submit.

But there is more than mere fault-finding in the little book. On Russian youth, on industrial renovation, on the rest-and-culture establishments, and on a score of other achievements Gide has many an enthusiastic word to say. His praise is whole-hearted, warm, unreserved. And even where he is most severe, his tone is never captious. "My conviction," he says, in concluding his preface, "remains whole and unshaken that on the one hand the U. S. S. R. will conquer the grave errors which I am pointing out, that on the other—and this is more important—the mistakes of one country cannot possibly compromise the genuineness of a cause which is international and worldwide." Were I the editor of *L'Humanité* or the *Pravda*, I should have remembered the services that Gide has rendered to the cause both of the U. S. S. R. and of the world's proletariat, and that, his strictures notwithstanding, he still remains the friend and defender of both.

BOOKS

Lloyd George Sees It Through

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Volumes V and VI. Little, Brown and Company. Each Volume \$3.

WHEN a man starts a new craft in his seventieth year, Mr. Lloyd George remarks in the preface to his concluding volume, he cannot become anything better than an amateur. This conspicuous amateur makes one specific claim for his Memoirs—namely, that apart from the official histories of the war they contain the most careful and richly documented account of the great conflict. I am not competent to assess the precise significance of the words "most careful" as used here, but it is undeniable that Mr. Lloyd George's achievement is remarkable. Six stout volumes, one million words (they might easily have been reduced by 20 per cent)—such is the chronicle of the war Prime Minister's Dolorous Way. Its literary quality, save in those chapters which recall the fighting speeches of a happier time, is not likely to be

considered by most readers; but the book, we may assume, will receive attention in many lands for many years. That should suffice for the author by way of imponderable reward.

Mr. Lloyd George warmly resents the accusation—made, he implies, by many critics of the earlier volumes—that he has condemned every general, admiral, and statesman who took any part in the war. He offers a selection of the "military and naval chiefs and a few of the politicians" whom he "sought out for laudation." They make a varied list, not long, and I think one would be accurate in pointing out that the majority of the men named, although highly placed, were not at any time intrusted with tasks, either military or political, which could be described as of crucial importance. The unmistakable exceptions are Foch and Clemenceau. Mr. Lloyd George's admiration of Foch is unbounded, and a good part of the sixth volume is devoted to a demonstration of the claim that the Generalissimo's grand opportunity in 1918 was due to the Prime Minister's insistence upon the imperative necessity of unity of command through Foch. Then there is Clemenceau. We must suppose that Mr. Lloyd George looks upon him as both great and necessary. We are told among many other things that France was his sole concern. Yet that he was "an inexorable cynic" and a volcano of hatreds, while, surprisingly, Mr. Lloyd George seems to believe that he was the first to utter the bright saying, Might is right! "As long as France was victorious he did not worry in the least about the tribulations of any other country," and when he ended his career, adds this eulogist, he left France the most powerful state in Europe. Yes, sixteen years ago; but the results of Clemenceau's labors of hate are sickeningly evident today. After the measureless heroism of her sons through fifty sacrificial months France cannot have deserved the ruin brought upon her by this horrible old man.

The central villain of the two volumes is Douglas Haig, as every reader of the author's description of the "squalid tragedy" of Passchendaele must have expected. The denunciation is detailed, persistent, merciless, and it is rounded off in a final chapter dealing with Haig's Diaries and Mr. Duff Cooper's panegyric, a chapter which can have no parallel in the personal records of our age. Mr. Lloyd George sets out to destroy the last vestiges of Haig's reputation as commander-in-chief. He cannot make any reference to the strategy of the Flanders campaign save in words of withering contempt. He insists that Haig was obstructive and dishonest in the great business of the unity of command. He brings against him definite charges of both meanness and disloyalty. He makes Haig and Sir William Robertson, the imperial chief of staff, the main targets for his anger and scorn when building up his case against the professional-soldier caste, its training and mental equipment. In England, he reminds us, the army was never considered a career for talents, and "Robertson never saw a battle." Mr. Lloyd George's indictment, when completed by the riddling of Duff Cooper, will, I believe, be accepted as cruelly triumphant. It stands as a fully documented companion piece to the brilliant castigation of the army bunglers which came recently from England's most effective military historian and critic, Captain Liddell Hart, and I should be surprised if a rebuttal of any force can be made to Mr. Lloyd George's argument for control of the generals in war time by the civilian government.

Manifestly, however, all this is only a part of the question as it affects the all-powerful war Prime Minister, his policy and actions. Why, for instance, the reader will ask, did he continue Haig in the chief command? And why, when Robertson was removed, did he decide that the Cabinet was

virtually without any choice in the appointment of his successor. Mr. Lloyd George indicates that they were compelled to choose the outrageous Sir Henry Wilson, notwithstanding their knowledge of his reckless ways, his habit of intrigue, his dangerous and malignant temper. Mr. Lloyd George reprints the memorandum of July, 1918, in which Henry Wilson surveyed the probabilities of the war. It was written at the turn of the tide, actually after the great counter-offensive had begun. A more grotesque document it would be impossible to imagine. One wonders whether anything comparable with it in folly and perversity could have been turned off by the silliest military "expert" on the daily press. But it was the work of the officer upon whom next after the commander-in-chief in the field the life of England and the fate of the British system depended. Mr. Lloyd George is unsurpassed when playing this game of documents.

I have touched, of course, upon no more than a trifling percentage of the controversial topics in these volumes. Virtually every page relating to the grave events of 1918 contains matter for debate. Inevitably Mr. Lloyd George restates and defends the points concerning himself in the tragic affair of the Fifth Army in March, and the Commons debate which arose out of Sir Frederick Maurice's famous letter to the press accusing the Prime Minister of lying to Parliament about the size of the British army in France. The debate was initiated by Asquith; Mr. Lloyd George says that it had important results upon the future of the Liberal Party. That is emphatically so; but he should have added the essential fact that when making the deal with his Tory allies for the calamitous election at the end of the war, he took pains to mark down every member of parliament who had voted for the Maurice motion. That maneuver broke the Liberal Party and made impossible the return of Mr. Lloyd George himself to power after his fall from office in 1922. The author is self-revealing in everything he has to say about President Wilson, and hardly less so in his account of the statement of war aims made by himself at the time of the Fourteen Points. Mr. Lloyd George avers that the terms he then outlined "were subsequently embodied in the Treaty of Versailles." In this speech he announced that the Allies were not fighting to destroy Austria-Hungary, and he affirmed that the insistence upon restitution was "no demand for a war indemnity such as that imposed on France by Germany in 1871." Suppose it had been, and had been relatively no more, what an ocean of trouble for Europe would have been saved! But at least, Mr. Lloyd George could explain that there was no indemnity set in the Treaty of Versailles.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Gentlemen May Cry Peace . . .

VIEWED WITHOUT ALARM: EUROPE TODAY. By Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

THE word "smug" has such unpleasant connotations that one hesitates to apply it to a book which is obviously well-intentioned and which the author himself severely admits to be limited in scope. But what is one to say of Mr. Millis's armchair optimism? I agree with some of his conclusions. But what about what *is* happening in Europe today? Mr. Millis doesn't think that there is going to be a war. But a war *is* going on. Has Mr. Millis never heard of General Franco and his butchery in Spain? Does Mr. Millis not know that Italians and Germans are fighting today in what is already quite a nice little war? Mr. Millis is almost unbearably complacent about the factors, technical and diplomatic, which

may keep the Germans from fighting. But the fact is that Germans *are* fighting at this very moment.

"Viewed Without Alarm" begins with an account of the author's recent brief trip across Europe from Paris to Moscow. He compares it with a similar trip from New York to North Dakota and summarizes all the nuisances the European traveler must undergo, the investigations of his passport, his cash and credit, and the literature he carries. This is amusing enough, but I think that Mr. Millis slightly exaggerates. I know that on many similar trips I wasn't awakened quite so often. (All you must do to avoid the money examination, even in Germany, is tip the *wagon-lit* conductor, so far as my experience goes.) However, Mr. Millis makes his point, and a valid one it is, that continental Europe is a prisoner of its frontiers. (On the other hand, the great lesson of the Spanish war is that frontiers, politically speaking, no longer correspond to geography. The German frontier just now is right at Malaga.)

Mr. Millis's impressions of Moscow are illuminating. Much of the inefficiency and red tape of the Soviet Union, he suggests, arise from Russian—that is, Oriental—rather than Marxist characteristics. Mr. Millis stops off in Germany and sees the autumn maneuvers of the Second Army near Bad Nauheim. This is brilliant reporting. Regiments, he says, were "just little strings of men, each a squad in single file led by its corporal (and looking for all the world like microphotographs . . . of certain types of disease germs), scattered all over the whole area." But from this and other items he draws what seems to me a dubious conclusion—that warfare is so experimental nowadays that no staff can be certain of victory, and that therefore the professional military folk are on the side of peace. Perhaps. But it isn't armies that make wars. No war ever comes just when a general staff wants it. The general staff in Italy desperately disapproved of the Abyssinian adventure.

The solidest part of Mr. Millis's book is about England. He gives a satisfying picture of the immense power of London—"still lying beneath her smoking chimneys along the Thames, still rich with her solid wealth, her immense accumulated equipment of technical skills and material facilities, her great social and political traditions scarcely touched as yet by all the storms of Continental dogma." London and Moscow are the two capitals of Europe, Mr. Millis feels. And by inference he concludes that the major European struggle, if it comes, will be between liberal democracy, represented by England, and the dictatorships; and here he seems to be thinking less of Nazi Germany, more of the Soviet Union.

The British have not committed themselves, Mr. Millis says, to the line they will take against Germany, assuming that the Germans are the power most likely to cause an immediate clash at arms. And this, according to Mr. Millis, is a very good thing: "Nobody, least of all the British, knows what they (the British) will do. I think it is a great aid to peace."

With all respect, I should like emphatically to disagree. British equivocation and shiftlessness are, it seems to me, very important factors that may tend to produce just what Mr. Millis doesn't want. As long as Hitler thinks that the British *will* remain neutral, he is encouraged to expand. Obviously a neutral Britain helps to give Germany a free hand on the Continent; conversely, an absolute knowledge—in advance—of what the British will and will not stand for would be the biggest possible deterrent to German flamboyance and German activism. If the Kaiser had known in advance that the British would fight for Belgium, there just possibly might not have been a war in 1914.

JOHN GUNTHER

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Discord in Experience

ON THIS ISLAND. By W. H. Auden. Random House. \$1.50.

IN THIS new book Auden is concerned very largely with the experience of personal love. But Michael Roberts is correct in placing Auden among those poets who "deliberately leave a discord in experience which is to be removed only by action, not by an inner balancing of impulses." Almost every poem in this group expresses a "discord in experience" between the poet's inner desire for peace and his will-to-action. For Auden the only reality is the present—seen intellectually always as receding. Unlike Eliot, who compared past and present and thereby arrived at a concept of the absurdity of action and of belief in progress, Auden compares the present with a desired future and arrives at a concept of progress. Auden is, as it were, always on the rear observation platform of a train. Here he observes scenes of nature, of ordinary human life, receding so rapidly as to suggest a kaleidoscopic and somewhat terrifying journey toward a hoped-for future. Terror, ever present in such a sense of life, for Auden as for Malraux, points each personal experience toward a dramatic change into its opposite. Auden would reconcile continuity and discontinuity, continuity being biological and historical, discontinuity psychological or Freudian.

Auden is the finest of the younger English poets, and this is his best book. Completely within the English poetic tradition as to conventional form, imagery, and syntax, Auden, nevertheless, is new. He illustrates one way in which the poet may keep the newer psychological awarenesses and fuse these with the more recent historical determinism. Each characteristic symbol in these poems is so used that it may be dwarfed to signify the personal impulses or magnified to mean the radical's perspective of England or the world. The "island" is itself such a symbol. "Love" is another. But these symbols are not treated as they were in the earlier romantics. The early romantic poets drew realistic imagery from the personal responses and allowed it to emerge as an intermingling of the real and subjective, pointing not toward a will-to-action but toward a desire to dream. The last group of important poets in England, of which Auden is the best, select simple, descriptive imagery to express the personal impulse toward peace and then, as if by act of will, project this imagery, by distorting it and magnifying it, into a picture of a future, both horrible and desirable, toward which inevitably we move.

In almost every one of these new poems we are given first a simple, realistic scene or action representative of the old securities of life. Next the poet examines his own inner impulses and old methods of balancing them. Then, lastly, he sees these recede into the past as he moves rapidly into an unknown but willed future of action destructive of the old personal values. Moments of personal satisfaction are all charged with the possibility of death, not as chance or as the course of life, but as historically inevitable. Each simple family portrait or figure in a doorway may be, as it were, a spy and armed. A poem begins, for example, with the poet at his window, shifts into a prayer to the "Lords of Limit" (lords of endurance, personal and historical, to which each man in his isolated personal life must submit), and advances rapidly to a picture in which all familiar attachments are distorted and destroyed by revolutionary terror.

Auden's poetry expresses a pause between worlds. He uses no scientific, strained, or forced revolutionary imagery, but the simple and established imagery of the old order seen

through a mind that realizes that this very imagery typifies a certain social era and is for us today comic, horrible, or prophetic. In this last book the poet has largely neglected satire—a vein in which he is very clever but not very important. These poems are personal lyrics, expressing the inevitable discord between the heart's necessities and the mind's convictions. In them the personal romantic moment is always absorbed by the will-to-action. In this clash between mind and emotions there is certainly some horror for the poet. There is, however, also hope. Even after turning to Iceland, the new source of the romantic imagery of pure escape for these younger poets (used as once the Alps were by the early romantics), Auden, in a new poem recently published in *Poetry*, not included in this book, finds that in this austere, remote island, too, "the world is, and the present, and the lie."

One might add that Auden has given up Gerard Hopkins's influence for A. E. Housman's. That stoic's classic simplicity and even his philosophy have somewhat affected these later poems. His influence, however is good. Auden is never imitative. He could sometimes be briefer—and more dramatic. He is sometimes just a shade too clever. But on the whole this last book proves him a poet to whom we must pay our respects.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Twelve-Cylinder Idyl

APRIL. A FABLE OF LOVE. By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

VARDIS FISHER'S narrative muse is like one of those racing cars that cannot go less than sixty miles an hour and are therefore useless on an ordinary highway. Merely to crank them is to create thunder; low speed for them is the speed of a hurricane; they are not to be thought of, as indeed they are never seen, save on Daytona Beach or the salt flats of Utah. There of course they may be magnificent, but it is scarcely proper to inquire whether they are real automobiles. To the extent that they cannot turn a corner and convey passengers and stop for gas they are of course preposterous; though on their native stretches they may suggest all that an automobile can be in terms of strength and speed.

Any novel by Mr. Fisher is incapable of slow motion or plain statement. He writes every sentence with all the might he possesses, for he is never calmer than his characters, all of whom are constantly excited to the point of explosion. The result is that he cannot be called a reviewer of life, or even a critic of it, since we have never been where he has been. But at the same time the experience of reading him can be very exhilarating, and can remind us that there is such a thing as pure literary power, as naked literary energy. The experience of reading his tetralogy about Vidar Hunter was bound to be more or less stupendous even if one deplored its excess of autobiography at the close. And this much slighter tale, in which Mr. Fisher so happily escapes from his private problems, has in its own queer way something titanic at the core.

With an almost monstrous exaggeration Mr. Fisher gives us the thoughts and feelings of a homely girl in Idaho whose only distinction, her imagination, is unappreciated by the barbarous society into which she has been born. Mr. Fisher exaggerates both the society and the girl; it becomes a circle of oversized apes and she in its center becomes a poetess eloquent beyond belief. June—or, as she renames herself, April—has the misfortune to contain within her bumpy, un-

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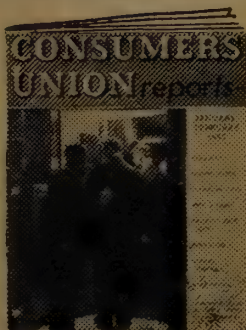


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attractive body not only a desire for love but a superior understanding of it; yet among the clowns of Antelope there is nobody to share this understanding with her, let alone marry her as she might like. All but one of the men are blind to what is within her, and he—poor old Sol Incham—miscalculates its intensity, supposing it to be something like his own simple, sentimental soul. As for April's mother, Mrs. Weeg, many years of reading paper-backed novels have rendered her virtually idiotic; she believes in love, but not in the realities of it which April is forced to worship on lonely walks up and down the beautiful mountain where her imagination has been nourished. The story, in so far as there is one, is of how June fiercely confronts her problem at last and blazes her way through the underbrush of indecision to a clearing where she achieves some kind of union with Sol.

The exaggeration of which I have spoken could in other hands than Mr. Fisher's have ruined this simple tale. In his hands, despite the temptation we occasionally feel to disbelieve everything and everybody, something else happens altogether. For as the personages grow in size, the space between them widens too, so that the tale takes on a certain abstract, primordial quality; we get love in the large, as one can fancy it actually to have moved the lives of the diplodocuses and brontosaurus which once towered above the earth's great trees. Doubtless we learn nothing from the spectacle, but the spectacle itself is in some gross way fine; particularly in view of the humor with which Mr. Fisher has handled it. There were moments of mad humor in his tetralogy which did not relieve the unwholesome tensions already set up, and indeed it was never quite clear that they were humor. Here it is very clear; Mr. Fisher is enjoying his vision, and the book in some mammoth way relishes the fact that it is being written. One may therefore welcome "April" for other reasons than that it is a good book of its kind; it is a sign that Mr. Fisher has loosened up, and consequently it is a promise of still better books to come.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Iron Maiden

PRIMITIVISM AND DECADENCE. A STUDY OF AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL POETRY. By Yvor Winters. Arrow Editions. \$2.50.

YVOR WINTERS, writing like a combination of a medieval scholastic and a New England divine, is a critic of a type that one has become accustomed to regard as practically extinct. Yet it is a type that is always with us—through innumerable changes of disguise. Although he would doubtless shudder at the comparison, the distortions effected by his method are not fundamentally unlike those of the extreme left in current criticism—the writings of someone like Granville Hicks, for example. What his little volume most generally illustrates, as a matter of fact, is the characteristic defect of any critical method too literally applied: the substitution of a self-propelling system of logic for that ever more supple cooperation of intelligence and sensibility required in genuine interpretation. Both intelligence and sensibility are put to rout before the antics of a distinctly tipsy intellect. Mr. Winters, the author of some charming lyrics in the imagist manner, is not without sensibility, and there are moments of the finest intelligence in these pages. But there are also moments when they achieve what Ezra Pound has described as "the nadir of solemn and elaborate imbecility." It is intellect, and nothing else, that speaks when we are told that such feebly endowed traditionalists as T. Sturge Moore

and Robert Bridges are more important poets than Yeats, Eliot, Crane, Stevens, and certain other contemporaries not even mentioned. It is again an abuse of intellect that leads to the conclusion that one of W. C. Williams's narrative pieces is "superior in all likelihood to any other prose of our time," and that Bridges's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Daryush, is "one of the few great poets living." These claims are rendered absurd not through any preconceived judgments of the reader but through the very evidences offered in their support. The mistake is to quote the specimens by Moore and Bridges and Mrs. Daryush, for the reader is then forced to measure his own perception against Mr. Winters's logic, and the result is disastrous. But it is perhaps foolish to quarrel with these particular judgments when the sophistry behind all of them is so manifest.

Evidently Mr. Winters began with a temperamental distaste for the general atmosphere of distress, the hectic experimentation with forms and with style, that has characterized so much contemporary verse. But to this situation he responded with that mechanism of the mind which consists in reacting to any phenomenon by celebrating its opposite. If Hart Crane was a disorderly sort of poet, then Bridges is a model to be emulated. If free verse has led to some unfortunate formal consequences, it follows that poetry must return to the strictest metrical conventions. (The book closes with a long dissertation on meter.) The assumption is made that the attainment of order or form has nothing directly to do with the experience with which literature has to deal. Instead of seeking in contemporary experience a possible explanation for the formal vicissitudes of contemporary verse, Mr. Winters directs himself to charges of an almost universal and wholly inexplicable wilfulness on the part of the poets themselves. For him poetry is not something subject to the main philosophical, ethical, and social buffetings of an age. It is an independent formal discipline; and form itself is finally represented as a kind of Iron Maiden, whose custodians are Churchill, Pope, Gay, Voltaire, and, presumably, Mrs. Daryush. In short, he would reform poetry by having it lift itself by its own boot straps.

Mr. Winters is narrow, dogmatic, parochial; and these are all the defects of his method. But it would be unjust not to mention the virtues of these defects: the sharpening of focus on important problems, the formulation of useful distinctions, and the construction of definitions that at least provide a springboard for discussion. For the reader already familiar with the field the book will be full of incidental rewards; but for anyone else it is likely to prove an unreliable and mischievous guide.

WILLIAM TROY

Biography of a River

THE NILE: THE LIFE-STORY OF A RIVER. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Mary H. Lindsay. The Viking Press. \$5.

IN SPITE of a few lush passages, to be expected from a man who has made his fame by popular biographies, in spite of certain strongly individual judgments which will find objectors, this is a magnificent book. In the main Ludwig writes a prose that is vivid, forceful, and packed with information. Like Gibbon he has often summarized in a paragraph the knowledge gained from many books.

He begins with the rise of the White Nile in the Mountains of the Moon near Lake Victoria, a beautiful inland sea larger than Switzerland, and of the Blue Nile near Lake Tana.

Both lakes were unknown to the Pharaohs; both have recently figured in international news. Is Ludwig heaping new confusion on old by thus reversing accustomed chronology, by beginning with the present day, bringing us after two hundred pages to the great story of Chinese Gordon at Khartoum and a little later to Colonel Marchand's romantic and tremendous adventure at Fashoda, reaching the Pharaohs only in the latter half of the book, and then taking up the conquering nations in the Delta, the Persians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Turks, the Mamelukes, the emerging Egyptian state, the English Protectorate, King Fuad? Not at all. The great story achieves a unity it has never been given before. Whoever would understand the full significance of the present attempts of the Egyptians to establish an independent state, of Mussolini to conquer Abyssinia, of England to block him, of all the European nations to seize a part of Africa, had best begin with Ludwig at the sources of the Nile.

"The river has been bridged in the first moments of its life: a short distance downstream a gray iron bridge bears the train which connects the mighty lake with the Indian Ocean." On either side this train is jungle which Ludwig describes with delightful particularity. "From out the carmine convolvulus that muffles up the mimosa the turquoise-blue kingfisher, hanging close above the water, peers motionless, spying down to snatch the fish. Rocking to and fro on the flexible points of the palm-fans are the nests of the weaver-birds, who at these airiest points can elude the grasp of the monkeys and snakes." With the same vivid precision he describes the vegetation of the country, and its natives—the pigmies who dwell on the slopes of the Mountains of the Moon, the tall Dinkas, the cannibals, the Bongo, the Madi, the Banjoro, the Shilluks.

From its earliest history the wealth of the Nile has been seized by the few, who have oppressed the many by their manifold exactions. Conquerors have differed only in their methods of grinding down the poor. But they never reached these upper regions of the river. Ludwig shows Uganda as an earthly paradise before the whites first came eighty years ago to enslave the natives by offering them wages. "The first month of the year is the month of sowing," so a popular saying goes, "the others are for eating." Now the natives labor all the year for the English and eat no more than before.

But the English have done more for Africa than bring it the new slavery of the wage system. Ludwig's account of their creative accomplishments, their rapacities, their justice, their pride of race, is a model of impartial, discerning writing. In Cairo the sons of peasants are being educated at Gordon College. They will soon take their own back, he prophesies, and "the rise of the Sudan will have changed the fate of Egypt and even of Abyssinia by the end of the twentieth century."

Throughout Ludwig is more concerned with the fellah than with his numerous conquerors. "The boy is begotten," he quotes a popular rhyme, "only to be torn from his mother's arms. When he is grown to manhood his bones are broken." Not until the last century have real leaders of the people appeared. Arabi and Zaghul are dead, but clearly Ludwig hopes that soon for the first time in their history the Egyptian workers will come into their own. Yet his book abounds in material that should forewarn the social reformer. The greatest exploitation in all this long history of rapacity fell upon the people after the Christians, in pursuit of their absolute God, had broken down the traditional government and, occupied with arguing the difference between "homoousian" and "homoiousian," had left the country defenseless before the Mohammedans.

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Pushkin the Man

PUSHKIN. By Ernest J. Simmons. Harvard University Press. \$4.

HERE is an ample chronicle of the works and, more especially, the days of the man who is being commemorated, a hundred years after his death, as the national poet of Russia and the tutelary genius of its literature. The book has considerable merit and indeed supersedes the only existing biography of Pushkin in English, that by D. S. Mirsky. It is on the whole a scholarly performance, and not without lively moments, for Pushkin's story is quick with human interest. These pages allow one to glimpse the precocious child, the giddy youth parading a cynicism which hides his sensitiveness, and at last to know the mature man, passionate, impulsive, outgoing, keen. Although the author is aware of his hero's stature, he makes no attempt to glorify the poet by ignoring the weaknesses of the man. Sufficient space is accorded his amorous experiences, which were legion and not seldom tawdry, the matter being treated with candor that avoids both prudishness and prurency. One comes to perceive the roots of his tragic end both in the outward circumstances of his life and in the nature of his personality.

Repeatedly Mr. Simmons returns to the question, now so timely, of Pushkin's political and social views. He makes it plain that although Pushkin hated oppression and obscurantism and was, during most of his short life, a political suspect, he was not a revolutionist either by temperament or conviction. In his youth he had radical sympathies, and indeed his civic lyrics contributed to the movement which culminated in the Decembrists' attempts to overthrow the autocracy. After, if not because of, the failure of that attempt, his outlook was that of a mild liberal with a lingering faith in reforms from above and a dread of a popular rising. His art, though it evinces a concern with the rebellious spirit, on the whole expresses an attitude of acquiescence. It is perhaps not without significance that, as a Russian critic has recently observed, Pushkin's prestige has not been at its highest during the critical periods of Russian history, so that his immense vogue at present may be another sign that the country is entering upon an organic phase of development. One must recognize, however, that his work manifests a sympathy with the common man and a humane quality which must endear him to a society that seeks to establish itself upon a broad democratic base.

"A biographer," writes Mr. Simmons, "must study Pushkin as a man, as a poet, and as an historical figure." The poet and the historical figure fare less well in this account, however, than does the man. The comment on the writings is meager, conventional, occasionally feeble, and is introduced into the narrative in a somewhat mechanical fashion. Problems relating to the genesis and technique of the works are either disregarded or slurred over. "The Captain's Daughter," Pushkin's main prose work and the one by which he is best known to the outside world (there are over a dozen versions of it in English alone), is dismissed in some fourteen rather inadequate lines. The author gives more attention, and justly, to Pushkin's verse than to his prose, but unfortunately he yields to the natural temptation of backing up his superlatives by citing rhymed English translations. The best of these versions are apt to leave the reader cold. Some of them, notably the lines on page 313, those on page 325, and the rendering of the exquisite, profoundly moving lyric "Tis time, my friend," indicate that the translator failed to understand certain of the Russian phrases. One could more readily forgive Mr. Simmons had there not been available translations closer to the

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spirit and the letter of the original. A single example is that noble lyric, "Message to Siberia," admirably done into English verse by Max Eastman some years ago. The stanzas presented are so faulty that one is surprised to find them here. Indeed, after reading this volume, the reader with no knowledge of Russian will still have to take on trust Pushkin's indubitable greatness as a poet.

It belonged to his genius to use the stuff of the life around him as the material of his art, but in doing so he availed himself of the values that he found both in the classical tradition that he inherited and in the romantic influences of his own day. Furthermore, he completed the labor begun a century earlier of balancing the three elements of the Russian language—the Slavonic of the church books, the vernacular, and the borrowings from the West—thus implementing the work of his successors with a strong and pliant tool. He stood on the threshold of an age in which Russia, the period of its apprenticeship over, made an original contribution to Western culture. In many ways his writings prefigure the performance of the men who came after him. Mr. Simmons mentions these points, but he does not elaborate them sufficiently to bring into focus Pushkin as "an historical figure." In fine, he has not accomplished the ambitious task he set himself, but has provided an introduction to Pushkin which is biography in the narrower sense of the word. It is to be hoped that the book will help to stimulate an interest in Pushkin outlasting the centenary celebrations.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

American Peace Movement

PEACE OR WAR. THE AMERICAN STRUGGLE 1636-1936. By Merle Curti. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

THE complete history of the American peace movement is still to be written. Neither Professor Curti's volume nor the similar one by Devere Allen wholly covers the field. Mr. Allen added to his history an interpretation of the present movement and its future; Professor Curti has analyzed the spirit and philosophy of the peace movement. This is the more rewarding portion of his book. He properly records the inconsistencies of some of those who advocated non-resistance when the Civil War came, and could well have added the story of the many who abandoned their convictions in the war to safeguard democracy. He puts his finger on a genuine weakness of the peace movement when he says that "most friends of peace, coming from the middle classes, have naturally accepted the existing order and have not seen the threats to peace inherent in it." He is aware that the pioneers in the movement failed to respond to the pleas of early labor leaders, and he notes the deafness of latter-day peace advocates to the argument that peace cannot come as long as our whole society is built on the desire for profits. Professor Curti is certain that a continuation of the "peace policies and tactics of the past will bring diminishing returns" and that the present economic and social order will "have to be replaced by one more definitely collectivistic and democratic."

Professor Curti also sees that the peace movement has suffered from internal conflict, duplication of effort, and ineffective marshaling of its forces. He might have added from the incessant compromising of many individuals and societies, as when the New York Peace Society named to its Board of Directors the head of the Navy League, generals, and admirals, and supported a proposal for more battleships for the United States navy. The folly of a pseudo-devotion to peace like this is obvious. It has naturally created in the

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public mind a belief that the peace movement is none too sincere and that it will always collapse in the face of a war.

On the whole Professor Curti's book is disappointing. He has brought valuable material together, but his narrative is full of omissions and seems to lack continuity and directness. Opinions must, of course, differ as to the amount of space to be given to any phase of a subject when the author is limited to one moderate-sized volume. It does seem odd, however, that only thirty pages are given to all the peace pioneers and their work prior to 1861. The result is a failure adequately to portray such men as Elihu Burritt and William Ladd, and a slighting of the work of the Garrisonian Non-Resistants to the extent that their remarkable three-day convention in Boston, September 18-20, 1838, is not even mentioned. Since Leo Tolstoy declared that he got his non-resistant ideas from Garrison, and Gandhi states that he took his from Tolstoy, it seems not unreasonable to say that the short-lived American Non-Resistant movement and its shorter-lived organ merited at least a recording of their existence by Professor Curti. Similarly the treatment of the Quakers and especially of their role in the Civil and the World War is scarcely adequate. Again, there is no complete presentation of the circumstances leading up to the war with Spain, or of the admirable part played by many newspapers in the furthering of peace. Professor Curti has labored hard, but defects of style and arrangement militate against the value of the book.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

For the Defense

BERNARD SHAW, FRANK HARRIS, AND OSCAR WILDE. By Robert Harborough Sherard. With a Preface by Lord Alfred Douglas. The Greystone Press. \$3.50.

THIRTY-SIX years after Oscar Wilde's death, and despite a mounting pile of intimate documents, it seems as difficult as ever to know the truth about his life. Each witness in this distressing case contradicts his predecessor, and not infrequently himself. Confessions and retractions, forgeries, lawsuit on lawsuit, this seems to be the natural atmosphere of the Wilde coterie—and unfortunately Frank Harris's "Oscar Wilde" is hardly the exception to this rule. Hailed in 1916 with extravagant praise by such critics as Bernard Shaw, H. L. Mencken, Upton Sinclair, and even by the restrained Ernst Paulus Bendz writing in the restrained *Englische Studien*, Harris's biography has lost by now its original stature. Its emphasis on the bacchanalian aspects of Wilde's history, its engaging absurdities, its continual feeding of Wilde to the flames of Harris's egotheism, have rendered suspect even those passages which contain authentic information and shrewd insight. In this sense Mr. Sherard's study was hardly necessary; nevertheless, as a sort of labor of hate, he has compiled here a detailed record of Harris's probable fictions and plagiarisms. But Mr. Sherard weakens an eminently sound argument by his garrulity and painful whimsicality, his lack of literary discrimination; he expatiates on Harris's minor inaccuracies, he juxtaposes incontestable and frail evidence, he bears a childish animosity toward Harris and Bernard Shaw. And it must be remembered that Mr. Sherard, in the course of his long career as a Wilde apologist, has probably misrepresented as many facts in order to exculpate the unhappy Wilde as Harris has to incriminate him—and without Harris's talent.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

DRAMA

The Deaths of Kings

IT HAS been shrewdly said that a really great and successful writer must have a good deal of talent as well as a good deal of genius. That means, I take it, that the facility and ease which may seem so little important when they constitute the whole of an artistic equipment are nevertheless indispensable if genius is to be rendered fully effective, and that Shakespeare, for example, would not be universally recognized as the supreme example of greatness in literature if he had not been, incidentally, perfect master of all the minor ingeniosities which taken by themselves are no adequate measure of his stature as a writer.

But it has not, so far as I know, ever been pointed out that this fact also supplies the reason why these really great writers are often misjudged in their own time and put on the same level as lesser men who approach them in talent without having any genius at all. Time was necessary before it could be universally agreed that Shakespeare was more than a popular entertainer, just as, to take a more recent example, Dickens was conventionally placed below Thackeray largely because the exuberance of his talent aroused doubt about his solid virtues even in minds which perceived them without quite daring to trust their perceptions. Genius which comes rough and without the art to recommend itself we recognize easily if we are able to recognize it at all, because, if we are pleased, we know that it can be for the one reason alone. But art that is wholly amiable is often, like men or women who are the same, unjustly suspect, for the simple reason that we are so often not quite sure whether we are being legitimately charmed or only seduced. Even this, alas, is not the only difficulty, for the danger is double-edged, and the writer whose talents are so conspicuous that we tend to overlook his genius is rather less common than his false twin whose talents win a reputation which only time can reduce to its proper proportions.

This long preamble is in itself, I fear, sufficient indication of the extent to which I am personally unsure in my judgment of Maxwell Anderson, whose third play of the season, "The Masque of Kings," has just been produced by the Theater Guild at the Shubert Theater. His facility and his talent are no less than phenomenal; that he is, at the very least, one of the two or three most interesting American playwrights of our generation could hardly be doubted; and yet I must frankly confess that even now, more than a dozen years after I saw his first play, I still have no settled judgment upon him so far as concerns the question whether his talents lead his admirers to overestimate his solid worth or whether those who take the easier way are wrong in assuming that facility is being mistaken for greatness.

Nor does the new play give me greater assurance. Theatrically it is, I think, extraordinarily effective, and I know of no other living playwright who could refurbish the familiar romance of splendid courts and sinister intrigues as successfully as Mr. Anderson does in this possible version of the events which led up to the finding of Prince Rudolph of Austria dead in the hunting lodge at Mayerling. That he has thoroughly mastered the grand romantic manner in so far as its purely theatrical aspects are concerned seems to me

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MAGAZINES

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beyond dispute. When one adds that the play has been given brilliant performance by a superb cast of actors including Henry Hull, Dudley Digges, Pauline Frederick, Glen Anders, and Margo, it ought to be plain enough how difficult it is to be sure that all these things are not alone sufficient to account for the effect produced. Yet Mr. Anderson has an important theme which he has developed in eloquent language. Prince Rudolph, having dreamed of a just government established upon revolution, abdicates before he has been crowned:

To the old and dying

I leave their dying kingdoms to be plowed
By the new sowers of death—fools like myself
Who rush themselves to power to set men free
And hold themselves in power by killing men,
As time was, as time will be, time out of mind
Unto this last, forever.

With the exception of "Winterset," "The Masque of Kings" is, I think the best of Mr. Anderson's tragic plays written since he abandoned naturalism for poetic drama, and it is inferior to "Winterset" chiefly because it is less startlingly original in both theme and manner. And though I must persist to the end in shirking the duty of final judgment I shall not do it without adding that there is no contemporary playwright to one of whose new plays I go with greater anticipation. There are half a dozen about whom I know with assurance satisfactory to myself exactly what I shall think. I do not know yet how much my pleasure in Mr. Anderson is due to the fact that I am being carried away; how much to the fact that I am being taken in.

Only lack of space prevents me from enlarging to an equal extent upon the merits of Maurice Evans's production of "King Richard II," which is beautifully staged at the St. James Theater and acted with a fine sense of the play's peculiar values. I dare say that it had for Shakespeare's contemporaries an emotional significance which it has to a large extent lost, that for them the spectacle of a weak king wallowing luxuriously in his own weakness had a sort of mystic horror which we feel but dimly. What remains—the brilliant portrait of a narcissist perennially occupied with what he calls "the lamentable tale of me"—is still one of the most fascinating of all "sad stories of the deaths of kings." This production should, and I think will, very considerably prosper the new popular interest in Shakespeare on the stage.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

To the season's gallery of the great and the near-great, add "Frederika" (Imperial), purporting to depict the passions and pastimes of Wolfgang von Goethe—with music by Franz Lehar and as much of the poet as Dennis King can salvage in a powdered peruke and a drawing-room full of prisms. Under the circumstances too much cannot be expected of the libretto, and "Frederika," in spite of the presence of Ernest Truex and lavish upholstery on the part of Hassard Short, does not improve upon the dismal tradition to which the operetta falls heir. Fortunately, there is an abundance of charming tunes at the disposal of Mr. King and Miss Helen Gleason (Frederika), and both not only make effective use of the melodies, with the aid of choruses in spun sugar, but handsomely complement each other in general good looks and quality of voice. The author of "Faust" may revolve in his grave to discover himself in 1937 reduced to a sequence of ballads sung, in the parlance of the playbill, by "Goethe and girls," but rarely have the tunes been pleasanter or the girls more ornamental.

B. B.

RECORDS

AFTER many years of the customary snobbish attitude toward Verdi, based on the customary knowledge of the Anvil Chorus and "La donna è mobile," I heard "Otello" and "Falstaff" and was amazed. And having begun with his masterworks I had the pleasure of discovering their qualities, subsequently, in "Aida," in "La Traviata," in "Rigoletto," in "Il Trovatore." The dramatic force of the earlier music is exciting even to a person who doesn't know what it is about; but with this force and occasional crudity in an opera like "Rigoletto" there is the delicacy that is to be heard in "Falstaff." And the value of the music comes not only from the extraordinary skill and musical talent for the specific purpose, but as much from the wonderful honesty and unpretentiousness that also are involved.

In Columbia's set of "Rigoletto" (15 records, \$22.50) the Duke (Dino Borgioli) and Gilda (Mercedes Caspir) are none too good, but Riccardo Stracciari is a magnificent-voiced Rigoletto, other parts are sung very much as they would be at the Metropolitan, chorus and orchestra are good, and Molajoli's conducting is excellent. Recording is good, and the set comes with a complete text in Italian and English.

Ernest Newman once pointed out the inadequacy of most of the musical treatments of Goethe's "Faust," but had high praise for Liszt's "Faust" Symphony; and rehearing the work I have been impressed by the poetic and musical quality of much of it, though it is by no means without its banal and inflated moments. I owe the rehearing to Columbia's set (7 records, \$10.50), which offers an excellent performance by the Grand Orchestre Philharmonique of Paris, the D'Alevis Vlassoff Russian Choir, and the tenor Villabella. Once the grooves are cleaned out, the set also offers orchestral recording that is among the finest of the year in its clarity, spaciousness, and fidelity to timbre.

Yella Pessl's playing of the harpsichord on Columbia records of Bach's Toccata in D (3 sides of 2 records, \$3) continues to be heavily and unrelievedly emphatic. Moreover, it is less well recorded than some of her earlier performances; and even these are not as well recorded as Kirkpatrick's on Musicraft records.

Musicraft will, I am sure, want to improve the surface and stock of its records. What with the thinness of its first records and the brittleness of the stock, it was possible for one to crack them merely by waving them in the air. As for the surface, on a Scott machine equipped with an Astatic crystal pick-up it was a little quieter than Victor's surface on the first side of the Toscanini Beethoven Seventh, and a little less quiet than Victor's surface on the first side of the Toscanini "Italians in Algiers"; on a Panharmonic equipped with an Audak magnetic pick-up it was much less quiet than the "Italians in Algiers." On the Scott the noise of the Musicraft surface was not disturbing; on the Panharmonic it was more acute and obtrusive. What this demonstrates is the important fact that the result one gets with a record varies appreciably with every instrument the record is played on.

Columbia, for no reason that I can discover, offers a new set (5 records, \$7.50) of Beethoven's Quartet Opus 132, made by the Lener String Quartet. I find the performance inferior in style to that of the London Quartet on the older set; and it is murkily recorded.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Evidence Is Essential

Dear Sirs: I want to protest against your editorial, Behind the Moscow Trials.

1. It attempts, through a very superficial comparison of the Russian-European and the Anglo-Saxon concepts of due process, to defend the lack of evidence in Moscow. But who cares about differences in method when the essential purpose of all juridical systems is absolutely the same: to find the truth and to approximate justice! I was brought up not in the Anglo-Saxon but in the European concept, and I too was "profoundly disturbed by the prosecution's failure to produce and publish evidence." One has only to compare the Moscow trial with the Reichstag-fire trial, to see that there is no barrier against the prosecutor's introducing evidence in open court for weeks and weeks, whether the defendants confess or not, and whether the evidence is worth a nickel or not. No, another method of procedure can never be used to excuse the lack of evidence!

2. The editorial discusses all kinds of implications which, allegedly, make the confessions sound true. Then it admits that the confessions of conspiracy with the fascists are "most difficult of belief," but tries to overcome this difficulty by suspending judgment for the next hundred years. But if you suspend judgment on the decisive accusation in a political trial, how can you judge at all? The really objective observer will suspend all judgment, and demand evidence again and again.

3. The editorial completely ignores the fact that one defendant in the trials did not confess; that he contradicts all the confessions. Not even his name is mentioned in three and half columns. It happens to be the name not only of the chief defendant but also of a prominent contributor to *The Nation*, Leon Trotsky. Would it not have been fair to give him at least the benefit of any reasonable doubt? Or does the editorial writer, in his futile longing to understand the Moscow juridical procedure, abandon this Anglo-Saxon feature of due process?

There must be some explanation for your editorial. Behind Behind the Moscow Trials is at best the fear and horror

which certain liberal idealists feel when brought face to face with cruel expressions of moving history. Everything seemed to be so fine and consoling in Russia, a country to which the weak pessimist could look and become optimistic. And now, out of a clear sky, these trials—no, let's draw a curtain over them! Every human being has a right to feel low from time to time, and it is the legitimate right of *The Nation* to print occasionally an outstanding piece of defeatism. But *The Nation* should call it that.

Yes, behind the Moscow trials are political realities, and it is *The Nation's* proper function to point them out. There would be even no objection to "political and emotional commitments"—indeed, they would be easier to forgive than your editorial's pseudo-objectivity. If Stalin has to get rid of his opponents and gets rid of them, that is historical weather-news. You can be sorry it rains, but it may be good for the fields. This would be a cheap but possible argument in the realm of political ethics. To say it does not rain because you have no umbrella is grotesque.

FRANZ HOELLERLING

New York, February 8

Congratulations

Dear Sirs: May I have the pleasure of complimenting you on your editorial on the Moscow trials in the February 6 *Nation*?

Your paragraph the week before was open to serious criticism. Naturally, then, I welcome its sequel, which I believe is in the best *Nation* tradition of critical understanding and sympathy.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., February 7

Protecting Slanderers

Dear Sirs: The bill introduced in Congress by Representative Curley of New York to protect newspaper publishers and writers against contempt-of-court proceedings for refusal to give the source of information alleged to be "confidential" should be entitled "a bill to protect fakers, slanderers, and libelers." Anyone familiar with the record of our sensation-creating newspapers knows that

the courts have been altogether too lenient with those contemptible character assassins, who always, when cornered, fall back on the plea: "Sources of information confidential." The sentencing to jail for thirty days of a Hearst reporter was a timely climax to the scandal-mongering gentry who make money by concocting fakes that help sell the newspapers to the credulous public.

If the Curley bill becomes law there will be opened up still wider fields for the professional blackmailers, who will be able to extort hush money from innocent persons who are afraid of the publicity that can easily be given to all sorts of monstrous charges without the accusers being called upon for proofs of their inventions. I hope that your readers will write to their Representatives in Congress, urging them to aid in defeating this bill.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM

New York, February 1

Correction

[In our issue of January 23 the name of B. C. Place was erroneously included in a list of General Motors executives receiving \$50,000 or more. The figure opposite Mr. Place's name was correct but his income is derived from the Gagnier Fiber Products Company of Detroit. All the figures were taken from the House Ways and Means Committee's report on salaries, commissions, and bonuses over \$15,000 in 1935. The list being alphabetically arranged, the data on the General Motors Corporation appeared almost directly below those pertaining to the Gagnier Company, with which Mr. Place is connected. Our compiler inadvertently included the name of Mr. Place among the executives of General Motors. We are extremely sorry for the error, which was quite unintentional on our part and on the part of our compiler.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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The Shape of Things

★

THE SENATE WILL HAVE FIRST CRACK AT THE judiciary bill, and hearings have been set for March 9. This means that we shall have at least another month, and perhaps several months, of the Great Debate on the judiciary. This should surely convince all those who have been talking as if a coup d'état might momentarily be expected that no action is contemplated except through that most democratic of democratic procedures—interminable public discussion. Meanwhile it is becoming clearer that the labor, farmer, and progressive sentiment of the country is supporting the proposal. The Lewis and Green forces have for once found something on which to agree. The farmers' organizations are behind the measure, with the exception of the reactionary Grange. The group of liberals organized as the National Committee for Clarifying the Constitution by Amendment have come out in support of the proposal as the best course until an amendment is ratified. The leading progressive educators of the country are supporting the President. In the light of this unmistakable cleavage between the progressive forces and the propertied minority, it is difficult to see how a progressive like Senator Wheeler not only attacks the measure, but uses exactly the arguments of the tory editorials.

★

LOYALIST FORTUNES SHONE BRIGHTER IN Spain last week as a result of developments on the diplomatic and military fronts. An agreement definitely to ban foreign volunteers seems finally to have been reached. If the ban is really enforced it will be a great victory for Spain's democratic forces, for the "volunteers" have chiefly been Germans and Italians, conscripted by their government to help the Spanish fascists. Whether it is enforced will depend on the sort of patrol that is contrived for Portugal. A patrol of the Portuguese ports, with English officials included, has a chance of effectiveness. But if a handful of men try to patrol the long land frontier between Portugal and Spain, it will be worse than useless. The most recent reports that the Non-Intervention Committee has agreed upon 130 British border-patrol guards leaves us skeptical of the success of the attempt. On the military front the Loyalists have met and repulsed the most savage attacks of the war. Tens of thousands of Germans, the picked troops of Europe, have been beaten back on the Valencia-Madrid road. The undisciplined loyalist militia of the early days of the war have evidently been forged into an army of hardened fighters.

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THE NAMING OF PAUL V. McNUTT, ONCE American Legion commander and recently governor of Indiana, as High Commissioner to the Philippines, completes an unholy triumvirate that will rule the islands. The other two are President Manuel Quezon, now on a visit here, and his military adviser, General Douglas MacArthur. It is understood in Washington that McNutt's appointment is only for a year. He has his eye on bigger game than the Philippines post, and is biding his time like a proconsul waiting to return to Rome. His biggest stumbling-block thus far has been the lack of affection between Jim Farley and himself. *The Nation* will publish in early issues several articles dealing with the Quezon regime and with economic and social conditions in the Philippines.

★

CHINA MOVED A STEP NEARER TO FORMING a popular front against Japanese aggression when the plenary session of the Kuomintang voted tentatively to abandon its ten-year campaign against the Chinese communist armies. More than a year ago the communists offered to place their armies under the control of Nanking and to abandon the soviet system in their territories if Nanking would form a genuinely representative government, guarantee civil rights, and oppose Japanese aggression. Reactionary elements in the Kuomintang have done everything in their power to prevent the acceptance of this offer. The kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek early in December is now seen to have been a spontaneous last-minute development designed to head off a coup by these Chinese fascist forces. After Chiang's release the fascists sought to persuade him to go back on the commitment he made at Sian. It remains to be seen whether they will now follow General Franco's example and revolt against the new Popular Front.

★

PLANS FOR ORGANIZING STEEL ARE BEING advertised by the C. I. O. with a frankness that must be disconcerting to the owners. "Let the public be informed," seems to be its watchword. In a period when the right to bargain collectively is enjoying unwonted prestige, this is eminently sound policy. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers will need an informed public opinion at its back in the next few months. Meanwhile the sitdown is developing both as a technique and an issue. As a technique it puts the onus of armed violence on the owners and elected authorities—and the latter point is especially important when the key official has been elected by labor's votes. Governor Horner, in dealing with the sitdown at Waukegan, Illinois, has thus far followed the very sensible lead of Governor Murphy and has refused to order the militia to empty the Fansteel plant by force. As a legal issue the sitdown cannot be solved by injunctions. Like the automatic worker it is the outgrowth of the prevailing mode of production. It is becoming increasingly clear that its legal status cannot be determined, for practical purposes, according to the simple horse-and-buggy concept of private ownership.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FIVE-YEAR ARMAMENTS plan calls for the expenditure of \$1,500,000,000 a year for five years—one-fifteenth of its national income—in a mad race to outdo Hitler at his own game. This is not only three times the amount Britain spent on armaments five years ago, but is approximately equal to the combined armament expenditures of England, France, Italy, Germany, Poland, and Belgium in 1931. Strangely enough, the largest outlay is on the navy, where Britain is already supreme except for the United States. It will be matched, according to Admiral Leahy, by a similar program on our part, and the Japanese militarists are already clamoring for bigger budgets. Meanwhile the world is asked to wait until Britain is "rearmed" before it can accept its everyday responsibilities in a system of collective security. But a hundred battleships cannot make up for the statesmanship and prestige that Britain lost in the Manchurian, Ethiopian, and Spanish controversies.

★

ITALY IS NOW GROOMING CORSICA FOR THE role of a new Abyssinia. Since the island belongs to France, Mussolini's tactics have to be somewhat more subtle than in the African adventure. The pen, in this case, is mightier than the gas bomb. The Ministry of the Press is conducting an active campaign of irredentist propaganda directed toward arousing annexation sentiment in Italy and anti-French sentiment in Corsica. From the French weekly *Lumière* we learn that several "Corsican culture Centers" have been established in Milan, Turin, and other cities for the purpose of giving lectures, publishing pamphlets, and holding exhibitions which demonstrate that geographically, ethnographically, and in every other way Corsica belongs to Italy. Also the *Telegrafo*, a newspaper widely circulated in northern Italy, now publishes a daily Corsican edition which it distributes all but free in the island. Editorials flame with a pseudo-Corsican nationalism; Napoleon, the Little Corsican, is acclaimed as a dictator in the great Roman tradition from Julius Caesar to Il Duce; and the whole bristles with attacks on the French administration.

★

MR. HAYS: "WHY, YOUR HONOR, I DEMANDED that the police arrest me, but instead they kept shoving me around. They let me picket alone finally when I persisted and whether my legal position is different from that of a seaman I don't know, but they apparently felt that it wouldn't be wise either to shove me out of Jersey City or arrest me." THE COURT: "That was probably because you had the American flag wrapped around you." MR. HAYS: "You bet I did. I need it in Jersey City." This is part of the testimony in a plea to the United States District Court of New Jersey to enjoin Mayor Hague and the Jersey City police from forcibly breaking up picket lines during the seamen's strike. Arthur Garfield Hays, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, contended that the only legal course open to the police was to arrest the picketers and submit to a court test their right to be there. Refusing to arrest them and instead

"escorting" them out of the city was clearly a lawless action. Counsel for the city contended that the picketers, including Mr. Hays, were "undesirable" because they were connected with an "unlawful movement," namely, communism. Judge Clark told the city's counsel that his position was "untenable," that "you cannot take the position that . . . any citizen, I don't care who he is, cannot come to Jersey City"; and agreed with Mr. Hays that whether any movement was unlawful "was a matter for the court and not for your police." Since Mayor Hague has long used the bum's rush tactics on picketers in order to protect runaway firms which come to Jersey City to avoid keeping their labor agreements in New York, it is particularly gratifying to see the law catch up with him.

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WE HAVE LOST OUR ANCESTORS' ABILITY TO swing gaily through the trees and we have gained nothing but mental decrepitude in its place. So says Dr. Hooton, professor of anthropology at Harvard and president of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists. In an address entitled "Apology for Man" he states that there has been a distinct decline in the national intelligence because of the mess we have made of biological control. By prolonging our span of life we have preserved the unfit in society and increased the proportion of the immature and the senile. Thus all our vaunted scientific achievements have simply resulted in lowering the level of the average intelligence. Now this has more than a purely biological significance. Note well Dr. Hooton's conclusion; "Since the senile are not denied a voice in the government, we may expect ever-increasing social ructions as a result of senile decay dominating over dementia praecox." Which, as a statement of the opposing sides in the present Supreme Court struggle, seems to us rather hard on both.

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ON THE CURRENT LISTS OF NON-FICTION best-sellers "Live Alone and Like It" has been running nip and tuck with "How to Make Friends and Influence People." In other words while Marjorie Hillis is turning thousands into contented hermits, Dale Carnegie is turning them back into hail-fellows again, and thus the balance of nature is maintained. It is all very well to urge, as Mr. Carnegie does, that we should always talk about what interests our companion, not about what interests us; that we must let the other fellow do the talking, etc., etc. But what happens when two of his enthusiastic pupils meet? Does a dead silence fall? Does each talk so loud about the interests of the other that neither can be heard? Or is there a point at which a disciple would actually rather practice the system than express himself; so that the height of tact consists in letting him cultivate our egotism to his heart's content? It is a nice point, which Mr. Carnegie never touches upon. Of course, there remain the less subtle tactics of the Hollywood actor who felt that he had been boasting too much. "Tell me about yourself now. How did *you* like my last picture?"

The Nation's Food Ship

REPUBLICAN Spain needs food. Meat, flour, eggs, condensed milk, dried fish, beans. . . . Day after day through the news dispatches runs the theme of hunger, of the need for bread, sugar, milk. Thousands of noncombatants have been evacuated from Madrid but other thousands have poured in from surrounding villages emptied and destroyed by civil war. They need food desperately. Valencia has been ordered to go without bread for two days so that its usual supply might be sent to Almeria to feed thousands of refugees from Malaga.

Noncombatants and refugees are unarmed. Yet women and those too old or too infirm to fight must pass through shell fire to get food for their children and themselves. On a day in January a machine-gunner in a rebel plane flying over Madrid "turned his deadly spray of bullets straight into a long line of women who had stood patiently for hours waiting for their turn to enter a butcher shop. Several of them were wounded and some perhaps are now dead." Even children have not been spared. Norman Bethune, a Canadian doctor, saw the flight from Malaga, when 150,000 men, women, and children set out over a single road to walk a hundred miles to safety while German and Italian airplanes dropped bombs on that procession of human despair. At the little town of Almeria, where the refugees paused, thinking they were safe, ten bombs fell into their midst. "After the planes passed," said Dr. Bethune, "I picked up three dead children from the pavement where they had been standing in line waiting for a cup of preserved milk and a handful of dry bread, the only food some of them had for days."

"Some perhaps are now dead." The others are forming other lines, while the supply of meat in the butcher shops dwindles, while bread grows scarcer, and little children wait for milk that never comes. In Spain one segment of humanity is passing through inhuman agonies of hunger and fear. The rest of us cannot do less than keep flowing that thinning stream of food that maintains life and proclaims the continuity of simple human charity. The Spanish mother who stands in line though the skies rain bullets must find food at the end of the queue. She must not go back empty-handed, through broken streets, to a hungry child.

The Nation's Food Ship is our answer to Spain's need. We appeal to every American man and woman who has more than enough to eat, to every parent whose children are rosy-cheeked and without fear, to help us send food to the innocent women and children and old people of republican Spain. *The Nation* guarantees delivery. It also guarantees that the money collected will be used exclusively for food supplies for noncombatants.

Through a news dispatch or a photograph every American in the past few months has come face to face, in at least one horrified and compassionate moment, with the human tragedy that fills the hours and the days and the months in Spain. A check made out in the name of human fellowship will fill an empty Spanish plate and put fresh courage in a weary Spanish heart.

How to Stay Out of War

THE past two years have witnessed a greater change in American thinking on the question of war than any other similar period in our history. Instead of adopting a more or less fatalistic attitude such as preceded our entry into the last conflict, the American people have demanded positive action to prevent a repetition of the 1917 disaster. The investigations of the Nye committee have dramatized the hidden forces which led us into war, and we are resolved that we shall not be trapped by them again.

For the moment, at least, the chief hope of peace advocates centers around a revision of our traditional neutrality policy, which failed to protect us in 1917. There are three basic conceptions of what the new neutrality should be like: (1) The old-time isolationists, as represented by Senators Borah and Johnson, insist on a strict enforcement of our neutral "rights," especially the freedom of the seas; (2) the Nye isolationists would cut off all American commercial relationships with belligerents except those that could be managed on a "cash-and-carry" basis; and (3) the groups which Quincy Wright has dubbed the "cooperationist neutrals" desire a restriction in trade with belligerents but are troubled lest too drastic measures involve us in difficulties greater than those we are seeking to avoid.

The immediate struggle in Congress has been between groups two and three, although a compromise between the two was reached last week. Both the Nye-Clark-Bone-Vandenberg bill, for example, and the Pittman bill—which has been reported out to the Senate—contain identical sections imposing a mandatory embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war for belligerents. Public opinion has been educated to the point where it will not tolerate merchandising in death, no matter what the pretext. Both measures are alike, moreover, in prohibiting loans and credits to warring countries, though both leave what would seem to be a crucial loophole in permitting ordinary commercial credits at the discretion of the President. It seems to be generally forgotten that loans were also prohibited at the outset of the World War, and that the ban was only removed when credits to Europe became

so large as to constitute an important vested interest.

The crux of the Nye measure, now incorporated in the Pittman bill as reported to the Senate, is in a section which would divest American citizens of all right or title to goods of any character shipped to any of the belligerents. Goods could not leave the United States except in foreign

vessels and under foreign ownership. This is not strictly an isolationist proposal since it would permit trade with such belligerents as were able to maintain control of the seas as long as they were able to pay in gold or goods. Thus it might easily lead to the creation of a vested interest in the victory of the country that dominated the seas, especially since there could be no troublesome controversy over neutral rights such as marred our relations with England in 1915-16. It is doubtful whether an embargo could be maintained if it interfered with

OUR PEACE PLAN

1. *A mandatory embargo should be imposed on munitions, basic war materials, loans, and credits to belligerents.*

2. *The President should be empowered to lift these restrictions, except the embargo on munitions, in case the majority of signatories of the Kellogg pact find that a country has been attacked in violation of that pact.*

3. *Munition industries should be nationalized, and the Nye proposals for limiting war profits passed.*

4. *Our national-defense policy should be revised to provide only for the protection of the continental United States, with an understanding that the roots of our present policy lie deep in the inequalities of our social and economic structure.*

the profit-making opportunities of an important section of the population. And it is even more doubtful whether it could keep us out of war. For it assumes that America's only stake in the social and political struggles which are prostrating large portions of the world is that of trade. A more naive distortion of the doctrine of economic determinism would be difficult to imagine. Trade and loans are important economic factors, but they are only two of a half-dozen similar influences which lie at the root of international conflicts.

The Pittman bill leaves to the discretion of the President the question of embargos on cotton, oil, scrap iron, and other materials necessary to the successful conduct of war, but does not empower the Executive to impose or lift restrictions on one of two parties in a conflict. In practice this probably means that no embargo will be imposed in a major war, since the President is far from unaffected by pressure of business interests and since any action might offend one of the two participants in the struggle.

We find both bills almost equally unsatisfactory. We believe that the best chance of averting war lies in the creation of a mechanism for enforcing collective security. The League cannot build a system of collective law as long as it is being constantly sabotaged by the United

States. The fiasco over oil sanctions in the Ethiopian conflict was partly due to the greed of English capitalism and partly to the timidity of the League statesmen. But that timidity was increased by the knowledge that President Roosevelt lacked the power to cooperate. In the world as it is today an inflexible neutrality serves notice to the fascist powers not only that we shall fail to oppose aggression, but that we shall hinder the nation attacked from obtaining the supplies it could normally expect under international law. There can thus be no hope of preventing war unless the President is given authority either to impose a one-sided embargo on nations which violate the Kellogg pact or to raise the general embargo from states which the majority of signatories of the pact find to be victims of aggression.

But neutrality of any sort is likely to prove more of a liability than an asset if it lulls the American people into a false feeling of security. War is not a disease which is bred in foreign countries and smuggled surreptitiously into this country by bolshevik or fascist agents. Its germs may be found implanted in our social and economic structure. We can clean up one source of infection by adopting Senator Nye's plan for the nationalization of the munitions industry, and an even more threatening one by accepting his program for a drastic limitation of war profits. But the primary source of contamination lies still deeper. Our Far Eastern and Latin American policies are unmistakably imperialistic and must ultimately lead us into war irrespective of neutrality legislation. A shift in our armament policy which would adapt it solely to purposes of defense would ease national frictions and lessen the burden on American taxpayers. But it will not be undertaken as long as our overseas interests remain undisturbed. In the last analysis the best way to stay out of war is to put our own house in order.

The Education of Governor Hoffman

THE statement of Harold Hoffman, governor of New Jersey, that he will put down by force of arms any attempt of the C. I. O. to unionize the workers of New Jersey, represents a political move whose brazenness is surpassed only by its ignorance of the world today. The fantastic character who now rules New Jersey says that if organized labor attempts to gather the workers in rubber, automobiles, airplanes, silk and textiles into unions of their own choice, he will meet them by bloodshed if necessary. Hoffman is enheartened in his stand by the activities of his supposed Democratic opponent but in reality his ally, Frank Hague, labor-baiting boss of Jersey City and the "Hook" district generally. But when he fulminates against the newly formed Northern New Jersey Council for Industrial Organization he is taking on a large order. This Council is no overnight project. Long years of labor experience are behind its formation. Even the hard-boiled craft unions of Jer-

sey favor this step toward the organization of labor. And once it is under way it will take more than the cohorts of the martial-minded chief of New Jersey to break its ranks. Governor Hoffman is in for some education.

Throughout the literate sections of New Jersey, Hoffman's statement is regarded as a bid for his candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1940. His activities in the Hauptmann trial came to naught as far as his Vice-presidential possibility in the last election was concerned. Now he tries the Coolidge "law and order" formula. He is counting on the defection of conservative Democrats from the Roosevelt ranks. He is simple enough to believe that with the help of Hague and other eastern reactionaries he may sweep the Republican convention three years from now on the ground that he is the Protector of Private Property.

But whatever Hoffman's private ambitions may be, labor in 1937 is not the docile movement it has been under Green and Frey. The rank and file are resolved to go to town these days no matter how much the capitalist politicians may thunder away at them. Hoffman has a lot to learn if he thinks he can stand up, like King Canute before the tide, and cry stop to the C. I. O. New Jersey's large German population is sown with Nazi sentiment to which the Governor is not entirely unsympathetic. It may be that out of this sympathy has grown his taste for government by ukase but he will have to learn that such tactics cannot be effective. He will have to learn that the force driving labor toward organization is more relentless than all his efforts to earn for New Jersey the reputation of the fiercest anti-labor state in the East.

While Hoffman may fool himself with his unctuous statement, "No one has a greater sympathy for labor, organized or unorganized, than I," he fools no one who knows his record. Consistently opposing the enactment of child labor laws and minimum wage laws for women, he has done his best to keep New Jersey labor free for exploitation. In some respects the Governor is quick to take advantages of opportunities for education. Watching the silk industry of Paterson, which used to represent almost half of that industry the country over, gradually slip away to the even more backward Southern states in order to escape the union threat, he learned what to do. Together with Mayor Hague he busied himself in making New Jersey the same sort of receptacle for runaway industries from New York and Pennsylvania and other industrial centers of more advanced labor legislation, as the Southern states were for New Jersey. The result has been sweatshop conditions throughout the state.

These are the conditions which prompted the C. I. O. drive. They are conditions that cannot be wiped out by a whiff of Hoffman grapeshot. Governor Hoffman should study the history of labor in this country and the history of high-handed attempts to suppress the movement for a better standard of living. He will find a tangled problem that does not yield to the simple solution of legalized murder. He will find that the forces that compose the movement for better wages and more decent lives are infinitely stronger than he is, because they are the essential stuff of the American experience.

Lippmann and the Court

FOR two weeks I have followed anxiously the serialized account of Walter Lippmann's hopes and fears for the Constitution. I had two motives for my religious pursuit. Here, I felt, in these flowers plucked from Mr. Lippmann's corner of the *Herald Tribune* crannied wall, I should get at the secret of his whole universe. And here too I should find summed up the mature thinking of conservatives on the constitutional issue.

In the first I was not disappointed. I found everything in Mr. Lippmann's career rolled up in these six articles as in a single ball. Something in his subject had clicked with him as never before. I found spread out before me the entire anatomy of his mind—his easy expository tone, his dialectical skill, his genius for clarity to the point of bareness, his rhetoric which is always just on the point of becoming eloquence, his magisterial air, his talent for opening his mind to no more of his subject than for the moment he cares to admit, his tone of fairness, his capacity for concealing the impulsions of his thinking while laying bare its framework, the smugness about his own motives and the attribution of dishonesty to others which I can only describe as a moral megalomania. And I found in addition what one finds when the usually cold Mr. Lippmann gets really excited—a sort of glacial hysteria that fascinated me by its union of opposites.

The second part of my quest was disheartening. Clearly Mr. Lippmann is heir to the whole tradition of American political thought. What use does he make of it? Confronted by President Roosevelt's plan for reorganizing the Supreme Court he calls it dastardly, dishonest, reactionary, "audacious, ingenious and at bottom stupid"—an act of "usurpation," a "bloodless coup d'état" which strikes at "the moral foundations of the republic."

This leaves one a bit breathless and stunned. It is possible to discuss the President's proposal on three planes—the plane of legality, the plane of morality, and the plane of the mechanics and dynamics of government. On the score of legality, Mr. Lippmann can have no quarrel with the President, except to say that the legality is only a cloak for dark motives and something morally sinister. On the score of morality I can have no quarrel with Mr. Lippmann: he is welcome to his own moral canons, provided he will let others have theirs. Mr. Lippmann should remember that "moral foundations of the republic" is one of those stereotypes which he so admirably analyzed years ago in his book, "Public Opinion," and which is chiefly used as an emotional substitute for thought.

Let us stay on the plane of political analysis. Mr. Lippmann's chief fear is that the measure will destroy the independence of the judiciary. He sees the court as being "packed" with "young henchmen" of the President, political hacks responsive to his desires. And then, by a parade of imaginary horrors, he converts a statute for retiring justices at seventy into a coup d'état.

What is not fantasy in this analysis is based upon faulty history and naïve political theory. The independence of the judiciary does not go beyond the constitutional safe-

guards. It does not extend to non-partisanship. Every President "packs" the court when he appoints a justice. Presidents have always wanted men of their own persuasion on the bench. Our greatest judges—Marshall and Taney, outstandingly—have been men of political and economic convictions, deeply embroiled in politics before their appointment. Surely Mr. Lippmann has read the letters between an earlier Roosevelt and Senator Lodge on the question of whether one O. W. Holmes, Jr., had the right sort of economic views. By accepting the myth of judicial neutrality Mr. Lippmann misreads history. By charging the President with seeking to change the Constitution he misreads judicial theory. The fact is that every important decision of the court changes the Constitution. It was a realistic tory lawyer who described the Supreme Court as an "adjourned session of the Constitutional Convention." Under the new plan the "independent judiciary," which has never been independent of Big Enterprise, would merely continue its work within new limits on age and numbers legally set by Congress.

So much for the critical portion of Mr. Lippmann's articles. There remains the constructive part. Mr. Lippmann admits that some of the Supreme Court decisions have distressed him. But he fears to limit the court's power to render such decisions, and he fears also too extensive a grant of power to Congress. After teasing our appetite, Mr. Lippmann finally advances his own proposal. He favors a *specific amendment* each time a new specific power is needed by Congress and refused by the court. But the amending process, he knows, is fearfully difficult. His answer is to amend the power to amend, with respect to the commerce clause only (with a six months' limit for ratification), and to leave the rest alone.

It was here that I really gasped. Commerce clause indeed! Surely anyone with Mr. Lippmann's background does not need an education in the obvious. He does not have to be told that there is more in the heaven and earth of the Supreme Court than is dreamt of in the commerce power. *Hammer v. Dagenhart* (the child labor case), is based not only on the commerce clause but on the Tenth Amendment. The Adair case or the railroad retirement pension case are based not only on the commerce clause but on the due process clause. The briefs in the Wagner Labor Act cases are built not only on the commerce power but on the First Amendment and the Fifth Amendment as well. In killing legislation the judges have been equipped with a whole quiver of arrows, any of which they could draw as the occasion demanded.

With his proposal Mr. Lippmann lets the cat out of the bag. He does not want to achieve real legislative flexibility. He thoroughly distrusts Congress, as he distrusts every organ of the people. He wants to intrench minority rule. He wants to consider the Constitution as a grant of *specific* powers, and he wants each additional specific power (that is, every important piece of new social legislation) to run the gauntlet of a two-thirds vote of Congress and a three-quarters vote of the states. This would be minority rule with a vengeance. And it is a tribute to Mr. Lippmann's intellectual athleticism that he can glorify minority rule in the name of democracy.

MAX LERNER

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, February 22

THE Senate committee investigating civil-liberties violations, including labor espionage, has performed two feats in the last few days that deserve the widest possible publicity. In the first of these Senator La Follette's committee has cast doubt on the good faith of General Motors' peace pact with organized labor, and in the second it has come close to furnishing proof of John L. Lewis's charge that the nation's largest corporations have joined together in an active, organized united-front campaign to violate the Wagner Act and smash or prevent unionization of their workers.

The record of the week shows, in fact, that General Motors today is still very much like the General Motors Corporation of 1934, when President Roosevelt's bogus peace plan and the Wolman board that it created were foisted on the automobile workers. It shows that after the 1934 settlement General Motors tightened up its espionage system. It also shows that when General Motors a few days ago signed its 1937 peace pact with organized labor, it was simultaneously engaged in creating a new and better espionage system. Corporation officials admitted on the witness stand that when they advanced their claim to having cast off as of February 1 the Pinkertons and all the other spy agencies on which they had spent over \$800,000 in the last few years, they were engaged in setting up a new system and had hired as its nucleus two former G-men and a former United States deputy marshal. They were later to admit that they had not actually discarded the services of all private detective agencies and that Chevrolet at least still retained Railway Audit and Inspection, which up to the present stage of the committee's revelations stands as the most disreputable of all the big espionage agencies. Railway Audit's discharge will come no doubt when the ex-marshal and the two former G-men, who used to be stationed at Detroit, get the corporation's own espionage system working.

The La Follette committee's other major feat of the week was its disclosure that representatives of a dozen of the nation's giant corporations have been meeting once a month at New York to swap ideas on dealing with the labor problems common to them all. Represented on this committee are E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, General Motors, Bethlehem Steel, Standard Oil of New Jersey, International Harvester, United States Rubber, Goodyear Tire and Rubber, American Telegraph and Telephone, General Electric, Westinghouse, Irving Trust, and the United States Steel Corporation, which was admitted to membership when it hired Arthur H. Young as vice-president in charge of labor relations. It is called the "special conference committee" of the National Association of Manufacturers and meets in a part of the

Standard Oil suite of offices in Radio City. E. S. Cowdrick is the committee's paid secretary and makes trips to Washington for the purpose of surveying and reporting on the status of labor legislation here. Clarence J. Hicks, formerly of Standard Oil and now of Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., is an honorary member of the committee and used to be its chairman. Industrial Relations Counselors is the company-union factory that the Rockefeller interests set up after the Ludlow massacre. General Motors officials who have represented or now represent the corporation on the committee blandly pointed out that almost all the member corporations have been "pioneers" in setting up "employee representation" plans or "works councils." They said the committee itself was the product of a "get-together" between Charles M. Schwab and Walter C. Teagle "a great many years ago." They testified that recently its members agreed to report to the committee all changes in wages, hours, and working conditions; that the results of company-union elections are reported to it; and that during the depression the committee discussed such things as "necessary reductions in salary" and the success some member corporations had had in handling them through their company-union set-ups. But they insisted that the committee does not attempt to lay down a "united policy" for all the member corporations and that the only united action it has ever taken was on a report on unemployment insurance which ended up in the Commerce Department's Business Advisory and Planning Council via Walter Teagle. Is it without significance that, as they testified, the only outsider the committee ever had address it at a night meeting was Dr. Leo Wolman and that the committee went to Detroit in 1934 to hear him and the industrial representative on the Wolman board, Nicholas Kelly, explain the board's designs?

Behind the dust screen of debate raised by the President's Supreme Court reform proposal the consumer is being double-crossed once more by Congress. The Senator for Vick's Vaporub (Bailey of North Carolina) once more has united with the Senator for Listerine (Clark of Missouri) and the Senator for Parke-Davis (Vandenberg of Michigan) to put over a new food-and-drug act that will undermine the already ineffectual defenses the consuming public has managed to write into law over a long period of years. And in the House, Representative Clarence Lea of California stands ready with a plan to convert the bill into an even worse betrayal of the consumer. Lea has just become chairman of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, succeeding Sam Rayburn of Texas, who proved himself last year an indomitable champion of the theory that men should

not be free to sell eyelash paints that blind the users. The bill that Senators Bailey, Clark, and Vandenberg are backing is the Copeland bill, and Lea intends to see that when it reaches the House it does not fall into the hands of the subcommittee that under the chairmanship of Representative Chapman of Kentucky did such yeoman-like work for the consumer last year.

The Copeland bill, which has just been reported out of the Senate Commerce Committee, contains at least three vital pitfalls. One is a section prohibiting multiple seizures of misbranded merchandise and carrying with it the vicious Bailey amendment. The Food and Drug Administration for years has been empowered to seize all identical shipments of a misbranded commodity after it has convinced a court that a single, sample shipment was misbranded, and it has exercised this power as the only effective consumer-protection weapon that it has. Yet Senator Copeland's report for the committee commits the bland falsehood of asserting that it has been the Food and Drug Administration's "declared policy . . . in enforcing existing law" to eschew multiple seizures, and that the Copeland bill "therefore does no more than write into the law what is declared to be the policy of the administration." Another hooker in the Copeland bill is a provision excusing the courts from issuing injunctions against violators of the law if a judge is satisfied that the accused really intends to go and sin no more. Imagine, if you can, a typical federal judge subjecting a rich manufacturer of quackeries to the damaging publicity of an injunction after he has promised to be good.

The third trap in the bill occurs in the section on ad-

vertising claims which are "false or misleading in any material particular." That word "material" is the snag. It has been inserted so that all the legal precedents built up by the Food and Drug Administration under the existing law, which omits the word "material," will be set at naught and the administration will have to start over from scratch and under a law which makes it even more difficult than does the present one for the government to prove its case. The bill gives the Food and Drug Administration control over advertising, instead of vesting this control in the Federal Trade Commission, where Lea is prepared to place it with the aid of the commission's lobbyists. The current issue of *Advertising and Selling* offers an article by Edward R. Keyes which contains overwhelming proof that control of food-and-drug advertising must be taken away from the commission. Mr. Keyes shows, too, why the scum of the industry want to keep it there. He offers a series of cease-and-desist orders which the commission has handed down against fraudulent medicinal advertisements and then from the files of the Nashville *Tennessean*, a daily paper, he takes current advertisements in which the same companies against which the commission's orders were issued two and three years ago are making the same fraudulent claims. Mr. Keyes does not explain why he used the Nashville *Tennessean*. Could it be because it is owned by Paul M. Davis, who is not only a brother of Roosevelt's ambassador-at-large, Norman H. Davis, but also a brother of Ewin L. Davis, who as chairman of the Federal Trade Commission lobbied so vigorously last year to keep advertising control in the commission's hands?

J. Edgar Hoover

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, February 17

J. EDGAR HOOVER, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has become Public Hero Number One through no accident. He has been working purposely toward that goal for twenty years—ever since he went to work for the Department of Justice in 1917, equipped with a night-school law degree, brief experience as an employee of the Congressional Library, and an instinct for self-promotion. By skilful use of all the effective media of publicity, he has made himself a legendary figure. Children no longer play cowboy and Indian or even cops and robbers. The game is G-men and hoodlum, with the strongest kid impersonating Hoover. Adults with a taste for vicarious violence are prone to accept the legend at face value.

Making the most of his resulting prestige, Hoover has built up the F. B. I. from almost nothing to what the Hearst press, his most faithful glorifier, calls "the greatest detective agency in the world." There is nothing mythical about his equipment for violence. He now has 531 special

agents, trained to use tear gas as well as machine guns and small arms, an annual appropriation of almost \$6,000,000, and well stocked arsenals in Washington and thirty branch offices scattered over the country.

His hair-trigger methods have been salutary in wiping out, or almost wiping out, the kidnap racket. Grateful for this, Congress and the country have been inclined to overlook the dangers inherent in his disregard of the American traditions that every man is entitled to his day in court and to his own opinions. It is something less than reassuring that so much power has been handed over to a man brought up in the pettiness of bureaucracy and schooled by such master red-hunters as A. Mitchell Palmer and William J. Burns. There may be no reason to fear such a delegation of authority under the present Administration. But there is nothing in Hoover's record to indicate that he would not carry out with considerable satisfaction the orders of a reactionary President to repeat the Palmer performance.

Hoover's first training was in war-time counter-espion-

age. Then he became active in Palmer's post-war radical-baiting campaign. The detective's part in this campaign is now justified by one of his publicity agents on the ground that "we were all a little hysterical in those days." Hoover himself has told interviewers that the work was always distasteful to him. But take the little matter of the corruption case built up by the Justice Department against Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana shortly after his election in 1922. The government's star witness, to whom Wheeler was supposed to have offered to sell his influence as a Senator, was thoroughly discredited on the stand. Hoover was very active in that case.

Then there is the Sacco-Vanzetti affair. Liberal defenders of the two victims have always contended that it was Hoover's secret dossier on their radical activities, not evidence of the crime with which they were charged, that sent them to the chair. The dossier was never produced in court, but it provided the prosecution with its most telling arguments. Hoover was personally in command of the Justice Department's preparation for the trial.

Just how inclusive is the Hoover bureau's file of information on radicals and the conservatives Hoover thinks are radical, no one outside the department knows. There is no doubt here of its existence, or at least of its former existence. Some of the President's friends even suspect that Hoover went so far as to start a folder on the Roosevelt family and at least two of the candidate's advisers in the 1932 campaign. More astute as an investigator than as a politician, Hoover thought Herbert Hoover (no relation) would win in a walk, and that it might do no harm to turn up some information about the Democratic nominee.

Hoover was quiet enough for the first few years after he became director of the bureau. His agents were without authority to carry arms or make arrests. They merely pointed out culprits for local police or federal marshals to arrest. But in 1934 everything changed. The Lindbergh baby had been kidnapped, Congress got excited, and things began to happen.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation was voted power to carry arms, make arrests, and investigate all sorts of crimes. It now can arrest escaped federal prisoners, robbers of national banks, violators of the United States neutrality laws, perjurers, white slavers, interstate automobile thieves, kidnappers, racketeers, felons who cross state lines, and persons charged with espionage. This much authority could be stretched to cover almost anything. In particular, it could be used to harass labor organizers and suspected reds. The federal law against racketeers would lend itself admirably to the framing of "agitators." The espionage statute might be handy for use against Communists who happened to be working in factories making war materials. Almost anyone with a record could be caught in the meshes of federal laws which the Federal Bureau of Investigation is now authorized to enforce.

Furthermore, the huge collection of fingerprints which Hoover, with the assistance of police departments in every city in the country, has built up makes it easy for

him to identify anyone with a police record. His identification files are the most extensive in the world, containing the fingerprints of more than 5,000,000 criminals. In addition, he is pounding the drums for voluntary submission to fingerprinting by non-criminals, and with his usual flair for publicity is doing well at it. He has enlisted some 200,000 volunteers.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Guy Lombardo, Walt Disney, and other notables have impressed their fingertips on Mr. Hoover's records. In their cases, no doubt, no harm will come of it. Plainer citizens who do the same thing will have no assurance that their prints will not be examined when the perpetrator of some crime or other is being hunted. Contrary to the general understanding, the so-called civil identification files as well as the criminal files have been checked under such circumstances.

Anyone accused of a crime and fingerprinted at the time of arrest has a legal right to demand destruction of the prints if he is exonerated. The F. B. I. has been known to photograph such prints before returning the original file—just in case the defendant might turn out to be a criminal after all. Also the files are searched at the request of private detective agencies as well as of the police.

Although Hoover has friends and former associates in the "fink" business and never has shown any disposition to frown on his labor-spying pals, no conclusive evidence has yet come to light to show that his agents have been pressed into service to help them. The La Follette civil-liberties committee has come close to Hoover with some of its shots, but up to now has registered no bull's-eye hits. The committee's investigators claim that Hoover, always fast on his feet, has given them valuable help. Two young confessed labor spies who testified voluntarily early in the investigation told the committee they had identified the man who hired them by a newspaper picture of him and J. Edgar Hoover at the Pittsburgh airport. They discovered from the caption that their employer was Charles F. Ruck, big shot of the steel industry's espionage system. Ruck is a former G-man with whom Hoover has maintained contact.

The committee's record also contains several communications signed by officials of private detective agencies stating that they had cooperated with the F. B. I. in various cases. One of the letters said that the National Metal Trades Association, a strike-breaking agency, worked with the F. B. I. on an espionage case. Hoover denied this.

A record taken from the Pinkerton files purported to show that the G-men collaborated with this agency in a St. Louis case. Recalling that a statute forbidding government agencies to hire private detectives has been on the books since the gory Homestead battle, in which Pinkerton men fought steel strikers, Senator La Follette asked for further details. The memories of Pinkerton officials failed them when they were questioned about the case. They did admit, however, that a system under which government officials could be billed personally for private detective services was worked to circumvent the law.

Hoover's attitude toward labor organization is best illustrated perhaps by the experience of Justice Lodge Number 21 of the American Federation of Government Employees. Members and former members of the organization have filed charges with Attorney General Cummings that eleven of their number have been forced out of the bureau, victims of Hoover's discrimination. They insist that he has violated the Wagner Labor Disputes Act. The men affected were fingerprint classifiers with civil-service status and had been rated "good" by their superiors shortly before they were asked to resign because of "inefficiency" or warned that their work was not satisfactory.

"The men firmly believe," Cummings was told in the brief filed with him last July, "that these dismissals were intended to weaken or break up the union." Whatever the reason for the dismissals, the union officials' premonitions of trouble were well founded. At the subsequent convention of the A. F. G. E. in Detroit, Justice Lodge Number 21 was thrown out of the international and as a consequence out of the American Federation of Labor.

Several other units of the government employees' union were expelled at the same time in a purge of radicals. The particular offense of the Justice Lodge was that it had distributed dodgers accusing the Department

of Justice of discrimination. This was interpreted as a violation of the union's rule against unauthorized picketing. Before the convention the department had issued a release which in effect invited the expulsion. Later Cummings, in refusing to do anything about the protest, was able to observe that the F. B. I. unit was an outlaw. Its membership has dwindled, but some of its original organizers are still active and the Civil Liberties Union has taken up its case.

Among the grievances of the fingerprint classifiers, who get from \$1,440 to \$1,800 a year, is long overtime—13,000 hours of it between January 1 and July 1 last year. They further complain of the tyranny of petty regulations. Window shades must be drawn to a uniform level to make the bureau attractive to visitors. Suspenders must never show. There can be no smoking on the job. Time out for a smoke in the washroom has been checked and may not exceed seven minutes.

Hoover is a martinet in his own bureau. Most of his employees find jobs elsewhere in the government service at the first opportunity. The resulting turnover in some bureau units has been calculated at 70 per cent in one year.

[This is the first of two articles on J. Edgar Hoover. The second, which will appear next week, will deal with Mr. Hoover's methods and his attitude toward criminals.]

Paying Ransom to Hitler

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, February 9

THERE are encouraging signs both in England and in France that Hitler's speech of January 30 is being more and more recognized as what it was—one of the most sinister that he has yet made. As the *Journal des Nations* put it, "The hands held out by Eden, Neville Chamberlain, and Léon Blum remain suspended in the void." To all the questions implicitly put to him by Eden in his speech in the House of Commons on January 19 Hitler replied with a categorical no. He will have nothing to do with any general European settlement, he will accept no international control of armaments (without which any limitation or reduction of armaments is impossible), he will have nothing to do with the League of Nations or any similar system of settling disputes by arbitration or international mediation. Germany must be the sole judge of its own requirements in the matter of armaments and everything else. Yvon Delbos might well say, as he said on January 31 at Châteauroux, that in these conditions negotiations with Germany are extremely difficult. Indeed, they are impossible, and the sooner the fact is recognized by the British and French governments the better.

Those who listened to the speech here remarked the irritated tone of the latter part, in which Hitler dealt

with foreign policy. Evidently he had been annoyed by Eden's speech of January 19, and his references to Eden were often ironical and barely polite. Perhaps Hitler thought, not without some reason, that what Eden said did not necessarily bind the British government as a whole. British policy has too often differed widely from Eden's speeches and even from those of his predecessor, Sir Samuel Hoare. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Eden is used as an instrument—no doubt unwittingly—for deceiving the public about the real nature of British policy. Hitler's omission even to mention Léon Blum's speech at Lyons on January 24 was no doubt a studied insult. It has been suggested that the omission was due to the fact that Blum is a "non-Aryan," but it seems to me much more likely that it was intended to show that, in Hitler's opinion, France no longer counts as a factor in European politics. Unhappily, there is too much reason for that opinion.

There have, however, been some recent manifestations of independence on the part of the French government. The first was the refusal to follow the English lead by stopping French volunteers from going to Spain without waiting for Germany and Italy to stop sending reinforcements to Franco. The German and Italian governments are repeating their dilatory tactics of last

August and meanwhile hurrying more men to Spain, but at least the French government has not been duped a second time. More significant was the vigorous action by which the French government prevented German troops from being sent to Spanish Morocco. On January 6 several French diplomatic and consular representatives abroad informed their government that German troops were on the point of starting for Morocco. One contingent had left Munich on December 31 and was being sent through Italy. On January 7 Viénot, who was in charge of the Foreign Ministry during the absence of Delbos, sent for the German ambassador and, without mentioning the information received, warned him that if any German troops were sent to Spanish Morocco, the French army would go in and turn them out. The next day Hitler held a sort of council of war at which the opposition of the German General Staff to taking any risk for the sake of Franco was so strong that he had to give way, and the troops did not go to Morocco. This was the first time that the present French government had taken any step of such importance without consulting London. Had the Sarraut Cabinet acted without consulting London on March 7, the German troops would have been withdrawn from the Rhineland. And had the British and French governments, or either of them, called Hitler's bluff in a similar way long ago, there would have been no war and Europe would not be in the state of chaos in which it is at present. It is a hard saying, but it is the fear of taking the risk of war in any circumstances that has brought us to this pass and increased the risk of war. To borrow a metaphor used by Gabriel Péri, Communist deputy for Versailles, in a remarkable speech that he made recently in the French Chamber, the British and French governments have gone on paying ransom to the gangsters without any guaranty that they would deliver peace alive.

Léon Blum's speech at Lyons on January 24—perhaps the best speech that he has ever made—also suggested that France may at last free itself from British domination and have a policy of its own. One of the most significant passages in that speech was the following: "We cannot remain indifferent spectators in Europe. We are members of the League of Nations, faithful to its principles, faithful to its Covenant. We have made friendships to which we remain entirely bound. We have contracted obligations to which we remain entirely faithful." I listened in to the speech, and no passage was more enthusiastically applauded than this except perhaps that in which Blum said that it had been proved that a "violently pacific" government was "not incapable of defending the interests, the dignity, and the security of France." The audience at Lyons understood, as everybody, including the Germans, has understood, that Blum was referring in particular to the French obligation to defend Czecho-Slovakia against unprovoked aggression. But Blum was also rejecting the British policy of leaving Hitler a free hand in Eastern Europe. The Foreign Office is now giving out through its accredited journalists, the "diplomatic correspondents" of the English daily papers, that the Western powers, and therefore the

League of Nations, could do little or nothing to help the Eastern powers if the latter were attacked by Germany, because the western frontiers of Germany are now impregnable. It is clear from what Blum said at Lyons that this view is not shared by the French government, and, indeed, it is only an excuse for a policy of betrayal.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the division of Europe into two "ideological blocs," one fascist, the other communist. Such a division is impossible, for there is only one communist country in Europe. The fascist bloc already exists, but the rest of Europe is disunited, thanks to British policy acquiesced in by France. It is not a question of forming a communist, or even an anti-fascist, bloc but of forming a bloc or combination of the nations that desire peace to defend themselves against the aggressive and predatory nations—Germany and Italy and their satellites. The French government has recently taken an important step toward that desirable end by proposing a pact of mutual assistance to the three powers of the Little Entente. Unfortunately, when the Little Entente proposed such a pact to France last year, the present French government, under British pressure, refused it for fear of offending Mussolini. This was one of the disastrous consequences of the fatuous policy of trying to conciliate Mussolini and detach Italy from Germany by betraying Abyssinia—a policy which has completely failed. A further consequence was to drive Yugoslavia and Rumania into the arms of Germany, with the result that those two countries have up to the present refused to agree to the pact proposed by France. Moreover, under German influence, Yugoslavia has made what is practically an alliance with Bulgaria, and thus for all practical purposes both the Balkan Entente and the Little Entente have been dislocated. After the Montreux conference last year Turkey offered a pact of mutual assistance to France. That offer too was refused for fear of offending Mussolini. It has, I have reason to believe, been renewed, and perhaps it will now be accepted. In any case Franco-Turkish relations have been made thoroughly friendly by the agreement in regard to the Sanjak of Alexandretta.

On March 7, 1936, the Polish government informed the Sarraut Cabinet, then in office in France, that Poland would support any action taken by France to obtain the withdrawal of the German troops from the Rhineland, and would fulfil all the obligations of the Franco-Polish alliance if such action led Germany to make war on France. The Sarraut Cabinet, after consulting London, refrained from taking action, and the Polish opinion that France was too weak to be depended on was confirmed. Nevertheless, the present French government succeeded in improving Franco-Polish relations when Marshal Ridz-Smigly visited Paris. Later on, however, Colonel Beck, who had refused to accompany the Marshal and opposed the visit, went to Berlin and then to London, where he was encouraged by the British Foreign Office to continue his pro-German policy, masquerading as "neutrality." One result has been that the League of Nations has capitulated to the Nazis in Danzig and allowed the Polish government to come to an agreement with them to secure

Polish interests. The French delegation to the recent session of the League Council rightly urged that if the League could not maintain its authority in Danzig and insist on the preservation of the constitution of the free city, it would be better for the League to wash its hands of the whole business and not appoint another high commissioner. This was also Eden's view, but Beck, terrified at the prospect of being left alone to face the Germans in Danzig, protested against such a violation of the Treaty of Versailles. The new high commissioner's only function will be that of acting as intermediary between the Danzig government and Poland. In spite of all this, it is clear that there is strong opposition in Poland to Beck's policy, and the French government may yet win back Poland—but only if the Poles are convinced that France will adopt a firm policy toward Germany and Italy.

In the West Belgium has been for all practical pur-

poses detached from France with the approval, if not at the instigation, of the British government, and Hitler's offer to guarantee Belgian neutrality is intended to keep Belgium neutral in the event of a German attack on France. Thus the British attempt to separate France from its friends and allies and put it at the mercy of England has to a great extent succeeded. France, however, has in Léon Blum a man with the necessary courage and intelligence to save the situation even now if only he will take the initiative, without any further delay, in forming, with or without England, that combination of the pacific forces of Europe that alone can avert war. Such a combination can avert war if it is strong enough to discourage the aggressive powers from risking war. It is the only method by which Italy can be detached from Germany. Meanwhile the best way to deal with Mussolini is to leave him alone and make no concessions of any sort.

Kill the Conscription Bill!

BY STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

DEMOCRACIES don't like a bloody struggle to assume the shape of "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight." The contrast between the creation of some thousands of new millionaires and the creation of some scores of thousands of corpses dead from lead and gas has bitten deep. The veterans' groups have been demanding that capital as well as men be drafted in the next war. Other groups are worried by the prospect of a really first-class post-war depression, and join in demanding the heaviest taxation bearable in order to avoid inflation and a real collapse.

The gentlemen who run things have taken these feelings into consideration and assure us that the next war will not be marred by profiteering or any inequality of suffering. We now have their rough plans for the next war before us. The chairmen of the House and Senate Military Affairs Committees have introduced their bill (Hill-Sheppard H1954-S25). Such an introduction usually means that it is an Administration measure. American Legion officials have indorsed it. The Nebraska legislature, under the impression that "it provides for a draft of capital, industry, man-power . . . with equal service for all and special privilege for none . . ." has memorialized Congress in its behalf. Those who thought we were not again going to draft men to die overseas ought to look at it, as well as those who want to take the profit out of war and avert the danger of being led into a conflict because of our war trade.

The bill provides that immediately after Congress has declared war the President, without any further legislation by Congress, can draft the several millions of men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one. He can control business by licenses, priorities of shipments, price-fixing, and by inducting managers into the service as

civilians. He can appoint all the agencies he deems necessary to carry out his orders and rules, and the fine for disobedience of the rules is \$100,000 or a year in jail. Lastly, there is a tax of 95 per cent "of all income above the previous three-year average."

In five short pages the President is given dictatorial powers which adequately meet Irenée du Pont's dictum, "An absolute monarch is needed in war time." Once we have entered a major war we must expect something like this whether we like it or not. It is our contribution to the "totalitarian war," and there is probably no valid technical objection to the military efficiency of this procedure. The objection comes to the claims made for the bill. Its stated purpose is "to prevent profiteering in time of war and to equalize the burdens of war and thus provide for the national defense and promote peace." But the claims made for it, unless they are promptly disproved, may sell to Congress and to the public a measure which actually drafts men in advance of any war, no matter how small, and which strangely "equalizes the burdens of war" by letting capital make a larger profit in war time than it does in peace time.

Capital was not drafted during the last war. It cannot and will not be drafted during the next one. The War Department is not equipped to do it, does not want to do it, and will not do it. Capital will be coaxed and flattered and given what it wants. It will be treated well behind closed doors because the War Department's duty is to win the war rather than save money. The powers to put a company out of business—licensing and priorities—will not be used because the government cannot afford to put a non-luxury company out of business. They will serve only to silence a hostile press.

The price-fixing powers are no threat to capital, either.

In the last war the steel companies, for example, refused to produce at certain prices, pointing out that a high-cost producer, Lukens Steel, was making no money. They got an increase. Years later the Senate Munitions Committee found out that Lukens Steel had made 90 per cent profit. The copper companies refused to produce for 23½ cents a pound, Anaconda taking the leadership. At the time its costs were 16½ cents.

Meanwhile the draft of men is not subject to behind-the-door evasion. It is to be taken out of the hands of Congress in 1937 and given to the President. A declaration of war against Mexico, for example, would automatically permit the President to call four million men to the colors. The draft is not something the boys can dodge. It is as real as death and far more real than taxes.

It is not stated specifically in the bill that wages will be fixed by the President for all labor, although the President can fix "compensation." However, Bernard Baruch, who has given his blessing to the bill, has recommended that a wage-fixing provision be added, and that probably will be made explicit. Under earlier bills drawn by the War Department a work-starve-or-fight rule was provided for labor. Mr. Baruch has pointed out that anyone refusing to work where he was told to work could be "cut off from rations, transportation, fuel, and supplies." And he may well have to work at wages fixed for him. The Munitions Committee held that under this principle, combined with a draft (to be used on strikers), "this country will have for all practical purposes a draft of labor." It is not called that. Spades are only garden implements.

Men are to give up their lives, labor its freedom. What does the rest of the nation give up? Capital need not fear control of production or price-fixing. The induction of managers into the military service as civilians protects them from the draft in a wholesale way rather than in the detailed way in which they secured protection before.

The only provision in the bill which gives any evidence of intent to prevent profiteering or to equalize the burdens of war is the proposal that once war is declared, a tax of 95 per cent shall be levied on all incomes above the previous three-year average. On its face, companies can keep all the profit they make in peace time, and in addition 5 per cent of the war-time profits. They can do even better. They can secure "proper adjustments for capital expenditure," a broad allowance for amortization which the dimmest wit among the company accountants will hardly pass by. This tax was proposed first by President Hoover's War Policies Commission. The Roosevelt Administration has taken it over almost word for word. There is little discouragement of war in that tax; there is actually great encouragement of war trade before we enter, with dangerous consequences to peace.

Some of the more realistic neutrality proposals try to limit pre-war trade to normal. They are based on the belief that once a boom in trade to belligerents starts, nothing can stand in its way. It is a dangerous boom in that it brings a depression as soon as the war stops. It makes our continued prosperity dependent on the continuation of warfare, gives us all a regular munitions salesman's interest in continued warfare. Any threat to

the war boom means a panic. It was that fear of panic and depression which caused us to change our neutrality on loans in 1915. It was fear of panic which played a part in our heavy financing of the Allies after we entered the war and for years after the Armistice.

The Hill-Sheppard bill encourages a war boom by rewarding those companies which engage in it and by penalizing those companies which do not. To illustrate: Two companies each have a capacity of \$13,000,000 in profits. A stays out of the present war-preparations boom and averages a profit in 1937-38-39 of \$10,000,000. B goes into the war-preparations business, supplying England and, at first, Germany. In 1938 the war is actually declared. In 1940 we get in to prevent interference with our war trade with the belligerents (the freedom of the seas). By that time B has averaged its capacity in profits, \$13,000,000. Both companies cancel other orders and take government business to capacity. When the 95 per cent tax on new profits is levied, B pays not a cent, while A is penalized 95 per cent of \$3,000,000 or \$2,850,000. By helping to kill the neutrality legislation holding trade with belligerents down to normal, B has secured its income during the years of our actual participation in the war. Under this tax the du Pont Company would not have paid a penny to the government in 1917 or 1918.

The 95 per cent tax would not induce any companies producing to capacity to throw their weight against our entry into war. And those companies which had not been producing to capacity would prefer normal profits to the depression which would come from the collapse of a pre-war boom. They are tied to the chariot wheels of the war traders. As Philip C. Jessup has put it: "The only way to take the profits out of war is to take the profits out of neutrality first."

There are ways by which even those companies which had not been running to capacity before our entry could make and retain huge profits. Under the bill we may expect a huge extension of War and Navy Department allowances to all war contractors and subcontractors in order to get production. During the last war the New York Shipbuilding Company received such a flat percentage allowance and got from the government as costs \$2,153,000 more than it actually paid out. That company, incidentally, claimed its net income from 1917-21 was \$8,445,000; the revenue agents found \$24,297,000.

Mining companies will claim amazing depletion allowances, and get them. Texas Gulf Sulphur was purchased for \$250,000 and was allowed by the government a value for depletion purposes of \$38,920,000. Forty-seven copper companies claimed a valuation of \$1,456,300,000, while revenue agents found their valuation to be \$323,700,000.

Companies which had been producing to capacity before our entry would find an incentive to expand in amortization allowances. The Aluminum Company of America avoided \$10,650,000 of its tax burden in 1917 by claiming that its new plant would be useless after the war. Later the company's production increased over 100,000,000 pounds.

After a war is over, and the depression is on, com-

panies can and do plead poverty and avoid taxes in that way. Atolia Mining, producing tungsten, cost the stockholders \$63,000. It paid out \$4,715,000 in dividends from 1916 to 1918. Yet it claimed, in the depression, that it could pay only \$165,000 in taxes on its war profits. Other companies will manage to take their profits in post-war years after the high war-time taxes have been reduced. And if the government wants to cancel war-time contracts it will be asked to pay through the nose. When the Iowa and two cruisers were to be scrapped, the president of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company told the owner that they were claiming \$14,973,000 from the government but "would be willing to take" \$6,616,000.

The crusade to "take the profits out of war" meets the cold resistance that profits cannot be taken out of war. Mr. Baruch himself cautions that "one must realize that it expresses an ideal rather than an actual goal." An economic system built on profits is not suddenly going to refuse to get all it can out of the government simply because a war is on. It isn't that kind of a system.

If there is to be even a faint echo of talk about equality, high taxes should be levied on *all* profits, not merely on new profits after our entry into war. Senator Connally has introduced S1248 and Senators Nye, Clark, Bone, Vandenberg, and Pope have introduced S1331, bills which move toward a high tax on all war profits. But such taxes will be evaded as they were before, and no Administration will dare collect high war-time taxes during the post-war depression if that means forcing half the nation's business into bankruptcy.

This is a plea for frankness. If a draft of men for

service overseas is to be voted on in advance of war, or if a silencing of labor is to be voted on in advance of war, let those proposals stand on their merits, and let the country think a little about what a hard-boiled President could do with these powers in his hands. Nobody should, however, be allowed to believe with the gentlemen of the Nebraska legislature that the present proposal (S25-H1954) really "provides for a draft of capital . . . man-power . . . with equal service for all and special privilege for none." It does nothing of the kind. If we are to maintain our democracy with a minimum of class hatred, we should refuse, as a matter of elementary precaution, to let democratic slogans be used when they achieve undemocratic results. A war is still a war no matter how pleasant it has been made to look.

The draft provision of this bill should be cut out entirely and laid on the shelf until after we are actually in a war.

An irresponsible acquaintance of mine has suggested that the preamble of this bill, cited above, should be changed to read: "To establish a military dictatorship in the United States, to force companies to engage heavily in trade with foreign belligerents and thus decrease our chances of peace, to silence in advance all opposition to the draft of men for service overseas, to silence labor and destroy collective bargaining before labor is aware of what is happening to it, to put into the President's hands power to rule the nation completely on the pretext of a war with Ruritania, to kid the public about equality, and to hold out a real incentive to the Liberty League to put their President into office just once, because then he could stay there forever."

Espionage, Inc.

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

Washington, February 13

SENATOR THOMAS has a long, bony face and looks like a nice old country lawyer. Senator La Follette closely resembles a sophomore—pudgy, round boyish face, hair parted in the middle, horn-rim glasses. Flanked by rows of young men, they peer down over a lofty mahogany bar at the witnesses. The antagonists in the class struggle succeed each other in the witness chair—on the one side radicals and union leaders, on the other officials of strike-breaking agencies and their "clients." The hundred-odd chairs for spectators are usually well filled. It is a good show.

Senator La Follette and the National Labor Relations Board were chiefly responsible for the existence of this Senate Committee on Civil Liberties. Last spring the committee held preliminary hearings at which the Labor Board produced such a mass of evidence, documentary and verbal, of labor espionage that the Senate was constrained to vote an appropriation—of just \$15,000. The

money has been stretched far. It paid for hearings last fall which got into the record a vast amount of data about Pinkerton, Railway Audit, National Corporation Service, and other agencies. It is paying for the current hearings, which have gone into the Gelders flogging case in Birmingham—with a side glance at the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company, the United States Steel subsidiary which carried on its pay roll the flogger-in-chief—the National Metal Trades Association, an open-shop crusader since 1900, and the intensely respectable Corporations Auxiliary Service, whose head men wear tweeds and look like women's-club lecturers.

A great deal has been brought to light, not through any fault of the spy-company witnesses but because the committee has done a fine job of under-cover work itself. When it sent out subpoenas to Pinkerton and the rest last summer asking for correspondence, files, and the like, it thoughtfully subpoenaed as well the waste paper from their offices. For several days after the subpoenas

were served, the committee's field agents harvested the crop. Sacks of torn paper were brought to Washington, dumped on long tables, and reconstructed by a force of nimble-fingered girls into hundreds of highly interesting "exhibits." Already the testimony and exhibits fill 1,100 pages, with many more now on the press. Robert Wohlforth, a graduate of the munitions investigation, is the committee's secretary. John J. Abt is its able counsel. They have armed the Senators with the deadliest kind of ammunition. Day after day the strike-breaking gentry are butchered to make a Democratic holiday.

There is also the fascination of watching solid citizens walk into booby traps. The espionage experts seem to be fools as well as knaves. Considering that they know what the committee has taken from their files, they are surprisingly inept at defending themselves. The two Senators make a good team. Thomas handles the moral and theoretical end. His questions, in slow, genial accents, lead the witnesses to mire themselves deeper and deeper in a bog of idealism. It soon becomes evident that the boss spies on his employees entirely for their own good. In fact, it's costing him money, but the moral satisfaction is worth it. After Thomas has set them up, La Follette knocks them down. His tone is incisive, the words snapping out with awful clarity. One Homer D. Sayre, for example, the commissioner of the National Metal Trades Association, spent a happy morning expatiating to the sympathetic Thomas on the common, indeed practically identical, interests of employer and employee. "I get quite enthusiastic about it, Senator," he declared. It was a perfect set-up. In the afternoon La Follette took it apart, by the simple process of reading various documents taken from the association's files.

The labor witnesses present a sharp contrast to the bosses. They know what they want to say and they say it concisely, intelligently, convincingly. The difference is largely, of course, that one side wants to get at the truth and the other doesn't. But it goes beyond that. As human specimens the labor people seem superior—realistic, vigorous, tough-minded, distinctly more intelligent, and even more grammatical.

Last week the committee moved into the General Motors sector. Up to February 1, 1937, General Motors was Pinkerton's biggest customer. On that date, according to testimony given to the committee, the Pinkerton agency lost its customer, and with an abruptness which intrigued the investigators. All last week the Pinks were on the stand, doing their best not to shed light on this and other matters. Quite a lot came out nevertheless: that the Pinks had eavesdropped on Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady when he was trying to settle a Chevrolet strike in 1935; that they evade state and federal laws in prosecuting their business; that a good strike shoots their income up three or four times.

Sometimes as many as nine of them—the entire general staff plus a few division heads—sit in a semi-circle to be questioned. In the center is President Robert A. Pinkerton, grandson of the founder. He is a vague-looking young man, Groton and Harvard, who speaks in the flattest and crispest of upper-class accents and who

obviously knows very little about the enterprise of which he owns 70 per cent. He presents a strange figure in the midst of the tough boys who do the dirty work. In 1935 they rolled up dividends for him of \$129,500.

If a sermon could be preached on young Mr. Pinkerton as an example of modern absentee ownership, there might also be some moralizing over the gentlemen who sit at his elbow. They are the Pinkerton lawyers, representing the great firm of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood. They are aggressive, sure of their "rights," and not at all impressed by the committee. The inarticulate Mr. Pinkerton, swallowing hard as he looks up at La Follette's grim visage, finds them a great comfort.

The hearings have spread on the record incomparably the richest array of data on labor espionage ever assembled, and for this reason alone are worth many times the \$15,000 spent so far. But will they seriously damage the racket? There are good reasons for skepticism. For many years espionage has been one of the normal running expenses of our great corporations, as routine a bookkeeping item as reserves for depreciation. Much testimony at these hearings has indicated that even for employers labor espionage may not be such a good investment: the spy agencies have been known to provoke labor trouble; their spies have sold information to the unions as well as to the bosses, and so on. But such things are pin pricks compared to the solid achievements of the agencies in breaking up unions. Espionage will go on, it is safe to predict, until labor is strongly enough organized to make it useless.

But cannot the government step in and outlaw the whole dirty business? Past experience would indicate it can't, or at least won't. "Of one thing the laboring people of the world may be sure: you have dealt the Pinkerton system a death blow." The year was 1892, the speaker the Episcopal Bishop of Chicago, his audience the Homestead strikers. Frick had shipped in 300 armed Pinkertons to open up the steel mills. The resulting warfare had shocked the nation. Congress was conducting two investigations and was drafting legislation prohibiting interstate commerce in armed strike-breakers. That year Cleveland was elected President partly as a protest against Republican industrialism at Homestead. But the Bishop was wrong about the Pinkerton system. The legislation was never passed, the investigations were whitewashes, and the public forgot.

The roots of labor espionage go back to the Civil War, which gave Pinkerton its start. It will take more than an investigation, however ably conducted, to tear them up. A liberal witness at one of last spring's hearings attempted a distinction between labor and military espionage: "My understanding of the Army Intelligence is that it spies on the enemy and not on the personnel of the organization." The point, of course, is that in this case the personnel *is* the enemy. The American worker doesn't yet believe in the class struggle, but the American employer has been Marxist for generations. When the workers reach the same state of sophistication, and there are encouraging signs, something will at last be "done about" the espionage racket.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE European dance of death goes merrily on. In the past few weeks the press has reported the following developments in the armament race: The French Parliament has voted, 405 to 186, in favor of the government's vast new national-defense program, the Communists all voting aye. The outlay is to be 19,000,000,000 francs in the regular estimates and another 19,000,000,000 to be spread over the next four years, thus "heavily mortgaging the future," as the dispatches report. Of course, both the Defense Minister and the Air Minister reported that there was no cause for alarm. Yet the new appropriations were voted although the French Republic has no money to pay its international debts and cannot balance its budget.

From France's Polish ally comes this report: During the next four years Poland will spend one billion zlotys for defensive purposes, one-half of which will come from a recent French loan. Another bill, just introduced in the Parliament, calls for the expenditure of 264,000,000 zlotys for "general economic purposes," which sum, it is admitted, is in large part to be spent on defensive projects.

Berlin, next to Moscow, is setting the pace, and the news comes from there that Hitler's military expenditures for the year 1936-37 will reach the staggering figure of 12,600,000,000 marks. At the end of this first four-and-one-half-year period Hitler, so the London *Banker* estimates, will have spent no less than 31,100,000,000 marks upon armaments. This does not mean immediate economic disaster for the Reich, but it does mean that the scale of living of the masses is steadily sinking and that Germany is isolating itself economically. All of which, Hitler says, is necessary in order to revive the old Germanic virtues in his subjects and restore Germany to a position of equality in the family of nations—and in the race toward destruction.

From Moscow comes the almost incredible figure of an annual expenditure of \$12,000,000,000 to make Russia safe from capitalist attack. Gone are all the old ideas of internationalism, of the solidarity of the workers of the world. Nothing more is heard of any refusal to slaughter the dupes of the capitalist countries. The whole national emphasis is as much on national defense as on anything else. France officially says that the Soviet air fleet is better than its own, and Stalin's standing army is admitted to be larger than that of any other country.

England still hopes to escape a capital levy to provide means for its new armament, on which, the government has announced, \$7,500,000,000 will be spent in the next five years. Three new battleships will be laid down this year, and there will be a large increase of the air force.

And here's a dispatch saying that the French have decided to extend their "Maginot" line of fortifications to cover the Swiss and Belgian frontiers, although no one knows whether they will really avail in the next war. It is widely believed that the Germans are not in the least perturbed by the line and expect to jump over it with a huge airplane force and to go through it with tanks of high speed, or to pass the fortifications at night with small infiltrating squads which will then unite and attack the line from the rear.

If bankruptcy and/or war do not result from this mad race, then all precedents will fail. Meanwhile the costs, staggering as they are, are not the worst feature of this mad militarism. Everywhere the armies are becoming so powerful as literally to control the fate of nations. In Russia, if the Red Army decides to unhorse Stalin, he will go. Hitler will rule just as long as he holds the loyalty of his army. The horrible tragedy of Spain shows what can happen when the army turns traitor to the legally constituted government. In Japan the army seems about to have its way with country and people. Nearer home, the dictators in the Caribbean are intrenching themselves by making their armies more efficient. But they can be ousted on the day their troops decide that they want some other "leader" to rule them. So we have the astounding anomaly that the armies which were built up to safeguard countries from external attack have become the chief danger to the states they were to preserve. If it be objected that this has always been the case, I reply that the danger was slight when armies were small professional forces and not "nations in arms." Now that the whole life of nations is being made to center more and more about the military, and that those who control the military are controlling more and more the entire industrial machinery, it will be hardly surprising if soldiers arrogate to themselves the right to interfere in purely civilian affairs and to prescribe in peace time as well as in war time what form of government their countries shall have. Naturally they nowhere favor democracy. Democracy and militarism cannot mix—not even under the Stars and Stripes.

I wish the editors of *The Nation* would reprint from our daily press of 1914-17 some of the Wilsonian phrases against Prussian militarism and some of the editorial denunciations of the wickedness of that military spirit and its menace to the unhappy state that harbored it. I urge this not to show how mistaken the Wilsonians were but just to make people realize that if militarism was dangerous in 1914, it is much more so today; and that the new military technique is menacing democracy everywhere.

BROUN'S PAGE

Mr. Davis Comes in Second

I HAVE never been among the most passionate admirers of John W. Davis, and so I was pleased when a less well-known lawyer put his eye out before the United States Supreme Court in the Associated Press case. Of course I speak as a partisan, since the issue concerned the Newspaper Guild and the right of reporters to organize. But even wholly neutral commentators remarked the brilliant performance of Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., who spoke on the side of the government. Mr. Wyzanski presented his part of the case in forty-five minutes and reeled off citations without the aid of any notes or papers.

That was bravura stuff if you please, but for the first time I saw the nine remote men of the High Bench snap into attention. Even Justice McReynolds, who generally listens with his eyes closed, or maybe he doesn't listen, sat up and paid close attention. What impressed me was the fact that a legal argument was presented in a clear and concise manner without resort to feeble wisecracks or stock-company dramatics.

I know that John W. Davis holds an eminent position in his profession. Nor would I deny a desire for more color in Supreme Court cases. I think that very often vital facts are pushed aside by legal abstractions. But even if I want a somewhat more human bar of justice, that does not mean that I must fall for histrionics of a road-tour nature. I have in mind the long dramatic pause which Mr. Davis made as he gulped a glass of water and then exclaimed, "And now we come to the freedom of the press." As a matter of fact, Mr. Davis didn't even remotely approach it.

I wonder why busy men on the High Bench do not compel lawyers to stick a little closer to the point. I'm a layman, but if everything that John W. Davis said was relevant then I intend to put in a claim as an heir of Blackstone. For instance, the counsel for the A. P. discussed at some length the collective-bargaining features of the Wagner Act. Now I suppose the Supreme Court takes a lively interest in that moot constitutional point, but I fail to see how it touches the Watson case, which was brought solely on the complaint that a Guild member was fired for union activities in defiance of those sections which provide protection for the right to organize.

Moreover, Mr. Davis paid a high tribute to the novels of Dickens. I believe you can get them by clipping coupons from one of the metropolitan dailies. Aside from that circumstance I do not see what Dickens has to do with the Watson case or the conditions of newspaper work. I must also admit that the great barrister was generous in referring to reporters as artists and professional men. Those dear bohemians are so charmingly irresponsible that it does not, seemingly, make much difference to them or to anybody else when they get fired.

It was a blunderbuss defense which Davis put in for the A. P. He argued that the press association was not engaged in interstate commerce, but then he added that even if it were, Morris Watson was not one of the cogs in the flow of news. The reporter, whose lot had previously been identified with that of the creative artist, suddenly became a mere mechanical worker having nothing to do with the progress of news across the country.

A second string to the Davis bow was the assertion that the A. P. is not even engaged in commerce since it is an organization which takes no interest in money. As I have said, the First Amendment and the freedom of the press were called upon. But the chief reliance of John W. Davis was the due-process clause, and he could have cut the whole core of his argument down to five or six sentences. When he really got to talking turkey, the lawyer advanced the theory that an employer has a right to fire an employee for any reason at all, or for no reason.

I must say I was a little irritated when the silver-haired leading man made some crack touching on the retirement age of judges. If memory serves me right he said, "If there is any power of reasoning in this aged brain . . ." Unfortunately comments from the sidelines are not customary in the presence of the Supreme Court or I might have tried to gather a claque to shout, "No, no, no." After all, there is still very small objection to the retirement of newspapermen at an age much earlier than seventy—generally not at their own request.

Naturally, I have no notion whether Mr. Davis won or lost the case for his client. I gravely suspect that in most instances the arguments before the Supreme Court do not matter. The issues swing on other factors. But it did seem to me that here was a shoddy performance. The best compliment which one of the admirers of John W. Davis could muster after the argument was, "Well, you'll have to admit that he was smooth." I'll gladly admit that. To me Mr. Davis is not only smooth but glazed in the brilliancy of his surface. But when one scratches the varnish with so much as the point of a pin one finds a soft wood underneath. No one will ever catch a Tartar by piercing the cuticle of Mr. Davis.

He did bring up a very vital issue. If the Supreme Court upholds his contention, freedom of the press will be a very scorpion to beat the life out of all social legislation. If Mr. Davis has his way, the newspapers of the nation will become absolutely lawless, since no statute will be able to touch them. Neither fire nor building inspectors can make any complaint about a rattle-trap if only it houses a paper. To stress any kind of violation would be to attack the freedom of the press. The slogan of the publishers may well become, "It may touch the other fellow, but not us. We're different." And the way for any local Hitler to get a start will not be to hang paper but to buy one.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FANATICS—AND HOW TO KNOW THEM

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

“**W**HAT’S stinginess in other folks is only thrift in us.” Thus, I seem to remember, some professionally homely philosopher proposed to solve in pleasantly simple fashion a difficult problem in discrimination, and the same technique has been employed to differentiate between various other troublesome twins. Superstition is said to be the religion of someone else, license a liberty which we do not approve, and sentimentality only the indulgence in an emotion we do not share. Indeed, some would doubtless go even far enough in this direction to add that definitions like these are realistic if one accepts them and cynical if one does not.

Possibly wisdom can get farther than this, and I am not at the moment very much concerned with stinginess and thrift or with superstition and religion. Like a great many other people I am, however, very much aware just now of something which some of us call fanaticism, and I have not, so far, been able to convince myself that a fanatic is merely a man whose convictions I do not share. It is plain that many with whom I disagree do not seem to me fanatical, and hence there must be something, not about opinions themselves but about the way in which they are held, which constitutes the essence of what I call fanaticism.

One sign of it is certainly the tendency to set up some one and all-sufficient test of salvation, some single opinion upon which all else must depend. A man is not a fanatic if he stresses the importance of diet to health, but if he is sure that raw carrots will cure everything from cancer to alopecia, then one begins to suspect an element of unreason in his conviction; and one may say the same in connection with doctrines more widely current. Thus to maintain that economic factors have had more influence than used to be recognized upon manners and morals, art and science, is to express an opinion both sound and important, but to regard as a kind of blasphemy any consideration of other factors is to pass over into a degree of fanaticism which compromises the value of the very truth proclaimed because it insists that we must discard what we already know and replace what we should only add to. No one can estimate what the controversy between believers in heredity and believers in environment has cost the sciences of biology and sociology alike, because of the time wasted by men who might have found out a great deal more about a complex interrelation if they had not been so passionately determined to set up alternative propositions neither one of which was tenable.

Faith is dangerous not so much because of what believers believe as because of what they do not believe;

because of the truths which they refuse to accept rather than because of those which they do. Your Communist is right to hate the abuses of the power of money. But it is too bad that he hates other evils so little that in attempting to abolish plutocracy he should not notice that he has handed a people over to the power of a bureaucratic dictatorship. One thing at a time is a dangerous motto. Too often it means that we are never right—only alternately wrong in opposite ways.

Perhaps no line can be drawn to indicate where rational conviction ends and fanaticism begins. Doubtless we tolerate more readily the beginnings of fanaticism when fanaticism points in the direction of our own beliefs. But no matter how broad the no man’s land between the two, rational convictions on the one hand and fanatical beliefs on the other do exist. Nor is this all. For if it is difficult to formulate abstract definitions which seem very satisfactory, it is easy to propose certain practical tests by which one may be discriminated from the other, and I shall be bold enough to propose one which works to my satisfaction so far as certain all but omnipresent controversies are concerned.

The fanatic is to be known by his all-or-nothing attitude, by his tendency to assume that every detail of his creed is as important as every other, by his inability to conceive that any distinction can be made between the most minute criticism and the most complete repudiation. How prevalent this sort of fanaticism is among professed Communists is plain enough from their tendency to break up into sects which hate one another rather more vehemently than they hate those who reject what to us outsiders seems the more fundamental tenets of their creed. That, doubtless, is their own affair and presents an exact parallel with the manifestations of the *odium theologicum* formerly exhibited by Christian sects, who saw no reason to believe the very Turks more hopelessly lost than those who differed with them over the question of infant baptism. But it is not, of course, only in their dealings with one another that Communists exhibit their fanaticism, as I personally have reason to know.

A month or two ago, in company with a long list of persons some of whom were men of considerable distinction and impeccable honesty, I signed a petition urging that Leon Trotsky be given an impartial hearing on the charges of conspiracy brought against him in an unfriendly country. I had not at the time and I have not now any sure conviction that he is innocent or that he is guilty of those same charges, and my interest was exclusively an interest in fair play. What was my amazement to hear us all denounced shortly after as defenders of

Trotskyite assassins and fascists. I know that I had previously been denounced as a reactionary capitalist and that anyone who had cared to inquire was fully aware of the fact that, not being a Communist of any shade or variety, I could not possibly be a "Trotskyite." But it is the essence of fanaticism that the fanatic is incapable of conceiving not only that all his opponents are not exactly alike but that it is possible to be anything except an extremist. I am a believer in democracy, but it would never occur to me to feel that I could not criticize some act of a democratic government without ceasing thereby to be a believer in democracy, or to doubt that I could, in the interest of fairness, think a trial for Trotsky desirable without thereby being a Trotskyite. And therein, I believe, is exhibited one of the essential differences between those who are fanatics and those who are not. To a fanatic a thing is either all true or all false, and it is also either the only thing that is important or not important at all. All who are not for *everything* he is for are against *everything* he is for, and of course there exist only the alternatives which he chooses to recognize. If I say that I am a democrat, then I am actually only a hypocrite. To him, everyone who is not a blind worshiper of Stalin must be a blind worshiper of Trotsky.

West by the Rain

BY DAVID SCHUBERT

If the wind blows in the locust tree,
The city, upside down in the gutter,
Stirs and explodes in a pool of rain.
The towers, if a strong voice spoke,
Would sink past plummet line.
Slum and thug and heart of the town
Concentrating on lost sweet Adeline,
Even if a good breath were blown,
Their shadows hanging upside down.

Building the water the sound of a mad
Bird, bird, bird, bird, bird,
Singing unlistened to, unheard
On this last branch of sky gone red
With the aura from a trolley shed,
Here, in New York, when the bells are ringing
St. Frances into Convent Avenue—
City, dull or aflame, the sparrows sing.

Against the lesser darkness of the night
Injustice keeps a lantern lit
In the street straddled by rain.
The profile of the rain in the pool
Where the sidewalk sinks to grass in less than soil,
The wind blowing in the tree,
Accepts the water's city with a total infidelity.

City, city, city, city, city—
Talking transportation, a wind blew out of the sea.

BOOKS

Something of an Autobiography

SOMETHING OF MYSELF. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

KIPLING was sometimes an awkward messiah. As the knight-errant of the British middle classes he was slightly uneasy; as the impresario of the Empire he grew pompous. But he was always a skilled and conscientious craftsman, an imaginative artist. This fact, often lost sight of in the tumult and the shouting of his career, is made clear in the opening pages of his autobiography.

Here is the account of a gifted young man who was bred by the nostalgia and disease of the Anglo-Indian tradition to ambition, hard work, and daring; who at the age of twenty-three, treading on the heels of "the late Mr. Oscar Wilde," confronted literary London with an array of virile talents. The decade before the Boer War gave to Kipling an unmatched influence. "That period was all, as I have said, a dream, in which it seemed that I could push down walls, walk through ramparts, and stride across rivers." It befell the chronicler of the hill tales to kindle, in a sense create, that odd worship of a moribund empire which marked the close of the century in England. The ageless "law" that the superior races must dominate the weak, the affirmation of rosy deed over pale thought, of faith over intellect, the sacrifice of individual happiness in behalf of national aggrandizement—these notions have for us a ring both intimate and ominous; and it was Kipling, one recalls, whose dazzling slogans spread these notions across the seven seas. It is true that, as Britain's apostle of action, Kipling lived an uneventful life of thought; that this believer in the individual's immolation passed his days in the pursuit of rather enjoyable occupations. Indeed, England's most fervent lover seemed unable to bear her shores and was usually to be found in Vermont, Australia, or South Africa; the staunch advocate of the white man's supremacy was most at ease among the "pore benighted 'eathen." It did not matter. The audience was delighted. The course of history is influenced by such understandable inconsistencies.

The more penetrating studies of Kipling, instead of attacking his "imperialistic iniquities," have preferred to deal with his basic portrait of man, for which this philosophy was the gilded frame. Nevertheless, Kipling's career, if no longer so promising a target for the arrows of the outraged intellectuals, seems at least a misapplication of valuable ability. For "Something of Myself" reveals clearly the dichotomy of Kipling's personality. From the start of his autobiography to the end the guardian of the Empire is never so appealing as when he discusses the sorrows of childhood, philosophic horses, or domestic intrigues. Children, animals, and the small doings of the day—these are Kipling's *métier*. One may question his educational theories but hardly the account of his school friends and teachers at Westward Ho. When he describes the fever, the recurrent heat, and the endless boredom of his youth in the India of the eighteen-eighties, he is eloquent, but when he mentions talking bears, Pylorus Jack who was the official shark of Wellington harbor, or the wild horses near Auckland, he is almost without equal. As Kipling grows older, tighter, smaller, losing the ingenuous and pungent manner of his apprenticeship, one feels unfortunately less

respect for his point of view; yet in this chief gift he remains untouched by the judgment of time. His analysis of the American scene, though not without satiric insight, is at bottom more parochial than the society it describes. But who will ignore the "most mellow plumber" who comes driving up to Bliss Cottage with his sticks of dynamite rattling about under his buggy seat? The statement on the Boer War is possibly the most obtuse that has yet emanated from the mind of an intelligent man. But again there is the swift transition to the zebra père who carefully lifts the restraining fence for his family's exit, to marvelous spitting llamas and bull kudus, to M'Sliban, the ailing orphan lion, who feasted so deliciously on special mutton and Mrs. Kipling's fingertip.

It is in these interregnums of "Something of Myself"—just as it is in the "Jungle Books" or "Stalky and Co." rather than in the "Barrack Room Ballads" or "The Day's Work"—that one feels the happiest manifestations of a manifold talent. Yet in this case, fine as they are, are these episodes enough? Through conviction and design Kipling offers simply the extrinsic pattern of his life. What were his ultimate reflections about his friends and enemies, his achievements, himself? What doubts and conflicts lie buried beneath the calm polish of his art and the dogmatism of his preachings? Of such matters he barely hints. The life of a writer is, of course, seldom as interesting as the life he writes about. When the writer, as here, chooses to eliminate the pivotal experiences that must mark the development of even a Victorian favorite, the result can be only something of an autobiography.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Soda Parlor in Brooklyn

LOW COMPANY. By Daniel Fuchs. Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

IN HIS three novels, "Summer in Williamsburg," "Homage to Blenheim," and "Low Company," Daniel Fuchs has been striving to write a fictional "dictionary" of the people of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and nearby sections. His latest novel derives logically out of its predecessors. Most of its action takes place in a soda parlor at such a place as Brighton Beach or Coney Island. The protagonists are from the same stratum of society as were those who appeared in the earlier novels, and the action is confined to three days, during which time we observe the characters working out their separate destinies. There is Spitzbergen, the soda-fountain proprietor, worrying over business; Dorothy and Lillian, two succeeding cashiers; Shorty, the soda fountain man who is scheming to seduce Madame Pavlovna, a local corsetière; Shubunka, ugly, repulsive, and pathetic, who has been conducting a string of brothels and is being eased out by a gangster combination; Moe Karty, a former public accountant whose interest in the races has become a disease driving him down the steps of degradation; high-school boys and girls who come to the parlor for sodas and flirtations, and others. We gain a knowledge of these people, a conviction of them as human beings, and a vivid impression of the serio-comic procession of life that passes in and out of the soda fountain.

Fuchs views life essentially as a spectacle. At the conclusion of the story, just as in his first novel, we find a character who gives expression to the author's view: "The life of Neptune Beach was poor and empty, mean, without beauty or aspiration. . . . He had known all the people at Ann's [Spitzbergen's soda parlor] in their lowness and had been repelled by them, but now it seemed to him how their evil appeared in their impoverished, dingy lives and, further,

how miserable their own evil rendered them. It was not enough to call them low and pass on." They must be "picked to pieces," understood, and contemplated with sympathy. Sympathy is a dominant note in Fuchs's writing. He has a keen eye, an excellent ear for the speech of his characters, a quick perception of the grotesque, the whimsical, the pathetic, the tragic in modern crowded urban life. And underlying these capacities is a genuine respect for his characters, for the human animal. No matter how repulsive his characters may be, as witness his Shubunka, he portrays them with sympathy.

The present novel, like its predecessors, is constructed almost like a drama. There is considerable dependence on dialogue, there is a fairly strict effort to obtain objectivity, and an ingenious sense of plot and construction is displayed. In fact, the author's gift for construction threatens to become a defect. The concluding pages of "Low Company" unite and complete the novel's many stories in such a fashion that one almost sees the seams and stitchings. Yet I know of few novelists in America today of Fuchs's age who possess his natural talent and energy or his sense of life. Further, his novels have their value as social documentation. They contain the data of experience which tell us concretely how Americans are made, how today's social structure impresses habits, ambitions, and patterns of speech and feeling upon the consciousness of people. And they are rich with the poetry of the city streets.

JAMES T. FARRELL

The English System

CABINET GOVERNMENT. By W. Ivor Jennings. The Macmillan Company. \$5.50.

THIS is an indispensable book for every student of the British political system. No other volume exists which throws a light so clear and so revealing upon the operation of the Cabinet system. It is based not merely on a full survey of the printed sources; Dr. Jennings has obviously had access to new material, both written and verbal, which has had great influence upon his conclusions.

Dr. Jennings has not written a historical work—for the most part he confines himself to the experience of the last hundred years—nor has he sought to evaluate the system. Save for an occasional emphasis by adjective, he has been content to describe the system in being. He displays remarkable accuracy; except for an occasional error in date, a failure to realize that Cabinet minutes go back at least to the younger Pitt, the ascription of a speech to Mr. Lloyd George which is now known to have been written by General Smuts, it is difficult to see that he has misstated or missed anything of significance. He is not, indeed, a Bagehot; there is not in his pages the flashing phrase that made the "English Constitution" a timeless classic. But this is a work so revealing to the specialist and so interesting to the general reader that it will find a place beside those half-dozen books, Dicey and Redlich for example, which shape the thoughts of men about the institutions with which they deal.

Naturally enough, the most fascinating part today of Dr. Jennings's book is the section that deals with the relations of the Crown and the Cabinet. He has no difficulty in showing how far from the facts is Bagehot's famous theory of automatism. The Crown's influence is both wide and profound. It is not merely that the royal views must be treated with deference; the fact that they must be so treated acts as a preventive check, especially on the left, against the introduction of highly controversial legislation. Dr. Jennings is fully

NATIONAL SHARECROPPERS WEEK—MARCH 1-7

PRESIDENT'S FARM TENANCY PROGRAM IGNORES TERROR IN THE SOUTH

WASHINGTON—Sharp criticism of President Roosevelt's farm tenancy program was voiced here by representatives of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union because the President had ignored the entire question of civil liberties in the South. "No proposed solution to the sharecropper problem can be effective," they declared, "unless it protects the sharecroppers, both Negro and white, against the rampant terrorism of the planters and guarantees their right to organize, to meet publicly and to strike."

Federal legislation to aid the sharecropper will be meaningless unless the master-slave relationship between landlord and tenant is abolished. This can only be done through the medium of a strong union of tenants and sharecroppers, guaranteed the privileges and rights of workers and human beings.

IN NEW YORK—

ALL WEEK—March 1-6—Performances of John Wexley's new play "Steel" at the Labor Stage Theatre, 106 W. 39th St., for the benefit of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. Photograph exhibit in the lobby, sharecropper speakers and singers between the acts. Prices: 35c, 55c, 83c.

LUNCHEON Saturday afternoon, March 6, 1 p.m., at Rosoff's Restaurant, 147 W. 43rd St. Speakers will include J. R. Butler and H. L. Mitchell, president and secretary of the S.T.F.U., W. L. Blackstone, sharecropper member of the Special Committee on Farm Tenancy, Mrs. Frank Weems and other sharecropper visitors; also, Charles H. Houston, special counsel for the N.A.A.C.P. Reservations: 85c.

WIND-UP RALLY Sunday afternoon, March 7, 4 p.m., at the Harlem Labor Center, 312 W. 125th St. Speakers will include union officials, Walter White, secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. and Frank Crosswaith of the Negro Labor Committee.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION call Sidney Hertzberg, National Sharecroppers Week, 112 East 19th St., ALgonquin 4-0346.

THE SOUTHERN TENANT FARMERS' UNION

"The Voice of the Disinherited"

Organized in 1933, the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union is today the dominant labor organization in the Southwest. Its 30,000 members, Negro and white, include sharecroppers, tenant farmers and day laborers in Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee and Missouri. It is the hope and inspiration of the farm workers of the South.

Its organizers have been kidnapped, beaten and murdered; its strikes have been met with unabating terror. But it has never asked for a truce in this battle—untiringly it has fought on in its war for the freedom of the cotton slaves. Despite the relentless opposition of the planters, its third annual convention, held in January at Muskogee, Oklahoma, welcomed 150 delegates from 125 local unions. Its efforts have been endorsed by the American Federation of Labor, the United Mine Workers of America and other important unions.

It was the fight of the Union that first awoke America to the plight of the sharecropper; it was the fight of the Union that made the sharecroppers "front-page copy" on every newspaper of the nation. To the Union must be given credit for the formation of the President's Special Committee on Farm Tenancy; to the Union must be given credit for the arrest and conviction of an Arkansas town marshal on the charge of slavery.

But the fight of the Union has just begun; safety and security for the sharecropper lies not with governmental agencies run by the landlord but with his own organization. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union is this organization—but it can not finance this fight alone; the havoc of the tragic flood has added to the heavy burdens of an already penniless membership.

The volunteer organizers who travel the highways at night and spread the story of unionism by day must be clothed and fed; literature must be issued; planters' terrorism must be fought in the courts; jailed unionists must be defended. The Union's 1937 budget for this job is \$18,000.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

The week of March 1-7 has been designated as National Sharecroppers Week by the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and the Workers Defense League. During the week, hundreds of meetings in every section of the country will publicize the plight of the sharecropper, describe the fight of the Union.

In order to function in an efficient manner, the Union must be freed from financial worries. We are appealing to the readers of *The Nation* to help raise the modest union budget of \$18,000 for the year during National Sharecroppers Week.

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OUR INEFFECTIVE STATE

by William H. Hessler

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aware that a British monarch might easily become an active source of political power in the state, and the main emphasis of his argument is on the inescapable necessity of accepting Bagehot's theory if difficulties are to be avoided in the future. From this angle, the abdication of Edward VIII may well prove a precedent as significant for the future as the Revolution of 1688.

Dr. Jennings makes less than I should myself make of the importance of the inner Cabinet; and I doubt whether he gives quite the required emphasis to the outstanding position the Prime Minister has come to have in the post-war years. I should have liked a rather fuller treatment of the relation of the Cabinet to the House of Commons. Subject to revolt on the rare occasions—like the Hoare-Laval incident—when the Cabinet has made a grave blunder, the House has become no more than its organ of registration. Its importance is, normally, as a place for the ventilation of grievances on the one hand and as a breeding-ground for ministers on the other. The selective function of the House is one of the things it does really well.

Americans will read with special interest Dr. Jennings's account of the relation between the minister and his civil servants. Roughly speaking it may be said of Great Britain that there are three types of Cabinet ministers. There are those, like Lord Haldane and Mr. Herbert Morrison, who know precisely what they want to do and are determined to get it done; they find the civil service a devoted instrument of incomparable power. There are those with some vague sense of direction but no special urgency of precision; their power to get things done will depend very largely on the coincidence of their ideas with the departmental tradition. There are Cabinet ministers, again, who arrive at the departments with no policy at all and look to the departments to find them one; they become the mouthpiece of the officials, and it is largely the accident of public policy whether they make an impact of any kind upon affairs. Granted, this is to say, a civil service as able and as efficient as the British, its own views will enormously shape the course of affairs unless it is under political direction that has charted its course with a clear and vigorous sense of all that is involved in the voyage.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Lure of the Land

MORTGAGE YOUR HEART. By Sophus Keith Winther. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

STRAW IN THE WIND. By Ruth Lininger Dobson. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.

THE INVADERS. By Stuart David Engstrand. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

NOVELS about the land are one crop which never fails. Flood and famine, lost farms, the burden of debt, and plagues of locusts do not interfere with the harvest. In fact, if anything, they increase the yield, for you cannot have a farm novel without a villain, and the weather and the banks serve in turn or jointly to provide an adversary. Most farm novels are likely to be above the average of the novels in any given season. They are serious, simple, natural; in novels as in life the weather is an unfailing topic of conversation. And descriptions of men working in the earth and under the sun until they are soaked with sweat inspires in the city reader at once a feeling of guilt and a deep sense of relief.

The land, then, is a good subject for a novelist to choose if he wants to get by with some credit. For the land itself

is always interesting. But if he wants more than merely to get by, then he must work harder at farm novels than at certain other kinds. For a great book he must, let us say, write "The Peasants," in which the elementalness of the land was transferred to the characters and they became an aspect of the soil, the rain, and the sun. The three novels which head this notice are all in their various ways interesting. Mr. Engstrand writes of truck farmers in the Southwest defying for their little moment the cannery which overshadows them and sucks their sustenance. Miss Dobson's farmers are also religious bigots, members of the Amish sect in the Middle West. Mr. Winther's local is Nebraska, and his farmers are Danish peasants who must not only farm the American land but learn the American ways in order to understand their own children.

Of the three books perhaps Miss Dobson's is the most successful because she has not depended solely upon the land for her drama but has added the pressure exerted by a fanatical patriarch who dominates his family under regulations laid down by his God. In spite of his farm strike and the kerosene poured into the canning vats, Mr. Engstrand's persons are brittle and unreal. Mr. Winther's bewildered, honest, hard-working Danes are stock characters for farm novels. In each novel the mother is silent, burdened with children and labor, confined to the world of kitchen and field. The men occasionally get out, the sons to marry, the fathers to cope with the economic realities of disposing of the crops. The daughters are likely to rebel. The pattern, in short, is traditional and contains no surprises. Only the land is real, and for the purposes of first-rate fiction black earth, weeds, growth and decay are not enough.

It is perhaps impossible to invent a formula which would make farm novels better than merely good enough. But young and aspiring novelists should be warned. Because the background of land and weather is so interesting, because the battle between man and nature is in itself so dramatic, it is imperative to control the background and the battle, to manipulate them freshly and powerfully. The best novels are those in which the characters rise to some sort of greatness. Farmers are not in themselves important because they are close to the earth. They must be the significant protagonists in a drama for which the land must serve merely as backdrop. When kings talk about the weather, the weather is relegated to its proper place.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

American Novella

THE SEA OF GRASS. By Conrad Richter. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

QUITE recently Whit Burnett, editor of *Story*, raised up his voice in defense of the term "novella," as used to describe a certain unity of impression in story-telling which otherwise might be critically ignored, or rather unhappily designated "novelette" or "long-short-story." Well, then, Mr. Richter has produced an excellent example of the novella. It is an interesting form, largely because it is a determinable form and therefore conducive to artistic ends. It makes a very definite and single aesthetic statement, whereas the novel makes many statements; though I confess the only way to mark it off from the short story would be to make clear that it is not a short story.

Mr. Richter hasn't, in our reviewers' language, written "an important book" or "a significant book" or even "a book of

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It is a tale of the historic Southwest, where all the gentility of the South met all the wildness of the West and combined in the heroic character of Colonel Brewton, gentleman rancher on the old prairie, decidedly a Mortal of the First Rank. As you might expect, when the Colonel's beautiful faithless wife returned to him, after an unexplained absence of twenty-odd years, he merely "bowed over her hand, asking with unfailing courtesy about her health"—though, it must be added, "his furrowed face was a mask and his voice granite." For Mr. Richter sees everything through the golden haze of his nostalgia for that vast, lost sea of grass, the South-western prairie. Everything is magnified in his vision to more than life-size: the cattle roaming like megatheria, the tents and wagons of the usurping homesteaders like some mephitic caravansary from the decadent East, the horses like snorting dragons, the prairie itself like a flood of great waters, and the men and women epical and colossal. It is a story that ought to be enormously popular, if only because it is so familiar: the glamorous tale of the proud he-man and the slender, jewel-eyed beauty, and their difference, and her infidelity; and then the tragic, wild, heroic bastard with the blonde hair and the quick temper and quicker trigger; and then the return of the erring beauty to the he-manly bosom after many silent years; all seen through the yearning eyes of a young man who grows mature in the telling. I would take the liberty here of suggesting to all aspiring romanticists that they cast their tales in the interesting form wisely chosen by Mr. Richter, and so bring about a revival of the romantic novella.

MICHAEL SAYERS

DRAMA

Strike Play

HAVING abandoned Fourteenth Street the Theater Union has come to life again at the Bayes, which old inhabitants will remember as the roomy playhouse built on top of the Forty-fourth Street Theater in the days when there wasn't any labor stage but the ground floors of Broadway and adjacent streets were not spacious enough to hold what we had not yet learned to call bourgeois drama. Moreover, the Union has built itself a very large and impressive set for its first play in the new home; but the program assures us that the policy will be the same, and one has not been long in the auditorium before the assurance has become unnecessary. John Howard Lawson's "Marching Song" is an occasionally effective but generally rather rambling and diffuse play about a general strike and why it must be won.

It is some fourteen years since I saw the first of Mr. Lawson's plays to be produced in New York. It was a yeasty, adolescent affair called "Roger Bloomer," and when the Guild did "Processional" two years later we all expected great things of a man who indubitably had much chaos within. For a long

time the trouble seemed to be that Mr. Lawson did not know what he thought, but when at last he found out he seemed to know almost too well. Before he embraced communism he was too confused to write a really effective play; since his conversion he has been almost too clear. Knowing all the answers is, for a playwright, almost as bad as not knowing any. It is difficult to search convincingly for something throughout three acts when you know where it is all the time.

This, at least, is my guess as to the source of a certain languor which pervades what ought to be a rousing melodrama even if it could not be anything else. "Marching Song" has been given a topical significance by making the strike with which it is concerned a sitdown affair, and the ostensible purpose is to trace the course of events from the eviction of a blacklisted worker to the moment when the men in a power-house make it unanimous by throwing off a switch. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Lawson remembers too much of the technique he learned in the days when he was groping. Instead of sticking to the narrative and providing what his title seems to promise—namely, an inflammatory melodrama—he wanders about rather aimlessly from character to character, allows most of the action to take place off-stage, and only remembers in the last half hour that he isn't really looking for anything. If I may judge from the moments at which the Theater Union audience applauds, what it really wants is a revolutionary pep talk, and that Mr. Lawson provides only at odd moments.

No one is likely to expect high seriousness from a play called "Yes, My Darling Daughter" (Playhouse), but it actually turns out to be as engaging a polite comedy as the season has seen. I suppose that there is nothing new in the main situation, concerned with the furor created in a once unconventional family when daughter threatens to follow mother's footsteps down the primrose path of free love. What is delightful is, however, a certain urbanity very refreshing after the brittle smartness of the current Broadway fashion in humor. "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is never actually serious for a moment, but neither does it ever for a moment lapse into farce, and it proves again that laughter which grows out of an idea consistently developed lingers longer on the lips. Perhaps the expert playing of Lucile Watson makes the comedy seem better than it is, but it seems very good indeed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"An Enemy of the People," which completes a two weeks' engagement at the Hudson Theater on Monday, March 1, incurs the twofold stigma of a period piece and a revival, since it reclaims a vehicle popularly supposed to be dated and commemorates the personal triumph of Walter Hampden as Dr. Stockmann. Yet Ibsen's medical officer of the baths is a conception far too high-spirited to submit to inspection from a distance, and certainly Mr. Hampden's enactment of the part is not of a sort which invites condescension. In his hands Stockmann is a force clearly seen at all points, both as the projection of a point of view and as an individual whose refusal to temper virtue with expediency leads him to commit the sin of complete ineffectualness. Mr. Hampden has staged the play with all the briskness possible to such an expository vehicle and has been uncommonly resourceful in his choice of a supporting cast. Mabel Moore as Mrs. Stockmann, C. Norman Hammond as Burgomaster Stockmann, Dodson Mitchell as the editor Hovstad, and Hannan Clark as the printer and apostle of moderation, all contribute individual portraits of merit and intelligence.

B. B.

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FILMS

German Revival

MY REMARKS a fortnight ago concerning the inferiority of most films to the novels and plays from which they are derived were not of course directed against every film that is so derived; nor when I said that I preferred a "regular" movie to most of the "classics" did I mean the average movie. I was thinking only of the best, which may or may not be adapted from something else. Of three very successful movies that spring at once to mind out of the recent past, "The Informer," "Thirty-nine Steps," and "Four Hours to Kill," the first comes from a novel by Liam O'Flaherty, the second comes from a yarn by John Buchan, and the third comes from I know not where, if indeed from anywhere. The point is that their sources do not matter; a spectator in each case would be completely absorbed in what he saw, and completely satisfied in the sense that nothing he saw would occur to him as either foreign to the whole or imperfectly made over from something previously existing in another form.

We still need to know what the form of the movie is. Some directors know it by instinct, and perhaps every citizen knows it better than he could say; but the analysis has still to be put on paper. Meanwhile it is edifying to see now and then an older film which has achieved a position for itself in histories of the art, since such a film is pretty sure to have clear and formal virtues, and since with the passage of time these virtues will have become easier to dissociate from their accompanying subject matter. From G. W. Pabst's "The Love of Jeanne Ney," for instance, revived the other night for a special audience by the Museum of Modern Art, one could learn a great deal not merely about German "technique" ten years ago but about the importance, as well as the unimportance, of technique generally.

The ingenuity of Pabst was still impressive; one could remember with pleasure Harry Alan Potamkin's sentence about the camera going "velvet-like over the scene, veneering the picture, squaring the corners elegantly and rounding circles with grace"; and one could relish Iris Barry's program note about the forty cuts (talk about montage!) in a single sequence lasting only three minutes. But in a larger sense the technique—and Potamkin knew this too—was deficient. For there was a confusion of themes, and indeed a wavering between them; Pabst having been unable to make up his mind as to whether he was illuminating the history of revolutionary Europe or telling a story about two lovers stranded in Paris. The film was half documentary and half detective; which implies a formal failure in the long run more telling than any temporary success with the technique, as Potamkin says, "of tidbits." At the same time the tidbits were delicious. If we have fewer of them now it is partly because of the revolution worked by sound since 1927; we have something now that we lacked then, but we have lost a certain virtuosity of the seeing and interpreting eye. Movie audiences had grown skilful in piecing flashes of vision together; the films were rapid and often very brilliant, even when they had little to say except to a pair of eyes hung in the silent and now historic darkness.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

A German University Today

Dear Sirs: Any attentive person walking the cloistered precincts of our American universities during the last four years has heard kind words, from time to time, about the Nazi purging of the German universities. Without discussing the reason for these remarks, let us look at a picture of the once great University of Heidelberg that appeared recently in an English scientific weekly, *Nature*, and decide whether we want that kind of higher education here.

In the current catalogue of Heidelberg, Rector Groh is now entitled *Führer* Groh. The third most important officer is Ernst Kreuzer, a student and member of the senate, who is also the "officially designated undergraduate leader at Heidelberg of the Nazi Student Union of the Nazi Body." After his name come those of the deans and other officers. Whereas the university had 215 teachers in 1932, there are now 180, of which only 99 date back to the pre-Nazi regime. The security of university posts can be judged from the following figures: in the faculty of science, 31 per cent are new appointments, in theology 36 per cent, in law 38 per cent, in philosophy 49 per cent, and in medicine 56 per cent.

The Institute for Historical Jurisprudence has discarded its old name, "Rudolf Mosse Stiftung," as a painful reminder of the Jewish origin of the endowment, which the institute nevertheless retains. A list of some of the courses offered in various departments indicates the trend of thought in German university circles better than any propaganda:

Law: Recent Political History, Folk Elements in Law, Family Heredity, Folk and Race, German Military Law.

Philosophy: The Nature of the Folk Community, The Nature of Ancient German Religion.

History: Herr Minister Schmidthenner, Professor Ordinarius of History with special reference to the history of war and military knowledge, will give courses on the World War, Germany's Right to Colonies, Being and Action of the German Soldiery.

The Student-Faculty Discussion Group has the following topics on its program: Education of Nazi Youth, Labor Service and Military Law, Claims of the Ger-

mans in Czecho-Slovakia, Laws Concerning Race, Care for Healthy Inheritance, Eastward Expansion of Germany.

The university is now merely a branch of the propaganda department of the Nazi government. Those professors who wish to turn proved scholars from their positions because of race or creed had better look at the results which necessarily accompany such methods.

HUGH H. DARBY

New York, February 18

Harsh Words from a Friend

Dear Sirs: For nearly twenty years I have read *The Nation* and written for it. During that period I have always felt that no matter how sharply I differed with the opinions and attitudes of particular editors and with the editorial policy which they directed, I could always count on one thing: that *The Nation*, when confronted with a situation involving fundamental issues of truth, justice, and moral and intellectual integrity, would deal with it honestly and courageously.

The Nation faced a test of this kind during the last war and met it more creditably than most if not all of its contemporaries. *The Nation* faced such a test in connection with the Moscow trials, and in my opinion failed—patently, grossly, disgracefully.

It seems to me that when you printed Behind the Moscow Trials you made your debut in a way of thinking and writing that violates every standard that three generations of editors and writers have labored to establish for *The Nation*.

You admit, by implication at least, that the frame-up of Trotsky was a frame-up. Yet you condone this frame-up on the ground of political expediency. But can you condone one frame-up without condoning all frame-ups—without admitting the frame-up, the lie, the slander into the category of legitimate political tactics? In a hundred years, you say, we'll learn the truth about the trials. Nonsense. Where these obviously cooked-up confessions have involved persons and actions outside the Soviet Union they have been already shattered to bits by Trotsky and by the easily verifiable evidence he has produced. Holtzman and the Hotel Bristol! Piatakov and his mythical visit to Oslo! And now Romm

and his mythical meeting with Trotsky in Paris!

Must we depend upon the conservative press, which *The Nation* so often condemns for its silence on injustice, to discharge the task that you obviously should be doing—the task of fitting these exposures together, weighing their dreadful significance, and coming to the conclusions toward which they point? Must we who have served *The Nation*, and trusted it, now think of it as just another magazine?

JAMES RORTY

New York, February 16

Tom Paine's Luck

Dear Sirs: Joseph Wood Krutch, in his admirable review of "Tom Paine," by Hesketh Pearson, in *The Nation* of February 6, remarks, "Drink, so often the vice of those who permit themselves no other, got him [Paine] at last."

I once did a lot of research into Paine's life for a short biography I wrote, and I don't think (gosh, I don't like to think) it was drink that got him. That's one of the cracks about Paine that were revived by the late Theodore Roosevelt, who called the clean, well-set-up, agnostic Thomas "a dirty little atheist."

Anyone who has ever been a press agent for radicals knows why Paine went to the bottle. After he had spent the best part of his life running himself ragged for all sorts of "cause committees" he tried, when the cause was won, to collect his meager pay, and Congress left him flat. He had one lucky break, however. If he had been a Founding Father in modern Russia he would probably have been shot. And then Duranty would have blamed it on Dostoevski.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

New York, February 9

We Apologize

Dear, Dear Sirs: It was the *Walrus* who wept!

LENORE PELHAM

Cambridge, Mass., February 2

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The Shape of Things

★

WHEN STEELMASTERS TALK TURKEY WITH labor leaders, be sure a new era of trade unionism is here. There are several factors behind the decision of Mr. Fairless of Carnegie-Illinois to talk terms with Mr. Murray of the C. I. O. The steel drive has been effective. The automobile victory has had its effect. The steelmasters do not want to invite trouble from the La Follette committee. And, in Mr. Roosevelt's present mood, they cannot count on him in fighting a strike.

★

THE PEOPLE STAND BEFORE THE ORACLES still waiting for a decision on the Wagner Act cases. The court last Monday handed down another decision, upholding the abrogation of the gold clause in private contracts. The same five justices lined up against the same four as in the similar case two years ago. There are other cases more pressing. But with so much dynamite around, one can understand why the oracles are silent.

★

HARRISON WILLIAMS HAS EMERGED FROM his obscurity as husband of the world's best-dressed woman into a sudden limelight of his own as America's Public Utility Man Number 1. Testimony before the SEC disclosed his personal control of almost one-fifth of the entire public-utility business of the United States. By retaining 51 per cent of the stock of the Central States Electric Corporation, a holding company, he poised on the top of a pyramid whose base was seven separate utility companies, the assets of each of which were in the hundreds of millions of dollars. Beside the fantastic tale of Mr. Williams's manipulations, the construction of the Van Sweringen railroad empire seems like a corner-grocery-store transaction. In 1923 a share of Central States was selling at \$10.50; in 1929 the same share cost \$5,600, an appreciation of 53,000 per cent. Before the crash Mr. Williams had recovered his initial investment of \$2,072,000; later he sold enough stock to escape the panic with \$27,200,000 in cash while still retaining 51 per cent of the holding-company stock. Through this stock he now "influences the management" of public utilities worth \$2,875,000,000. Counsel for the SEC several times asked, "That is not imaginary, is it?" to make sure he was not in a dream world. But it was a nightmare to the stockholders who, unlike Mr. Williams, when the crash came lost two-thirds of their investment in Central States.

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ANDRE MALRAUX, THE AVIATOR, FRESH FROM Madrid's front line, has the artist's power to make real in words the present tragedy in Spain. His speech at *The Nation's* dinner last Friday evening, like that of Louis Fischer, made a profound impression on the 700 listeners. "There are many kinds of suffering in this world," Malraux said, "but there is one kind which it is a privilege to endure—the suffering of those who suffer because they are striving to make a world worthy of men. . . . Each of you may choose his own way of relieving this suffering. But relieve it you must!" The audience responded to M. Malraux's appeal by contributing the impressive sum of \$9,138, in amounts ranging from \$1 to \$1,000, to *The Nation's* Food Ship Fund, which was formally inaugurated at the dinner. It was a good beginning, but only a beginning. There can be no question of the moral obligation of democratic peoples to sustain with food the lives and the spirits of the noncombatant women and children of republican Spain. *The Nation's* Food Ship must be filled to overflowing.

★

WE TAKE SAM D. McREYNOLDS OF TENNESSEE at his word. In explaining Section 5-a of his revised neutrality resolution, he made it clear that the ban on contributions to governments at war refers to loans and credits and not to donations. But we call upon him to make the text of the resolution clearer, so that no question may later arise. To do otherwise would be to travesty the whole American tradition of aiding the struggle for freedom. The loyalist fortunes in Spain continued to prosper last week. On the Jaramba River the government forces held. At Oviedo they pushed on steadily, with Franco's men contesting every street. This is what would undoubtedly happen also if the fascist troops entered Madrid: every inch of the way would have to be fought for. Meanwhile a serious loophole remains in the plans for an international patrol of Spain. The proposal for an air patrol did not go through, and there is nothing to prevent Italian and German airplanes from landing on Spanish soil. Clearly a coastal and border patrol is not enough. The first known American casualty of the war is Ben Leider, formerly a flying reporter for the *New York Post*, killed in action on February 19.

★

TO RATIFY THE CHILD-LABOR AMENDMENT the assent of eight more states is needed. In Massachusetts and New York the Catholic hierarchy is exerting its enormous influence against ratification. Cardinal O'Connell in Boston and Cardinal Hayes in New York in their control over the faithful have a very effective political instrument. As we go to press it looks as if the amendment would certainly be defeated in Boston and probably also in Albany, although it passed the Senate before the Catholics began applying pressure. It will not do for progressives to rage at the church or condemn it out of hand. Until we have more definite evidence that the cardinals are deliberately playing into the hands of the sweatshop employers, we must assume their sincerity. It is likely that

their guiding motive is fear for the souls of the hordes of Catholic children who will be released from work and for whom the parochial schools, especially the high schools, have no adequate facilities. The poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion showed 76 per cent of the nation and majorities in all forty-eight states to be in favor of the amendment; we therefore call upon all progressive Catholics to make clear to their church that it cannot afford to take its present reactionary position.

★

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO THE TEACHERS of the nation. Ten years ago they constituted a peculiarly inert and submissive body of citizens, almost afraid of their own shadows and frightened by the slightest noise from the political roadside. Today, perhaps because of their experience with professional heresy-hunters, they are beginning to show courage and social intelligence. This observation is supported by the proceedings of the recent New Orleans meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association. The program as a whole reached the highest level of social and educational analysis in the history of the department. The convention was throughout dominated by the personality and the ideas of John Dewey, hitherto a bogey to school administrators, now made an honorary life member of the department. The superintendents also listened to and applauded realistic and honest analyses of the social situation by George S. Counts, Jesse Newlon, Harry E. Barnes, George Norlen, and John Studebaker. The unfortunate indorsement of the Sheppard-Hill conscription bill by the convention stemmed clearly from a lack of understanding of its real significance.

★

OUR NEWSPAPER COLUMNISTS ARE STAGING a pitched battle of their own over the President's proposal that makes the Senate fight seem pacific. In the forefront of the antagonists of the plan are the Three Invincibles of the *Herald Tribune*. Walter Lippmann, "sick at heart," calls it "the greatest crisis in seventy years"; Dorothy Thompson, hurling soprano thunderbolts, tells us we are "ripe for ruin"; and Mark Sullivan points a shaking finger down the road to fascism. Then we have David Lawrence, who with a sob in his throat apostrophizes the spirit of George Washington to save us from "the arch foes of our national welfare." In heavily documented arguments he is supported by Franklyn Waltman and Frank Kent. Passing to the fence-sitters, we have Arthur Krock, imperturbable on the Olympian heights of objective journalism, while Westbrook Pegler, a little out of his depth, adopts "an attitude of suspicion." The President's supporters number Jay Franklin, unexcited but cogent; Heywood Broun, half serious, half humorous, always nimble and persuasive; Raymond Clapper, who quietly, steadily, day after day, gives us some of the best arguments for the President's proposal; and finally the greatest phrase-maker of them all, General Johnson, still smarting from the Dred Schechter decision, and delighted to be in the thick of battle again.

GOVERNOR WILBUR CROSS OF CONNECTICUT is a gentleman and a scholar. Governor Harry Hoffman of New Jersey is made of commoner stuff. But they are brothers under the skin when the sit-down strike is the issue. For now Governor Cross too has announced that he will close Connecticut's doors to the C. I. O. In his case there is irony in the fact that he was carried into office on the wave of progressivism which is at present controlled by the Democratic Party but which may go forward under its own power any November now. Meanwhile the sitdown which evoked the Governor's outburst is interesting in its own right. The Electric Boat Company at Groton, which works exclusively on government contracts, announced early this year that the work week was to be increased from 36 to 40 hours and that this was not a bargaining issue with the company union. It based this high-handed procedure on Navy Department practice, ignoring the fact that wages for 40 hours in the navy yards are equivalent to those for 44 or 48 hours at Groton. The C. I. O., in the form of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, stepped in and is conducting the fight against an 11 per cent addition to the working week without extra pay.

*

IN THE DEADLOCK OVER THE WALSH-HEALEY Act, the Navy Department and the steel companies are still engaged in trying to out-sit each other. Meanwhile Senator Walsh has laid before the Senate evidence which makes it the more important for the government not to yield. He has shown that in six specific cases in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois factories under government contract are working their labor under appalling conditions. Hours as long as ninety-nine a week and wages as low as \$6 a week were reported. These were not isolated but typical cases of many violations of the Walsh-Healey Act. In connection with the La Follette committee's evidence showing how Governor Hoffman has played ball with strike-breaking agencies, these facts reveal that the South has no monopoly of sweatshop conditions.

*

EUGENE VIDAL'S RESIGNATION AS HEAD OF the Bureau of Air Commerce is part of a general shake-up among Dan Roper's sentinels of the air lines. The two assistant directors, J. Carroll Cone and Rex Martin, are being mercifully sent abroad to study foreign conditions. There is a danger that Mr. Vidal, whom the report of the Copeland Committee on Air Safety described as negligent and "too amiable" to be efficient, will be made a scapegoat for the sins of Secretary Roper, who, as Robert S. Horton pointed out in *The Nation* of January 23, bears the ultimate responsibility. The Interstate Commerce Commission celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year. It would be a fitting birthday gift to transfer the control of aviation to the relatively efficient hands of the commission. A bill to this effect has been pushed in Congress by Senator McCarran, and hearings on it are scheduled to start soon. It remains to be seen whether the Roper shake-up comes too late to affect these hearings.

Is It to Be Buchanan?

THE President is having the fight of his life on the Supreme Court issue, and from all evidence the time of his life. The concerted tory barrage that has been trained on his proposal has brought out all his qualities of militancy and strategy. As a general in the midst of battle, he knows how and when to bring up the heavy battalions. First of all, the Sumners-McCarran bill, granting full-pay retirement pensions to Supreme Court judges over seventy, which both houses have now passed. Then, the marshaling of such hard-hitting radio warriors as Governor La Follette and Harry Hopkins. Then the scheduled fireside talk by the President himself on March 9, to be followed by the Senate committee hearings. Most important is the staccato effectiveness with which the President daily brings up measure after measure to underscore his argument that unless the Supreme Court intrenchments are blasted out, the whole future legislative program will suffer.

The strongest statement of the argument thus far is to be found in the masterly interview Mr. Roosevelt gave to Arthur Krock, published in the *New York Times* of February 28. The interview was more than a scoop for Mr. Krock; it was a triumph for the President. As if to set himself off against the hysteria of the Republicans and their new allies, Mr. Roosevelt talked with a deep and reasonable seriousness, far removed from the blood and sweat of the battlefield.

He brushed aside all talk of a third term or a dictatorship. "When I retire to private life on January 20, 1941," he said, "I do not want to leave the country in the condition Buchanan left it to Lincoln." The comparison sets one thinking. Mr. Roosevelt sees the country entangled in problems that need solving. He expects a civil war unless "the solving process begin[s] at once." And, to adopt an Edgar Hoover phrase, Public Problem Number 1 right now is the Supreme Court.

This interview, we take it, is the President's real second inaugural address, far more adroit and profound than the insipid rhetoric that mingled with the Washington rain on January 20. But in sharp contrast with the Krock interview we present Paul Ward's article in this issue showing how meager may be the President's legislative program, even after he has put through his judicial plan. The net result, says Mr. Ward, will be to make our unbalanced economy even more unbalanced, and prepare the next depression. And when that comes it will make fertile soil for a new civil war.

Here is a prospect that cannot be brushed aside with a phrase. Progressives must face it. They must distinguish, however, between the merit of Mr. Roosevelt's legislation and the immediate issue of the Supreme Court power. Even if, by combining the Roosevelt proposal with a movement for an amendment, the judicial hurdle could be overcome, the problem of really grappling with our economic difficulties would remain. Conversely, even if the progressives could contrive an adequate legislative program, they could do nothing with it as long as the

judges blocked their path. The problem is a dual one. Progressives must support the President in his efforts to deal with the judicial power. And Mr. Roosevelt must understand, once he has a clear road, that if he does not smash the forces that are making for a new depression he may turn out to have been a Buchanan after all.

Newspaper into Theater

THE New York Newspaper Guild and the WPA Theater project have combined to produce in "Power"—the current offering of "The Living Newspaper"—a unique piece of art. Its theme is the search of Everyman (the consumer) for cheap electric power with which to make a better life. The play employs an extraordinary sequence of lighting, a screen on which charts, cartoons, and photographs are thrown, a loud speaker off stage, fast dialogue, quick shift of scene, and a mass of characters (which the Federal Theater Project was invented to make use of). Through these the consumer, a character humorously stylized and extremely well acted, is shown pursuing his perilous path, beset by holding companies, utility propaganda, the not so "fair rate base," and above all the overpowering visage of monopoly. Senator Norris, however, sees him through, and by a series of dramatic and highly informative stages—the bibliography of "Power" is heavily interspersed with the titles of government reports—the consumer reaches the promised land of TVA, while the audience cheers and the TVA song rings out. The first act is the longer and better of the two which make the play. The ending suffers, dramatically speaking, because there is no resolution—but to this criticism must be joined the observation that there can be no resolution until the Supreme Court hands down its decision on the decree of Judge Gore restraining the TVA from proceeding with its task.

Everything about "Power" is actual, including the TVA song, which is an authentic, contemporary Kentucky mountain ballad set down by Jean Thomas as sung to her by Jilson Setters. The unit of the piece is the fact; each fact is accurate (see the bibliography); and the author of the play, Arthur Arent, proves what journalists have always maintained—that an accurate fact carefully aimed may be as deadly as a bullet. As a result, "Power" makes an impact on the mind comparable to that of the best polemic. At the same time Mr. Arent and his colleagues have devised out of the cold facts a moving and dramatic entity, which has the qualities of newspaper and play and movie, yet is none of these but something new.

It is an old truth as well as an old saw that every newspaperman has a play in his system. Many a newspaperman has written a play, but "Power" is the play that has been in the newspaperman's system. It is indigenous and it brooks no condescension. The writing has been stripped of the stage sentimentality and the pompous poetics that might make a good reporter squirm—and cause many a conventional play to lag; the humor is sharp and fast; the production as a whole is excellent.

Let La Follette Go On!

FORCES behind the scenes are actively at work to bog down the labors of the La Follette committee investigating the state of civil liberties. Those labors were hard enough by their very nature. The genius of the Pinkertons and all the lesser members of their unsavory tribe is to conceal their tracks as they move. The committee at every turn met obstacles in the shape of destroyed records, blank denials, and general amnesia. But the spy system has allies even stronger than itself. The purchasers of its "services" and their lawyers and their fellow-travelers in the Senate have banded together to see to it that the investigation is further hamstrung through lack of funds, unfavorable publicity, court delays, and legislative interference.

A few details will help to show the outlines of the conspiracy. The committee began at the bottom, among spies, gunmen, gas bombs, vigilantes, and fake police. Presumably the direction of the probe was to be upward; but so far no industrial great gentleman has been called to account about his stool pigeons and machine-guns. The inquiry is still mired. The Pinkertons, for instance, on advice of counsel (Cravath, De Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, who slew the NRA) defied the committee to probe into their records. The Senators had been doing their best, wringing reluctant monosyllables from witnesses, tracing their tortuous machinations in behalf of General Motors. La Follette had even adjured a Pinkerton official by name, "Pugmire, come clean." An unreasonable request when you come to think of it. In the end the committee declared in effect: for half a year you have lied to us, spirited witnesses away, destroyed records, doctored your books; therefore we demand the names of your army of secret operatives that we may question them. Again, no, on advice of counsel; no, in the name of humanity, lest exposed spies be "jeopardized."

Then the investigation encountered new hurdles. A release was sent out to its 208 subscribing newspapers by the McClure syndicate hinting that strong ties exist between the La Follette committee and the C. I. O. and that the whole strategy of the committee was aimed at supporting Lewis in his negotiations at Detroit. In the House, appropriation bills suddenly sprouted riders designed to prohibit Congressional committees from borrowing trained investigators from government agencies. La Follette's helpers from the WPA and the Resettlement Administration were lopped off. Another rider attempted to cut off agencies such as the National Labor Relations Board. Despite Presidential advice, and despite the passionate interest of labor telegraphed from every quarter, Congress has helped the obstructive conspiracy of spy companies and big industries.

Only a public pressure in support of the committee stronger than the private pressure of the interests can enable La Follette and his colleagues to squeeze the facts out of the men who really control the whole system of spies and thugs and private armies—the Sloans, du Ponts, Schwabs, Girdlers, Graces, and Weirs.

A Program for Farm Tenancy

THE chances that something may be done for America's three million farm-tenant families have been increased in recent weeks by the report of the President's Farm Tenancy Committee and Mr. Roosevelt's subsequent recommendations to Congress. The need is appalling. A recent study by the Division of Social Research of the Works Progress Administration* showed that the average net income of wage hands, share-croppers, and other tenants in 1934 in eleven areas of the South was \$309 per family, or \$73 per person. Many families received much less. The average family income for wage labor was \$180 a year, varying from \$213 in the Arkansas River area to \$70 in the interior plains. Share-croppers had an average family income of \$312, but in the lower Mississippi Delta region the average was only \$154, or \$38 per capita. Some share-croppers reported incomes of less than \$100 for the year.

If these incredibly low incomes were simply a matter of landlord exploitation, a solution could perhaps be devised, but the problem is inextricably linked with the sickness of the economy of the South as a whole, and with its political backwardness.

The recommendations of the President's Farm Tenancy Committee will be taken as a starting-point for at least the type of program which is needed. It is evident, for example, that the problem can only be solved through the generous use of government credit such as was granted to the banks, the railways, and owner-farmers in their hour of distress. The proposal to use this credit to establish a few of the more capable tenants and small owners is, however, as Mr. Amberson points out elsewhere in this issue, both dangerous and unrealistic. It leaves the basic problem of tenancy untouched, and places the new owner in a position where he cannot hope to compete on equal terms with the large landowner. The proposal to place the new Farm Security Administration under the Department of Agriculture is also open to serious criticism, in view of the fact that the department has consistently been dominated, as Secretary Wallace has admitted, by the wealthier farmers. A new agency should either be independent, like the Social Security Board, or

be subordinated to the projected Department of Social Welfare, if the plan for departmental organization is adopted. In connection with the recommendation for state arbitration committees and for the repeal of the tenant-contract laws, it need only be pointed out that the state legislatures are completely dominated by plantation owners and the present status of the tenants is largely their handiwork.

We find the report of the committee extremely vague, moreover, regarding a program for education, medical care, and vocational training, which all agree must be carried out simultaneously with economic reorganization. The Resettlement Administration has done a good job in certain areas, but when one considers the widespread prevalence of disease, the sloth and ignorance of the croppers, and their lack of any experience in diversified agriculture,

it is evident that its activities are but a sample of what needs to be done on a greatly expanded scale. Hence we find a growing conviction on the part of students of the problem that the only solution lies in cooperative enterprises. The one-crop system has been the bane of the South. Individual farmers with 30 or 40 acres can hardly be expected to develop a system of diversified agriculture such as the region requires. Farm cooperatives could not only do this but also make use of the latest mechanized aids and at the same time serve as ideal units for the project's educational activities.

Government paternalism may prove no more helpful than the plantation system, however, in developing the independence and initiative so seriously needed among these underprivileged families. In the long run they will find that they cannot depend on aid from the outside, but will have to fight for their rights as labor has done. To this end every aid and encouragement must be given to organizations such as the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. This may be done by amending the Wagner Labor Relations Act to cover farm-labor and tenant organizations and extending the conciliation service of the Department of Labor to include farm workers. Even with these advantages the lot of farm workers in the South will be difficult until there is a fundamental reorganization of the Southern economy along planned lines.

OUR TENANCY PROGRAM

1. *An independent federal agency to be established to continue the educational, health, and advisory services of the Resettlement Administration on a greatly enlarged scale.*
2. *The basic land problem to be solved, as far as possible, by the use of federal credit to encourage the formation of farm cooperatives which would permit diversification of crops and the full use of mechanized aid.*
3. *The Wagner Labor Relations Act and the Social Security Act to be amended to cover farm labor as well as industrial labor.*
4. *The Department of Labor to be empowered to extend its conciliation services to include farm laborers and tenants.*

* "Landlord and Tenant on the Cotton Plantation." By T. J. Wooster, Jr., Works Progress Administration.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Planning the Next Depression

Washington, March 1

WHAT comes next, after the Supreme Court has been reorganized? That question is giving greater concern to a little group of men here in Washington than the increasingly slight possibility that Mr. Roosevelt may be denied authority to pack the court. Those who worry about the answer are the select few in the Roosevelt Administration who take the long view and see things whole. They are the real Brain Trust, these dozen or so economists and lawyers; and I think I detect in them a fear that Roosevelt will not know what to do after his best excuse for puttering and inaction has been obliterated. I can report with certainty, however, nothing more than that the real Brain Trust is united in two beliefs.

Its members hold that the New Deal has wrought very little fundamental change in the nation's economic structure. They also hold that nearly all the old evils that brought about the depression of 1929 and the following years are now engaged in a wild, cancerous proliferation that promises another and worse crash in a few years. It is only in their forecasts of the date of the next recession that they differ. One group, to which belong such men as Mordecai Ezekiel and Louis Bean, has it scheduled for 1940. The other group, typified by Leon Henderson, thinks the blow-off likely to come next year unless drastic steps are taken to arrest present trends.

There isn't sufficient space here to set forth the elaborate logarithmic charts by which these schedules of doom are contrived. But Leon Henderson, formerly head of NRA Research and Planning, is one person who speaks your language and mine. He would tell you straight off that there is very real danger that any gains obtained from remolding the Supreme Court will be lost through poor legislation, and he would point to present prospects of a revival of the NRA along the lines of the Richberg-Draper and American Bar Association proposals. These treat labor standards—minimum wages and maximum hours—as unfair trade practices instead of prescribing such standards as socially desirable and economically necessary. Worse still, they treat competition as a series of relationships between nasty and nice business men, instead of as the mainspring of a system which must have elasticity if the imminent depression is to be handled.

The net result of such legislation—and it is the only type of legislation for which Roosevelt and his lieutenants are clearing the Supreme Court deck—can be nothing more or less than further rigidity in the price structure, further gypping of the wage-earner and consumer. The controls by which steel and other industrial giants were

able to keep up their prices during the depression that began in 1929, while their production tumbled and they spewed men out into the army of unemployed, are now to be extended by legislative fiat to all the other trades and industries that can't manage their affairs like the big boys without the government's help. The drive is overwhelmingly in that direction. We already have the Robinson-Patman Act, which started out as a scheme for guaranteeing the wholesaler a permanent, profitable existence at the consumer's expense, missed the mark, but perpetrated other evils in kind. Now we have a dozen supplementary measures pending in Congress. There is the Tydings-Miller bill, waiving the anti-trust laws so that such organizations as the National Association of Retail Druggists may force reluctant manufacturers into resale price-maintenance contracts in those states which have blessed such contracts with "little NRA" laws. The Supreme Court recently validated the Illinois and California versions of these laws, which have been passed by fifteen states and have the effect in their price provisions of gearing distribution down to the level of the least efficient retailer. In the final analysis, these laws mean that if any man chooses to start a drugstore, grocery store, or notion shop, you and I must pay all the practitioners of his trade in the city, county, or state prices as high as those which he must charge to make a profit—no matter how little excuse there is for his existence.

That is at bottom the purpose of the new Patman bill, which would prevent manufacturers from having retail outlets and thus preserve the existence of the least efficient wholesaler; and to some extent it also is the purpose of Congressman Celler's anti-"loss-leader" bill and of the proposals for "trade-practice" legislation that have come out of George L. Berry's Council for Industrial Progress. Berry's outfit is beating the drum for legal prohibition of retail "loss leaders" and "sales below cost." On top of this we have pending in Congress the Guffey-Vinson coal bill and the Connally oil bill, both of which enjoy Administration support to some extent. The Guffey bill is little more than a scheme for assuring profitable prices to the least as well as to the most efficient coal mines, and the Connally bill, which has Secretary Ickes's backing, would do the same for the oil producers. In line with both is Congressman Lea's bill which ostensibly provides for regulation of interstate transportation of natural gas. Then comes the Bar Association proposal for legislation obligating the government to enforce "voluntary agreements" entered into by business men. Add to these bills the whole mass of agricultural price-control and production-control legislation that farm leaders are demanding, with Secretary Wallace cheering them on, and you begin to get at least the outline of the strait-jacket in prepara-

tion for the body politic. Instead of decent consumer legislation, fortification of the anti-trust laws, patent-law revision, housing legislation, and all the other instruments which might be applied to thawing out the price structure, we are compounding a formula for strangling capitalism in its own contradictions.

That is scarcely the sort of death to be desired for capitalism at such a time as this, with another depression hovering over the horizon. It is a prelude to fascism. Consider the plight in which we shall find ourselves when the crash comes. As Henderson points out, we shall still have on our hands some 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 unemployed, and we shall have only the beginnings of a social-security system and a reciprocal trade-agreements program. We shall have in addition the highest debt in history, all mixed up with public commitments of the "budget-balancing" and "no more taxes" variety, plus a real inflation threat resulting from a price level that at this very moment is soaring close to the danger mark. We shall still be in the grip of an unrelenting technological advance that, as will probably be shown by the WPA study of productivity changes that David Weintraub is directing, has an inexhaustible capacity for setting at naught any federal efforts to reduce unemployment through maximum-hour legislation. We shall be faced with an even greater concentration of ownership than that which confronted us in 1929, as the report of the

Twentieth Century Fund indicates. We shall find the owners, as represented by the great corporations, better able to withstand pressure of the 1933 variety through their strengthened cash positions. We shall find that the "break-even" line on costs has moved down in the interim so that many concerns can cover their cash outlays when operating at less than 50 per cent of capacity. And we shall find the position of entrenched wealth further fortified by its control of business through monopolies, cartels, trade associations, mergers, and the like. These the New Deal has fostered to such a degree that it is possible now for such an organization as the Cotton Textile Institute to boast, without fear of prosecution under the Webb-Pomerene Act, that it has conspired with Japanese mill interests to restrict their shipments to the United States and jack up prices in exchange for a promise that the institute will see to it that this country's textile tariffs remain at their present levels. Finally, out of this will come a compulsion on the central government to prevent serious depression, a drive that will be stimulated by the Administration's claim that it halted the last decline, produced the current recovery, and has established fiscal controls over the economic tides. For an Administration that in such matters always has followed the course of least resistance there will be left only one way to turn, and that avenue bears no signpost "To the Public Good."

I Accuse the Hitler Regime

BY THOMAS MANN

[The Nation is proud to publish this exchange of letters* in which for the first time the greatest living German writer clarifies at some length his attitude toward the Nazi regime.]

Bonn, December 19, 1936

TO HERR THOMAS MANN, WRITER: By the request of the Rector of the University of Bonn I must inform you that as a consequence of your loss of citizenship the Philosophical Faculty finds itself obliged to strike your name off its roll of honorary doctors. Your right to use this title is canceled in accordance with Article VIII of the regulations concerning the conferring of degrees.

DEAN——(signature illegible)

The Philosophical Faculty of the
Frederick-William University on
the Rhine

TO THE DEAN OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL FACULTY
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN:

I have received the melancholy communication which you addressed to me on the nineteenth of December. Permit me to reply to it as follows:

* Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter and printed through the courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf.

The German universities share a heavy responsibility for all the present distresses which they called down upon their heads when they tragically misunderstood their historic hour and allowed their soil to nourish the ruthless forces which have devastated Germany morally, politically, and economically. This responsibility of theirs long ago destroyed my pleasure in my academic honor and prevented me from making any use of it whatever. Moreover, I hold today an honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred upon me more recently by Harvard University. I cannot refrain from explaining to you the grounds upon which it was conferred. My diploma contains a sentence which, translated from the Latin, runs as follows: "... we, the President and Fellows with the approval of the honorable Board of Overseers of the University in solemn session have designated and appointed as honorary Doctor of Philosophy Thomas Mann, famous author, who has interpreted life to many of our fellow-citizens and together with a very few contemporaries sustains the high dignity of German culture; and we have granted to him all the rights and privileges appertaining to this degree."

In such terms, so curiously contradictory to the current German view, do free and enlightened men across

the ocean think of me—and, I may add, not only there. It would never have occurred to me to boast of the words I have quoted; but here and today I may, nay, I must repeat them. If you, Herr Dean (I am ignorant of the procedure involved), have posted a copy of your communication to me on the bulletin board of your university, it would gratify me to have this reply of mine receive the same honor. Perhaps some member of the university, some student or professor, may be visited by a sudden fear, a swiftly suppressed and dismaying presentiment, on reading a document which gives him in his disgracefully enforced isolation and ignorance a brief revealing glimpse of the free world of the intellect that still exists outside.

Here I might close. And yet at this moment certain further explanations seem to me desirable or at least permissible. I made no statement when my loss of civil rights was announced, though I was more than once asked to do so. But I regard the academic divestment as a suitable occasion for a brief personal declaration. I would beg you, Herr Dean (I have not even the honor of knowing your name), to regard yourself as merely the chance recipient of a communication not designed for you in a personal sense.

I have spent four years in an exile which it would be euphemistic to call voluntary since if I had remained in Germany or gone back there I should probably not be alive today. In these four years the odd blunder committed by fortune when she put me in this situation has never once ceased to trouble me. I could never have dreamed, it could never have been prophesied of me at my cradle, that I should spend my later years as an émigré, expropriated, outlawed, and committed to inevitable political protest. From the beginning of my intellectual life I had felt myself in happiest accord with the temper of my nation and at home in its intellectual traditions. I am better suited to represent those traditions than to become a martyr for them; far more fitted to add a little to the gaiety of the world than to foster conflict and hatred in it. Something very wrong must have happened to make my life take so false and unnatural a turn. I tried to check it, this very wrong thing, so far as my weak powers were able—and in so doing I called down on myself the fate which I must now learn to reconcile with a nature essentially foreign to it.

Certainly I challenged the wrath of these despots by remaining away and giving evidence of my irrepressible disgust. But it is not merely in the last four years that I have done so. I felt thus long before, and was driven to it because I saw—earlier than my now desperate fellow-countrymen—who and what would emerge from all this. But when Germany had actually fallen into those hands I thought to keep silent. I believed that by the sacrifice I had made I had earned the right to silence; that it would enable me to preserve something dear to my heart—the contact with my public within Germany. My books, I said to myself, are written for Germans, for them above all; the outside world and its sympathy have always been for me only a happy accident. They are—these books of mine—the product of a mutually nourishing

bond between nation and author, and depend on conditions which I myself have helped to create in Germany. Such bonds as these are delicate and of high importance; they ought not to be rudely sundered by politics. Though there might be impatient ones at home who, muzzled themselves, would take ill the silence of a free man, I was still able to hope that the great majority of Germans would understand my reserve, perhaps even thank me for it.

These were my assumptions. They could not be carried out. I could not have lived or worked, I should have suffocated, had I not been able now and again to cleanse my heart, to give from time to time free vent to my abysmal disgust at what was happening at home—the contemptible words and still more contemptible deeds. Justly or not, my name had once and for all become connected for the world with the conception of a Germany which it loved and honored. The disquieting challenge rang in my ears: that I and no other must in clear terms contradict the ugly falsification which this conception of Germany was now suffering. That challenge disturbed all the free-flowing creative fancies to which I would so gladly have yielded. It was a challenge hard to resist for one to whom it had always been given to express and release himself through language, to whom experience had always been one with the purifying and preserving Word.

The mystery of the Word is great; the responsibility for it and its purity is of a symbolic and spiritual kind; it has not only an artistic but also a general ethical meaning; it is responsibility itself, human responsibility quite simply, also the responsibility for one's own people, the duty of keeping pure its image in the sight of humanity. In the Word is involved the unity of humanity, the wholeness of the human problem, which permits nobody, today less than ever, to separate the intellectual and artistic from the political and social, and to isolate himself within the ivory tower of the "cultural" proper. This true totality is equated with humanity itself, and anyone—whatever he be—is making a criminal attack upon humanity when he undertakes to "totalize" a segment of human life—by which I mean politics, I mean the state.

A German author accustomed to this responsibility of the Word—a German whose patriotism, perhaps naively, expresses itself in a belief in the infinite moral significance of whatever happens in Germany—should he be silent, wholly silent, in the face of the inexpiable evil that is done daily in his country to bodies, souls, and minds, to right and truth, to men and mankind? And should he be silent in the face of the frightful danger to the whole continent presented by this soul-destroying regime, which exists in abysmal ignorance of the hour that has struck today in the world? It was not possible for me to be silent. And so, contrary to my intentions, came the utterances, the unavoidably compromising gestures which have now resulted in the absurd and deplorable business of my national excommunication. The mere knowledge of who these men are who happen to possess the pitiful outward power to deprive me of my

German birthright is enough to make the act appear in all its absurdity. I, forsooth, am supposed to have dishonored the Reich, Germany, in acknowledging that I am against them! They have the incredible effrontery to confuse themselves with Germany! When, after all, perhaps the moment is not far off when it will be of supreme importance to the German people not to be confused with them.

To what a pass, in less than four years, have they brought Germany! Ruined, sucked dry body and soul by armaments with which they threaten the whole world, holding up the whole world and hindering it in its real task of peace, loved by nobody, regarded with fear and cold aversion by all, it stands on the brink of economic disaster, while its "enemies" stretch out their hands in alarm to snatch back from the abyss so important a member of the future family of nations, to help it, if only it will come to its senses and try to understand the real needs of the world at this hour, instead of dreaming dreams about mythical "sacred necessities." Yes, after all, it must be helped by those whom it hinders and menaces, in order that it may not drag down the rest of the continent with it and unleash the war upon which as the *ultima ratio* it keeps its eyes ever fixed. The mature and cultural states—by which I mean those which understand the fundamental fact that war is no longer permissible—treat this endangered and endangering country, or rather the impossible leaders into whose hands it has fallen, as doctors treat a sick man—with the utmost tact and caution, with inexhaustible if not very flattering patience. But it thinks it must play politics—the politics of power and hegemony—with the doctors. That is an unequal game. If one side plays politics when the other no longer thinks of politics but of peace, then for a time the first side reaps certain advantages. Anachronistic ignorance of the fact that war is no longer permissible results for a while of course in "successes" against those who are aware of the truth. But woe to the people which, not knowing what way to turn, at last actually seeks its way out through the abomination of war, hated of God and man! Such a people will be lost. It will be so vanquished that it will never rise again.

The meaning and purpose of the National Socialist state is this alone and can be only this: to put the German people in readiness for the "coming war" by ruthless repression, elimination, extirpation of every stirring of opposition; to make of them an instrument of war, infinitely compliant, without a single critical thought, driven by a blind and fanatical ignorance. Any other meaning and purpose, any other excuse this system cannot have; all the sacrifices of freedom, justice, human happiness, including the secret and open crimes for which it has blithely been responsible, can be justified only by the end—absolute fitness for war. If the idea of war as an aim in itself disappeared, the system would mean nothing but the exploitation of the people; it would be utterly senseless and superfluous.

Truth to tell, it is both of these, senseless and superfluous, not only because war will not be permitted it but also because its leading idea, the absolute readiness

for war, will result precisely in the opposite of what it is striving for. No other people on earth is today so utterly incapable of war, so little in condition to endure one. That Germany would have no allies, not a single one in the world, is the first consideration but the smallest. Germany would be forsaken—terrible of course even in her isolation—but the really frightful thing would be the fact that she had forsaken herself. Intellectually reduced and humbled, morally gutted, inwardly torn apart by her deep mistrust of her leaders and the mischief they have done her in these years, profoundly uneasy herself, ignorant of the future of course but full of forebodings of evil, she would go into war not in the condition of 1914 but, even physically, of 1917 or 1918. The 10 per cent of direct beneficiaries of the system—half even of them fallen away—would not be enough to win a war in which the majority of the rest would only see the opportunity of shaking off the shameful oppression that has weighed upon them so long—a war, that is, which after the first inevitable defeat would turn into a civil war.

No, this war is impossible; Germany cannot wage it; and if its dictators are in their senses, then their assurances of readiness for peace are not tactical lies repeated with a wink at their partisans; they spring from a faint-hearted perception of just this impossibility. But if war cannot and shall not be—then why these robbers and murderers? Why isolation, world hostility, lawlessness, intellectual interdict, cultural darkness, and every other evil? Why not rather Germany's voluntary return to the European system, her reconciliation with Europe, with all the inward accompaniments of freedom, justice, well-being, and human decency, and a jubilant welcome from the rest of the world? Why not? Only because a regime which, in word and deed, denies the rights of man, which wants above all else to remain in power, would stultify itself and be abolished if, since it cannot make war, it actually made peace! But is that a reason?

I had forgotten, Herr Dean, that I was still addressing you. Certainly I may console myself with the reflection that you long since ceased to read this letter, aghast at language which in Germany has long been unspoken, terrified because somebody dares use the German tongue with the ancient freedom. I have not spoken out of arrogant presumption, but out of a concern and a distress from which your usurpers did not release me when they decreed that I was no longer a German—a mental and spiritual distress from which for four years not an hour of my life has been free, and struggling with which I have had to accomplish my creative work day by day. The pressure was great. And a man who out of diffidence in religious matters will seldom either by tongue or pen let the name of the Deity escape him, yet in moments of deep emotion cannot refrain, let me—since after all one cannot say everything—close this letter with the brief and fervent prayer: *God help our darkened and desecrated country and teach it to make its peace with the world and with itself!*

THOMAS MANN

Kusnacht, Zurich, New Year's Day, 1937

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

J. Edgar Hoover

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

II

J. EDGAR HOOVER'S enormous success in building up the Federal Bureau of Investigation—and J. Edgar Hoover—with the seasoned methods of national publicity has not made him exactly popular with his colleagues in the subcabinet ranks of government service. Members of the older government detective agencies, particularly postal inspectors and Secret Service men, regard Hoover as an upstart, mulcting them of credit both for jobs they might have done and for work they actually have done.

These officers insist that Hoover's headline-stalking has delayed solution of some of the most spectacular of recent criminal cases and actually threatens to become a serious drag on law enforcement. They have words and music for their hymn of hate. They complain of the boss G-man's insistence upon announcing his achievements, and many of theirs, in Washington rather than on the scene, his tendency to talk too much while the chase is on, and his still more unfortunate propensity, once the capture has been made, for detailed description of the steps leading up to it. They even say that a smart criminal who wants to know how to avoid arrest need only follow Hoover's publicity trail.

Rival detectives may of course exaggerate the consequences of his garrulousness. They have been left at the post so often in the race to claim credit for a cooperative capture that they are embittered. There is no doubt that Hoover is faster on the draw—at least of the telephone. Moreover, it cannot be denied that he has surrounded himself with smart young men who often get results.

Hoover himself may not be a better cop than his competitors but he is certainly a better advertising man. Several comic strips portray the Sherlock Holmes cunning of the G-men. Semi-official sanction is claimed for the most popular of them, called "War on Crime," with continuity by a Washington newspaperman who has long been a friend of Hoover. At the top of each strip appears the legend, "True stories of G-men activities based on the records of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—modified in the public interest." It is exciting stuff about gun molls and their hoodlums, who are always outwitted by the Hoover boys.

Grisly radio programs with hair-raising sound effects are Hoover's second line of public offense. Their theme is that crime does not pay. They have a semi-official status and are likewise prepared by his journalistic friends. The vogue for G-men movies also had its day, but it seems to be passing. Courtney Ryley Cooper reaches the more literate segment of Hoover's public with his own books (the latest is "Here's to Crime") and with magazine articles, some of which are ghost-written for

Hoover, some alleged to be the product of collaboration, and others frankly written by Cooper himself. Walter Winchell, another admirer, catches the not-so-literate with his frequent references to the G-men's exploits.

Thousands of tourists who visit Washington every year take in Hoover's chamber of horrors in the new building of the Department of Justice along with the cherry blossoms and the Smithsonian Institute. At the Hoover museum they may gaze with awe at the straw hat Dillinger wore on that last fateful day—it is preserved under glass—and at other significant trophies.

Hoover cultivates reporters and correspondents with nice discrimination. Those who play ball with him are rewarded with exclusive information when big news breaks. This appraisal, because it was destined for *The Nation*, had to be written without benefit of a personal interview. His attitude toward reporters, together with his practice of writing long letters of protest to newspaper editors who print articles uncomplimentary to the head of the F. B. I., has not contributed to Hoover's popularity with the bulk of the working press. Neither has the conviction of some newspapermen that Hoover has had them "tailed."

Hoover's flair for the dramatic shows itself in his shoot-to-kill orders. He has no sympathy for the "maudlin sentimentality" of those who would reform criminals or alter the conditions that produce them. He is a harsh critic of the parole system. The science of criminology, so far as Hoover is concerned, begins and ends in his F. B. I. laboratory, where blood stains and locks of hair can be analyzed. At a meeting of the International Association of Police Chiefs at Atlantic City in 1935, he spoke as follows:

Here at this meeting a criminal is understood to be a criminal, with a gun in his hand and murder in his heart. It is not necessary here, in discussing what shall be done with the human rat, to persuade some altruistic soul that he is not a victim of environment or circumstances or inhibitions or malformed consciousness, to be reformed by a few kind words, a pat on the cheek, and freedom at the earliest possible moment. . . .

Indeed, it would seem that such [criminal] enemies were numerous enough and deadly enough without the addition of an even vaster army of antagonists. But there are more, and they are the ones who today form the handicaps of all in the field of law enforcement. I refer to the sob-sisters, the intruders, the uninformed and misinformed know-it-alls, the sentimentalists, and the alleged criminologists who believe that the individual is greater than society, that if any criminal can display or simulate even the slightest evidence of ordinary conduct, then indeed he must be a persecuted being, entitled to be sent forth anew into the world to again rob and murder.

Hoover's speeches are revealing. In a more recent address before the Daughters of the American Revolution he betrayed his conviction that a large proportion of the people in the United States are criminals. The horrified Daughters, already a-twitter over the Communist who hides behind every lamp post, were solemnly assured that American criminals marching eight abreast could not get by their marble hall between sun-up and sun-down.

Hoover's attitude toward criminals should endear him to the police. Certainly it indicates that he leads no Boy Scout outfit even though his agents must be college graduates (most of them are lawyers) between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. But there is a growing volume of evidence to the contrary. The reason is that he is constantly committing two sins which police cannot forgive: he talks too much; and he doesn't do right by stool pigeons.

Detective novels to the contrary, a stool pigeon is more valuable than a magnifying glass in the solution of crimes, particularly of crimes committed by gangs. The police, and Hoover is no exception, place principal reliance on squealers, not clues, when looking for an underworld character. Consequently the stool pigeon is carefully protected by city departments and most government agencies. But Hoover must let the world know after a crime has been solved how it was done. While he does not name the informer, he often comes close enough to cast suspicion on the right man, thus destroying the future usefulness of the talker.

The Dillinger affair is cited by Hoover's critics as a case in point. There can be little doubt that Mrs. Anna Sage, the woman in red who walked out of the Biograph Theater in Chicago at Dillinger's side but stepped back soon enough to get out of the line of fire, was the tipster responsible for his death, and that detective Marc Zarovich of East Chicago was the man who set the trap. Mrs. Sage has said that Melvin Purvis, head of the Chicago G-men bureau at the time of Dillinger's shooting, promised her immunity from deportation in exchange for her help in the biggest of F. B. I. coups. Whether he did or did not, she was deported.

Although Hoover made the announcement of Dillinger's execution and got full credit for it, one of the ablest crime reporters in the country, who covered the search and later the flamboyant obsequies, said in an article written for a newspaper chain in 1935 that the G-men were "more to be censured than praised." Even then, he wrote, there was a conspicuous lack of cooperation between the F. B. I. and other agencies hunting the outlaw. He recounted four instances of "poor police work" by Hoover's men in connection with Dillinger's many escapes. On one occasion, he reported, armed G-men and Indiana state police almost shot it out between themselves, each mistaking the other for the Dillinger mob because the G-men failed to notify state authorities of their presence in the area of operation.

The feud between the F. B. I. and the Secret Service was brought into the open last year, also in connection with the Dillinger hunt. The details have never been entirely clear, but it is known that Middle Western op-

eratives of the Secret Service took it upon themselves, with or without prompting from Washington, to check up on circumstances surrounding the deaths of the Indiana desperado and Eddie Green, one of his less prominent henchmen, who was shot by G-men in a raid on his St. Paul apartment. The T-men—the Secret Service is under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department—believed that both bandits could easily have been captured alive had the G-men wanted to bring them in walking.

Getting wind of the investigation, Hoover ran to his favorite newspaper with the story and demanded punishment of the Secret Service men responsible. He was backed up by Cummings. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, to whom Hoover is a source of constant annoyance, reluctantly set down Joseph Murphy, then second in command to William H. Moran, veteran chief of the Secret Service, and Grady L. Boatwright, agent in charge at St. Paul. A few months later Morgenthau restored Murphy to his old job.

Hoover's vindictiveness not only sent the two Secret Service men to exile in outlying precincts but cost them temporary salary reductions—which hurt more. Whereas Hoover draws \$10,000 a year, the chief of the Secret Service gets only \$8,000 and Kilroy P. Aldrich, able head of the Post Office inspectors, \$7,000. There is a like disparity between the pay of rank-and-file G-men and operatives of the other agencies.

Both the Post Office inspectors' service and the Secret Service claim to have been undercut repeatedly by Hoover. In scores of cases, they say, their men have built up the evidence and located the criminals only to have the F. B. I. step in for the kill and the credit.

On at least one occasion the Treasury men, according to their story, ran the victim to the ground and captured him unassisted but still couldn't beat Hoover to the newspapers. Victor (the Count) Lustig, a notorious counterfeiter, was captured by the Secret Service and turned over to the Justice Department for incarceration in its New York detention quarters. Lustig escaped. Again he was trailed by the Treasury operatives, this time to a hide-out near Pittsburgh. T-men solicited help from G-men in making the raid, but the latter were slow in starting. On their way out they met the Secret Service party coming back. The Count was already in gyves. The G-men, following standing instructions, immediately re-reported the capture to their chief, who announced it to the press without mention of the Treasury.

City police, like the federal agencies, are thoroughly fed up with Hoover's telephonitis. When Harry Brunette, a small-time hoodlum charged with kidnapping a New Jersey state policeman, was cornered in an apartment in West 102d Street in New York City, G-men, with Hoover personally in command, literally smoked him out, setting fire to the building. The G-men also gave New York an exciting demonstration of machine-gunning, in which Brunette's girl friend was wounded. Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, who up to that time had been tolerant of Hoover's theatricals despite several previous run-ins with the F. B. I., made public a

letter accusing the federal forces of needless shooting. Hoover was further accused of violating an agreement by starting the raid without notifying the New York police. According to the police, arrangements had been made to keep the apartment under surveillance until Brunette's accomplice in the kidnapping could be trapped with him. It appears that the two city detectives assigned to the vigil were out getting a cup of coffee when Hoover ordered the raid. Hoover denied everything; and Cummings was "not interested in the matters about which small minds dispute."

Such conflicts, whoever is at fault, make for lack of cooperation between federal and local law-enforcement agencies. They are occurring with increasing frequency, and almost every big case of the last two years has brought on a postmortem quarrel. Hoover has accused Post Office inspectors of withholding information and getting in the way. The police forces of Chicago, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, New Orleans, and Seattle as well as New York have complained of Hoover.

Friction between Seattle officials and the F. B. I. over the Mattson case has generated so much heat that there remains only a thin pretense of collaboration. Ironically, the Lindbergh case, which started the ground swell of public revulsion that carried Hoover to his present peak,

actually was solved by Treasury agents and local officials. It was Frank Wilson, new chief of the Secret Service, who devised the elaborate system of checking the numbers on ransom notes that finally tripped Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Lindbergh himself wanted the G-men taken off the case.

For the benefit of his more squeamish admirers Hoover professes to be shocked at the notion that he has ever designated a Public Enemy Number 1 or ordered his agents to bring a criminal in dead. But after Pretty Boy Floyd was shot down by G-men in 1934, Hoover remarked that he was "just a yellow rat who needed extermination" and announced that Baby Face Nelson was "next in line." "Of course we admit some sentiment in the matter," a Washington reporter quoted Hoover at the time. "When one of these yellow curs kills one of our men, we are going to get him and will never stop until we do. That was one of the things we had against Floyd, which caused him to be referred to as Public Enemy Number 1. By that standard, the title will pass to Baby Face Nelson . . . we hope to get him soon." Baby Face Nelson was shot to death some time later—at the cost of two G-men's lives.

[The first part of Mr. Crawford's article appeared last week.]

Forty Acres and a Mule

BY WILLIAM R. AMBERSON

WITH President Roosevelt's appointment of a Special Committee on Farm Tenancy* national interest in the plight of our agricultural laborers, particularly in the South, reached a climax. Three years of unprecedented publicity had lifted these humble workers to the center of the national stage. Yet at the very moment when concern about their plight appears to be at a maximum there is grave danger that the American people may fail again, as they failed once before, to understand the basic factors in the Southern agrarian problem and to find a fundamental solution.

If history teaches anything about the tenancy problem, it is that in our present economic system, with its business cycle and its rapacious middlemen, the small independent farmer cannot maintain himself and tends to disappear. The newer and richer the land the more rapid is this trend. The land passes into the control of fewer and fewer owners, with banks and insurance companies assuming an ever more important role as land operators. In each new farming community tenancy shortly engulfs a major fraction of the population. It soon becomes not only the most prominent economic and legal aspect of rural social structure but a most unwholesome psychological state, demoralizing both landlord and tenant.

There are many factors which contribute to this social disease. We will mention only one. Forty acres of good rich land are enough to maintain any family in normal years. But some years are not normal. And the mule, traditionally supposed to be attached to each sixteenth part of a section, is an uncertain quantity. Rain or drought, he must be fed. He sickens and dies. At his best he furnishes just one mule-power, and under the stress of modern competitive conditions this is not enough. The big planter across the road, with his tractor and four-row equipment and his superior credit facilities, cultivates his cotton for \$5 an acre, while the mule, dragging a half-row plow, runs the bill up to over \$14 (by actual experimental tests at the Stoneville Experiment Station). Sooner or later a crop failure sweeps away the little man's reserves, and the planter forecloses a mortgage on his land given two years before to raise money for the doctor who brought the last baby into the world. The next year the little man is a tenant on the big farm, which now includes his own former acres.

So tenants are made and so they will continue to be made, as surely as God makes little green apples and cotton bolls, unless we, as a nation, do some deep and serious thinking and some wise and careful planning. Yet with distressing frequency amateur theorists in this field miss the lesson of our fable and turn backward

* The Committee's report and President Roosevelt's recommendations in regard to farm tenancy are discussed editorially on page 257 of this issue.

toward the frontier tradition. Once all men were little men, and the mule was a great improvement over hoeing by hand. In those days all men were free and equal. Therefore, runs the argument, let us return to that Golden Age of the Republic, and dole out little homesteads to all the needy people.

Such theorists neglect several stubborn facts. In the first place, the frontier is gone. It is gone not only horizontally but vertically. The days are over when it is cheaper to move than to control soil erosion. Even now men are retreating from much of our former tilled acreage, as wind and rain strip away the precious top soil of badly managed land. Rural poverty, on most soils, is reached in twelve vertical inches. A good half of our present farms are useless or in serious jeopardy. Good land is hard to get; no surplus remains.

In the second place, the big planter across the road is a stubborn fact. His trucks and tractors enable him to raise his crops much more efficiently than can the little man. He has his rights under the law, and if he is big enough he can modify and change the law, or even rewrite it closer to his heart's desire—and economic interest. He has no wish to sell out and move to town, at least not now when prices are on the up and up, and governmental benefits swell his more direct profits. He is sorry for the little man. But business is business, and the best—that is, the biggest—man wins. It is the law of the system.

On both counts the road back to the Golden Age becomes very steep and rocky indeed. Where is the country to which our distressed millions shall go for land? Submarginal lands, torn and gutted by a century of misuse, can of course be purchased by the square mile for a few dollars an acre. The government has recently purchased millions of such acres and is putting them back to forest and pasture, where they belong. Such country can support a sparse population—perhaps as many people as live there now. But rural rehabilitation cannot be accomplished in this manner.

We may as well face the fact that, by some device, tenants and croppers in order to become owners must, by and large, get possession of the good land which they now till. They cannot be moved from their present acreage en masse to hillside havens or fertile jungles, leaving the planter and his sons disconsolate behind to run all the tractors and pick all the cotton.

There is much pious talk now, even in landlord circles, about the plight of the share-cropper and the necessity for his redemption. Each landlord hopes that the other fellow's tenants will be given their chance in life. His own tenants, of course, are relatively well off, and no change in their status is necessary. He will try to allow his people an extra half-cent a pound on their cotton next year, and perhaps cut the commissary charge to fifteen cents on the dollar. But no union monkey business!

Listen to the Delta Chamber of Commerce:

The program of financial assistance should be carefully drawn with a view to helping the ambitious, thrifty, industrious individual to help himself, rather than a gen-

eral bestowal of gratuities on persons who, although needy and deserving help, lack the above-mentioned qualities so necessary if they are successfully to manage and operate their own farm business.

It is as futile to expect the majority of our agricultural workers to own their own farms as to expect most of the clerks to own their own stores or industrial workers their factories.

The setting up of government-owned and operated farms for (the majority of) such workers, no matter whether the title to the land be vested in the government or the individual, is unsound and un-American, and is peonage of the worst sort.

It puts the government, in fact, directly and definitely into the private business of farming in direct competition with its own tax-paying farm citizens. It cannot be tolerated in a democratic government if that government is to survive.

Democracy thus receives a new definition, which unfortunately, most of America will unthinkingly accept. These statements are typical of the confusion of thought in which the present plans for new tenancy legislation are being drawn. The masters of America are in no mood for a vigorous attack upon this problem. At best they are only willing to operate around the edges, rescuing selected groups here and there. To date government has done no more than this, but it is already meeting stout resistance. What would be the outcry if it should move to cut out the cancer, retire the present landlords, take over the plantations, and present the people with convenient fragments of the great estates, or, alternatively, hold them intact and run them in the people's interest under staffs of socially minded experts?

Such an operation would outrage every conviction of our inherited individualism. Moreover, it would assume colossal financial dimensions. Good cotton land brings from \$30 to \$100 an acre. To give 1,000,000 tenant and cropper families their forty acres and a mule would cost the nation not less than \$2,000,000,000, and an equal sum would have to go into new housing, equipment, and furnishings. The experience of the Resettlement Administration and the estimates of other experts agree that the average cost of such rehabilitation would run between \$4,000 and \$5,000 per family, on the present market. No figures are yet available showing the average cost for a completely cooperative project. It would almost certainly be considerably less. In the first year of operation the cost on the Delta Cooperative Farm has run about \$1,000 per family, including full payment on the land. Its equipment, however, is far from complete, and its housing is purely temporary. Moreover, much of its land remains to be cleared.

To wipe out all tenancy in America on the individualistic basis would require at least \$12,000,000,000, and more probably \$15,000,000,000, that is, half of the total value of our present farms. It requires no gift of prophesy to assert that nothing like this is going to be done. The rulers of America are not prepared to pay any such price to recapture the vanished benefits of an alleged Golden Age. Even if the operation could be carried out, we should have no assurance that a final stability had been attained.

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The same forces which have made tenants in the past would continue to operate.

In one respect the gentlemen of the Delta Chamber of Commerce are entirely correct. The majority of Southern rural workers are not ready for land ownership. We have to do here with the human wreckage of an iniquitous century-old social system in a land which never knew the wholesome frontier life of other regions. For five generations these people have been habituated to the present economic mode. We are here dealing with a vast rural population of no fewer than five million whites and three million Negroes who are so thoroughly demoralized, so ignorant and irresponsible, so dirty, ragged, and diseased, that one may well doubt whether they can ever be reclaimed. Most of these people have never owned land, or they lost it three generations back.

Even when they try to get it they face almost certain defeat. I have been watching the pathetic efforts of some of these poor families to "donate" a small patch of state land. They pay a small fee and get a dubious title. Again and again they fall into debt for their food and see the land which they have painstakingly cleared go to another. I know one colored man who has started three times to win his own farm by this route. Each time he has lost out after years of labor. The last time his own lawyer connived with his exploiter to "sell him down the river." He has just been evicted from the last soil which he thought to call his own.

We are powerfully moved, therefore, to the conclusion that such fragmentation of the plantation as is now being widely proposed would be a blunder of the first magnitude. Whether we begin our argument with an emphasis on technical efficiency or start with an appreciation of the low culture of these laboring masses, we arrive at the same conclusion. Large-scale cooperative farming ventures are in this region the only hope for the majority. The efficiency of the large plantation must be retained and increased, not destroyed. These confused folk must be brought together into new types of village communities. The light of a vigorous educational program must illumine these darkened lives. Adequate medical services must rescue them from their chronic sickness. They must learn together to build a new hope and faith under socially minded leaders of their own region. This is the "middle way" for the agricultural South, steering between plantation exploitation on the one hand and the inefficiency of the small homestead on the other. Even the Chamber of Commerce gives guarded consideration to such a program. Its confusion of thought, however, persists. "The average large Delta farm is a privately owned and operated cooperative, with the tenants enjoying a sizable percentage of the returns." Shades of the Rochdale pioneers!

These people can rise again. The racial stocks are basically sound. Future hope for this great community shines out from the bright eyes of its children, not yet dimmed by the privations of adult life. Human material fit for a higher destiny lives in these shacks and hovels. But it is raw and untutored—an easy prey to the greed and prejudice which cannot soon be banished from this scene.

The Resettlement Administration has had much preliminary experience with these deep-rooted habits of the cotton belt. Administrative difficulties have embarrassed the program. High administrative costs at the top have not been matched by new efficiency at the bottom. The ghost of states' rights haunts the work, preventing strong federal control. The idealism of Washington is often highly diluted in the field. Local administrators are frequently plantation owners who run the government farms much as they have always run their own lands. The commissary racket may still flourish on the side. Government checks have been held up for months, forcing the people back upon the old credit system with its inflated charges. Families may still be evicted without settlement of their accounts, because of union affiliation or as part of a definite local scheme of exploitation. The people remain perplexed and distrustful, confused by frequent changes in policy and personnel. Here and there a socially minded director is making history.

Many students of this problem view with dismay any proposal to shift Resettlement activities back to the Department of Agriculture, directly or indirectly. The department has never shown any will to grapple with the problems of the rural under-dog. Its programs have been written by landlords for landlords. Its whole organization is tied in with the land-owning class. By and large it has no comprehension of, or sympathy for, the tenant and cropper. The department's contribution to technology has been superb, but it is not a sociological instrument, and it should not be asked to become one. A strengthened and reorganized Resettlement Administration, fully devoted to the interests of the present landless class, is the only answer.

Years must pass before any appreciable change in the situation can be effected. Let us not delude ourselves into thinking that by the present gestures we are solving the problem of tenancy. Tenants are being made faster than any program so far proposed can liquidate them. Let us recognize that the next few years are an experimental period in which we are hammering out new models for rural life. This time we must not fail.

More and more Resettlement and Rural Rehabilitation, its smaller twin, have embraced the cooperative ideal. They are issuing excellent material on cooperative technique. That technique, particularly on the production side, is difficult indeed. It is all the more difficult because America has so few precedents for it in its own economic history. Group ownership of land presents new legal, as well as new psychological, problems. For the various projects a corps of devoted and highly trained administrators must be found. By trial and error we must drive through to successful patterns valid for the American community. In the last analysis a cooperative farm will find its proper milieu only in a cooperative commonwealth.

In 1865 there was much talk about forty acres and a mule for the freedmen. No one meant it then. Few really mean it now. Even fewer realize its inadequacy, in this land and time. At best it was a poor slogan. Dixie's millions wait for a new plan and a new leadership which will really take them to their Promised Land.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Haiti, 1937

Port-au-Prince, February 7

IT WAS on August 7, 1934, that the usurping United States flag was finally hauled down and the Haitian hoisted in the city of Port-au-Prince. Three years previous the departments of public works, public health, agriculture, and industrial education had been turned over to their rightful managers, the Haitians. But this formal end of American rule, save for the financial control still exercised by the American fiscal representative in the interest of American bondholders, meant the beginning of a new epoch in Haitian history.

How are things going? Can the Haitians go it alone? Have they profited by the American occupation? Is it going to be the same old story of mismanagement, waste, corruption, and turbulence? These questions are of thrilling import when one recalls that this is the greatest experiment in self-government by colored men in all the world; that Haiti is the second oldest republic in this hemisphere; that the 3,000,000 men and women who live here are descendants of the black men who, unaided, threw off the yoke of slavery and defeated in succession the picked troops of England, France, and Spain.

Two and one-half years of walking alone are hardly a conclusive test, especially when the Haitians have not had control of their national finances. But the average American resident here believes that the country is off to a good material start and that the old conditions are not likely to recur. The American occupation did a poorer job here than in Santo Domingo. But the marines did accomplish certain things. They taught the Haitians the necessity of organization. They imbued them with a great concern for public hygiene and sanitation, though this work would be far more efficient today if the Haitians had been allowed a greater measure of collaboration in the days of American rule. They built some roads—not many—and demonstrated that good roads are the key to advancement in every phase of the national life. And they ordered well the public finances.

But there the list of American achievements just about ends. There was no vision, no building for the future. The usurpers were naval officers, not trained civilian administrators, and they knew that they were not there to stay. They built a material but not a moral order. As Dantès Bellegarde has put it: "Unfortunately they did not know how to establish moral order; that is to say, the peace assured by respect for law and its observance, imposed on all citizens alike. The American heads displayed an absolute contempt for lawful procedure. They overturned constitutions and laws which annoyed them and had constitutions and laws drawn up which could serve

their own interests, without regard for public morality." If this was understandable in view of the American disrespect for law at home, it set an evil example abroad, one which, as we shall see, has already borne evil fruit.

When the American flag came down, Haiti was in the grip of the world depression, and even today it must meet all its expenses, including the debt service, from a revenue of only \$6,500,000. As President Vincent put it to me: "In a hundred years our population has trebled and our national budget has remained the same." What is more, only a small proportion of the \$8,000,000 debt which burdens the country was actually used for public works or public enterprises, and so Haiti, beginning its new career, prays that the world price of coffee—coffee constitutes 80 per cent of its exports—will rise, since Haiti lives on export and import duties. This is obviously a mistaken economic policy, but one that cannot be avoided when real-estate, personal, and income taxes cannot be imposed. Under the new treaty with the United States negotiated by Secretary Hull, Haiti has the assurance that no tariff duties will be levied on its principal exports in the United States market. But Haitian coffee has not a wide American market, and the government must make every effort to seek new outlets for its chief crop. Moreover, Haiti is the victim of a shipping conspiracy which actually makes it cost about 35 per cent more to ship an automobile from New York to Port-au-Prince than from San Francisco to Shanghai.

These touching, law-abiding, patient, and uncomplaining black people, who are bringing multitudes of babies into the world, need everything. No one starves to death in Haiti, for the rich soil produces enough fruit to keep body and soul together, but the laborers are often weak for lack of properly nourishing food. Beyond shelter, the simplest of garments, a mat or bed to sleep on, the bulk of the people have nothing whatever. Their densely populated soil (103 persons to the square kilometer, contrasted with 73 in France and 14 in the United States) is not studded by many villages or towns. Each family lives by itself, or with a couple of neighbors, in its banana or coffee patch, as remote from the culture and life of the modern world as are the tribes in the heart of Africa. As one sees these people in never-ending parade on their few roads, the great majority of the pilgrims being women walking with their burdens on their heads or riding on their little donkeys, one has the feeling that the scene is just about like Palestine in the Biblical ages. Certainly the wages go back that far, for the prevailing rate paid by the government on its public works is only 30 cents a day. The average servant in the towns earns from \$4 to \$10 a month.

But the desire for progress is here. The people want

a modern state, and already there are signs of returning prosperity. Fully 1,000 houses have been built in and about Port-au-Prince in the last two years, charming flower-embowered homes perched on the hillsides, contrasting painfully with the hovels of the poor. The thirst for education is apparent too, for in almost every street there are schools, public and private, high schools and church schools, one after the other. There is a fine new orphanage, sponsored by the President; there is a reform school for boys, whose active director tells you that many of his wards are the offspring of members of the American occupation force. There is a new national museum building. But the Port-au-Prince hospital of which the authorities are so proud is starved for lack of funds, as is the health service everywhere. And if the capital has its dark spots, the other cities I saw were even more depressing. There are many ruins of houses at Cap Haitien; and Fort Liberté, once so thriving, is now, owing to earthquakes and other forces, a wreck that recalls the war-devastated French villages.

But after all it is the presiding head of a government which usually gives that government its direction and force and influences the observer's judgment of what the real promise of the immediate future is. The ruler of Haiti is Sténio Vincent. The name recalls a day in 1921 when he, Pauleus Sannon, Perceval Thoby, Pierre Hudicourt, and one other arrived at the offices of *The Nation* to ask for aid in freeing Haiti from American control. None of us imagined that within nine years one of that group would be the head of the Haitian Republic. President Vincent is a man of high education, genuine culture, great dignity, and quiet demeanor. He is a fine speaker with none of the volubility or excitability of the Latin. He is socially minded, public-spirited, and so genuinely eager to improve social conditions in Haiti that he gives freely out of his own pocket—as in constructing some model two-room houses in what Port-au-Prince calls the "Cité Vincent." His integrity is beyond question. Yet the fact remains that President Vincent is a dictator, however benign. For he has breached the constitution, overriding it by a plebiscite which everybody admits was fraudulent and thereby doing away with the Presidential election of 1936 and seating himself for a second term. He holds the press in the hollow of his hand; indeed, it is the general belief that the newspapers have another source of revenue than advertising, subscriptions, and sales. All newspapers are licensed, and licenses are not granted to those which the dictator does not wish to be published. No meeting, not even a religious one, can be held without a permit from the military authorities, and there are in prison in Cap Haitien some seventeen men arrested a year ago simply, so they insist, for criticizing some of the President's policies. They have never been brought into court, but there they are. Is it any wonder that the old liberal group with whom President Vincent was affiliated in the fight for Haitian independence looks upon him much as did American liberals upon Woodrow Wilson after he had changed from the progressive leader of 1912 into the reactionary and autocratic war-time President?

But if this Haitian group is dismayed and disheartened, it has not the slightest intention of opposing the President. They scoff at any talk of a revolt even if peaceable criticism and opposition are denied, and they are sincere in their desire to have their old friend become a successful, wise, and farsighted President. They would dread and oppose any revolution, for they wish beyond all else that there shall be no more foreign occupations. But they hold to their old democratic ideals and their faith in the ability of the Haitian people to govern themselves well, despite their backwardness, superstition, and illiteracy.

Those who speak for the President declare that pure democracy will be impossible until the people are educated—for years and years; that the President had to be made supreme over the national legislature because a minority blocked legislation which the Executive "had to have." They claim, like Hitler, that the plebiscite was a "legal" measure since the constitution came originally from the people and the people therefore had a right to amend it—they say nothing about the corruption which accompanied the vote. They defend the suppression of the press because, they say, "our journalists are not like yours," and they denounce their newspapermen as vindictive, libelous, utterly irresponsible, shameless in their personal attacks—just such language as I have heard applied to William Randolph Hearst and many another American journalist; could any Haitian journalist be worse than were the Bonfils brothers of Denver? The answer is, of course, neither licensing, nor suppression, nor purchase. There are libel laws in Haiti and doubtless laws against slander as well. The remedy is to turn to the courts for aid, not to destroy the profession. Haiti, like any other country, needs intelligent free discussion of its innumerable grave problems, and its present ruler ought to be just as ready to pay the price of personal abuse and misrepresentation as were George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. It was Sténio Vincent himself who on one occasion said: "Where are the keen intellectual frays of former times, the discussions—admittedly violent at times, but more interesting than the atrocious silence which has been imposed [by the American naval officers] on the citizenry?" Today it is the author of these words who enforces upon his countrymen an "atrocious silence."

The President's distrust of his people goes so far that he is the most heavily guarded ruler I have seen in all my travels. If he goes to the country club, the road leading out there has its sentries; at least fifty men guard the clubhouse, and he arrives surrounded by ten or twelve officers. Yet I am sure that he needs no more guards than does President Roosevelt. I certainly heard no criticism of him that would lead me to believe he need fear an attack upon his life or his government. At any rate there is not the slightest danger of revolution as long as the standing army of 2,800 men which he maintains to police the country is loyal to him.

[The second part of Mr. Villard's article on Haiti will appear next week. In succeeding issues he will describe conditions in the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico.]

BROUN'S PAGE

Those Liberals Again

WALTER LIPPMANN, the columnist, has hit upon one device which is useful to the members of his craft. Quite often during the appropriate season he is called upon to deliver a baccalaureate sermon, and on such occasions he uses the speech as his newspaper piece for the next day. If it's good enough for Walter, it ought to be good enough for me.

I want to submit not a sermon but a short speech which I made before a dinner of the Lawyers' Guild in Washington. That is, if I can remember it. I have the excuse that none of it was printed and that by the time I got around to making it, midnight had already struck and most of the diners very sensibly had gone home. But here goes:

Mr. Toastmaster and fellow trade unionists: I want to do the finish of my speech first and then stop. I want to talk about the proposals of the President in regard to the Supreme Court. I'm in favor of them. I do not think they solve the fundamental issues. It is even possible that the approach was a mistake. But that is all water under the bridge by now. I'm not an idolater of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. At times, whether he knows it or not, I've disagreed with him violently. But I want to look at the problem as it lies before us here and now.

It has been said that the President is certain to win. I'm not so sure. In any case he has a tough fight on his hands. If he is defeated, it will be because of the liberals who oppose him. Those are the people who worry me. Naturally, I expected to hear that Bishop Manning was in opposition. A friend of mine who doesn't get time to keep up with the newspapers completely tells me that he has invented a very simple and effective system for himself. Whenever Bishop Manning comes out against anything, he is violently for it. He says that so far the system is 100 per cent perfect. It may be hard to put anything on top of that, but in the case of the President's proposals Bishop Manning and A. Lawrence Lowell came out against Roosevelt's plan on the same day. To me that ought to make the case for support 150 per cent.

But I am talking about liberals. That is a little difficult. I've never quite understood what a liberal is—or maybe was would be a better word. Of course, I know that Walter Lippmann is a liberal, but some very curious liberals are coming up out of the cracks just now. I'm always surprised when I read the statements of Amos Pinchot, who invariably refers to himself as a liberal. There ought to be a law. But there isn't. And yet I was still more startled to look at the editorial page of the *Herald Tribune* and find a communication under the caption "A Liberal's View of the Controversy"

which was signed John Spargo. If John Spargo is a liberal, then I'm Pierce Butler.

But I want to be fair, within reason. There are true and honest liberals who have taken the rap and borne the heat of the day. And some of these same veterans are muddying the water right now by declaring that they are going to oppose the President's proposal because it doesn't go far enough. I say that it is absolutely necessary to get over the first hurdle before tackling the second. And it seems to me that it would be tragic if men who want no amendment at all and are determined to preserve the status quo manage to defeat Roosevelt by fooling liberals who want to go farther and faster. Of course, I admit the sincerity of the true liberals, but in the present situation I feel impelled to say, "To hell with their sincerity. Damn their stupidity."

I have no desire to be dogmatic about the present political situation. I'm not a political expert. I once ran for Congress on the Socialist ticket, and along about the middle of the campaign I actually got to believe that I might be elected. That turned out to be wrong by about 35,000 votes.

I am not an expert. But I come here to make a report based on what seems to me expert opinion. During the last few weeks I've been coming down to Washington every other day. And I've made it my business to talk to newspapermen in the bar of the National Press Club. I've talked to newspapermen wholly off the record. Almost all these conversations have been limited to the political, which is another word for realistic, aspects of the present situation. I was trying to find out just one thing. I put this question over and over again to men who have been on the "Hill" and around it for many years. I said, "If the proposals of the President are licked, what chance will any amendment have?" And without a dissenting voice, everybody answered, "If Roosevelt is licked in this fight, or if he is forced to compromise deeply, any man in politics who has an amendment can take it up an alley and whistle. Nobody would pay any attention. The political judgment of Washington and of the public will be that the court and the Constitution are dynamite. Nobody will dare to touch the issue for another ten years."

I think these men are right. The consensus of the Washington reporters has always been correct. And so there's your issue. Unless you are for the maintenance of the status quo, you ought to support Roosevelt whether you think his proposals go far enough or not. Armageddon is not just around the corner. We're standing there now. On which side are you going to fight? Are you going to fight standing beside Bishop Manning, A. Lawrence Lowell, the *Herald Tribune*, the Liberty League, and William Randolph Hearst? Make up your mind.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

INTERPRETING SHAKESPEARE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

OUR popular audience, it appears, is about to re-discover the plays of Shakespeare on the stage. That is one illustration of the fact that common-places about Shakespeare's "universality" are true in a wider sense than such sweeping statements usually are in connection with any other great writer. Homer, Dante, Milton, and the rest are not really "universal" to anything like the same extent. They are not capable of interesting one-quarter as many people, and one is tempted sometimes to believe that there was actually some truth in the contention of those romantic critics who held that Shakespeare was not merely the greatest of writers but in some superhuman way completely *sui generis*, or, as one of them put it, not a dramatist but a fact of nature.

Another indication of his supremacy may be found in the fact that no other man seems to have the power of inspiring so much genuinely fruitful scholarship and genuinely interesting criticism. All the great writers are the subject of more or less continuous study and investigation, particularly in universities, and much of it is routine and perfunctory. But Shakespeare criticism and technical Shakespeare scholarship continue somehow to be really fruitful. If some of the issues are dead, others seem always arising to take their places; and erudition becomes not dusty but living.

Illustration of this fact may be found in the 388 pages of an anthology called "Shakespeare Criticism, 1919-35,"* which has been edited by Ann Bradby. Except for the fact that it contains nothing from the books of Dover Wilson, it seems to be a very representative collection and at first sight to illustrate every conceivable approach. Methods range from the statistical in Caroline Spurgeon's "Leading Motives in the Imagery of Shakespeare's Tragedies" to the quasi-impressionistic in G. Wilson Knight's "The Othello Music." There are textual studies like W. W. Greg's "Principles of Emendation in Shakespeare," antiquarian notes like J. Isaacs's "Shakespeare as a Man of the Theater," and there are also more purely literary studies ranging in attitude all the way from that of E. E. Stoll, aggressive champion of those who find merely artifice and convention where others discover almost indescribable subtlety, to that of Granville-Barker, who makes the more usual assumption that though we may read wrong things into the text, we are not likely ever to be more subtle than Shakespeare himself.

Yet for all the heterogeneity of the collection there is a kind of unity. For one thing it is amazing how many of these widely divergent methods and attitudes can produce genuinely relevant results. For another there is the

fact that at any given epoch the tendency is for critics and scholars to unite in making certain basic assumptions. Nineteenth-century critics revolted against the formalism of the eighteenth century, while critics of the twentieth are conspicuously less inclined than those of the preceding age to indulge in the merely rhapsodic. They are predominantly analytical even though both the subjects and the methods of analysis are extremely diverse. Broadly speaking, they may be divided into two groups—those who work from the outside in and those who work from the inside out. One group, that is to say, is concerned with history, with the methods of staging plays or printing books, with Elizabethan convictions and interests and fashions, attempting to illuminate Shakespeare by means of the light thrown from things outside him. The other group is more concerned with what he himself says, with significances and meanings which are absolute in the sense that they are independent of their local habitation and name. Yet the two groups are by no means working either at cross purposes or in isolation. They check and correct each other. They are, besides, alike in being, as I said before, rather analytic than rhapsodical. Even the critic least concerned with the antiquarian or the historical keeps his eye on his object—namely, the details of the plays themselves. No criticism could ever dare as little to be in any sense irresponsible because no other criticism was ever itself subject to criticism so watchful and informed.

One may wonder how, if this is true, it is still possible to say so many different things about Shakespeare, all of which seem possibly illuminating and possibly true. There are a dozen different Shakespeares in the minds of different men, and it may seem odd that where so much is known there should still be room for so much divergence of opinion. Indeed, in a biting and witty essay T. S. Eliot speaks sarcastically of the fact when he introduces a serious discussion of the influence of Seneca with the following remarks: "I propose it largely because I believe that after the Montaigne Shakespeare . . . and after the Machiavelli Shakespeare, a stoical or Senecan Shakespeare is almost certain to be produced. I merely wish to disinfect the Senecan Shakespeare before he appears."

The explanation lies, I think, in a fact which Mr. Eliot himself, not alone of course, stresses—the fact, namely, that of all great writers Shakespeare is probably the most completely dramatic in that he was more often and more exclusively than any other interested in realizing and presenting a character, an idea, or an emotion without offering any comment upon it from outside that character

* The World's Classics, Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

or from the vantage-point of any other idea or emotion. Very divergent interpretations of his work are tenable for much the same reason that very divergent interpretations of "life" are equally tenable, for the reason, that is to say, that none or any of them may be "true" because they are all alike based upon assumptions belonging in categories not recognized in either "life" or Shakespeare's plays. And if to say this seems to approach dangerously close to the conception of Shakespeare as a "fact of nature," I can only say that I think that exaggeration less far from the truth than the opposite exaggeration, which consists in thinking of him as a teacher or a philosopher, and which reaches its ultimate absurdity in the attempt to represent him by opinions and sentiments torn from the plays. Has it ever been pointed out that the two copy-book maxims most often cited were spoken, the first by a dotard and the second by a hypocrite? It was Polonius who said, "To thine own self be true," and Iago who declared, "Who steals my purse steals trash."

Love Poem

BY REUEL DENNEY

Let's go and leave this argument
Now midnight says to put away
All bitching at our civic crimes
And what the politicians say.

It isn't that I'm careless of it;
Disgusted or in sweating terror
I too have waked in middle night
At what we sometimes live and die for.

I've thought about what men can make;
How some can roll a rustless steel
Or tell from wheat its native soil.
That power makes me also sing.

When all that's left of afternoon
Dies on a steep hill stone by stone
And summitward diminishes,
I have been sad as anyone

At what our children's sons may say
About our shabby dividend
Of wisdom in a formula
And wreck of states we cannot mend.

I too say that it's wonderful
How after a hundred violent springs
A man's endeavor still is known,
Returning, like that bird who sings

Each June upon the corner elm,
With notes identically new.
But here's a serious citizen
Who'll happily lie down with you.

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BOOKS

The Tragedy of an Absolutist

THE FINAL STRUGGLE: BEING COUNTESS TOLSTOY'S DIARY FROM 1910. Translated by Aylmer Maude. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THE world has taken sides between Leo and Sofya Tolstoy. To those sympathetic with genius a demanding, hysterical wife is always at fault, although she may bear the burden of sixteen pregnancies, thirteen births, and nine living children. To defenders of the family a husband is to blame, however much a genius, if his moral scruples cut at the livelihood of wife and children. It may be that the conflict between the Tolstoyes, like all tragedy, is a matter less deserving of blame than of understanding. "The Final Struggle" covers the last year in a marital battle that extended over thirty years. Here are the trivia of each day rising to overwhelming tragedy: the little words of spite and blank despair in the 1910 diaries of wife and husband, supplemented by the accounts of eyewitnesses, relatives, friends, and doctors; a historical introduction by Tolstoy's biographer, Aylmer Maude; and an intimate picture by the son Sergius Tolstoy, who has managed like an artist to render an impartial accounting. From this book alone the reader cannot judge of a married life which endured nearly half a century; it crystallizes only the darker chapters, and the bulk of the story is told by partisans in a mood of passionate exaggeration.

The Tolstoy household at Yasnaya Polyana in the year 1910 was as tense as a Russian novel, divided as it was into two armed camps: on the one side Tolstoy, his literary executor Chertkov, and his daughter Alexandra; on the other side Sofya and her two sons Ilya and Andrey. Everyone kept diaries and held private meetings, a secret will was drawn up on a tree stump in the woods, there were attempts at suicide and threats to run away, there were illness and hysteria, and finally there was Tolstoy's escape in the black of night and his death at a railway station a few days later. The fight was waged for the soul of Tolstoy, for the egos of the others depended upon their relationship with him.

How had they come to this impasse? According to the accumulated legend, which Sergius Tolstoy accepts, the early married years of the Tolstoyes were happy, and it was not until Tolstoy became religious and sought to reconcile the deed with the word that the conflict arose. The supposition is that Tolstoy's religious search did not proceed inevitably from his character, and that he might have chosen never to branch off into this moral preoccupation and thus have continued in marital harmony until the end of the chapter.

I cannot agree with this surface view of their relationship. The tragedy of the Tolstoyes was inherent in their character. Marriage was a compromise to Leo, whereas to Sofya it was the organizing principle of her being. He came to it at the late age of thirty-four, suspicious of sensual pleasures; she came to it romantically, an ordinary young girl destined to marry a great and distinguished writer. Wrapped in his quest of the good, the beautiful, and the true, Tolstoy had to withdraw from private life. Sofya found her fulfilment in helping her husband, caring for the children, attending to the business of the estate.

Thus their division of labor: he, the artist doomed to live by absolutes, come what may; she, the family provider driven to press for security, whatever the cost. This battle between male and female, between genius and common sense, never let up. But it brought its gifts to Leo and through him to the world. Experiencing love, he created Natasha at the ball and proud Anna Karenina. He was a solemn, awkward man who was brought through marriage into contact with ordinary things, and celebrated for later generations children at play, sleigh rides, hunts, childbirth. Perhaps because of his devastating experiences he drew his heroes in his own likeness ■ troubled seekers for truth, and the women in the image of his wife—glorious, fierce, and trivial. His domestic philosophy, like that of Freud, was based upon the tragedy of the bedroom.

We must not believe that it was Sofya's badgering that made Tolstoy unhappy, or her petty reasoning that kept him from becoming a hermit or a peasant. His body's needs prevented celibacy, and a deep sense of realism (like that of Levin, who once thought of marrying ■ peasant girl) made it impossible for him to adopt the ways of the mujik. For better or worse he remained what he was created—sensual and an aristocrat. Long before Sofya married Leo Tolstoy, he tried in the true Russian spirit to deny himself and achieve perfection. But he could not find the good life among his fellows in battle, or in family obligations, or in nearness to God or peasant. His marriage with Sofya Behrs was in itself only an episode in his search for moral peace.

But there was no peace, for within him were the sources of his own contradictions. The phases of his development overlapped, causing inner tension. He was at once sensual lover and ascetic, he wanted the warmth of a family and the peace of a monastery; he was an egoist who believed in meekness, a stubborn opponent who preached non-resistance; he would not submit to authority and yet imposed his will on others; he believed in love for humanity but often could not love the individuals near him; he was comforted by the material world and continued to search for God. In short, he dug so deeply into his own nature that he discovered and embodied the dualities at the core of existence, and because of his greed for life he held on to them all.

Thus the book represents the tragedy of an absolutist whose absolutes came to grief in his private life. For in the daily round we live less by principles than by mutual tolerance, less by logic than by humor. Tolstoy, the absolutist, paid in pain for his insights into the universe. Out of this pain arose miraculous books—not only the long, impassioned novels but also the stories and essays on women, death, God, beauty, and poverty, wherein he dared to face the realities from which the weak must flee. Faustus-like, Tolstoy tried to encompass all experience, and found himself at last ■ magnificent failure.

ANITA MARBURG

The Natural in the Human

ANNA BECKER. By Max White. Stackpole Sons. \$2.50.

IN MARRYING D. H. Lawrence to Gertrude Stein, the author of this novel has achieved ■ remarkable combination of elements. This vision of a woman's rebirth, of the fulfilment of her senses and instincts, seems directly derived from Lawrence, and the fine brevity of the prose, its idyllic notes, its simplicity at once tender and precise, are reminiscent of the early Stein. And lest a lineage so patently literary

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should appear artificial and thus prejudice us against its bearer, it should be observed that the particular way in which he has tempered and synthesized his two elements is creatively of the utmost interest. By using the first influence with the moderation of his own need he has cured it of those spasms of salvation-mongering we thought inherent in it, and by pruning the verbal fetishes off the second he has presented it normatively, minus that quality commonly considered objectionable as well as organic to the attitude and intention behind it. Where the fruitfulness of Mr. White's method comes in is that by freeing these elements from the strictly *individual* stamp of their creators, he has emphasized their objective meanings and thus made a more balanced judgment of them so much easier.

At first sight Anna Becker, proprietress of a tea-shop in a conservative college town in New Hampshire, appears to be a woman whose conventions make up her character. Some things, however, tend to give her away. A beautiful woman, she finds no pleasure in looking at herself in the mirror, for she sees there a stranger who does not at all look like the person both the town and she herself think she is. The arrival of the quarryman, Steve Larsen, upsets the weight of her maidenly years, for Larsen, a man as natural as the homely syllables of his name, lets nothing impede him from getting to "the core of what he likes" and, desiring Anna, he takes her against her will. This "primitive" workingman blackmails her into submission, and though the circumstances of her life in the town amply explain her fear of forcibly ejecting him from her house, there is yet more than a hint of ambiguity in her inability to resist him. Time passes, and against the background of the seasons vivified through a superb use of nature symbolism, we witness the gradual destruction of Anna's conventions by the secret efforts of her "woman's nature" and Larsen's sure and "inevitable" behavior. She finds the strength to defy her neighbors, who isolate her socially, and finally she emerges as a woman "new and alive," sharing the abundance and movement of natural things.

The question that must be asked is why the two elements interwoven in this novel work so well together. To my mind, the reply is to be sought in the fact that both elements, from different angles and with unequal pressure, offer simplified solutions, whose secret is salvation from within, to modern problems. What is Lawrence's mysticism of the body if not the obverse side of the older mysticism of the soul? And being a simplification, this mystical doctrine cannot but take its toll, of course, in the creation of character. Whatever credibility Larsen has is due more to our memories of his type in other novels than to our recognition of him as a part of living experience. He is too messianic to serve as a real and lasting image of release, though he appeals to our sensibility as a modern version of the romantic Noble Savage of a bygone age.

This book is blurbed as a "Madame Bovary" of New England—a comparison that strikes me as particularly inept. Emma's passion brings her to her death, while Anna's brings her life: one finds in love only a surcease from boredom, the other a joyous identification with the real world. Moreover, in Mr. White's prose there is not a whiff of those emanations of M. Homais's pharmacy, that is to say, of that obsession with the commonplace, the local, and the flavor of the purely human so peculiar to French realism. Flaubert stressed the human in the natural, Lawrence the natural in the human.

PHILIP RAHV

Wrong Number

OF MICE AND MEN. By John Steinbeck. Covici-Friede. \$2.

ALL but one of the persons in Mr. Steinbeck's extremely brief novel are subhuman if the range of the word human is understood to coincide with the range thus far established by fiction. Two of them are evil, one of them is dangerous without meaning to be, and all of them are ignorant—all of them, that is, except the one who shall be named hereafter. Far from knowing the grammar of conduct, they do not even know its orthography. No two of their thoughts are consecutive, nor for that matter do they think; it is rather that each of them follows some instinct as a bull follows the chain which runs through a hole in his nose, or as a crab moves toward its prey. The scene is a ranch in California, and the bunk-house talk is terrific—God damn, Jesus Christ, what the hell, you crazy bastard, I gotta gut ache, and things like that. The dialect never varies, just as the story never runs uphill.

George and Lennie, the itinerant workers who come to the ranch one day with a dream of the little farm they will own as soon as they get the jack together, seem to think their new job will last at least that long; but the reader knows from the beginning that it will not last, for Lennie is a half-witted giant with a passion for petting mice—or rabbits, or pups, or girls—and for killing them when they don't like it. He is doomed in this book to kill Curley's wife; that is obvious; and then—. Lennie, you see, cannot help shaking small helpless creatures until their necks are broken, just as George cannot relinquish his dream, and just as Curley cannot ever stop being a beast of jealousy. They are wound up to act that way, and the best they can do is run down; which is what happens when Mr. Steinbeck comes to his last mechanical page.

What, however, of the one exception? Ah, he is Slim the jerkline skinner, the tall man with the "God-like eyes" that get fastened on you so that you can't think of anything else for a while. "There was a gravity in his manner and a quiet so profound that all talk stopped when he spoke. . . . His hatchet face was ageless. He might have been thirty-five or fifty. His ear heard more than was said to him, and his slow speech had overtones not of thought, but of understanding beyond thought. His hands, large and lean, were as delicate in their action as those of a temple dancer." He looks through people and beyond them—a feat never accomplished save in mechanical novels. And he understands—why, he understands everything that Mr. Steinbeck understands. It is the merest accident of education that he talks like the rest; "Jesus, he's jes' like a kid, ain't he," he says. If he had his creator's refinement of tongue he could write such sentences as this one which introduces Lennie: "His arms did not swing at his sides, but hung loosely and only moved because the heavy hands were pendula." It wouldn't have done to write pendulums. That would have given the real sound and look of Lennie, and besides it is a real word.

Mr. Steinbeck, I take it, has not been interested in reality of any kind. His jerkline skinner (mule driver) is as hopelessly above the human range as Lennie or Candy or Curley's painted wife is below it. All is extreme here; everybody is a doll; and if there is a kick in the story it is given us from some source which we cannot see, as when a goose walks over our grave, or as when in the middle of the night the telephone rings sharply and it is the wrong number. We shall remember it about that long.

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A Man and an Administration

HAMILTON FISH: THE INNER HISTORY OF THE GRANT ADMINISTRATION. By Allan Nevins. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$5.

WHICH of our Presidential administrations the worst is still a matter of dispute among American historians, but after reading Dr. Nevins's excellent volume I am persuaded that General Grant's deserves the palm. While this is a long book, it escapes being tedious. The author has carefully concealed most of the scaffolding of scholarship. His narrative often steers a tortuous course through the shoals of obscure diplomatic minutiae, such as the minor Santo Dominican skulduggeries or the final passages at arms over the Alabama arbitration. Still, it has movement, occasionally exhibits pleasing irony, and often ascends to heights of moving prose. Dr. Nevins has added to his already well-established reputation by producing another enduring book.

In this task the fact that Hamilton Fish kept a copious diary was of the greatest aid to him. This diary bids fair to alter fundamentally Fish's own historical position, and it likewise throws a painfully bright light on certain obscurities in Grant's Presidential career. Historians of our own times are sure to be vastly disadvantaged by the dearth of diarists today, but during the Civil War and Reconstruction diaries were still being kept by important men. The opinionated, irascible, crabbed, self-righteous, and still highly revealing record of Gideon Welles is an example. Hamilton Fish's diary bids fair to be as useful for the years of Grant. It has not yet been published in its entirety, but the copious

excerpts in this present volume whet one's appetite for the full text.

Fish himself deserved well of his country. A New Yorker of patron stock, born in the Federalist tradition, he had a distinguished pre-war career, including a Senate term. Then came a decade of quasi-retirement, after which, to his own surprise as much as that of the country, he was inducted into Grant's Cabinet as Secretary of State. Again and again planning to resign, he stayed the whole eight years, and managed to keep the State Department free from the stupidities and scandals that afflicted nearly every other administrative branch under Grant.

To do this was no easy job. While Nevins acquits the General of personal dishonesty, he agrees with other historians that there were infirmities in his character which made him a most inappropriate choice for the White House. In the first place, it was General and not President Grant: his Cabinet ministers were subordinates to be ordered. The pattern of his appointments was very bad: to a shameful nepotism was added a partiality to names suggested by his shabby "kitchen cabinet." To this was added a stubborn defense of revealed blunderers or corruptionists which indicated a moral obtuseness of Grant's part. And finally there was a complete casualness about the functional efficiency of governmental operation; Grant's slipshod mode of handling the Presidential duties often brought Fish to the resignation point.

Dr. Nevins adds few new scandals to the familiar record, but he does supply corroborating details which further deepen the black of official turpitude. During these dark years, however, no breath of scandal ever touched Fish, and he left office in 1877 with the general confidence and esteem of the country. And with reason, for he had brought to solution the two thorniest controversies with foreign nations which the United States had had since Commodore Wilkes stopped the British steamer Trent: he had successfully liquidated our Civil War grievances against Great Britain; and in spite of the exacerbations of Cuba in revolt, he had kept us out of war with Spain. In both instances there had been almost as many obstacles at home as abroad. Yet with a patience and vision extraordinary for the epoch, he kept the helm steady and steered the bark successfully to port.

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DRAMA

Excuse My Glove

MOST readers of the *New Yorker* remember the adventures of Arthur Kober's Bella, who frequently attended "formals" and was "not the type girl accustomed to talk to young men I haven't been properly introduced to." Bella herself does not appear in Mr. Kober's new play, "Having Wonderful Time" (Lyceum Theater), but a dozen or more of her friends do, and despite one reference to *The Nation* not intended to be too complimentary I must confess that they furnish a very amusing evening. The scene is Kamp Karefree somewhere in the Berkshires, and the plot concerns those vacation romances which must bloom rapidly if they are to bloom at all. The important thing, however, is neither plot nor setting but a study of the folk ways

current among Jewish stenographers and their struggling boy friends.

Mr. Kober is not, of course, the first to exploit this milieu. His world is roughly the same as that of writers as wildly unlike as Milt Gross and Clifford Odets. Yet Mr. Kober has a manner completely his own, and his material seems delightfully fresh, partly because he centers his attention upon the young men and women pathetically reaching out toward a culture and a tradition of manners not theirs by inheritance, even more because the temper of his compassionate satire is unmistakably individual. What could so easily be burlesque is actually comedy, and what might be offensively condescending is almost tender. His lovers who do not forget to beg pardon for pointing when they wish to call attention to the moon are not merely funny. They are, as a matter of fact, singularly engaging as well.

I do not know why the common assumption is made that there is some peculiar virtue in "folk plays" dealing with the remoter rural minorities in the United States or elsewhere. Mr. Kober's characters may not be close to the soil but they are certainly close to the concrete, and that is, for us, quite as important. From this little play the visitor from Mars could easily deduce the entire culture of a social group at least a million strong, and the piece is as much a folk play as if it dealt with Georgia crackers or Cape Cod fishermen.

Perhaps I should add that considered purely as a piece of playwriting "Having Wonderful Time" is not as good as the material out of which it is made. Even though much of it is not taken directly from Mr. Kober's original sketches, it is obvious that he has had some difficulty in making the transition from one form to another, and that he has had recourse to conventional dramatic devices which occasionally produce an effect of artificiality not at all in keeping with dialogue or characterization. The play was twice postponed, and one may assume that a good deal of tinkering has been done in an effort to remove just these faults; but that effort has not been wholly successful, for there are still moments when the machinery creaks. Nevertheless, the piece will be, I believe, extremely popular, and it deserves to be. There are excellent performances by Katherine Lock, Janet Fox, Jules Garfield, and a number of minor players.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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ISSUING vocal and organ works of Bach in the form of piano transcriptions by Alexander Kelberine (four ten-inch and two twelve-inch records, \$10) is what Victor calls bringing Bach "down to simple terms that we all can understand." In fact, however, the piano lends itself least to clear presentation of Bach's polyphony; all that Mr. Kelberine and Jeanne Behrend can do is to separate out one melodic line from the texture by thumping it out note by note; and I cannot imagine any method of presentation that would make the beauty of the works more obscure. If Victor really wants to make this beauty accessible, all it has to do is to have the music sung or played in its original form. And I must add that some of the recording in this set is poor.

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favorite operatic excerpts by singers of the Metropolitan. Tibbett is represented by two items: the Toreador's Song from "Carmen" and "Largo al factotum" from the "Barber of Seville"; and if I were asked what I meant by the expression "ham singing," I should say, "Listen to Tibbett's record of 'Largo al factotum.'" Excellent are Pons's singing of "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," John Charles Thomas's of "Di Provenza" from "La Traviata," and Richard Crooks's of "The Dream" from "Manon." Helen Jepson, raised to stardom in this album, exhibits a lovely voice in "Depuis le jour" from "Louise"; Bori is excessively coy in "Mi Chiamano Mimi" from "La Bohème"; Martinelli sings "Celeste Aïda" in his loud and constricted fashion; and there are two sides from Victor's fine set of Act I of "Die Walküre," one side featuring Melchior, the other Lotte Lehmann, who emerges as the greatest star in this collection.

Except for a few details of overemphasis and wilfulness in tempos, Koussevitzky's performance of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony with the Boston Symphony (Victor: five records, \$10) is refreshingly and effectively straightforward. The recording is excellent in fidelity and sonority, but I am disturbed by the reverberations in the empty hall in which it was made, and by the fact that when instruments play softly they seem to recede into the distance. And what it is that will lead a recording manager and a conductor, in the year 1936, to destroy the formal balance of the third movement by cutting out seventy-five measures in order to get the movement all on one side and the entire work all on nine sides, and this in order to use for a Tchaikovsky waltz the tenth side that might have been used for the third movement—this, with some other mental processes manifested in recording, is beyond my comprehension.

The musical style of Heifetz's playing rarely satisfies me, but his performance of Fauré's Sonata in A, Opus 13, is one of the rare instances; and it is superbly recorded (Victor: three records, \$6.50). The work itself, however, is characteristic in its empty fluency.

The first record to give the full measure of Flagstad's voice, musical feeling, and taste is a Victor single (\$1.50) on which she sings in German Grieg's "I Love You" and "A Dream." All one asks now is music more worthy of her artistic resources. And the same point is to be made concerning Marian Anderson, who is heard on a Victor single (\$1.50) in two more arrangements of Negro spirituals: "Go Down Moses" and "My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord." On another Victor single (\$2) Helen Jepson sings two excerpts from Hageman's "Caponsacchi," which have as little value as music can have. Villa Lobo's "Choro No. 7," which the composer conducts on a Victor record (\$1.50) you can afford to neglect.

On Columbia single records Beecham's performance of Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" Suite No. 1 with the London Philharmonic is excellent, but the recording is poor in spots (two records, \$3); Molajoli gives a fine performance, well recorded, of Cherubini's Overture to "Medea" with the Milan Symphony (one record, \$1.50).

Musicraft has issued Bach's Partita No. 5, performed on the harpsichord by Ralph Kirkpatrick (two records, \$3). Ordinarily surface noise is covered by the recorded sound; but on the first side of these records the music, which seems under-recorded, is obscured by the noise. On the other three sides one hears more of the harpsichord, but still too much of the surface, on which there are blemishes that indicate poor pressing. With the records so bad there is almost no point in adding that the music is dull.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Violence in Indiana

Dear Sirs: On February 12, at Anderson, Indiana, ten persons were hurt in what the newspapers described as a "new strike clash"—presumably an aftermath of the automobile strike—involving union men from Flint and Detroit. As a result of the melee, which occurred at an obscure tavern, thirteen men were arrested, and martial law was declared. Two of those arrested—union sympathizers—were taken to a hospital seriously wounded. According to the account of the *New York Times*, the police of Anderson "blamed union sympathizers for the outbreak which led to martial law. Police Chief Joseph Carney said that . . . two cars containing about a dozen men drove up to a tavern operated by Emory Shipley . . . and demanded that a non-union worker at the General Motors Delco-Remy plant be sent out to them."

"Shipley informed them," continued the account, "that the person they sought was not in the tavern, and afterward several shots were fired and rocks were thrown at his place, he told the police. He obtained a shotgun and fired both barrels at the two cars, which were then driving away."

One of the wounded men, however, tells a different story. Heaton Vorse was one of the "union sympathizers" who had come to Anderson from Flint (it should be borne in mind that this is not a crime). The accompanying letter was written by Mr. Vorse, who is still in the hospital in Anderson, to his wife. Along with others, he is under arrest on serious charges of inciting to riot. His letter throws a different light on an incident which may give rise to another unjust and long-drawn-out persecution of working-class victims. The authorities of Anderson have made no secret of their anti-union attitude. The La Follette committee would do well to investigate the Anderson affair with all possible speed.

M. M.

New York, March 1

Dear—: All was quiet in Anderson. Too quiet. The vigilantes had evidently been tipped off. Went up into union hall. A big sign, "Thank you, Flint" hung in the assembly room. Units from Detroit, Toledo, and even Cleveland started to drift in. Since it was obvious

that there would be no trouble, plans were being formed for a big labor parade.

Many of the Flint contingent, myself included, found their way to the bar-room downstairs, for the sheer joy of ordering beer. Flint and Genesee County were made dry by Murphy, remember. No one drank heavily. An Anderson boy called me to his table and introduced me to his pretty wife and sister. Other Flint and Anderson boys joined us from time to time. It was all gay and social.

I was called upstairs to do my turn on the door. (Note: Union halls here aren't free to the world. You have to have damned satisfactory credentials to enter, as a guard against stools, finks, etc.) Anderson's hall had four on duty that evening, Anderson, Flint, Toledo, Cleveland. A steady stream of men were flowing in and out. It kept us busy checking. As the moments passed, the tension eased. If any bloodthirsty souls were disappointed, they didn't show it.

A sudden commotion at the foot of the stairs. A young fellow somewhat bruised about the face is hustled up the stairs. I understand that he has been beaten up by vigilantes at the "Gold Band" tavern. There are other union men out there who are in danger.

"Flint upstairs!" I check the boys through and follow the last one into a conference room. There is some question as to where the place is, but off we go.

Our car was the first out. We discovered the tavern to be a shanty in shanty town, varying only from the other scattered ugly boxes in that it had a glass front. Another carload drew up. We walked toward the tavern. At which point, the bartender drew a shotgun from beneath the bar and fired through the window. I ducked in time to miss the shot, but the flying glass burned my forehead.

At this point I decided that I didn't want any, and started moving. The decision was fairly unanimous. The bartender fired twice more through the broken window and then came out the door. Another man scooted out of a side door and took up an observation post about ten yards away. He shouted directions to the bartender. It seemed so well planned.

As I ran I saw that the barkeeper had cornered three boys who had taken refuge behind a parked sedan. He hounded them, ducking back and forth till he got one of them—in the back—Rose (the other badly wounded boy, now in the hospital with me). I heard the man on observation shout, "Get that one running!" I got it. The newspapers carried that he was protecting his property.

Men can be so amazingly gentle. The kindness and care given me by the boys who carried me to the hospital made the nurse and doctor in charge seem almost brutal. All of them are under arrest for their kindness.

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For decades discontented young men have left their jobs on newspapers west of the Hudson to break into journalism in New York City. Yet one of the most significant figures in the American newspaper world today is a Cleveland columnist. Louis Adamic presents a portrait of John W. Raper, whom he calls "Cleveland's most effective, active, important, and successful citizen."

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The Shape of Things

★

THE SINKING OF THE MAR CANTABRICO WAS an ironic event. The report, as we go to press, that it was loaded with airplanes and munitions is probably untrue. We have good authority for believing that it had landed the arms cargo in Spain a week before, and was carrying a shipload of Basque refugees (Franco supporters) to France. This was in accordance with an agreement reached by the loyalist Basque Catholic government for an exchange of prisoners with Franco. If our information proves true, it shows the confusion among the rebel forces.

★

THE INTERNATIONAL SEA AND LAND PATROL of Spain, intended to keep foreign arms and soldiers out of the country, waits on the settlement of details. The delay looks like sabotage. The Germans and Italians, not yet sure that Franco will win, wish to send no more supplies; while England is sure of nothing, not even its own mind. This postponement operates to the disadvantage of the legitimate government of Spain. The Italians and Germans enjoy an overwhelming preponderance in the air and have approximately 70,000 troops on the ground. Nevertheless, while the government is making headway at Toledo and Talavera de la Reina, the rebels are registering no advances anywhere; they are hard-pressed at Oviedo and at Malaga have been prevented altogether from making the threatened drive on Valencia. But the most encouraging development is the projected fusion of the National Anarchist trade unions (C. N. T.) with the Socialist-Communist trade unions (U. G. T.), which reflects a readiness on the part of the Anarchists to accept more rigid discipline at the front and in the rear. The Caballero government is reinforced, and progress toward a united military command is accelerated by these changes. The loyal soldiers have been fighting better because they feel that the political parties are squabbling less, and because the autonomy of various party regiments, which allowed them to decide whether or not they would accept military orders, is vanishing.

★

A SITDOWN IN THE CHRYSLER AND HUDSON plants, reported as we go to press, is the logical outcome of the General Motors victory. It means merely that General Motors is not the whole automobile industry. Since the C. I. O. is determined but reasonable we are certain that the struggle will not be protracted.

YOU MAY BE A NONCOMBATANT IN THE next war. Not a hero dying gloriously in the trenches, but a hungry civilian standing in line before a bakery shop or a grocery store hoping against hope that the supply of bread holds out or that there will still be milk for the children and the old people at home, who are also noncombatants. Americans may never have to live through the misery of a city under fire from the air. But international fascism plays no favorites. Bombs are falling in Madrid today. If Madrid succumbs to fascism, bombs will fall in other democratic cities tomorrow. The committee for *The Nation's* Food Ship does not ask you to help send guns to Spain. It does ask every American who hates fascism to help send food to Spanish women and children. *They must be fed.* The response so far to our appeal has been generous. We have had some large contributions and many, many small ones. It is these latter, we suspect, from average Americans who hate fascism, that will seem most reassuring to average Spaniards who are fighting off fascism almost with bare hands. We should like to have on the list of donors to the Food Ship Fund the name of every *Nation* subscriber and reader. It would constitute a manifesto of human sympathy that the whole world could read. Help us write it.

★

MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S NOW HISTORIC WORDS suggesting a "chamber of horrors" niche for the "brown-shirted fanatic," whatever their motivation, undoubtedly reflect the consensus of American public opinion. But however heartily we may wish to applaud the Mayor's spirit, we must recognize the unwisdom of his remarks. As part of his program Hitler itches to stir up anti-Semitism in this country. Conscious and articulate anti-Semitism is not indigenous in America, but a statement like the Mayor's offers Hitler a handle that he is more than ready to grasp. Just how ready he is the *Angriff's* specific threat shows: "We could take an interest in America that would not be pleasant. LaGuardia's racial comrades had better be on the watch against us." Fortunately in this instance the outburst of what Hugh Johnson calls the "push-button press" in Germany was so epileptic as to defeat its own ends. Attacks on LaGuardia—and for good measure on Governor Lehman and Secretary Morgenthau—couched in terms so disgusting that the *New York Times* correspondent said that if literally translated they would be unfit to print; wholesale abuse of American institutions and customs; above all, advice to our government to abolish the traditional American right of free speech have simply had the effect of turning this country more against Hitler than it was before.

★

MUSSOLINI'S TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH his North African possessions will be capped, as this is read, by the dedication of a victory arch in the Libyan desert. The taste of triumph is now no doubt sweetened in his mouth by the Italian reprisals in Addis Ababa after the wounding of Marshal Graziani. They constitute perhaps the most insane brutality of our lifetime. According

to the *New York Times* the Italian troops engaged in an orgy of slaughter and destruction in which 6,000 Ethiopians were massacred and their homes burned. The rampage lasted for three days, with officers exhorting the men to murder every native man, woman, or child they could find. The progress through Libya is an example of Il Duce's avid aping of Julius Caesar. But it alters Roman tradition in one respect. Whereas Caesar used to drag captured slaves, chained to his chariot wheels, through the streets of Rome, Mussolini considers that method antiquated. He simply wipes them all out ahead of time.

★

DOCTORS ARE WORRIED FOR FEAR THE DRIVE against venereal disease being conducted by Surgeon General Parran may not only wipe out the disease but incidentally the medical profession along with it. They fear that the advocacy by Dr. Parran and other public health officers of free clinics to report and treat the estimated 19,000,000 cases of syphilis in this country is a deliberate threat to private practice. In an article in *Medical Economics* it is stated that Dr. Parran and "certain unofficial groups" want public control over venereal diseases as a step toward socialized medicine. Admitting that less than 10 per cent of infected cases are under treatment by licensed physicians, the article nevertheless insists that free clinics should be limited to finding and reporting cases while treatment should be left to private physicians. This reminds us strongly of a letter made public by the La Follette investigating committee wherein one tear-gas manufacturer suggested to another that the President be enjoined from "stopping all of these strikes" because "his actions are absolutely in restraint of trade—that is, as far as we are concerned." If the article in *Medical Economics* actually represents the attitude of the American medical profession, it is the surest way we know of hastening the advent of state medicine.

★

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RHINELAND COUP by the Hitler regime finds the world increasingly anxious with regard to the next Nazi putsch. The latest scare has occurred in Hungary, where an official investigation has discovered a powerful underground Nazi movement, well supplied with funds and receiving substantial support from high government officials. Although the disclosure of the facts appears to have warded off any danger of an immediate coup, the presence of many close friends of the late Premier Gömbös within the ranks of the conspirators has prevented Premier Daranyi from taking effective steps to suppress the movement. Elsewhere the situation is not so immediately threatening. In Austria the over-enthusiastic welcome given Baron von Neurath appears to have reacted, temporarily at least, against the local Nazis, and in Rumania the demonstrations of the fascist Iron Guards in favor of General Franco seem also to have backfired. Left to itself, it is doubtful whether the pro-Nazi movement in any of these three countries would be important. But it is evident that help is being received. Reports from each country tell of huge expenditures of

money in support of anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi activities. Only constant alertness on the part of the democratic countries can prevent Hitler from launching on his next adventure in this unhappy region.

★

A STIR HAS BEEN CAUSED IN FINANCIAL circles by the action of the SEC in listing the refunding bond issue of the German government with a statement calling attention to the unrecorded German debt. The commission's estimate of this hidden debt as five billion marks on June 30, 1935, seems over-conservative. The *Banker*, a conservative British publication, recently devoted an entire issue to a comprehensive survey of present-day Germany. It calculated the total expenditures for armaments in the past four years—an item previously of little importance in the budget—at thirty-one billion marks. The debt was listed at sixteen billion. Other estimates of it run from twenty to twenty-five billion. It would be a mistake, however, to assume from these figures that Germany is on the verge of inflation or collapse. A totalitarian state has the power to check inflation whenever it chooses to do so. Nor need it fear a panic on the financial markets. Finance is capable of almost unlimited manipulation. Germany's economic weakness is far more fundamental in character. The country lacks grain of all kinds, fats, and raw materials, and no amount of juggling can replace the human and natural resources that have been drained away in armaments.

★

PASSAGE OF THE NAVAL-SUPPLY BILL OF \$526,555,000 by the House of Representatives calls attention to our utter lack of a sensible naval policy. The navy's spokesmen say we must adopt a naval building program on a "second-to-none" basis. Even if there were any reason for such a policy, it is obvious, in the light of the British Admiralty's announcement of a program involving twenty-five capital ships by 1942, that the appropriation passed by the House does not meet it. And even if it did, what possible eventuality could warrant a second-to-none navy? The only two countries which could conceivably muster the means to attack our shores—Great Britain and Japan—could not conceivably want anything from us that would be worth attacking us to get. As pointed out in the first issue of *Amerasia*, the new monthly review of America and the Far East, our naval policy has been one long contradiction of our political foreign policy. Politically we do not even contemplate the possibility of war with Great Britain; yet we insist on naval parity with it. Politically we raise the cry "freedom of the seas"; yet we should have to have a navy not equal to but bigger than anyone else's to guarantee us that. Politically the issues between us and Japan are the Open Door and, by virtue of the Nine Power Treaty, the integrity of China. In spite of ample opportunity we have never used our navy in defense of either. When the naval-supply bill comes up in the Senate, its members should demand some clarification of these absurd and costly contradictions.

THE METHODS A HEARST NEWSPAPER USES came home last week to the *Nation* staff. Max Lerner, one of the editors, spoke in Washington on the Supreme Court before a group of the diplomatic corps. He took the position that, viewed by itself, the President's plan did not go far enough, but that along with an eventual constitutional amendment it would solve the problems of the judicial power. The *Washington Herald*, a Hearst paper, headed its account of the speech, "Editor Hits Court Plan," tore remarks out of their context, reshuffled them to its heart's content, and twisted what was left beyond recognition. This is freedom of the press.

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MOST OF THE DRAMATIC CRITICS, AMONG them our own, praised Arthur Kober's "Having Wonderful Time" for its "tenderness." Their unanimity made us aware that "tenderness" seems to be coming in again. Ten years ago it was a fighting word so far as self-respecting playwrights were concerned. They all aspired to earn the epithet "brutal," and anyone who was called less than "stark" was foredoomed to disgrace and failure. Today terms like "amiable," "engaging," and even "pleasant" actually get into blurbs, so there is no telling where it all will end. Maxwell Anderson's "High Tor" is positively playful, even if his other two plays are not. And among the other big successes of the moment not one is "grim," if you leave out of account those two classics of a past age, "Richard II" and "Tobacco Road." Only Mr. Benchley seems to be holding out against sweetness and light. He told his readers in the *New Yorker* that he walked out on a certain play about the keeper of a bawdy house who had a heart of gold, "not because I don't like plays about keepers of bawdy houses but because I don't like plays about hearts of gold."

Europe's Economic War

THE possibility that a military conflict may be postponed for a year, or even longer, has led Europe to turn its attention to the basic economic struggle which ultimately must decide its destiny. All the great powers have taken steps to prepare for the final showdown, but the measures have been most dramatic in Germany and France. After following a more or less consistent policy in the direction of self-sufficiency for years, the Hitler government has suddenly reversed itself, restricted its imports of raw materials for armaments and *Ersatz*, increased its imports of foodstuffs and industrial raw materials, and launched a drive to regain its neglected export markets. It is hoped that a revival of export trade may make possible a larger inflow of necessary foodstuffs, and that ultimately the country will thus be able to purchase a larger amount of strategic raw materials, of which it is desperately short.

Simultaneously with its efforts to strengthen its own economy, Germany has embarked on a desperate attempt to weaken the French economic structure. The Blum

government is admittedly facing a difficult budgetary situation. Armament and social expenditures have risen to a much greater extent than revenues. The huge gold reserves of a few years ago have largely been dissipated by the many crises of the franc. Hitler's contempt for social democracy has apparently led him to believe that France is bound to pass through an acute financial crisis such as Germany faced in 1931, which will ultimately prepare the ground for fascism. Consequently, he is reported to be using a portion of Germany's slim foreign exchange to depress French credit in the hope of precipitating the crisis.

Actually, the recent measures taken by the Blum government indicate that the French economic situation is not nearly so unfavorable as the reactionaries, both in France and abroad, have tried to picture it. The restoration of gold payments and the promise to redeem the new defense bonds in gold indicate a strength not equaled by many countries today. France is second only to the United States in gold reserves. The economic revival promises to balance the budget. Industrial production was 4 per cent higher in December than in the corresponding month a year ago. The engineering trades were running 10 per cent above the previous year, and railway receipts and carloadings showed a marked increase. Unemployment has dropped by more than 15 per cent. The revaluation of the franc makes it possible to wipe out the budgetary deficit and frustrate the efforts of reactionaries to deprive the government of credit.

Meanwhile, Neville Chamberlain's plan for financing Britain's vast armament program has created for that country a situation potentially similar to that from which the Nazis are trying to escape. A huge loan of £400,000,000 is to be floated on the basis of an expansion of credit which will be undeniably inflationary in its consequences. As the pound sinks and commodity prices rise, the raw materials which are needed for England's moribund export industries will become unobtainable. The cost of living will rise more rapidly than wages until the country finds itself with an abundance of cannon but with little bread and a seriously damaged national economy.

By and large, France and England still have a tremendous advantage in the economic struggle which is developing. They are superior to Germany in natural resources; they have not as yet squandered their wealth in a suicidal attempt to create an impossible national self-sufficiency; they have ample gold; and they have been able thus far to maintain a much higher standard of living for the masses. Germany's only hope, economically, would lie in a complete abandonment of Nazi economics and an attempt—with British and French aid—to regain its former place in the markets of the world. But this can only be achieved through cooperation. In attempting to weaken France, Hitler is playing a desperate game. If he wins and France is thrown into confusion, Germany will almost certainly be carried down in the economic maelstrom. For even enemy nations cannot isolate themselves from each other economically. And if he loses, as seems almost certain in view of his lack of resources, he will have played his last card.

Roosevelt on the Radio

IN terms of sheer skill, Mr. Roosevelt's radio speech on March 4 at the Democratic victory dinner ranks high even among the Roosevelt speeches. It was great oratory—which means that it made use of every resource of speaker and occasion, and there was even in it a persuasiveness which sometimes went beyond its material. We know several persons who refused to listen to it on the radio, lest by its amenities they be seduced into agreement with it. They preferred to see it in sober cold newsprint the next morning, where they could meet it behind the fortifications of their favorite columnists. Mr. Roosevelt on the radio is a political force to be reckoned with—especially when he is fighting for the common people, to whom the radio alone can furnish him access.

We said last week, commenting on the interview Mr. Roosevelt gave Arthur Krock, that much of its strength lay in its deep and reasonable seriousness. We wish Mr. Roosevelt had couched his radio speech in the same strain. It was a great "fighting speech." But its very militancy lent fuel to the charges that Mr. Roosevelt could brook no interference. The President spoke like a man with his back against the wall—like one of those incredible cavaliers out of Dumas who is never at his best as a swordsman until he is trapped and surrounded by the mercenaries of his enemies. One thing, however, may be said. It needed a fighting speech to put an end to the talk of the President's craftiness, and his intent to establish a dictatorship by indirection. Here, finally, was hard and straight hitting.

There will still be many to question the President's sincerity. We are not among them. There can be no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt now has the habit of perspective, and sees himself as a historian twenty-five years from now will see him. He sees his historic function as that of stabilizing capitalist democracy by reforming it. We believe he is right in this view of himself; right also in his belief that the continued power of the Supreme Court is the surest way to capitalist collapse and civil war. We agree moreover that the action taken must be taken now, and not postponed until the incredibly slow wheels of the amending process have ground out permission to go forward. As Professor Llewellyn points out on another page, whatever may have been the alternatives once, Mr. Roosevelt has now set the issue. If his proposal is lost, all chance of an amendment will also be lost.

But, once the road ahead is clear, what sort of conveyance will the nation use? It is significant that four years after his first inaugural speech the President returns to the identical phrase he used on that day—"what we must have is action and action now." It is a good pragmatic formula that may lead almost anywhere. Four years ago it led to the NRA. There is no assurance that in the next four years it will lead much farther.

There is, however, a chance. Surveying the past four years Mr. Roosevelt may see them as having projected a legislative program adequate in itself, but which it is now his business to consolidate. Or he may see a sequence

of trial and error, only partly successful, with the next four years offering a chance to push farther with a deepened experience and maturity. If the latter is the more accurate picture of the President's mind, there may be a significance in the fact that he made his speech at a Democratic victory dinner. Here was a warning to his party that if it could not move along with the people's needs, it would die as the Ice Age animals died when they could not adapt themselves to the new world climate. In the long run we doubt whether his party will heed Mr. Roosevelt's warning. The party of the future is being forged today in the mills and factories of the nation.

Is the State Department Favoring Franco?

VERY convincing evidence is available that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull are opposed to fascism. At Buenos Aires the President made a ringing plea for democracy. He has made other speeches which have stung the fascist powers. But the Administration's deeds do violence to the President's convictions.

The State Department permitted oil, an instrument of war, to be exported to Italy, thus allowing Mussolini to add Abyssinia to his empire. Yet it will not permit humanitarian doctors and nurses to help the Spanish democrats. Not by the widest stretch of the imagination could the professional activities of a medical unit be conceived of as likely to involve us in war or even in diplomatic trouble. The members of such a unit go at their own risk. If they are killed or captured, that is their bad luck. Doctors and nurses have always gone to foreign battlefields to minister to the wounded. For our State Department, with the President's knowledge, to discard this tradition is evidence that it has bowed to the American reactionaries who sympathize with General Franco.

A letter to the Spanish Medical Committee from the State Department urged Americans to give their money for medical aid to the International Red Cross so that it could send medical men to Spain. It is all right, then, for Swedes or Frenchmen or Britishers to go with ambulances to Spain, but not for Americans. If the International Red Cross invited an American blood-transfusion expert or a head-wound specialist to cooperate with it in Spain, the State Department would refuse him a passport. We suspect strongly that the State Department made this ruling because the International Red Cross presumably functions impartially in both camps. It wants American trade unionists, liberals, and anti-fascists to contribute medical aid for Franco.

As far as we know, the International Red Cross has not done any medical work in loyalist Spain, and the civil war is in its eighth month. Its activity has been limited to negotiations for the release of the Spanish fascists, nobles, landowners, and other reactionaries who took refuge in the foreign missions of Madrid to wait for Franco's triumphal entry. Since this event has been

postponed too long for their comfort, they would like to go to France, whence they might join the rebel forces. The Red Cross is ready to assist them in this endeavor.

The continuous bombing of civilian Madrid is the worst atrocity in modern times, and it pursues no military objective. Americans who are shocked by this ruthlessness want to aid Madrid. The State Department thinks it can stop them. It thereby displays its true political colors. Any assistance to loyalist Spain, be it in the form of medicine or food, strengthens the legal government in its struggle with the fascists. The State Department dislikes that.

If the American government simply wants to restrain its citizens from going into the war theater, newspaper correspondents should be kept out too. They can also be killed or captured. We ought to depend solely on foreign sources of information. We should recall all diplomatic representatives and close the embassy in Madrid. Instead, only a fortnight ago we sent a consul into Malaga after its occupation by Franco, with whom we have no official relations. Does the White House approve of that?

Many nations dispatched field hospitals to Abyssinia during the late war. An American was close adviser to Haile Selassie. American journalists worked in Addis Ababa. The State Department allowed Mussolini openly to recruit Italians in the United States for fighting in Ethiopia. But God forbid that anything of value should go to the people of Spain, who are stemming a foreign fascist invasion! Franco might resent it. The Catholic church might think it sinful.

The Catholic church is the key. Because he must overcome Catholic hostility to his Supreme Court proposal, the President yields to the church on Spain. The Supreme Court issue is important. But in the long run, Spain is also important. You cannot combat reaction at home and encourage it to gobble up all Europe. If as a result of the prolongation of the Spanish struggle Europe is involved in war, we may be able to keep out for a while, but the war scare and the war atmosphere will enable American reactionaries to put an end to civil liberties and to insist on more militarism and preparedness. The battle for liberalism in the United States is bound up with the anti-fascist cause in Europe. To make concessions to the Catholic church's hostile stand toward the Spanish people in order to win it over to acceptance of the Supreme Court shake-up is a vain effort and mistaken strategy.

Democracy in the version of it supported by the Catholic church and Hearst should have died with the President's smashing victory at the polls last November. The hamstringing of democracy by the bureaucracy of the State Department runs counter to the recent national election, to the will of the working class as revealed in the C. I. O. victories, and to the vast, expressed and unexpressed American sympathy for the Spanish republic and its democratically elected government. President Roosevelt wishes to prevent the Supreme Court from interfering with his efforts to adapt American economy to modern needs. In this endeavor we support him. But it would be wise for him to eject from the State Department and our consular service the fascist-minded reactionaries who are obstructing his foreign policy.

Steel Victory—and After

THE capitulation of United States Steel to the Committee for Industrial Organization is an event spectacular in itself and highly significant in the national picture. The question of how it came about is still uppermost in the minds of most people. The answer is complex. The C. I. O. forces have been the shock troops in the broad movement that has opened up the fortresses of steel and automobiles and is now sweeping across the whole industrial landscape; but it could not have been so successful if it had not had the support of a great section of the middle class, which in a period of returning prosperity following upon severe depression has joined its strength with that of labor. In November labor and its allies voted overwhelmingly and consciously for a broad program of social legislation which would increase security and earning power. Collective bargaining is an efficient instrument, as well as a democratic method, for achieving these ends. As for the element of suddenness, first in the automobile and now in the steel development, it is directly related to the political backwardness of a country ripe for social change. The organization of the basic industries and the setting up of extensive social legislation, both of which are old history in other democratic countries, have been held back here as by a dam because of peculiar American historical factors. Once the dam was breached by the greatest (so far) of all crises, both were bound to come with a rush.

The Roosevelt Administration has of late been giving vigorous expression to the desires of the labor and middle-class groups that reelected it. It is, for one thing, easier to be antagonistic to big business in a period of growing prosperity than in any other capitalist season. The most important present manifestation is the fight on the Supreme Court—which is designed to save the whole network of social legislation upheld or authorized by the November landslide. This network of legislation was a crucial background element in the steel and automobile victories, especially when joined with the circumstance that labor without question elected Governor Murphy of Michigan and Governor Earle of Pennsylvania. Today the union can rent a hall in any steel town, and Governor Earle proclaims his solidarity with labor at every opportunity. Meanwhile the La Follette committee has relentlessly exposed the labor spy and told who hires him, while the National Labor Relations Board has gone thoroughly into the delicate structure of the company union. Steel has lost both its first line of defense against trade unions, the state police apparatus, and its second, the federal government's indifference. United States Steel's last serious attempt to stem the tide came just after the election when it granted, through its company union, a rise in pay tied to the cost-of-living index. The attempt was a dismal failure, and it was then that the corporation resigned itself to the C. I. O. and began negotiations.

Aside from the general political climate which has literally turned night into day in many a steel town there was another pressure which was probably the determining

one in the whole matter. We refer to the desire for great profit. The Administration used the pressure of the Walsh-Healey Act. United States Steel wants government contracts. In addition there was the pressure of a whole world just beginning an armament race. Great Britain particularly is working against time. The General Motors strike showed United States Steel how tightly an industry can be closed down with this new-fangled industrial unionism—and after it was all over the union won anyway. Customers who are feverishly preparing for the next war do not want to run the risk of not having orders filled on schedule, and the local business community thinks the corporation will have to give in some time. United States Steel scratched its head. With the Administration so set on it, and the S. W. O. C. so obviously bent on seeing it through, collective bargaining looked inevitable. Why retard recovery and lose British orders by allowing a strike, especially when the added labor cost can be passed on to the consumer and labor can be blamed for the higher prices? The great irony of the labor victory is that it was made possible, in part, by the next war.

So much for the reasons why United States Steel signed up. The settlement signifies no change of heart toward labor and labor organization. It merely means that the fight will be conducted henceforth on a different plane. We shall probably see now the fostering of the "yellow" or "independent" union which has been much used in Europe. There will be a rising movement for the incorporation of unions and for other legal restraints, with the British trades-disputes act serving as a model. The most insidious campaign will consist in the attempt to buy off the leaders of labor with lucrative jobs or political favors. It has worked here and in Europe.

This danger is a long-range one which will become a problem in a time of crisis. The immediate weapon against labor is the rise in prices. Labor's middle-class allies will be first to feel the pinch. In an article on the settlement a *New York Times* reporter wrote: "It is said that Mr. Lewis [in his talks with Myron C. Taylor] showed a broad point of view in discussing problems faced by the two men and was fully aware that the higher wages which he asked for labor could only be obtained through higher prices" for steel. Assuming that Mr. Lewis has been correctly represented, this broad view in favor of a monopoly whose margin of profit has never been small is disquieting, especially since the Administration seems to share it. In the present instance it may not be a serious factor, but the tendency to raise prices every time labor wins higher pay will increase neither genuine purchasing power nor the prestige of trade unions. We must distribute the wealth, not inflate it.

We may now expect the rapid unionization of textiles, aluminum, oil, and other major industries. We may also expect a new spurt in social legislation. For a time the Administration will continue to give scope to the desires of labor and the middle class. Eventually, however, it will seem necessary to rein in. At that moment labor, to hold its gains, will be forced to strike out for itself politically. Will labor be ready for the test?

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

A New WPA Set-up

Washington, March 7

A WHOLLY new type of unemployment relief program is being cooked up here. Harry L. Hopkins is bossing the job as chief cook. He has as active assistants a number of important mayors, such as LaGuardia, and several equally important governors, such as Lehman of New York and La Follette of Wisconsin. In addition, he has recruited more than 125 members of Congress, including Representatives Maverick, Pierce, Voorhis, O'Day, Hill, and Coffee, who today issued a statement outlining the new plan without identifying its sources or the fact that it is part of a grand design. It remains to be seen whether Roosevelt will stand for it and whether the opposition to it of his fiscal advisers can be overcome. Heretofore the Administration's relief forces have worked out their programs only to find them chopped up by the fiscal boys to fit an over-all budgetary pattern. Those plotting the new program intend that the fiscal boys shall share responsibility for its making at least until their education in relief problems has progressed to the point where they see those problems in relation to the whole national economy.

The new program is based on the assumptions that we are going to keep our capitalist system without material change; that under any such system, with profits as sole determinants, private industry is never again going to provide jobs for all those able and willing to work; that, as a result, we are going to have on our hands a permanent body of several million unemployed; and that it is the duty of the federal government to provide work for those millions. It is proposed, therefore, that permanent machinery be set up for fulfilling that duty. The central point of departure from current and past experiments in the field of unemployment relief, however, is not in the permanency factor of the new program under consideration but in its proposal to abolish the means test and approach the problem from a straight job-making angle. Under the new program the federal government would set out to employ all the able-bodied unemployed in the country, irrespective of need. The WPA no longer would look to the relief agencies to certify persons from their rolls for WPA jobs. Destitution would cease to be a prerequisite to WPA employment. Instead, the WPA would draw its workers from the rolls of the United States Employment Service, and any able-bodied person could qualify, including the possessor of a job in private industry who preferred WPA conditions.

The program in its entirety is much larger than that. It envisages a broadening of the Social Security Act to extend the benefits of unemployment insurance and old-

age pensions to millions not covered at present. It also encompasses an expansion and refinement of the Administration's agricultural policies to reduce to a minimum that huge percentage of our farm and rural population which under present circumstances can never be self-supporting. Finally, it presupposes the establishment of a broad and flexible program of public works geared to regional and national fluctuations in private employment, to the work capacities of the men and women who never again will get private jobs because of age and prolonged unemployment, and to the needs of the nation in conservation and improvement of its natural resources. It is a vast program, and its vastness perhaps can be gathered best from the fact that the men behind it are talking in terms of an annual outlay topping \$4,000,000,000 in contrast to the hope expressed by Roosevelt that the federal relief outlay for the year beginning July 1 could be kept in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000,000.

Although undoubtedly appalled by the expense involved, Roosevelt is said to be attracted by the program's promise to act as a support and lever under the nation's wage structure and give force to his ambition to see the nation's standard of living definitely pegged to higher levels when he quits the White House in 1941. There can be no doubt that past and present activities of the Administration in the field of unemployment relief have accounted for much of the current recovery and for almost all of the upward trend in wages. They also have given immeasurable support to the unionization drive.

Details of the program can be worked out only after Congress gives the signal and fixes the program's limits. It is proposed to make it a completely federalized program. The theory behind this phase of the program is strongly supported by statistics showing that if matching contributions from local sources are required, the program can never be tailored to fit the unemployment problem, for those communities where the unemployment problem is most serious cannot pay their share of the bill; they are—like Chicago—broke. Direct federal supervision, it is argued, would also simplify administration and reduce costs, in addition to reducing political interference. The reports of the National Resources Committee would be drawn upon heavily for the designing of projects, and the program's sponsors swear that from this source alone they can contrive a sufficient number of projects to provide genuine employment for all the permanently unemployed for years to come. They also vow that all the projects would be useful and necessary ones, yielding the nation a return on its investment in them. The statement by Maverick makes this point: "Government projects to be definitely planned to stimulate all industry and open new opportunities for Americans.

Conserving soils and developing new fertile lands will do this. Low-cost housing will do it. Cheaper power will do it. So will other projects." The statement adds as another point: "The recreation, theater, and fine-arts projects to be continued and improved with a view to developing the hidden creative talents of all groups of citizens in America and giving the benefits of these talents to all society."

Here are some of the factors that are shaping the program. Many of the 2,200,000 now employed on WPA projects are only partially employable. Private industry won't absorb them because of their age or because they have been too long away from their usual occupations. At the end of past depressions most of the men and women who were then of comparable age got their jobs back. But the length of the latest depression and the inexorable march of technological advance in industry have changed all that. By the end of 1937, the WPA estimates, approximately 1,000,000 of the men and women now employed on WPA projects will have been away from their usual, or pre-depression, occupations for five years or more. The WPA's statistics also show a definite relation between age and length of unemployment, just as the United States Employment Service's files contain data on the relationship between age and employability in private industry. A survey made of the heads of former relief families who had obtained private jobs in the spring of 1936 showed that only 27 per cent were forty-five years old or more.

Age is the greatest handicap for the unskilled in seeking to regain private employment. It decreases in importance as a handicap as skill increases, but even among the skilled workers, according to the WPA's studies, the age of fifty is the stopping point. In 1930 only 29.9 per cent of the persons gainfully occupied in this country were over forty-five. Today the proportion probably is much smaller. As of June, 1936, 38.8 per cent of the 2,256,000 men and women then working on WPA projects were over forty-five years old and 49.9 per cent were over forty. Taken together these figures do more than point the fact that a majority of those now employed under the WPA are not going to get back into private industry. They show that the remaining army of unemployed in dwindling to irreducible proportions is becoming a body of men and women made up chiefly of the unskilled and of persons who are declining in their capacity for work while still far short of pension age. They present a serious problem to the engineers in devising projects. By obliterating the means test the proposed new program would permit the engineers to fill in the gaps with younger and more skilled workers who for one reason or another have not qualified for the relief rolls or have qualified too late for WPA jobs under the present program. It is estimated that of the 1,200,000 persons on local, non-federal relief rolls, between 40 and 60 per cent are employables, and the number is being increased as families which thus far have managed to stay off relief exhaust their last resources.

A United Front on the Court

BY K. N. LLEWELLYN

THE Supreme Court issue has reached the stage where an anti-tory united front becomes necessary, moving along the only line which is immediately practicable, to wit, the President's program. It is lamentable that this should have become necessary. The President's program is unfortunate from every angle but one; it is much as if a man who needed transportation should mortgage his future for four times the price of a good car, to buy a buggy and an elephant. The choice has become, however, one between the elephant-and-buggy or no transportation at all.

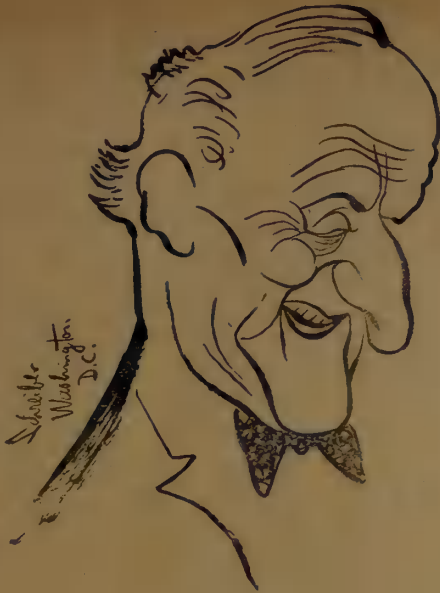
The underlying issue is clear. It is not age or pressure of business. It is the attitude of justices toward allowing the government to attempt desperately needed social and economic readjustments, partly known, in greater part as yet unforeseen.

Now the Supreme Court has become, and is, the embodiment and oracle of the Constitution. What seems to escape many liberals, especially liberal constitutional lawyers, is that the court will continue to be such embodiment and oracle despite most considerable overhauling. The court's position is not dependent upon matters which

—like this one—are tiny in relation to its great tradition and function. Let us not lose perspective. The idea and ideal of the Constitution are of tremendous value to our national life. An idea and an ideal need embodiment to remain effective; but the embodiment takes on much of the sanctity of the ideal. Moreover, the court has, over the long haul, given great and statesmanlike service. Even in the more recent unfortunate decisions, its veto has forced the drafting of better and more adequate legislation.

But the court has persistently and continuously overstepped that reasonable leeway to go wrong which any oracle requires if it is to be wise. The present is again a time of need and crisis. We need action. But the majority of the court have given sign that they do not propose to let us have the action which we need, or even a reasonable part of it, or even to experiment toward salvation. Primitive peoples, in such conditions, get rid of the priest or the oracle. When rain fails persistently, they act.

The President proposes nothing so drastic. He proposes only putting enough new blood into our college of priests to overcome the inertia of the more frozen members. It



Justice McReynolds

is fairly to be expected that this will, for the moment, get results. Such results will come at an embarrassing cost. I do not indeed feel that the move will really shake the authority of the court among any persons who would not have had their respect shaken equally by a mere shift in the present alignment of the justices. For the Supreme Court is hardy as a mountain cedar; it has maintained its high position through worse storms than this, despite the prophets of calamity then and now.

What is unfortunate is the fact that as a bench increases in size, its capacity to do the work of a bench—really to consult and advise together, instead of making speeches at one another—rapidly decreases. Seven would today be a more effective working team than nine. It is not to be forgotten that the court carries a huge load of business, business worth doing well, which never gets into the public prints at all. That load will be worse handled, much worse, by fifteen. Nor is it to be forgotten that mere approval of legislation is not the task even of a liberal majority. They have before them a necessary and terrific labor, of overhauling our whole theory of constitutional law. Leave that task undone or badly done, and our children will inherit trouble. It is a task which calls for sustained and coherent group-thinking hard to work out in any bench of many members.

It troubles me less that the President's proposed action amounts to "meddling with the court." This court and others have been meddled with again and again, *without losing their independence*. Life tenure alone gives a fair assurance on that point; let alone the well-known mis-guesses of recent Presidents about their appointees; or, say, the history of New York's successive remodeling of its highest court. The most troublesome thought is that, this one measure accomplished, the reform movement may die down. We need, beyond the President's proposal, provision for a two-thirds' vote, at least, to wipe out an act of the two constitutionally *coordinate* powers. We need also an amendment expressly and unequivocally enlarging the powers of Congress—preferably under the general-welfare clause. To have such more permanent

measures as these choked off by the President's proposed poulticing of the existent evil would be tragic.

But the issue has been drawn. It has been inescapably drawn. *Lose the President's proposal* (or some substantial analogue) *and all chance for any amendment will be lost*. All men and women of any political persuasion who believe that some reform of the court is needed must rally behind this, or else get nothing. That lies plain on the face of events. I honor any who sincerely believe that the remedy proposed is worse than the disease. I honor any who see so clearly the "more" which they want that the present proposal shrinks for them into significance. I think both, however, not long-headed in the matter, but short-sighted, however great-hearted. *If this proposal goes through, an amendment may follow*. There is a chance that success may gather momentum, and go on really to cure the situation, instead of merely helping us out over the next six or eight years with a fresh-baked but perhaps stale-growing majority on the court.

It is not pleasant for one interested in adequate legal engineering to be forced into "Yes" or "No" on such a costly, inept, and equivocal line of engineering as the President has proposed. But issues are drawn by the powers that be. We cannot redraw them. If need be, we must accept even the absurd proposals for enlarging the federal judicial personnel—instead of providing existing judges with qualified legal secretaries—as an unwelcome part of the price for the one most-needed renovation of our governmental structure. The lesser evil, and so much of the needed good as can immediately be attained, lies unmistakably in supporting the President in this proposal. In supporting him—and actively. In setting up a counter-barrage of opinion and of pressure. In keeping up and increasing that counter-barrage. To be inert is to be over-ridden—and ridden over. We need a united front.

If we can get it, we need a better reform bill, carrying less waste and extra baggage. Until it comes out of committee, lawyers should work on the committee, to that end. But that is not the major issue. *Whatever bill comes out of committee backed by the President needs fighting support.*



Justice Stone

New Ways of Killing

BY H. C. ENGELBRECHT

IN THE next war will our young men be burned to ashes by a "death ray," shocked to fragments by sound-wave oscillations, or annihilated by the "death centrifuge"? Will there be rays to reach into the skies and destroy aircraft? Will there be flying submarines, flying tanks, aerial torpedoes, and stratosphere bombers? Will there be available an "invisible smoke" to choke aircraft engines and send them gliding down to earth? Will the soldiers wear clothes made out of glass or perhaps carry along iron cages as protection against "death rays"? And which of these methods are ready for use? Which are still in the experimental stage?

These important questions are answered by two German émigrés in an ominous volume.* The authors, one a student of politics, the other an engineer, point out that in Germany the people are being told that a number of new and frightfully destructive war engines will decide any war in Germany's favor a few days after its outbreak. These inventions are dark secrets, unknown to any other country; therefore the Germans can sleep peacefully in the certain knowledge that war holds for them neither terror nor danger of defeat. This propaganda campaign is aided by sensational notices in the world press about mysterious new armaments.

Most of this talk is nonsense. All nations are pretty well informed about new armament developments in other countries. The international arms industry is not interested in military secrets. Technical journals in all countries describe the latest scientific discoveries, patent offices record new inventions, and international patent pools make new machines available to all who will pay the royalties. Finally it must be remembered that failure to try out new war engines in maneuvers involves serious risks, and that experimentation on a large scale can never be completely secret. It is unlikely, therefore, that any nation will long be in exclusive possession of a new war machine. The various spy services make doubly sure that there is little lag between the invention and the world-wide distribution of a new killing device.

It is very unlikely, then, that Nazi Germany will pull any surprises out of its sleeve in the next war. But that is not necessary, for the known instruments, especially those developed since 1930, are terrifying enough. The only question that remains unanswered is whether the old weapons—the "improved" machine-guns, artillery, shrapnel, bombs, and such—will not prove as effective as the new ones, and much cheaper.

Great efforts have been made to adapt various kinds of rays for use in war. In the mind of the public all have been lumped together under the term "death ray." The scientific principles involved, however, and the rays em-

ployed differ widely; a dozen different rays may be used for a dozen different purposes. The most widely hailed of the rays is the one that is supposed to stop airplanes in their tracks by ruining their motors. It has been suggested that a country could surround itself with an invisible wall of these rays and make it impossible for a plane to cross this "deadline." Unfortunately, this is largely imagination. The rays can reach some low-flying planes and automobiles, where contact with the ground can be established, but their range is still very limited. Also it is simple to shield an engine against them as radio sets are now shielded. In spite of press notices that connect Marconi and Tesla with this defensive weapon, it is not yet a practical reality.

Other rays are to be used for destroying the brain, dissolving the blood, or burning up the body of enemy troops. In each case a different ray would be used. At short distances these have proved disastrous even to oxen, but they do not reach far and they can be stopped by an iron or copper cage which catches them and makes them harmless.

A lead ray which travels almost with the speed of light is also under experimentation. This "ray bullet" is still weak, and absolute protection against it is afforded by glass clothes. This does not mean that the soldiers will be inclosed in glass cages, but implies rather the use of a new textile into which glass is woven. This material is durable and washable and is already widely manufactured by the Czecho-Slovak glass industry for scarfs and mufflers of brilliant hues designed for its South American trade.

Much more practical is the direction by radio of distant craft. This technique has been fully developed for some time, and by its use aircraft, ships, and tanks can be maneuvered from a distance without the presence of a human being on board. The first attempts to experiment at sea with this method of warfare go back to 1899, and since then regular maneuvers have been held with these "ghost vessels" by all great navies. They can obey over a hundred commands, including the direction of their course, the use of searchlights, the firing of torpedoes, and so forth. Although it is unlikely that larger vessels will be handled in this way, smaller ones certainly will. They can be used to lay mines or, loaded with explosives, to crash into any desired object. Already we have the fantastic conception of an aircraft carrier with its planes carrying not a single human being. The ship is directed to any desired position and the planes take off while the directing human will is miles away, on land or on another vessel. Aircraft can be handled in similar fashion, torpedoes also. Tanks are more difficult to control by radio because they roll over uneven ground and the

* "Todesstrahlen und andere neue Kriegswaffen." By Max Seydewitz and Kurt Doberer. London: Malik Verlag. \$2.

jolting tends to put out of order the delicate guiding mechanism.

Because the guiding mechanism is not always reliable and because the target may unexpectedly change, these "ghost ships" and "ghost planes" have their limitations. The mechanism is also expensive and is almost certain to be destroyed. Several powers have decided, therefore, that it is still cheaper and more effective to use human beings. The most sensational use of human agencies in this field is to be found in the suicide squads of the Japanese and Italian navies. The Japanese method is to place a volunteer—there is apparently no dearth of candidates—inside a torpedo, where he can direct it with unfailing accuracy. The volunteer gives his life for the sake of serious damage or destruction of a war vessel with the possible death of hundreds of sailors and marines. The Italians had similar suicide squads on their mosquito fleet and the aircraft with which they threatened the British in the Ethiopian imbroglio.

An exceedingly dangerous death machine is the aerial torpedo. This is also guided from a distance. In 1922 General William Mitchell reported that he had sent three of these from Garden City, Long Island, to Trenton, New Jersey, a distance of 110 kilometers, with absolute accuracy. Since then great improvements have been made. These torpedoes may carry bombs and drop them at various intervals, or they may be bombs themselves and descend, according to direction, at strategic spots.

Still another kind of ray sets off mines and other explosives, on land or in the water. There are blinding rays, so bright that soldiers will be blinded at least temporarily as by an automobile headlight a thousand times intensified. By contrast, invisible searchlights have been developed to pick up aircraft and warships at night. The ordinary searchlight is as much a disability as an aid. In searching the skies for hostile craft, it lights up the entire region and makes a target for the enemy. The new invention uses invisible rays which can be seen only with special glasses. The American fleet used this device with great success in maneuvers off the Jersey coast in 1935.

The difficulty with all these rays is that they require some kind of power plant. A gasoline engine near the front lines is vulnerable and can be destroyed. The easiest way is to lay wires to the front where the machines are to be used. But the front changes frequently, and the wires have to be cut before a sector is abandoned. Such difficulties are overcome when the machines are operated from a fortress as defense measures. The French fortifications are well equipped with various electrical devices, and the power to operate them is readily available there.

Fantastic experiments are being carried on in the field of sound waves. It was discovered in South Africa that an invasion of grasshoppers could be repelled by the use of a siren. The sound waves of the siren made the grasshoppers flee in terror. It has been found, further, that oscillations of enormous frequency have the power to destroy. But actual destruction of living organisms has not yet been carried beyond small-scale laboratory experiments on frogs, micro-organisms, and such.

In the field of air defense some significant developments have been recorded. Until recently the outlook for warding off death from the air was dismal, indeed, but today there exist several seemingly effective means of defense. The most promising is "invisible smoke" or dust, the purpose of which is to choke aircraft engines. A gasoline engine must breathe. If the air it sucks in is clogged with metallic dust, the engine will choke and die, and the airplane will be stopped in its tracks. That is the principle of "invisible smoke." It was discovered that certain materials in dust form, possibly aluminum, remained in the air for a long period of time. These materials can be fired from anti-aircraft guns, forming a curtain of the metallic dust which will cause the breakdown of aircraft engines.

The difficulty is that this smoke will not permit defending aircraft to operate. But its use is considered so promising that counter-measures have already been taken. Germany is beginning to use the steam engine for aircraft, since this type of engine does not "breathe" and so is not susceptible to invisible smoke. Experiments with the steam engine, particularly those of an American inventor, have been very successful. The steam in the engines is cooled and returns 99 per cent of the water used for further steam. This development was thought so important by the Germans that they guarded it as closely as possible. The Poles, however, were interested, and their efforts to discover the facts led to the notorious Sosnowski affair several years ago. This Polish nobleman, operating in German society circles, ferreted out the secret of the steam airplane engine. As a result two prominent German noblewomen lost their heads. The secret, however, was out. The drawback of the steam-driven airplane is that a gasoline-motored machine can out-manuever it. On the other hand, it can spread invisible smoke itself in order to cripple the attacking gasoline craft.

Airplanes can also be stopped by so primitive a defense method as steel nets suspended from balloons. These were used in the World War by the Italians in the defense of Venice; they were a natural device for a people accustomed to snaring birds. The Austrian airmen could hardly contain their laughter over the nets, but when one after the other of their machines was caught in them, the humor faded out of the situation. It is possible to fence off a limited area with steel nets, and the British have repeatedly announced that they intend to use this means of defense.

A more ingenious anti-aircraft plan is what the German writers quoted above call "geo-mimicry," which is essentially the creation of a false landscape. Imagine a highly important industrial area with railroads, rivers, canals, factories, roads, and with open country beyond. From the air this forms a varying pattern of colors and lines. Suppose now that an air picture of this area is painted over the open country, several miles away from its actual location. The attacking aircraft would see the false landscape and drop their bombs in an open field without doing any damage. The result is achieved by laying a double smoke screen over a larger area, the top

layer being the false landscape. The British have experimented with this measure with great success.

A more deadly device is the so-called machine-gun lift or elevator. This is a very inexpensive helicopter which rises straight in the air. It contains little more than a machine cannon with a firing platform. It is useless in attack, because its horizontal movements are slow and clumsy, though its vertical moves are exceedingly fast. Because of their small cost, a large fleet of these helicopters can be assembled; they can ascend in a few minutes and meet an oncoming air attack on its own level and with superior guns.

Many other developments have occurred in aircraft construction. The Germans have taken to the Diesel engine largely because it burns oil and does not require high-test gasoline—an important consideration for countries that lack an oil supply. Stratosphere bombers have encountered the difficulties of lack of oxygen and the extreme cold of the upper regions, but experiments continue. The flying submarine—or diving airplane—can both fly and submerge. It will fly out to a hostile fleet, then fold its wings and operate like a submarine. The flying tank is a fully equipped tank which can be carried over the enemy lines. It is attached to a plane and can be dropped at any strategic point. Experiments with "parachute battalions" are also far along, especially in Russia.

The "death centrifuge" was invented by an American, sold to the British, and is now being used by the Japanese. It is nothing more than a modernization of David's sling. A large number of mechanical arms revolve at a

terrific rate while steel pellets are fed to them. The fantastic number of 33,000 rounds per minute can be fired by this machine. While not as accurate as a machine-gun, it is a devastating killing machine at close quarters. Moreover, it has the advantage of requiring neither powder nor copper.

Battles on land will also see the one-man machine-gun which the gangsters have used for some time. Armor-piercing rifles are also ready, to be used against tanks which have hitherto withstood the fire of ordinary rifles and machine-guns. In reply tanks with heavier armor have been constructed. Finally, there is the rocket torpedo, designed to rise to the stratosphere and travel enormous distances. Post-office departments have tested them in carrying mail, but so far they lack both distance and accuracy. An extremely interesting development is the propaganda aircraft—an enormous plane which carries a two-way radio set, a small printing plant, loud speakers, and similar devices. The Soviets are at present leading in this field. Such a plane will fly over enemy territory and spread propaganda.

Add poison gas, incendiary bombs, high-explosive bombs, and the killing machines well known from the last war, and the stage is set for slaughter. Since all war departments know these new weapons and are about equally ready with them, it seems certain that the next war will not be a matter of a few hours or days, no matter how sudden and unexpected the attack. Once more it will be a protracted and terribly destructive affair in which the economic power of a nation, its industry and finance, will finally be the determining factor.

The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota

BY CHARLES R. WALKER

SOME months ago, before the election, the most diverse political weather vanes were pointing to the early formation of an American labor party which would participate decisively in the campaign of 1940. After the landslide of November 3 the talk died down abruptly. At present many observers believe that the chances for such a party are slight; others that it is impossible to predict, at this time, what will be the political alignment in the next four years of the elements which will be enlisted in any national labor party. There has been a growing confusion of aim among potential leaders and a dissipation of morale all along the line. At the same time the impulse toward political action incompatible with the economic base and aims of the two old parties will grow stronger rather than weaker, especially if the industrial organization of labor goes forward at its present pace.

During this period of indecision and watchful waiting workers, farmers, and progressives everywhere are asking what kind of labor party America will get? Will it

shield striking workers against tear gas and bayonets? What reforms are within its grasp and how far can it go? Will it bring the "ultimate cooperative commonwealth"? Finally will it be able to stem reaction, stop war, and prevent fascism? For an answer to some of these questions it seems relevant to look closely at the one example America offers of such a party in action, namely, the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota. Although its activities have been limited to a single state, it is basically comparable in my opinion to any national labor party we shall create in America, and already it has a history long enough to exhibit many of the classic features of similar parties in Europe.

The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota has functioned actively for more than fifteen years. It has four times elected a Governor; the principal cities in the state have had Farmer-Labor Mayors; and the party has accumulated an impressive number of Senators and Congressmen in Washington. Today it is no longer a "third party" but the first party of the state. It has lately won every state

office save one and has control now of the lower house.

Today, sitting in state offices over in St. Paul, are scores of men who were flogged, tarred and feathered, and denounced as enemies of society in 1918. They were the fearless and self-sacrificing founders of the Farmer-Labor Party. In the same breath it must be said that the occupants of the state office building and the governor's chambers, though they may have been radicals in 1918, now obey certain rules of the political game that have always governed, in Minnesota or anywhere else. This leads us to fundamental questions. Can a labor party achieve its aims by adapting itself to the traditional rules of a party in power? Can it change the rules?

There can be no denying that if farmer-labor principles are ultimately to be written into statutes, the immediate business of the party becomes the winning of elections; it is a corollary that the winning candidates must largely take control of the party's destiny. In 1930, when the Minnesota party "came to power," it was quite clear to the naked eye that there had been a transfer of power from the organizers, speakers, and ideologists for the "cooperative commonwealth," who had led the movement in its earlier days, to the new "tops," the actual office-holders. In any crisis even the "purest" of the rank and file deferred to this practical control. If a ward club of the Farmer-Labor Association¹ charged betrayal of Farmer-Labor principles and threatened to bolt, the men in office held after all an irresistible whip of power. "Your criticisms are a tacit support of reaction. If you don't vote for Candidate Smith, the Republicans will win." For a Farmer-Laborite that was enough. Before the late Governor Olson died, there was a saying in Minnesota that the "pure Farmer-Laborite is a man who tells you in private that Olson should be shot and Shipstead hung, and who goes out and works like the devil to elect them both."

The problem of disciplining reformist candidates for treason to principles is troubling many practical, as well as idealistic, members of the Minnesota party. The most glaring example of both the problem and its practical effect was the case of Thomas Latimer, Farmer-Labor Mayor of Minneapolis. Elected on a campaign pledge "never to use the police against striking workers," his chief of police shot and tear-gassed hundreds of pickets in the 1935 iron workers' strike. As if to prove that this was no accident, the Mayor in person, under police protection, led a band of scabs through the picket line. Individuals protested and the trade unions went wild, but the Hennepin County Farmer-Labor Association took no action except to remonstrate with the Mayor. "If we expel him from the party," the leaders argued, "we shall lose all control over him." To which the tear-gassed strikers retorted, "What control?"

This fissure in the party between the rank and file and the office-holders has already led to an active inner struggle in Minnesota between the administration and the

association. In Farmer-Labor circles it is known as the fight between the association and the "all-partyites"—a reference to the "All-Party Committees for Olson" considered by left-wing Farmer-Laborites to be the "cause of it all." The pivotal struggle has been over patronage. Governor Olson appointed as Director of Budget and Personnel the head of his All-Party Committee, a woman and a Republican, thus surrendering to the enemy the most strategic appointive post within the gift of the party. Under protest he finally replaced her by I. C. Strout, a practical Dutchman and strong association man, who discovered that 60 per cent of the state's office personnel were Republicans or Democrats!²

Strout promptly took the position that all appointees should have the indorsement of the association through the candidate's local Farmer-Labor club. The result was a vast influx into the association of "carpetbaggers" who wanted jobs in St. Paul—the association's membership rose in a few months from 3,000 to 30,000. The solution having proved to be no solution at all, the indorsements were dropped. Since 1930 appointee after appointee with no qualifications for office other than vote-getting ability has been given an important policy-making post despite the most strenuous protests from the faithful defenders of Farmer-Labor principles and from competent office-holders who were not open to the charge of office seeking. The struggle throws light on the dual nature of a reformist party, which is pulled in one direction by its constituency of farmers and workers and forced into an opposite one by the exigencies of practical politics.

The latest Farmer-Labor convention, held in January, was marked by a series of stormy fights over charges that a prominent ex-officer had listened to a campaign contributor in the matter of appointments. A knock-down, drag-out fight also took place between the Sustaining Fund Committee and the State Committee, with charges and counter-charges of "dirty politics" flying fast. Yet although the convention turned in a sense into a family quarrel, many of the faithful for that very reason regard it as the healthiest and most heartening in the party's history. Farmer-Labor conventions have always been held before in the spring of campaign years, and the association has hitherto found neither the time nor perhaps the nerve to raise organizational issues or to attempt an inner cleansing. Although the stormy sessions emphasized that patronage and purse-strings are perennial problems of any labor party under capitalism, they also demonstrated a healthy spirit of criticism within the party.

Can patronage and all it implies ever be eliminated? The "practical politicians," of course, say that it cannot and what of it. It is an apparent but not real paradox that many of the Marxist revolutionists in Minnesota agree that the practical politicians understand the basic character of the Farmer-Labor Party far better than their earnest critics within or without the party. The revolutionists concentrate criticism not on the political oppor-

¹ The Farmer-Labor Association is the permanent membership organization of the Farmer-Labor movement. It is composed of ■ dues-paying membership organized into ward, village, or township clubs, trade unions, affiliated and paying dues on a per capita basis, and farm organizations. The Farmer-Labor Party is the legal and technical name used on the ballot.

² When ■ Republican legislature in ■ burst of partisan zeal voted ■ investigation of graft among state office employees, the investigation yielded surprisingly small fruits. Disillusioned Farmer-Laborites suggested that the reason was that the Republican probers found themselves investigating only Republican office-holders.

tunism of particular Farmer-Laborites but on the inevitably opportunistic nature of any such party. It is their contention that a Farmer-Laborite who believes the party can be fundamentally different belongs in one of the parties which propose to change the rules by revolution and play the whole game differently.

In most discussions of farmer-labor parties radicals emphasize that they mean a "real" farmer-labor party, not a makeshift like the one in Minnesota, run by politicians who compromise its principles. Yet Minnesota's specimen is actually as "real" as any national labor party we are likely to see. Although it now has a large middle-class following, it was born of a solid alliance between trade unions and the most militant farmers' organization of the day, the Non-Partisan League. The trade unions are affiliated, pay per capita dues, and have delegates on the county committees, which, incidentally, show a much more proletarian character than the top committees. Nor can one question the sincerity or courage of its founders, who were subjected to all the persecutions of war hysteria. Any subsequent loss of control by the base over the top is not, as the aspiring architects of a "real farmer-labor party" believe, an "avoidable mistake." On the contrary it is the inherent fate of a party which must submit to compromise with the system under which it lives.

Does all this imply that the party in Minnesota is "just like the two old parties"? By no means. Its all-important distinction from the two old capitalist parties is that it looks for major support to the workers and farmers and their organizations. Senator Lundeen in his official party history maintains that more important than any legislative achievements of the party is its support of workers and farmers and their right to organize. "It is probable," he remarks, "that more farms have been saved through the efforts of such an organization as the Farmers' Holiday Association than were saved by the mortgage-moratorium law." Governor Olson time and again used the pressure of these economic groups to achieve results with a recalcitrant legislature, and the trade unions and farmer organizations with equal effectiveness brought pressure on him. To put it sharply, a delegation of organized truck drivers or dirt farmers on whom the party depends for votes can force the hand of a Farmer-Labor Governor—up to a point. But contrariwise, on every basic issue the party in power, Farmer-Labor or another, unless it is ready to substitute a new economic system, must see to it that the old one works somehow. Examine any concrete Farmer-Labor reform and the dilemma presents itself. When a mortgage-moratorium law was passed in Minnesota, left-wingers pointed out that it was not a genuine moratorium. They were right. A genuine moratorium on farm mortgages would not only have prevented future loans to farmers but have wrecked the financial structure of savings banks and insurance companies. Such a law if carried out could only bring collapse and chaos—unless the party taking such a step were prepared to go beyond it to a revolutionary change in property relations.

The most dramatic manifestations of the dual nature

of a farmer-labor party appear in social crises. In the middle of the general drivers' strike in 1934 the Farmer-Labor Governor raided strike headquarters with national guardsmen and jailed the strike leaders. Three days later he raided the offices of the Citizens' Alliance, the Minneapolis employers' association. Governor Olson, against the protests of the strike leaders, declared martial law, assuring working-class supporters that by so doing he could force a favorable settlement. What happened? In his role of "arbiter" and in order to move "necessities," he allowed 11,500 trucks to move under military permit, and forbade all picketing. The strike ebbed. Only by forcing their Farmer-Labor Governor to rescind permits, and only by picketing against his orders and in the face of the bayonets of his militia, was the strike won. Was there then any advantage for the truck drivers in having a Farmer-Labor government in office? Certainly. Had the Governor—who was also commander-in-chief of the state's troops—been a reactionary, working-class pressure upon him would doubtless have been futile. Instead of tolerating—up to a point—militant picketing in the face of martial law, he would literally have "shot the strike to pieces." The political lesson is a simple one. Whether a farmer-labor administration is an asset or a liability or worse depends on the strength and the untiring political vigilance of its working-class base.

Take the Minneapolis strikes of 1936. Last October there was a city-wide truck strike against the wholesale grocers. Paralleling it came a general strike in the flour mills. Employers demanded of Governor Peterson (Farmer-Labor) that he call the National Guard. Employers demanded of Mayor Latimer (Farmer-Labor) that he use the police against pickets. (As we have seen, he had obliged them once before.) But as fast as the employers walked out of the Governor's and Mayor's offices, delegations of strike leaders walked in. They asked with proletarian directness which side the Mayor and Governor were on. They reminded both that it was an election year. The police under Mayor Latimer did no shooting. Martial law—under Governor Peterson—was never declared. Both strikes were won.

Two months before he died I interviewed the late Farmer-Labor Governor Floyd B. Olson on his part in the 1934 strikes. "The strike leaders of Local 574 assure me that your use of the militia tended to break their strike," I said. "On the other hand the employers of Minneapolis tell me that the National Guard was used *against* them and won the strike for the truck drivers. You called in the militia. Who was right?"

The Governor hesitated for a moment. Then he smiled. "Both were right," he said.

A labor party can under some circumstances be a valuable engine to advance the interest of the working class. But only if there are left militant trade unions within it whose leaders are prepared to tell the party, not once but on all occasions, and with pickets if necessary, that both sides can't be right.

[In his second article, to appear shortly, Mr. Walker describes at length his interview with Floyd B. Olson during the Governor's last illness.]

Women Workers in Nazi Germany

BY JUDITH GRUNFELD

WHEN Hitler proclaimed *Kinder, Kirche, Küche* — children, church, kitchen — to be the holy trinity, at once the mission and the salvation, of German women, many unemployed men saw in it a promise of jobs as soon as women workers had been transported to the permanent security of a home, and many women, employed and unemployed, saw in it a promise of wages to the male breadwinner sufficient to insure this permanent and desirable security.

Having thrown the female deputies out of the Reichstag, Hitler had no difficulty in passing laws making women Class B subjects. The law of June 1, 1933, stated frankly the intention to relieve unemployment by eliminating women workers. Since the trade unions had been replaced by company unions under government control, there could be no opposition from that source.

"Women today," wrote Irmgard Reichenau, a Nazi woman journalist, "are handed over defenseless to the men, who hold the entire power of the state in their hands."

What are the results of this crusade? How many women workers did the *Führer* send home? After four years of Nazi rule, just how secure is the German home; how secure are women and children?

According to statistics of the German Department of Labor, there were in June, 1936, 5,470,000 employed women, or 1,200,000 more than in January, 1933, when Hitler came to power. Not less than 31 per cent of all employed Germans are now women—a higher percentage than obtains in the United States, Great Britain, or France. Moreover, almost all available female workers in Germany—to be exact, 96.6 per cent—were employed in June, 1936, while the corresponding figure for male wage-earners was 92.2 per cent, again according to the data of the Department of Labor. In a word, greater unemployment exists among men than among women.

The vigorous campaign against the employment of women has not led to their increased domesticity and security, but has been effective in squeezing them out of the better-paid positions into the sweated trades (*Hausindustrien*). Needless to say, this type of labor, with its miserable wages and long hours, is extremely dangerous to the health of women and degrades the family. Discrimination against women labor has made it increasingly cheaper and stimulated the demand for women in all trades. This in turn has forced down the wage level of male employees. As a result men do not earn enough to support a family, and women are compelled to work. So the vicious circle of fascist policy is completed.

What do official pay rolls tell of the Nazi promise that bearers of Nazi children should "enjoy a woman's life"? The official inquiry into wages in fifteen industries made in March, 1936, during Hitler's "prosperity," by the

German Board of Statistics shows the amazing discrepancy between male and female wages and the very low level of the latter. Similar inquiries carried out by the Board of Statistics in 1931 and 1932, during the worst depression years, show far higher wage rates. The discrepancy between male and female wages is best shown by the following typical examples of average hourly earnings, including piece work, in different industries:

In the chemical industry the average hourly earnings of semi-skilled and unskilled women are 41.3 per cent lower than those of semi-skilled and unskilled men, the figures being 87.5 and 51.5 pfennigs.

In the metal industry, including electrical engineering and the production of precision and optical instruments, watches, and telephone and radio equipment, where female workers have proved more efficient than men in many processes, the average hourly earnings of female operators are 41 per cent lower than those of men.

In the clothing industry the hourly earnings of skilled and semi-skilled women are 42.6 per cent less than those of skilled and semi-skilled men.

In the textile industry, where more women than men are employed, the wage level is particularly low for both. Skilled men get an average hourly rate of 69.2 pfennigs, skilled women 49.5; unskilled men earn 53.6 pfennigs, unskilled women only 37.7, or 15 cents an hour.

In the paper industry the hourly earnings of skilled women are 42.8 per cent less than those of skilled men.

In bread, pastry, and candy factories skilled women earn 41 per cent less than skilled men.

In the typographical trades the hourly earnings of female "technical employees" are 48.4 per cent lower than those of male "technical employees," the rates being 98.8 and 50.7 pfennigs.

How does the fascist exploitation of women workers affect the occupational trend? The following comparative statistics of the demand for and the supply of labor at the beginning of June, 1936, are enlightening:

VACANCIES PER 100 APPLICANTS OF SAME SEX*

Industry	For Men	For Women
Chemical	3	15
Textile	0.25	2
Clothing	1.2	7.3
In all industries	5.9	17.7

Even the absolute figures of demand were higher for women than for men in the chemical, textile, and clothing industries as well as in the commercial fields, while the supply of male employees was, of course, many times greater. The more women's wages dropped, the easier it was for them to find work.

* The percentages in this table are calculated from the absolute figures published by the Department of Labor on August 5, 1936.

What do women earn weekly, and how high can their standard of living be? First we must take into consideration the various wage deductions imposed by the authorities. The official inquiry into wages rates these at 12.4 per cent in the chemical industry and 14.3 per cent in the metal industry. Unofficial sources put them at 15 to 25 per cent. If we calculate the net wages on the basis of the official figure for deductions, we find that for a 45-hour week in a chemical plant women get the equivalent of \$7.90 weekly at the current rate of exchange.

The average net earnings of female operators in the metal industry for a 48.8-hour week are as "high" as \$8 for time and piece work. In the paper industry even skilled women get for a 45-hour week a net wage of 20.5 marks, or \$8.20; the unskilled earn, in the same time, a net wage of \$6.30. In the textile industry skilled women—spinners and weavers—get for a 40-hour week a net wage of about \$7; unskilled workers, \$5.30.

So much for the "enjoyment of a woman's life" in the Third Reich. What of the happy security of the home that filled the *Führer's* speeches in the campaign of 1932? It has given way to Dr. Goebbels's slogan, "Guns are more important than butter." The increasing shortage of food and the real wages of workers give the picture. The net average weekly wage of the German worker is \$11 to \$12, according to official figures. The woman worker earns from \$6 to \$8. What such wages mean in terms of purchasing power is easy to calculate on the basis of the following table of current prices in Germany and their American equivalents, wired to the New York *Times* by its correspondent in Berlin in December.

	Price per Pound	
	Berlin	New York
Sirloin steak	72 cents	38 cents
Cheap beef cuts	43-54 "	29-34 "
Pork	43-65 "	21-28 "
Veal	65-80 "	18-50 "
Butter	58 "	39 "
Margarine	32-40 "	20-24 "
Lard	36-43 "	16-24 "

"That means," the correspondent adds, "that the majority live on bread, potatoes, cabbage, the cheapest margarine—made mainly of whale oil—and cheap sausages, which often include horse meat. German housewives are often forced to stand in line for hours or run around to various shops in order to get anything at all. Good eggs and cream for coffee are becoming rarities. Butter is rationed to 80 per cent of October consumption and even that, like any other kind of fat, is available only after registration with the dairy shop."

Continually increasing living costs coupled with rigorous wage reductions to below the depression level of 1932 are the real achievement of fascist "prosperity." And there is no hope of improvement. "I cannot promise today, or at any period, higher wages," Field Marshal von Blomberg told representatives of the workers in armament factories on February 23, and he stressed that "the life and work of the Labor Front must be carried on according to military ideas."

The earnings of women in Germany are now cut down to the wage level of the Far East. There is no doubt that the current low wages tend to increase dumping. Hitler's wage policy, therefore, is threatening the standard of living of workers in other countries.

The women of Germany have been granted a further fascist gift—compulsory labor service. The law of June 26, 1935, states the obligation "of all the German youth of both sexes to serve their people by doing useful work but not as wage-earners," that is, without payment. For this purpose and to promote the education of German youth "in the spirit of National Socialism" Hitler has, according to the law, the right to mobilize annually as many boys and girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five as he likes and for as long a time as he likes. People engaged in labor service are not allowed to marry unless they obtain the permission of the authorities. Women are subject to another law defining when, how, where, and by whom they may be made sterile in the Third Reich. By decree of July 28, 1936, the Secretary of Labor legalized sterilization by means of irradiation. His list of 150 physicians authorized to perform this service included no women.

The Department of Labor published recently data to show that there are available in Germany a total of 13.2 million male workers while 17.6 million persons were employed on June, 1936. Thus even if all the men workers were employed, Germany would need at least 4.4 million female workers. Actually 5.47 million women are employed. Moreover, if Hitler were actually to eliminate female workers, Germany could neither produce commodities for export nor rearm.

Cultural progress tends to eliminate hard work for women and to facilitate their ascent to higher professions. Fascism reverses this process. Prominent Nazi women have expressed quite clearly in the name of "gifted women" their uneasiness about being made the victims of the dictatorship they fought to establish. Some of them have even dared, in an appeal to Hitler, to point out that German women were better off before the dictatorship, and that "China, Japan, and Turkey are far more advanced today in regard to the position of women than we are, and not to their loss." On page 22 of this historical appeal we read also: "Men have led the world to an abyss, and the danger still continues if one-sided rule by men is set up." In another expression of this bitter after-realization Dr. Leonor Kühn says on page 34 of the same pamphlet that "thinking National Socialist women begin to regret that in their national feeling they raised men to be unrestricted masters of the destiny of women and of the nation." These and many similar statements have not, of course, diminished the compulsory leisure of "gifted" Nazi women. Now they keep silent, but their S.O.S. to the *Führer* is worthy of note by women in democratic countries, if only to warn them of the tragic fate of women workers in fascist Germany. Deprived of all democratic rights, of all opportunities to promote peace, women are compelled to serve Hitler's militarism, which is already causing workers' families to suffer war-time privations.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Haiti, 1937—II

THE modern Caribbean dictator has discovered a new technique for maintaining himself in power—having an efficient army and seeing to it that only the soldiers possess arms. But thereby he places the fortunes of his country in the hands of the military men. I met two of the three ranking colonels of the Haitian army and was profoundly impressed by them. Colonel André, handsome and able, assured me that politics meant nothing to him and that the army would have nothing to do with politics. But the army is certainly in politics to the extent that it supervises and controls the elections. Some day it may decide that it wants another ruler, or that the ballot boxes shall be filled otherwise than the President directs. There is no earthly reason for Haiti to have a standing army or for that army to be intrusted with policing the country. What the country needs is a mounted constabulary of the type of the famous Canadian "mounties." A force of this type of a thousand men would be sufficient to preserve order and prevent revolution. And the money thus saved could well be used by this pitifully poor country. But here as elsewhere the army cries for and gets more and more men and money, the excuse being that Santo Domingo has more troops and that there is much smuggling over the border. Because Santo Domingo has a few airplanes and three batteries of artillery constant pressure is brought to bear upon the American Fiscal Representative to loosen the purse-strings and let the Haitian army have more unnecessary military toys.

The Fiscal Representative, in the person of Seymour de la Rue, is a great thorn in the flesh of the Haitians—and not wholly without reason. Especially since they have purchased the National City Bank and made it the National Bank of Haiti the people feel that their finances should be entirely in their own hands, and they are eagerly—but vainly—hoping for a new refunding loan to enable them to pay off their debt and so terminate Mr. de la Rue's control. They do not deny that he has helped them a great deal, that he is aware of the economic needs of the country and recognizes the necessity of changing Haiti from a one-crop country to a three- or four-crop country. They do protest against the banana contract which Mr. de la Rue was instrumental in obtaining in the belief that it represented a great step forward for Haiti. They deny that it is advantageous—I mean Haitians outside official circles—and they particularly dislike being tied up with one of the two American banana trusts.

The answer, unfortunately, is that if Haiti did not tie up with one of these trusts it simply could not dispose of a large banana crop in the United States. Formerly banana

growers, who were few in number, got as high as a dollar a stem for their bananas from sporadic purchasers able to handle the small crop. Now they get a minimum of 32 cents from the Standard Fruit Company, which advances money to the farmers for clearing and planting the land and for living expenses until they can draw money from their first crop; and this must slowly be repaid out of the 32 cents. The company also provides irrigation and has to do an enormous amount of clerical and bookkeeping work. It is hoped that within three or four years Haiti will be selling 4,000,000 stems of bananas to the outside world. There is one thing that can be said in favor of the contract. It preserves the system of small peasant farms and does not open a way to the company's purchase of great stretches of land as in other Caribbean islands.

If President Vincent had the money, I believe that he would rapidly advance his country. The resident Americans all speak well of him, especially the business men. The public order is today all that could be asked—indeed, it is far superior, because of the admirable character of the Haitian people, to that in the United States. Among 3,000,000 uneducated people there are not thirty serious crimes in an entire year! There are petty larcenies, of course, in multitude, as always in a country in which so large a proportion of the people live on the edge of starvation. But it is a proud boast of the Haitians that a white woman, or a black one, can go alone through the country and can count upon meeting only courtesy and consideration at the hands of the peasants. The people are industrious and hard-working to a degree, patient and long-suffering, content with their little all. They are magnificent material out of which to make a supremely happy country, without the slightest threat of war or international embroilments. If M. Vincent lives up to the opportunity which is his, he will immediately turn Haiti back into the paths of democracy, for if ever a people deserved the confidence of their ruler, the Haitians do.

Finally, a personal word. Never have I been received with greater kindness, friendliness, and good-will, or with such generous hospitality, as was extended to me by President Vincent and other officials of the republic. It was, of course, not personal but a most gratifying recognition of what *The Nation* did for Haiti years ago—especially of the work of Ernest Gruening, Lewis S. Gannett, Arthur Warner, Herbert Seligman, Freda Kirchwey, and others of *The Nation's* editors and contributors. Such an experience is so rare in an editor's life in the United States, where no one has time to remember, that I gratefully record it.

[The first part of Mr. Villard's report on Haiti appeared last week.]

BROUN'S PAGE

John L. Lewis & Co.

THERE'S no particular need to argue just now that the C. I. O. has made extraordinary progress under the leadership of John L. Lewis, but I think it may be worth while to go over some old ground. It seems to me that in the light of present events some past decisions of Lewis show up better than they did at the time. There was a disposition to criticize him for what was called "splitting the labor movement." Some who didn't care at all for Green were still rather sharp in their comments about the president of the United Mine Workers.

Their argument ran that Lewis should make his fight from within the A. F. of L. and keep at least an approximation of peace until such time as he could capture leadership. These critics even said that Lewis was working to bring about a split rather than to prevent one. Possibly that was his intention. If so, it proved a wise decision. If peace had been patched up with the leaders of the craft crowd, the victories in steel and motors would have been wholly impossible. It was necessary for Lewis to get all his foes in front of him. It would have been fatal to run the risk of being stabbed from behind, and the craft crowd would have done just that.

I think this accounts for what some took to be mere truculence in the words and manner of Lewis in his dealings with Green. He did lay it on pretty thick, but I believe it was all done for a definite purpose. By the time the General Motors strike began, Green had been definitely pegged as a man with a bitter feud against Lewis and the whole C. I. O. movement. His position was so plain that nobody paid much attention to the strike-breaking statements which he issued during the conflict. They were discounted as the words of a defeated and disappointed man. Even the newspaper editors who were on the prowl for ammunition to use against Lewis couldn't get very far with Green's dud shrapnel.

I also think that Lewis was correct in not going to Tampa or anywhere near it during the A. F. of L. convention, although I did not think so at the time. Obviously the prime necessity was to let the workers in steel and motors know that organization would be carried on by the C. I. O. and that under no possible compromise would any of the agents of Green be allowed to participate. There are men in the steel industry who have long memories, and to them an old-line A. F. of L. organizer is just about as popular as a company spy.

Up to now the vigor which Lewis put into the campaign to reelect Roosevelt has been entirely justified. It seems to me that the criticism of that course which came from some of the radicals was wholly mistaken. In *The Nation's* own pages Paul Ward once wrote during the campaign that the only difference between Landon and

Roosevelt as far as labor was concerned was the fact that Landon would call out the troops in the first week of a strike and Roosevelt in the second. I did not think much of this particular piece of bravura cynicism at the time and I think less of it now. The victory in Flint could hardly have been won if Landon had been in the White House. Governor Murphy was useful to the C. I. O., and I don't think there is much doubt that the Governor took his tone from the President.

It may be that a break will come between Roosevelt and Lewis. At the very least it ought to be long delayed. Labor needs the cooperation of Mr. Roosevelt, and his legislative program can only be made to function through the support of a large-scale trade-union movement. Indeed, I'm beginning to wonder whether the one sharp exchange between the President and the labor leader may not have been just a bit of play acting.

John L. Lewis has been too busy to waste time in answering some of the absurd things which have been said about him in the newspapers. The picture of a man gone mad with lust for power now seems pretty funny. It is obvious that all the moves were planned carefully in advance and that sufficient slack was left to take up those situations in which compromise would be necessary.

But there is one respect in which I think that the prevalent journalistic practice may actually do harm to Lewis and the cause of the C. I. O. The practice which I have in mind is probably without sinister intent. That's why it is dangerous. The fallacy creeps up and lodges itself in the community mind. I am thinking of the way in which the drive for industrial unionism has been made to seem a one-man show. Naturally the headline writer seizes upon the name of Lewis. It is only five letters, and according to the way we used to count on the *Tribune* copy desk the extra length of the *w* is neutralized by the *i*. So it has been Lewis in the headlines and pretty much Lewis all through the news reports.

That is characteristic enough of American newspaper modes. When a football back runs sixty-five yards and across the goal line, it is customary to say that he scored the touchdown. There is neither room nor disposition to go much into the matter of the interference which made his run possible. Papers are geared to handle only one star at a time. Still it is naive and worse than that for people to get the impression that John L. Lewis personally went out and buttonholed every new recruit for the C. I. O. To be sure the labors which he accomplished on his own were prodigious, but a large part of his labor went into the building of an effective machine. The movement for industrial unionism certainly needs Lewis, and he in turn needs the support of the many thousands who have cooperated with him closely. The proper billing ought to be John L. Lewis and Company.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

AS IT WERE BEYOND THE WORLD

BY MARK VAN DOREN

DURING the fourteen years since Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" first appeared in America it has been possible to learn a few things about its author which would place the book in the long mystery of his life. A memoir by D. G. Hogarth¹ and a critical essay by Barker Fairley² have made it clear, for instance, that "Arabia Deserta" was only an episode in Doughty's literary and spiritual career; that it was indeed something of an accident. It certainly cannot be numbered among those classics which have been tossed off by their authors without a side-glance at fame and with no consciousness of artistry; it took nine years to write, and when the Cambridge University Press proposed a simplification of its style for the first edition of 1888 Doughty replied: "I would prefer that the book be not published than change one word of my English. I value my style much more than my matter."

Yet it was tangential to a career as English poet that Doughty had planned for himself from the beginning. Ancient and weary as the author of "Arabia Deserta" sounds to any reader, he was in his middle thirties when he had the experience of which he wrote in this vast and difficult book; he was only forty-five when it was first published; and he had almost another forty years in which to live obscurely in England composing the twelve volumes of poetry, including an epic in six volumes, by which he believed his name would live. It is well for a reader of the newest edition of "Arabia Deserta"³ to remember all this, for it helps to explain a certain quality of interest which Doughty has in his subject, and hence helps to explain his book.

The Arabs, in other words, were not central to that study of man which an erudite and dedicated poet had set for himself from the days of his youth when he was rejected for the British navy because of a delicate constitution and when he resolved to "soar above the vanities of this world and take a place among the worthies who have lived for its adornment and the real glory of God." If any people was central it was his own—the British race, so unconscious in these diluted times of the pure stream which once had expressed the flowing of its spirit. His deepest desire was to return along this stream to its source; and if the journey took him over the world, tracing the tributaries which had entered from Rome and the East, he went without complaining, insatiable for further knowledge concerning "the Story of the Earth, Her manifold living creatures, the human generations and Her an-

cient rocks." It was thus, as a wandering scholar, a geologist and a geographer, that he strayed to Arabia in 1876 and heard of some inscriptions at Medáin Sâlih which no European had ever copied. It was the inscriptions that drew him down from Damascus with a pilgrim train bound for Mecca; but it was something else, when the caravan returned and would have taken him to Damascus again, that kept him, a lone and somewhat fragile Englishman, wandering for nineteen months "through the most of that vast mountainous labyrinthine solitude of rainless valleys" and on across sandy immensities where he daily risked his life among fanatical nomad Arabs—"tent-dwellers, inhabiting, from the beginning, as it were beyond the World."

The Arabs were an ancient people. But not only that. They were unchanged from what they had been, there was a taint of eternity in their daily doings, they endured somewhat as rocks and sand endure, without sense of self or knowledge of time. This must have been what kept Doughty among them so long in spite of a certain contempt he had for them and in spite of the terrible nature of their land. He maintained his English identity throughout; he never went native; he did not forget how much he had to learn from people who were unlike anything he could ever be and who yet were in almost the literal sense contemporaries of his own people two millennia ago. He lived among them, and later on he wrote of living among them, in a kind of double time—now, this moment, and forever; both as if his presence there mattered and as if it mattered no more than a grain of sand upon the desert. Perhaps Doughty lost his footing between the two extremes of consciousness and fell beyond recovery. An English relation remembers that when he came home in 1879 "he spoke seldom . . . and with some hesitation, as if his native language did not come quite easily to him." He himself would have said that his native language, then as always, was not the language of Victorian England but the sweet, strong tongue of Chaucer and Spenser—which it was his duty to restore as it was his duty to remind Englishmen of their human heritage. But the cousin may have been right. The difficulty of reading Doughty is the difficulty of listening to a man who inhabits two worlds at once, one of them as old as granite and the other as new as a puff of passing wind that bears odors of apples if it be an English wind or of camels and butter if it be Arabian.

Whatever the genesis of "Arabia Deserta," and whatever its relation to the epic in six volumes, "The Dawn in Britain" (1906), whose composition it so long de-

¹ "The Life of Charles M. Doughty." Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1929.

² "Charles M. Doughty." Oxford University Press. 1927.

³ "Travels in Arabia Deserta." By Charles M. Doughty. With Introduction by T. E. Lawrence. Random House. Two Volumes. \$15.

layed, it remains an indescribable book in the same way that Arabia or any other country in its wholeness remains indescribable. "Doughty's completeness," says Colonel Lawrence in the famous Introduction of 1920 now printed again, "is devastating." But there is more than Arabia in the book. There is Doughty in Arabia—the entirety of his experience, step by step and pain by pain, rendered with an impersonal, an indeed awful accuracy. Its twelve hundred pages move as slowly as Doughty moved, and through as thick an atmosphere of alien monotony. There is none of the lightness and picturesqueness of a travel book; nor shall we flatter ourselves that we know much about the author when we are through. For it is not about himself that he has been talking; or, as I have hinted, about the Arabia that anyone can see from a camel's back. It is rather about that incredible peninsula where the past and present live on together, and where one may learn things not taught in books, not even in this one. The newborn camel by its dam, the reek of butter and coffee and sweat, the pleasant coolness of sudden evening, the whispering of the wives, the oaths and prayers of the Bedouins, the unendurable heat of mid-day, the stretching of volcanic ridges beyond the limits of any weary eye, the fouled spring, the wind over the sand—these and ten thousand other things had for Doughty a unique importance which they can have for the reader too if he takes them as they are given to him, slowly, patiently, and one by one.

Girl at the Play

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

Long after you beat down the powerful hand
And leave the scene, prison's still there to break.
Brutalized by escape, you travel out to sit
In empty theaters, your stunned breast, hardened neck
Waiting for warmth to venture back.

Gilded above the stage, staring archaic shapes
Hang, like those men you learn submission from
Whose majesty sits yellow on the night,
Young indolent girls, long-handed, one's vague mouth
And cruel nose and jaw and throat.

Waiting's paralysis strikes, king-cobra hooded head's
Infected fangs petrify body and face,
Emblems fade everyway, dissolving even
The bitter infantile boys who call for sleep's
Winy breasts whose nipples are long grapes.

Seats fill. The curtain's up where strong lights act,
Cut theater to its theme; the quick fit's past.
Here's answer in masses moving; by light elect,
They turn the stage before into the street behind,
And nothing's so forgotten as your blind
Female paralysis that takes the mind,
And nothing's so forgotten as your dead
Fever, now that it's past and the swift play's
ahead.

BOOKS

Three of a Kind

ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY. By Clifton Cuthbert. Hillman Curl. \$2.50.

THIS IS YOUR DAY. By Edward Newhouse. Lee Furman. \$2.50.

BETWEEN THE HAMMER AND THE ANVIL. By Edwin Seaver. Julian Messner. \$2.50.

AN EARLIER novel by Clifton Cuthbert, "Thunder Without Rain," contained a few passages that were genuinely tender and pathetic. The theme of the novel, incest, was handled courageously and with an attempt to treat so-called abnormality in a spirit of sympathetic understanding. But the book was ruined by an annoyingly precious style. Characters, motivations, background were all entangled and lost in a web of vague if mellifluous metaphors, and for a dénouement the author was content to resort to impossible melodrama. "Another Such Victory" is startlingly different from its predecessor. It is a straightforward account of a strike in a small New England textile town in 1934. The author contrasts the lives of the owning and working classes and unfolds the meanings of the strike for members of each class. His novel is sincere and earnest, decidedly better reading than, say, Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle" which was merely a revolutionary Rover Boy story. However, Cuthbert's perceptions are obvious and familiar and his characters are superficially drawn, especially the leisure-class young man who thinks that he is falling in love with a striker, and the Communist Party members, who are presented as somewhat irresolute and bewildered. Apparently Cuthbert, in his anxiety to forestall the criticisms usually leveled against stereotyped proletarian novels, has turned the pattern upside down, and substituted defeat for victory.

I think that Edward Newhouse's first novel, "You Can't Sleep Here," was overrated by most critics. It was the story of a newspaperman in a New York Hooverville, and nearly all the characters talked Hemingway. The book was glib and slapdash, careless in its style, facile rather than understanding in its characterizations. It had a kind of surface urban brightness, and little else. "This Is Your Day" is a decidedly more ambitious effort. It moves on from Hooverville to a young party worker trying to organize in a farm area. As a counter-plot there is the story of a young careerist high-school teacher who is feebly trying to pay ideological conscience money to the revolution with counterfeit coins. He becomes involved in an affair with one of his students and is required to marry her against his will. This part of the novel is handled competently, but it does not begin to squeeze the potentialities out of such a situation. Newhouse strives for precision and accuracy of detail. He seems to have read Proust since writing his first novel, and Proust is welded to Hemingway as an influence. To his facile conversation, he attempts to add analysis, but he shows no capacity to animate his characters on paper. The same mannerisms that marred the first book are noticeable here, but not to the same degree. Dialogue that is intended to be clever and "snappy" is often in bad taste. Newhouse's treatment of Communists, however, is decidedly more satisfactory than that of either Cuthbert or Seaver. The best that can be said of the book is that it is readable; indeed, I

believe that Newhouse would make a much better columnist than novelist.

Edwin Seaver's first novel, "The Company," followed Nathan Asch's "The Office," and both books anticipated many of the tendencies now clearly revealed in the work of younger left-wing novelists. "The Company" was a neat and consistent, if minor, novel. It registered one note, pathos, and this note was excellently sustained. However, Seaver's latest effort, "Between the Hammer and the Anvil," indicates that his promise exceeded his fulfilment. Using the same form—a series of short sketches—he strives to enlarge his theme, his meanings, and his canvas, and also he seeks to recruit members to the Communist Party. He presents a wide variety of characters, most of them intellectuals and white-collar workers and victims of the depression. The book is intellectually pretentious. It combines artiness of style and tabloid wisecracks in a literal miscegenation. What Seaver lacks essentially is a sense of craftsmanship. Again and again, when he seems to be getting into a sketch, he intrudes stylized phrases, patches of dialogue that are inappropriate, auctorial platitudes, or obvious and overstated implications. He pads his book with florid metaphors; yet despite its length and intended canvas it is meager in its details and superficial in its motivation. In the concluding sketch a writer preparing to join the party experiences a revolutionary vision. The writing slips into such bathos as the following: "Did the weather too partake of the class struggle? Heyward's [a character who is a party member] irony went deeper than jest. If one saw one's life, all life, from a central vantage point . . ." At one place in the story some youths in an automobile look flirtatiously at a girl passing in a taxicab and she smiles back. We get this: "The taxi cab lunged ahead precipitately, leaving in its wake the fragrant stench of girlsmile and ethylgas." I quote these two passages because they reveal the level of insight and writing in the novel as a whole. "Between the Hammer and the Anvil" is commonplace, a mélange of derivations, and a severe disappointment. Seaver, after aligning himself with the Communist movement, has retrogressed as a craftsman and stuffed his mind with platitudes.

JAMES T. FARRELL

Bankrupt Realism

PERSONAL REALISM. By James Bissett Pratt. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THERE are numerous indications that the various schools of philosophic realism which have flourished in America for the last thirty years are, each in its own way, facing bankruptcy. And this condition is not to be traced only to the inability of these philosophies to furnish us, in terms of their own assumptions, a consistent picture of the world. One should not lose faith in the ability of the human mind to make almost any view seem plausible and coherent so long as social conditions make it pertinent. On the other hand, one should not forget that when a philosophic system ceases to be pertinent to the perplexities and anxieties of an age, all its technical excellences are not enough to save it.

The book under review has suggested these obvious considerations. Granting Mr. Pratt's fundamental assumptions and the decidedly mystic bent of his mind, competent critics would no doubt think highly of his views. His book is the product of a seasoned and well-equipped mind. The basic difficulty does not lie in its internal structure but in its assumptions. For it is these that enable Mr. Pratt to draw from his realism a spiritualistic metaphysic which seems quite

irrelevant to our contemporary world. And those who have thought of realism as a bracing wind which thirty years ago blew away the fogs of idealism must deem the uses to which Mr. Pratt puts it a betrayal and a "liquidation." For here is realism used to establish an utterly vaporous and transcendental conception of the self and a still more vaporous "spiritual pantheism," made possible by accepting mystical experience as possessing "genuinely cosmic significance" while insisting on the exclusive validity of an empirical method which is seldom really adhered to.

Technically considered, the fundamental difficulty with the whole system—from the standpoint of contemporary naturalism and not of the naturalism of the nineteenth century—lies not in its failure to assert the existence of an external world and the ability of minds to know it but in its failure to see that before a dualism such as is here presented can be entertained, one has to dispose seriously of the efforts which are being made to show how mind springs from and is of nature. In America, Dewey and Mead are the recognized leaders of these efforts. And it is their naturalism, and not that of the nineteenth century, that must be reckoned with. Mr. Pratt, while devoting pages upon pages to an effort to bury the ghosts of nineteenth-century materialism, disposes of Dewey and Mead in a few lines and a footnote respectively.

The result of Mr. Pratt's failure to take up the challenge of these men is that he never examines in any serious sense the basis of the dualist position from which he starts. This means that he never surrenders the assumptions which realism at the turn of the century was forged to challenge. But since dualism cannot help making of either world or mind or both a mystery, it is no wonder that Mr. Pratt arrives at the religiously satisfying but unscientific conclusions indicated above.

Note, however, that the objections to Mr. Pratt's position are not only of a theoretical but also of a practical order. For if matter and spirit, nature and self are held to be radically different substances, it becomes impossible not only to explain how values arise but to show how these values, from whatever source obtained, can be made effective instrumentalities for changing the material grounds of society as need arises. The makeshift and antiquated theory of interactionism, used by Mr. Pratt to explain the relation between mind and matter, certainly begs the question. The radical issue here is the meaning and status we must ascribe to mind. A philosophy which places mind high up on a mystic shelf is a philosophy which has no light to throw on contemporary problems. Such a philosophy may find consolation in the thought that it envisages the "eternal problems of the human spirit," whatever these be. But eternal visions and high consolations will not save it from the bankruptcy which will come to it because of its irrelevance.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Problem of the Artist

ART AND SOCIETY. By Herbert Read. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

ACCORDING to the front-flap information of this book, Herbert Read's writings on art are "in England the most successful books of that kind published within recent years." No doubt there will be an appreciative audience in America too.

The author, editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, formerly professor of fine arts in the University of Edinburgh and assistant keeper of the Victoria and Albert Museum, tries in a patient, scholarly way to educate his readers toward modern

conceptions of art. For people of a conservative background, with the desire to keep up to date, this book provides a cautious guide through difficult territory. It offers the thrill of attacking present conditions. It speaks of "the degradation of art during the last two centuries" as being "in direct correspondence with the expansion of capitalism." "The world has probably never exhibited such a lack of cultural integrity as now exists in the capitalist form of modern society." About the wealthy patrons he admits exceptions, but as a general rule he considers "such individuals in all matters of sensibility and taste both vulgar and stupid."

On the other hand, he emphasizes that "the typical art of a period is the art of the elite." He hurries to assure us that the classless state as conceived by Marx, Engels, and Lenin by no means involves the abolition of elites. Later on he warns: "Admirable sentiment which, elected into a dogma and given the official support of a totalitarian state, is the true and only necessary explanation of the retarded development of art in Soviet Russia." Thus existing tendencies are criticized with a dignified impartiality backed by quotations from Plato, Hegel, Whitehead, Marx, Freud, Lévy-Bruhl, André Breton, Nikolai Bukharin, and Karl Radek. However, his final conclusions rescue the reader into an idealistic optimism culminating in the statement: "That general release from fear and repression which is promised by the technique of modern psychology no less than by the growing determination to win for humanity the benefits of modern methods of production . . . will recreate the conditions of a great art."

To reach these conclusions Mr. Read mobilizes history, magic, religion, philosophy, and psychology. The chapters on prehistoric art and on the origin of art show the usual pathetic attempt to be "scientific" by leaning on the research of anthropologists and archaeologists, most of whom still seem to cling to a mysterious privilege of carefully preserved innocence in matters of aesthetics and creativeness. Dealing with religion he tries to prove that "religion is not an essential to art; nor art to religion." The problem of the unconscious, based on Freudian conceptions, seems to be his strongest tool to build up the idea of the necessity of freedom of individual expression in art.

In the introduction the author confesses that the purpose of this book was to protest against philistinism à la H. G. Wells and the general art shyness of the Anglo-Saxons, which he considers their worst intellectual disgrace. But in this country, as in other parts of the world, there are many people to whom the problem of art and society means infinitely more. Our brains are tortured by the question whether art can survive, and what can be done about it. Everything seems ready for a great renaissance except this tragic relation of humiliated art to blind society. We are dreaming of a future humanity which will know its debt to the creative miracle of art, and yet we are trembling at the mere thought of a possible catastrophe if, owing to blindness in power, this grandiose chance should be missed. How can artists organize without losing their creative freedom? How can we fight the rackets of the art market? How can the artist become a legitimate member of society, and how can he be educated to be worthy of such a position? Desperate artists in great numbers have dropped their aesthetic quarrels and organized to attack such questions courageously. To American society the problem of art and culture becomes more and more a question of destiny. To artists the social problem has become a matter of life and death. Meanwhile, we have to be grateful for contributions like Mr. Read's book, which admits that "art, like murder, will out."

LEO KATZ

The First Puritans

PARADISE. By Esther Forbes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

"PARADISE" occupies the anomalous position of a historical novel which commands the respect of the historian more readily than it fires the enthusiasm of the literary critic. Considered as literature, it is a respectable job—no more. Neither its style, nor its architecture, nor its analysis of character, nor its view of life is peculiarly its own; it makes, in other words, no Contribution. Yet from the historian's point of view it is, I imagine, a valuable piece of work. For years Stuart Sherman battled in ponderous prose to disabuse the American mind of the belief that "puritan" was a synonym for "gloomy," that the collective life of the New England colonies prior to the Revolution was wholly devoted to asceticism, witch burning, and general sanctimoniousness. Miss Forbes's novel will probably do more to rejuvenate the Founding Fathers for the public than did all Mr. Sherman's long-winded essays.

The book takes its name from the great house of the first citizen of Canaan (founded 1630) in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Jude Parre, the Founder, could write "gentleman" after his signature; and he was, to be sure, no run-of-the-mill Puritan. From a dissolute youth as a vagabond scholar he came to the New World with a rich wife and a belief in individual liberty that was more conscious and more conscientious than was usual in that rather tight-minded society. Yet there was room in the colony both for the tolerance of Mr. Parre and for the hell-and-damnation preaching of the Fearings, Peter and Forethought; and the exponents of these two schools of life could drink ale, malmsey, and rum, smoke a pipe, and enjoy the pleasures of the table together. Miss Forbes makes it clear that the sensory joys of the world were not forbidden the Puritans, however devout. The customs are those of the Restoration period. The settlers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony did not, naturally, bring with them to America the manners of the court, but, inescapably, they brought the customs and dress of the raw and gusty society from which they stemmed, and to which they, even in retreat or rebellion, still belonged. That a pioneer economy demanded a religious dictatorship, that out of the religious dictatorship eventually grew a political democracy, based, ideologically, on the belief in the rights of man, we know. What is ironical is the fact that, before this democracy could even be foreshadowed, the Jude Parres had to be put in their places, for the individualism they stood for was not of the future but of the past, the individualism permitted within the framework of a benevolent feudalism, not the mandatory individualism characteristic of a middle-class economic democracy.

Miss Forbes has written a popular novel, or, as she calls it, a historical romance, and therefore is concerned with emotions rather than ideas; it is love, not social change, on which her attention is focused. Nevertheless, her material has been so conscientiously studied, so fully and accurately recast into fictional terms, that these political conceptions are inherent in her story, as they are in history itself. Those who wish can dig them out of the conflicts of the novel. Those who do not can at least whole-heartedly participate in the narrative, secure in the assurance that they are not, momentarily, living in what a historian would consider a fool's "Paradise."

MARY MC CARTHY

Shorter Notices

THE LAST ROMANTIC. By William Orton. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IN TRYING to describe the impact of pre-war England on a young man's mind Mr. Orton has set himself an interesting problem. Moreover, he has chosen a hero who will not swim with the current. His Michael is an artist—without an art; a dreamer and an individualist; he is impractical, sensitive, intelligent. But most of the time he is groping in the dark. He discovers Nietzsche, Walt Whitman, Pater, Ibsen; a good musical education in his boyhood, wherein Bach and Beethoven and Schumann are his gods, breaks into a superficial brilliance and comes to nothing. He knows no disciplines. He is desperately concerned with the problem of religion. He loves accidentally, capriciously, unsatisfyingly. All this as a picture of the chaotic state of education at the tail-end of the Victorian era is well enough. But the novelist who tries to describe chaos must, by a paradox, be himself very clear and bright and well ordered. Mr. Orton is vague and without edge. His hero is surrounded by ghosts—ghosts of ideas, ghosts of men and women; his parents are ghosts, his friends only a little less so. Nothing emerges sharply. Michael's boyhood, his schooling, his father's shop, his casual attempts to find a proper school, a useful trade, are all veiled and unclear. Even his death in battle is a little vague. The result is unsatisfying.

THE GROWN-UPS. By Catharine Whitcomb. Random House. \$2.50.

Miss Whitcomb, with a much less ambitious scheme, has solved her problem more cleverly. Children of divorced parents, she says, are likely to be mauled about by servants, to overhear dreadful grown-up quarrels they do not quite understand; they have no real home, their status at school is dubious; their insecurity makes them unhappy in various ways, but always unhappy. Stated thus baldly, this is the sort of over-emphasis that makes statisticians tear their hair. But Miss Whitcomb is not interested in statistics. She merely presents a couple of children—a little, vague, unprotesting boy and a girl who grows up in spite of her father's various marriages. In the earlier chapters of her book she is clear, explicit, and touching. These are credible children and they say something particularly about such children in general. Later on Miss Whitcomb becomes a little lush; there are too many dazzlingly beautiful women in her novel. But in spite of them she has preached a rather impressive sermon.

PIE IN THE SKY. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Mr. Calder-Marshall is neither historian nor preacher. He merely presents a group of people. A hearty, keen-witted father, a dull, moralistic son, a lively, ineffectual son—and a woman. None of these persons is expertly realized, yet the total effect of the four, along with the incidental characters in the novel, is interesting, credible, and persuasive. These people have various occupations and as many preoccupations; they are bitter, defeated, courageous, humorous. They portray England today rather more successfully than Mr. Orton was able to portray England before the war. Mr. Calder-Marshall does not concern himself very much with what his men and women think—in spite of a number of earnest conversations about the revolution; but he writes rather well of what they do. Which is perhaps the safest way of writing a novel, after all.

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IN SIGHT OF MOUNTAINS. By C. A. Millspaugh.
Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$1.75.

Mr. Millspaugh's first volume follows rather closely a pattern of development that has become familiar in recent poetry. It consists in (a) an apprenticeship in technique to Hopkins, Eliot, and the other reigning masters; (b) an attempt to fit contemporary experience to the demands of a wiry intellect, an acute if tortuous sensibility, and an expectation of human decency; (c) an expression of agony at the partial frustration of these demands; and (d) a reorientation of the self, with a discarding of baggage in preparation for the journey to the Magnetic Mountain. If Mr. Millspaugh's are not among the more original variations upon this common pattern, they are at any rate among the more skilful. He has not yet found the verse type, or set of verse types, most suitable to his talents and insights—probably because these are themselves still fluid—but he uses neatly a great variety of forms, including sprung rhythm, Eliotesque free Alexandrines, Poundian pseudo-Provençal, neo-Grecian strophes, ballad stanzas, and even the sonnet. What impresses most, perhaps, is his feeling for word values, both musical and semantic. This enables him to write lines that sing, and to obtain frequently a direct hit with an epigrammatic phrase or a homely image. There is observation, both inner and outer, in the poems, but this is mostly casual; as with other poets under thirty, the words guide the course of the poem rather than serve effortlessly a central intuition. When he has mastered his craft to the point where it is no longer his primary concern, some very fine work may be expected from him.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

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DRAMA

Gentleman Crook

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Hudson Theater) is an unusually entertaining bit of theatrical piffle, and it will have, I think, better luck than either of the two other English mysteries seen here this year. There is nothing in it to equal the few moments of horror for which "Love from a Stranger" existed, and it lacks the touch of the macabre which made "Night Must Fall" extraordinary, but it does have one virtue which both of those plays lacked. It moves steadily forward under increasing tension, and without seeming ever to force things it allows no moment for question or reflection.

Calmly considered, the premise may seem a little bit thick. After the fall of the curtain one may wonder whether it is, after all, very probable that a highly successful doctor should be led into a career of crime because he is anxious to study the physiological reactions of the burglar while burgling. But even this difficulty is skilfully met, and without ever being specific the play manages to suggest that you may, if you like, suspect the doctor's own explanation and regard it as no more than a subtle rationalization. Indeed, the ambiguous conclusion is one of the most ingenious things in the play and it all seems quite as credible as it needs to be, partly I suspect because the degree of credibility remains the same throughout. In any play we quickly adjust ourselves to the standard the author himself sets. We are as gullible as he

also mention The Nation

expects us by premise to be, and the great mistake is to introduce anything harder to believe than the things we have initially agreed to accept. That mistake the author of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" never makes. We are never shocked into protest by any improbability greater than we accepted to begin with, and he leads us steadily to a climax and a solution perfectly acceptable because perfectly of a piece with everything which has gone before.

Like most English thrillers, this one scorns the crude violence of its American counterparts. Even its criminal characters are too well bred to favor the "Sez you" type of repartee, without which our native crook plays would be impossible, and Dr. Clitterhouse himself is a credit to the Public School he indubitably attended. Incidentally, he is well played in the best English manner of understatement by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and all the other roles are well filled—especially that undertaken by Clarence Derwent as the double-crossing (excuse me, treacherous) receiver whose quiet death at the hands of the doctor seems to the audience not only highly desirable in itself but a fitting climax to the hero's career.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"The Sun and I" (Adelphi Theater), one of the most knowing scripts to emerge from Federal Theater workshops so far, has been favored with a production appropriately urbane and eye-filling. Costumes, settings, and incidental music contribute unstintingly to the task of converting Egypt into theater, but the play itself is inclined to dawdle between frivolity and preachment. In general the authors have recast the story of Joseph and his brethren in a vein of bantering if sympathetic cynicism, appending a Marxian rubric to the Biblical text and streamlining the narrative accordingly. The vision of the bowing sheaves and stars, for example, is accounted for on the basis of a will-to-power, while the stages in Joseph's rise to absolute authority in Egypt are seen as fated contingencies in a career destined from the outset to a fulfilment in benevolent despotism. In the end Joseph's dictatorial methods, for all their good intent, work his undoing, and he speeds the final curtain with the prophecy of a state in which workers will achieve their salvation by their own hand. David Enton as Joseph helps to give direction to the somewhat unclear and discursive conception, and there are careful performances by Frederic Tozere as Pharaoh, Suzanne Caubaye as Vashnee, and Gustave Gordon as Potiphar.

B. B.

FILMS

Alfred Hitchcock

AFTER a month of drought there has come a flood of interesting films—so many, in fact, that a column cannot do justice to them. Or perhaps it can. For justice is among other things a search for the excellent; and in the course of its arduous climb it has every right to deal both rapidly and roughly with the less excellent. I shall begin at the bottom with "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (Korda), in which the delightful opportunities for trick photography offered by H. G. Wells's tale are defeated by an unimaginative direction and by obvious preachments; also

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by the ridiculously British faces of three young men who ride horses in the clouds and pass remarks about those little fools on earth. I preferred the little fools, particularly Roland Young, whose heroic struggle against impossible odds ought to be recorded among the stars. Ronald Colman staggers under a similar handicap in "Lost Horizon" (Columbia), where a brilliant beginning and a great deal of wonderful photography throughout do not conceal the fact that the message of the movie is shamefully soft and false. The blame for this is probably to be divided between James Hilton and Robert Riskin; I should hate to place it on the director, Frank Capra, who after all gave us "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds." He has been mechanically superb in "Lost Horizon," but the moral seems to be that mind counts for something even in movies. I think so well of movies, indeed, that I am willing to say it counts for everything, as it does in any other art. A little more of it, for instance, would have dissolved the absurd nobility out of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), in which amusing film William Powell, Robert Montgomery, and Joan Crawford make so many sacrifices for one another toward the end that they begin to look bewildered long before Mr. Powell motors politely off to prison. "The Wedding of Palo," an Eskimo film by Knud Rasmussen (Fifty-fifth Street Theater), falls but a trifle short of "Nanook of the North" and "Man of Aran," and "Prisoners" (Amkino) is considerably above the Russian average. But I must hasten on to Alfred Hitchcock, who in "The Woman Alone" (Gaumont-British) seems to me to prove once again that he is the best film director now flourishing.

The maker of "The Thirty-nine Steps" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" keeps, as always, perfectly within his bounds. His story (from Conrad's "Secret Agent") is a melodrama; his scene is a theater—this time a small London cinema; the streets through which his people occasionally pass are beautiful in their meanness and their truth; he does not spare us several painful deaths; he is merciless with his suspense. But what is more important than all that, Mr. Hitchcock keeps perfectly within the bounds of the movie art. He knows exactly what a movie should be and do; so exactly, in fact, that a live wire seems to run backward from any of his films to all the best films one can remember, connecting them with it in a conspiracy to shock us into a special state of consciousness with respect to the art. There is something old-fashioned about his pictures, as there is about the best things of any kind; and not the only sign of this in "The Woman Alone" is the circumstance that its dialogue is unnecessary without being precisely superfluous. He has told his story with the camera. And how he has told it! The beginning is possibly no more brilliant than the beginning of "Lost Horizon"; but it is only the beginning of something that moves with an actually increasing smoothness and speed to the very end. An analysis of the film would reveal not merely that there were many good details but that there was nothing but detail, and all of it good. Sylvia Sidney in the ticket booth, the boy in the bus, Oscar Homolka at the aquarium and in the turnstile, the episode of the knife and fork—these are only a few among the hundreds. The whole thing is irreducibly concrete, as if a master had decided to show us how much of a virtuoso he could be. And yet the final effect is not a virtuoso effect. It is merely the most interesting story that any film has told this year—the most interesting because Mr. Hitchcock has told it with the simplest, the deepest, and the most accurate imagination at work anywhere.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

The Truth About Palestine

Dear Sirs: Practically all of the facts cited by Albert Viton in his articles *The Fate of Zionism* and *A Solution for Palestine*, published in *The Nation* on December 19 and 26, are inaccurate and misleading. In the interest of truth it is necessary to refute at least some of his misstatements. All facts stated herein are taken from official sources.

1. *Displaced Arabs.* Mr. Viton states: "If Jewish settlement continues on its past scale, there can be no doubt that it will spell the ruin of an increasing number of Arab peasants." He goes on to say that 2,000 Arab cultivators have been displaced in the plains of Esdraelon and Acre and a few hundred more around Jaffa.

The truth is that the Arab rural population, which in 1922 was 65.6 per cent of the total Arab population, rose to 67.3 per cent in 1931 (last census). During the same period the settled non-Jewish population increased from 565,000 to 795,000, and to 900,000 in 1936. The Arab population, rural as well as urban, has increased in the greatest numbers in those areas which are centers of Jewish development.

A special commission was appointed by the Palestine government in 1931 to ascertain the number of "displaced Arabs"—that is, those who had to move from their land as a result of its sale or transfer to Jews—for whose resettlement the government of Palestine appropriated the sum of £250,000. Here was an unprecedented situation—a government actually saying: "We have money to spend for settlement. Please put in your application and we shall do our best." And what happened? Mr. Andrews, development officer of the government of Palestine in charge of the resettlement scheme, testified before the Palestine Royal Commission now sitting in Palestine that "the government had to scout around to get people to put in their applications." Mr. Andrews stated that "since 1931 there had been received from landless Arabs [who claimed to have been displaced either before or after 1931] 3,271 applications for resettlement. Of these only 664 fell within the definition, that is, had had to move from their land as a result of its sale or transfer to Jews; and of the 664 families, 317 declined on various

grounds to take up holdings offered and 347 families had been provided for upon government estates." Mr. Andrews further stated that among those who had submitted their claims for resettlement were families who had left their land long before it was sold or transferred to Jews; families who had had to leave the land because of sale to non-Jews; unsuccessful cultivators with livestock and money who had voluntarily abandoned their land; and unsuccessful traders who at no time had been cultivators of land. It should be added that of the 664 families whose claims were recognized, only 460 were actual cultivators, the others being "tribesmen" and not cultivators.

But even these facts do not tell the whole story. The Land Transfer Ordinance provides that any person wishing to sell his land must first obtain the consent of the government. In the case of agricultural land leased by tenants, such consent is to be given only if the Registrar of Lands is satisfied that "any tenant in occupation will retain sufficient land in the district or elsewhere for the maintenance of himself and his family." While the law places upon the selling landowner the burden of compensating the tenant, the Jews, who were not obligated to do so, have paid in addition to the purchase price handsome sums to the Arab tenants who were made to move. And in addition these tenants were being settled, as shown before, at government expense.

The utter absurdity of the charge that Jews have displaced Arabs in Palestine is even more apparent when one learns that while the non-Jewish population, rural and urban, has increased by about 70 per cent since the World War, the so-called displaced Arabs constitute only 1/3 of 1 per cent of the total Arab population!

2. *Jewish Agricultural Settlement.* The Jews at present own approximately 1,300,000 dunams of land, which is only 5 per cent of the total area of Palestine. Mr. Viton declares that there is little chance for the settlement of an additional large number of Jews on the land because, first, it is impossible to settle Jews without displacing Arabs, and, secondly, cultivable land for additional settlement is not available.

What is "cultivable land"? Mr. Viton

apparently accepts the definition of the Palestine government that cultivable land is land "which is actually under cultivation or which may be cultivated by the application of resources which are at the disposal of the average Palestinian cultivator." By this definition the cultivability of land is not determined by its inherent qualities or by the application of scientific methods, but is governed by the "resources" of the "average Palestinian cultivator," meaning the average Arab cultivator. By reducing this proposition to its dryly logical conclusion, it would follow that since the average cultivator has no resources, there is no cultivable land available.

If this definition were applied, such large agricultural centers as Petach Tikvah, Rishon-le-Zion, Hederah, Ain Harold, Nahalal, and scores of other settlements, extending over tens of thousands of dunams and providing sustenance to scores of thousands of Jews—and many Arabs—could not have been established, all having been founded on "uncultivable" land. Since 1930 over fifty new agricultural settlements have been established—without displacement, as shown—on "uncultivable land."

No attempt has yet been made to ascertain what portion of the land now held to be "uncultivable"—more than one-half of the total area of Palestine—could be rendered cultivable by the application of the man-power, capital, skill, scientific methods, and, above all, *will* which the Jews are eager to bring to this land. It is not possible now to determine the number of Jewish families which can ultimately be settled on the land, for that land is cultivable which eventually will be cultivated. The Huleh area in the north of Palestine is a good example. In 1930 Sir John Hope Simpson called it "a plague spot." For the most part it was covered by malarial swamps providing a meager existence for a few impoverished inhabitants. It was not cultivated, and according to the government's definition it certainly was not cultivable, for the "average Palestinian cultivator" did not have the means, let alone the vision, desire, and energy, to reclaim it. Now, only a few years later, the whole Huleh area, extending over about 55,000 dunams, is being developed by Jews under a concession from the Palestine government

by the terms of which 15,000 dunams—reclaimed and fit for immediate use—will be reserved for the settlement of Arabs, *who are not asked to contribute one red cent toward the cost of reclamation and amelioration.* Thousands of families, Jewish and Arab, will thus be settled on formerly "uncultivable" land.

3. *Industry.* Mr. Viton states that "the present rate of industrial development cannot be maintained in the future. In fact, it would appear that most of the industries have already reached the peak of development." He adds that "industry cannot develop much more except for industries depending on locally grown fruit."

Despite the lack of help by the government, the absence of raw material, the lack of trained labor, insufficient credit, undeveloped markets, and many other difficulties, Palestine's industry has made, in Mr. Viton's own words, "tremendous progress in a short time." Industrial production, which in 1921-22 was valued at £500,000, reached £8,500,000 in 1935. The number of employees in industry rose during the same period from 4,750 to 32,830.

Sales of electric power by the Palestine Electric Corporation increased from 2,527,126 kilowatt hours in 1927 to 34,385,515 kilowatt hours in 1934, and to 50,362,193 kilowatt hours in 1935. But Mr. Viton, late in 1936, gave electric consumption figures only for 1934 and asserted that "this rate of development . . . cannot be maintained in the future." However, electric consumption in 1935 was 45 per cent higher than in 1934, and figures for the first ten months of 1936 (latest available) show an increase in electric consumption of 31 per cent over the same period in 1935.

While the world index of industrial production fell from 100 in 1929 to 76 in 1934, that of Jewish industry in Palestine rose from 100 in 1929 to 320 in 1935. The development of industry in Palestine represents the creation of an entirely new source of wealth which, but for Jewish resourcefulness, capital, and love for the country, would never have come into existence.

Mr. Viton's description of the status of the Arabs, labor conditions and wages, employment situation, standard and cost of living, capital available for investment, density of population, and so on are also incorrect and misleading.

MAURICE BOUKSTEIN, Director,

New York Bureau, American Economic Committee for Palestine
New York, February 1

The Important Thing

Dear Sirs: Few things just now make me angrier than the reiterated suggestion that Germany should have some colonies in order that she may get raw materials from them. The most important thing in a so-called colony is the people; and people ought not to be disposed of on the basis of somebody's desire for the vegetable products of their country.

Specifically, a non-Aryan population ought not to be put under a government whose avowed principle is that non-Aryans are not entitled to equal rights. Grant, if you like, that other governments hypocritically act on this principle without avowing it; even so, the black man is better off under a power which at least recognizes that agitation for the black man's rights is legitimate public discussion. Furthermore, those who are willing to pay for raw materials can get them in the market; when a power says that it must have colonies as a source of raw materials, that implies that it wants a chance to get them without paying—in other words, by plunder.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., March 4

Condemned to Death

Dear Sirs: I have just received from the Spanish government a cablegram which is self-explanatory:

The President of Oviedo University, Dr. Leopoldo Alas, has been sentenced to death by the rebel junta. We entertain well-founded fears that the sentence is going to be carried out. This eminent intellectual has been inactive in politics since before the fascist rebellion. In his charges against Dr. Alas the prosecutor has stated: "The most rigorous repression must begin with those who by virtue of their intellectual capacity and culture are responsible for the poisoning of the Spanish conscience and for all the blood that has been shed."

The charges against Dr. Alas are grounded solely on trivial facts which occurred long before the rebellion and are wholly disconnected with the uprising. The crimes charged to him are the following: his having been Under Secretary of Justice and member of the House of Representatives during the first republican government, from 1931 to 1933; his having taken part in public gatherings of the Left Republican Party; his having lectured in favor of the establishment of a public and non-sectarian educational system; his having taken part, as a spectator, in an open meeting in which the pardon of Thälmann was requested; and even his having once stated in a press interview that all professional journalists should be expected to possess a degree of culture superior to that of the average man.

During the trial several of his university colleagues testified favorably to his conduct as professor and as president of the university. The whole trial is a juridical monstrosity and a typical example of the persecution of intellectuals, professors, and Catholic loyalists by the rebels. The University of Paris and other universities in France and Belgium have wired the Burgos junta asking the commutation of the death sentence.

If you find it advisable, I should deeply appreciate your doing everything possible to intercede in favor of Dr. Alas.

FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS,
Former President of Madrid University
Washington, February 15

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The Shape of Things

★

THE CHOICE OF CLARENCE DYKSTRA FOR THE University of Wisconsin presidency, to succeed Glenn Frank, seems to us wholly admirable. Mr. Dykstra is already a national figure. He has been through the academic wars as member of the faculty at several Midwestern state universities, and he should be no stranger to the atmosphere of such a campus as Wisconsin. He is a liberal, moreover, who will like (as Mr. Frank never liked) the political climate of a progressive state. His administrative experience is scarcely second to that of anyone in the country: under his management Cincinnati has had the reputation of the best-governed city in America, and his brilliant performance in handling the recent flood emergency is still remembered. Most important of all, however, Mr. Dykstra will not come to his post, as Mr. Frank came, heralded by all the bright pretensions of a Great Leader and a Public Force. He is merely what every good university president should be: a competent scholar, a good administrator, a genial and tactful person.

★

TWO LANDMARKS OF JUDICIAL HISTORY: thus we must describe Mr. Roosevelt's radio speech on the Supreme Court last week and Assistant Attorney-General Robert H. Jackson's statement at the Senate committee hearings. Both of them, of course, were "partisan" just as their opponents have been "partisan"; each side seeks to push its position while arguing in terms of the national interest as a whole. But nothing abler and clearer than the Roosevelt and Jackson statements has emerged from the entire debate, and nothing that will better stand the test of time. We ask every progressive who still feels a serious doubt about the need for passing the President's proposal to study the two speeches and compare them with the best that has been urged on the other side.

★

FRIENDS OF THE SPANISH DEMOCRATIC forces were dismayed last week by reports that some 80,000 or 90,000 Italian soldiers had been thrown into the invasion of Spain. The reports are clearly true. But that does not mean that Spain will be another Abyssinia. The latest dispatches in the *New York Times* from Herbert L. Matthews, who is doing brilliant work as Madrid correspondent, declare that the Italians are on the run.

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One reason for this is the increasing effectiveness of loyalist propaganda. Earlier attempts by the government to tell the Moors and the insurgent Spaniards the truth about the Franco regime had only a fragmentary success. Now, however, the Italian anti-fascists in the International Column have learned how to reach the Italians who have been sent by Il Duce in a cause which is not their own. A second factor, reinforcing this propaganda, is the greater strength of the loyalist air force, which has been doing splendid work on the Guadalajara front. Thus bombs and literature are working together to destroy Italian morale.

★

THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION HAS FAILED to obtain from the United Automobile Workers the relatively easy terms on which the General Motors strike was settled. The union is making a much stronger bid to be designated as sole bargaining agency. The reasons are clear. The General Motors strike can be counted as a victory, and the union's majority in the Chrysler factories is not questioned. Governor Murphy has called a citizens' conference, with the palpable hope of getting rid of the sitdown. He has also declared, referring to Judge Campbell's injunction ordering Lewis, Martin, and others to vacate the plants, that "there should be no disobedience of court orders." It does not seem likely, however, in view of his own all too recent precedent, that he will allow the Chrysler sitdown to be ended by violence. We believe earnestly that the American public is becoming increasingly aware of the fact that the sitdown is more than a matter of simple trespass. It is significant that Judge Campbell's opinion is far less militant than was Judge Gadola's in the General Motors case. The sitdown has not yet been recognized as legal. But law is a process of growth, and all the forces of the time are conspiring to give the sitdown legality.

★

THE COPELAND FOOD AND DRUG BILL, JUST passed by the Senate, brings cosmetics within the purview of the Food and Drug Administration but does little more to advance protection of the consumer. The Senate had the good grace to temper the iniquitous Bailey amendment a little, but it is still necessary under the law to prove that a quack is not only a crook but a deliberate crook as well. It remained for Senator Borah to make the bill even worse as it passed the Senate than it was when it came out of Copeland's committee. Borah obtained an amendment giving defendants in seizure cases the right to trial on their home grounds. As a result the Idaho apple grower, brought to book for shipping fruit thickly incrustated with poisonous spray residues, may be tried by a jury of his fellow apple growers in Idaho rather than by a jury of consumers in New York who don't like poison. The battle scene now shifts to the House and its Interstate Commerce Committee. The most hopeful news of the week for consumers is that Representative Cole of Maryland has quit fence-straddling and become a champion of the consumer in the committee's proceedings.

SECRETARY HULL'S REVERSAL OF HIS STAND on granting passports to medical and relief missions going to Spain has been attributed in part, by the *Herald Tribune's* Washington bureau, to last week's editorial in *The Nation*, Is the State Department Favoring General Franco? We are of course happy to have had a share in bringing American policy back into line with its humane traditions. Mr. Hull's earlier insistence that relief and medical aid could be handled through the International Red Cross is interesting in the light of the fact that thus far the Red Cross has spent only \$62,082 in Spain, much of it for evacuating Americans and other foreigners from the war zones. So much for what the Red Cross could or would do in fulfilling the intentions of those who care about Spanish democracy. Two lines of effort remain for Americans. One is to continue their support of medical aid and food relief. The response to *The Nation's* efforts to raise money for a food ship has been gratifying, and food is now on the docks awaiting shipment. But it is not enough to relieve hunger and suffering. The prestige of a powerful democracy like ours is enormous. Mr. Roosevelt, backed by a massed American opinion, could by open appeal start an irresistible movement of protest against the rape of Spain by fascist powers.

★

WE OWE AN EXPLANATION TO OUR READERS on the way we interpreted in last week's issue the sinking of the *Mar Cantabrico*. Reports from rebel sources have in the past been so notoriously false that we checked this one as usual. We found that when the ship set out it had been agreed that on its arrival in Spain a cipher message was to be sent to America; and that *this message actually arrived* about a week before the report of the sinking. On this we based our report. What happened, of course, was that the ship was riddled with spies from the start, who on the passage to Spain killed the captain, took control of the vessel, and arranged with other spies in Spain to send the message. If the full story is ever revealed, it will read like the most fantastic fiction.

★

THERE WAS SOMETHING TRULY ALARMING in the spectacle of John P. Frey hotfooting it to Pittsburgh to advise with the company union of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, at the union's request, on ways and means of combating the C. I. O. It suddenly turned pathetic when the company union refused to join Mr. Frey's outfit, saying that a craft-union set-up would cause confusion in the industry. All along the line the A. F. of L., in its avowed campaign to sabotage the C. I. O., is doomed to be defeated by its lack of energy and its antiquated point of view. It will continually find itself in the position of having started something which the C. I. O. is much better equipped to finish. The announcement by the Maryland State Federation that local unions affiliated with the C. I. O. were not eligible for membership was one of the events that led the C. I. O. to announce that it would henceforth certify state and city affiliates as the need arises. Another was the suicidal

action of the Cleveland Federation of Labor in expelling the C. I. O. unions in an industrial region where the C. I. O. has enormous potential strength. There is now talk of a national convention at which the executive council will finally expel the Lewis unions. The actual result of the A. F. of L. policy will be to limit its own influence and membership to an ever-diminishing section of labor which is genuinely adapted to craft unionism.

★

MARCH 18 MARKS THE CENTENARY OF THE birth of Grover Cleveland. We hope the Democrats are not so preoccupied with their internal strife over the Supreme Court as to forget to celebrate someone on whom they can all unite. For Cleveland was a curious blend of the courageous reformer and the diehard conservative. In civil-service administration he called a halt to the shameless spoliation that marked the decades of Republican rule after the Civil War. "I seem always to be saying no," he remarked, and it took stamina to say no to the thousands of hungry office-seekers. But this stamina could also become a stiffness of mind that kept him from understanding and adapting himself to the forces of social change. The only way he knew to deal with the Pullman strike in 1894 was to call out the federal troops. The only way he knew to deal with the financial crisis in his second term was to insist on maintaining the gold standard unimpaired at any social cost. Thus when he left the Presidency, he had endeared himself to the "sound-money" men but he had also furnished the common man with an excellent education as to the nature of a "reform President." We trust that Mr. Roosevelt will not be another stage in the same education.

★

CALIFORNIA'S AGRICULTURAL WORKERS, most of them migratory, have been the stepchildren alike of the agricultural system and of the "respectable" labor movement. Organization has been sporadic and limited, with the result that vigilante terror, police oppression, and horrible living conditions have kept 200,000 workers in a continuous state of poverty and insecurity—the annual wage ranges from \$250 to \$350 per family. Now a succession of circumstances, including the wave of labor organization sweeping the country and, more immediately, the hearings of the President's Committee on Farm Tenancy held in San Francisco, have forced the State Federation of Labor to act. Late in February a hundred delegates from various agricultural and cannery unions in the state met at a conference. The federation officials in charge tried to put through a form of organization which would be the creature of the state federation's executive council. The attempt failed because of the alertness of the workers' representatives. As a result a committee was appointed to draw up a democratic constitution to be presented to the federation's executive council on March 21. Will the council now abandon its former tactics and help build a strong union? As long as 200,000 agricultural workers remain unorganized, their status undermines the living standards and security of all labor.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS HANG SUSPENDED, like other colonial lands, between the devil of imperialism and the deep blue sea of "independence"—at the risk of economic strangulation. They cannot hope to win genuine political independence, because they are too important to America as a military and naval base. They hardly want economic independence, because over a period of years, under pressure from America, their economy has become so enmeshed in the pattern of American trade that severance of relations now would upset their own stability. Inevitably, in such a situation, there arises a politician ready and willing to exploit it. Cuba has had its Machado. The Philippines have their Quezon. With the aid of our own General MacArthur, President Quezon has built up a formidable dictatorship, subservient to capital both native and American, which is analyzed on another page by James S. Allen. President Quezon is at present in this country arranging for a conference—promised at the time the independence act was passed—to discuss and if possible modify certain clauses in the act which are extremely unfavorable to the Islands. In later articles Mr. Allen will discuss the economic problems involved in the conference.

★

THE SEATTLE ELECTIONS ON MARCH 9 WERE a victory for organized labor. Three labor-indorsed candidates gained seats in the city council, giving labor five out of nine votes in the new council. One of them was Hugh DeLacy, member of the University of Washington's teachers' union, who was dismissed for entering the political race. The returns add to the prestige of the Washington Commonwealth Federation and of Mayor John F. Dore, who led the campaign for the labor candidates and urged the need of living wages and complete union organization. This proves what progressives can accomplish in local politics.

★

OUR CONTEMPORARY, THE *NEW YORKER*, HAS succumbed to the Supreme Court controversy. Hitherto aloof from the political struggle, it has now, to our regret, stepped down to join the free-for-all among us old and hardened gladiators. We feel uneasy and disillusioned. Here is the crumbling of the last and best of our ivory towers. In the past, when we were troubled by a nightmare of Trotsky on a sitdown strike in the Supreme Court, or Mrs. Roosevelt leading a battalion of du Ponts to the defense of Madrid, we would wake and reach for the *New Yorker*. There, in the odyssey of Hyman Kaplan, the drawings of Thurber and Hokinson, we would find calm and refreshment till the dawn came. But no longer can we go for solace to the *New Yorker*, for fear of opening its pages and finding just another argument on the judiciary. Nor will it stop there. Once the first step is taken the descent is easy. Pretty soon the editors will be discussing neutrality, then the C. I. O., then social security, and before long the *New Yorker* will be found taking a stand on rural electrification. We might just as well subscribe to the *Congressional Record*.

No Brown-Shirt Armies!

IT WAS no accident that news of the formation of a uniformed army of Nazi Americans came immediately after the attack of the Hitler press upon the American Jews. There is a connection between the two. Hitler's program in every country has been to stir up anti-Semitic feeling at every opportunity, and meanwhile to use a private army of storm troops as a nucleus around which terrorist activities can be organized. Fritz Kuhn, the leader of the American storm troops, has had himself photographed with his aides in their shiny new uniforms, and an order has gone out that every member of the organization must outfit himself in the same uniform, equipped in every detail down to a Sam Browne belt and a swastika emblem. Although he has chosen as uniform something other than the German brown shirt, the fact remains that this is a brown-shirt army, with the same purposes as the German Brown Shirts, subservient to the same *Führer*, aiming at the same totalitarian state.

There is of course the danger of overestimating the strength of the organization. It claims 200,000 members, whereas one-half of that number would probably be a better approximation. It is, moreover, torn by internal strife, as is pointed out by the excellent new American-German weekly, the *Deutsches Volksecho*, which is rallying all Germans in America who feel that there is a difference between the Hitler regime and the best traditions of German culture. There have been internal party purges in the new Nazi organization, and charges and countercharges of treason and misappropriation of funds. We agree also with the fine editorial in the *New York Herald Tribune*, which points out how thoroughly ridiculous the whole mumbo-jumbo of uniforms and swastikas must seem to a rational mind.

But this is exactly the rub. The building of terrorist private armies takes its sustenance from every irrational growth in a society, and seeks always to add to the sum of the irrational. We do not foresee any immediate danger in this country. But everything we have learned from the recent history of Europe shows that unless these cancerous growths within a society are excised at the very start they can eventually destroy the organism. Today these American Nazis, in a spirit of brotherly love, are decorating Jewish places of worship with warning swastikas. Tomorrow, as in London's Whitechapel a few months ago, they will be marching in formation through the East Side, seeking to stir up a riot. The day after tomorrow there will be bloody clashes and race hatred.

The thing we are in danger of forgetting is that such a sequence is *an integral part of the logic of the Nazi movement through the world*. The Hitler regime in Germany maintains a brave front, but a silent process of disintegration is eating away at it internally. Its only chance for pursuing its mad career successfully is to neutralize and paralyze those democratic countries that stand in its path. Hence the Nazi movements in France, England, America, aimed to split each country by labeling every democratic force either radical or Jewish.

We feel that the common man in America has too canny a sense of social reality to be deluded thus. But we cannot afford to take any risks. Congress must not let this session end without taking measures to ban uniformed organizations of any sort aiming to foment social hatred. America is capable of taking care of itself without the unsolicited aid of private armies.

The Last Puritan

PAUL ELMER MORE died on March 9 at the age of seventy-two. For the five years between 1909 and 1914 he was editor of *The Nation* (then a weekly supplement to the *New York Evening Post*). It is not certain that he would have accepted any tribute from *The Nation* of today. But we cannot let the occasion pass without some comment upon one of our predecessors, and one of the most distinguished critics and scholars America has produced.

When More left his peaceful academic career to enter the lists of journalism he might, like others who have made the same transition, have plunged with excitement into the world of social reality. Finding himself increasingly out of sympathy with the age in which he lived, however, he retired deeper and deeper into a private universe, where he pondered the reconciliation of Plato with Jesus. But the "Shelburne Essays," begun in 1904 and continued until they filled eleven volumes, contributed much to the education of a whole generation of critics. Though he became, with Professor Babbitt, the acknowledged leader of the briefly active New Humanist movement, it is probable that his most enduring influence has been exerted through those who rejected his conclusions and had ceased to remember how much they profited from his learned if somewhat chilly analyses of literature. Only Stuart Sherman was a professed disciple, but there was hardly a cultured critic who did not owe him something.

In the days when More was editor, someone said that the function of *The Nation* was to combat the influence of Rousseau. That remark was only half a pleasantry, for the fundamental premise of his attitude was the belief that human nature was bad rather than good, that self-imposed restraint was the beginning of all virtue, that "God, not Satan, is the spirit which denies." To him the human was the antithesis of the natural, and for that reason liberalism in politics and romanticism in literature seemed parts of the same great evil—respect for the natural impulses. He liked to think of himself as a catholic Christian, but he was really a puritan, as his desire to reconcile Christianity with Plato rather than with Aristotle is itself sufficient evidence. Possibly, indeed, he was the last puritan in that he has left no one who can defend the puritan temperament with anything like his intellectual force.

It is probable that More would have considered no method of analysis more completely inadmissible than that of the "new psychology." But it is difficult not to feel that he used the full resources of both his learning and his intellect to justify and rationalize an attitude which he had inherited from a puritan civilization, that

he was busy all his life finding reasons for those self-denials which he had himself always made. Either all indulgence of the natural man was evil, or the modern man was enjoying a fuller life than he had ever permitted himself; and More could not bear to believe that he had surrendered anything he might legitimately have had. Almost every modern writer was an affront because almost every modern writer hinted somewhere at the possibility of some sort of freedom or joy unknown in his austere world. In his later years he wrote book after book to prove—principally to himself perhaps—that God was on his side.

Yet for all that we regret his passing. More was aware that the world listened less eagerly than it once had. His writings, however, will have an element of enduring value as long as our swift processes of national growth need to be tempered by appeal to tradition. He will be remembered more than he was recently read.

Japanese Bearing Gifts

FOREIGN MINISTER SATO'S recent announcement that Japan had no territorial ambitions in China and would hereafter pursue a policy of economic "cooperation" is not to be taken as evidence of the new liberalism which observers have insisted was emerging in Japan. Mr. Sato's subsequent statement disavowing the "crisis" which the militarists have used for the last six years as an excuse for their ever-increasing arms budgets has brought down upon him the wrath of his military colleagues. Their quickness in pouncing on the new Foreign Minister shows that he cannot be taken as representative of the government's policy.

A communication which we have just received from a Far Eastern authority now in Japan shows that the Hayashi Cabinet, in composition, backing, and policy, is more closely associated with the military clique than was any Cabinet which preceded it. For the first time since the establishment of the parliamentary system in Japan, the Cabinet has no representatives from either of the two dominant political parties.

While this Cabinet is closer to the military groups than previous Cabinets have been, it is largely tempered by the economic interests. Now that China's resistance to Japanese aggression has become an accepted fact, there is evidence that even the more reactionary business interests, which have hitherto supported the military in its foreign policy, are urging a more conciliatory attitude. The Cabinet itself contains a notable representative of this group in Toyotara Yuki, the new Minister of Finance. Yuki was formerly connected with the group of moderates led by Takahashi, the old Finance Minister who was assassinated in the February coup of 1936, and is probably more representative of the business interests than was Baba, the Finance Minister in the Hirota government. Yuki has come out publicly on several occasions for dealing with the Chinese question on an economic rather than a military basis. In this he is apparently supported by the upper stratum in the army—including

the so-called "Big Three," who prevented Ugaki from assuming office. Though highly nationalistic in their sentiments, the higher officers tend to oppose the more extreme ambitions of the younger officers and have prevented them from dictating to Hayashi.

While the moderation of Japanese policy may be attributed primarily to Chinese resistance, it has also been affected by the government's increasing financial difficulties. The growing military expenditures of recent years have resulted in a definite inflationary movement, although this is not admitted officially. The Bank of Japan's index of wholesale commodity prices stood at the highest point on record in January, except for a brief period after the 1923 earthquake. It had advanced no less than 22 per cent in twelve months, and nearly 10 per cent in thirty days. The cost of living increased 4 per cent in 1936 and then stood 26 per cent above the 1931 level. Meanwhile, wage rates have been stationary or have fallen; wage earnings, owing to longer hours, rose 4 per cent between 1933 and 1936.

Recent Japanese governments not only have borrowed heavily but have greatly increased taxes, particularly on articles of everyday consumption. This has given the parties of the left a stronger argument than they have possessed at any time since the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. The proletarian and reform parties have also sought to arouse the larger parties to the need of a common front in defense of the existing parliamentary institutions. Members of the extreme military cliques have made no secret of their plans to "reform" the parliamentary system. While the left parties seem thoroughly awake to the danger, the brave opposition put up by a few of the members of the regular parties in January seems to have evaporated completely. The reason for this is not wholly clear at this distance, apart from the fact that the moderates lost face enormously when the army blocked the formation of a party Cabinet under Ugaki. It is also probable that these parties consider the present Cabinet with the conservative Yuki as Finance Minister more satisfactory to big-business interests than an outright military government such as they fear would be formed if Hayashi were overthrown.

There is still a possibility, however, that the moderate element will decide to offer resistance before it is too late. Little attention has been given in the press in this country to a meeting held on February 1 at which thirteen Diet members, representing both the Seiyukai and the Minseito, determined to resist Hayashi if he threatened to destroy the party system. If a fight is made, it will not necessarily be a hopeless one. Observers are agreed that while the fascists are more aggressive than at any previous time, their popularity with the masses is waning. The powerful financial interests, particularly the houses of Mitsui and Mitsubishi, are on the whole opposed to both the domestic and the foreign policies of the military clique. The workers are better organized than a few years ago. But if the fight is to be a winning one, the Japanese democrats will have to show that they are made of sterner stuff than their German and pre-civil war Spanish analogues.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

General Johnson and Labor

Washington, March 14

WHILE the idols of the right almost never betray or even surprise their followers, the gods of the other side almost always do. That's because liberals, progressives, and radicals are saps when it comes to picking their heroes. Think of Ramsay MacDonald, Snowden, Eden, Blum, the earlier Mussolini, and all the Social Democratic forerunners of Hitler, or, confining the thought to American bounds, think of Woodrow Wilson, Newton D. Baker, both Roosevelts, primus et secundus, Al Smith, and Borah, the Moo-Cow, who never finished anything he ever started and always joins the enemy before the bugles sound "Cease firing." Think, too, of Rush Holt and all the other blisterheads who have been acclaimed as champions of the underprivileged merely because they had said a few unkind words about the power trust.

I bring the matter up at this time because of signs that General Hugh S. Johnson rapidly is returning to favor among the leftish solely because of his thunderings against the foes of Roosevelt's court program. Even John L. Lewis, who should know better, has been making goo-goo eyes at Johnson. It is easy to show that the schizofrenzied General has feet of clay. It is easy to show he is clay to well above the hips, and I suspect that a complete autopsy would reveal more than a little mud in his hypophysis. Just a few days ago fresh proof was added to the record. The La Follette committee produced proof that Johnson knocked down a \$40,000 fee plus \$5,564 expense money for serving as labor counsel to the R. C. A. Manufacturing Company during the strike at Camden last summer. He was employed because, according to Johnson's letter to the committee, R. C. A. needed someone "familiar with labor legislation and practices." It also desired, it seems, someone with entry to Lewis's office and possessing influence as well with the NLRB, or at least professing such influence. And how did R. C. A. conduct itself after it had acquired Johnson's valuable services as labor counsel? According to the records of both the NLRB and the La Follette committee, it proceeded to use every union-busting dodge in the book, including some 300 thugs from a strike-breaking agency maintained by Tim Manning, who still is dodging subpoenas from the La Follette committee. A total of \$831,000 was spent by R. C. A. in fighting the United Electrical and Radio Workers' Union, a C. I. O. affiliate.

Then came the peace which Johnson takes pride in having engineered. Strikers were to be rehired without discrimination. An NLRB election was to be held and the company was to recognize the Radio Workers' Union as

spokesman for all its employees if the union polled a majority of votes. The election was held, but the company union conducted a boycott campaign in which the workers were warned by radio and leaflets that if they voted, another strike and more bloodshed would follow. The Radio Workers' Union won the election by an overwhelming vote, but as a result of the boycott campaign, little more than a third of the R. C. A. workers went to the polls. Johnson thereupon set out for Washington to try to persuade the NLRB that the union had lost the election. He was not content with making such an argument in the open before the board. He tried to work behind the scenes and to that end barraged John P. Carmody, then a board member, with his personal pleadings, with the quite typical result that he later accused the board of double-crossing him and claimed that Carmody had promised to construe the situation in the way Johnson saw it. Carmody, fresh from the Railway Mediation Board, could point to the fact that he had held contrarily in an RMB case and that a federal court had just upheld the RMB's finding that persons eligible to vote who do not exercise their franchise must accept and abide by the choice of those who do vote.

NLRB members recall—although the fact does not appear in the record—that when Johnson stepped up before the board in public hearings last October to argue that the Radio Workers' Union had failed to obtain a majority in the R. C. A. election because only a minority of employees had voted, he bespoke for himself the role of *amicus curiae*. It was only when Chairman Madden put a blunt question to him that he said he was appearing in behalf of the company. Johnson not only took cognizance of the boycott campaign in his testimony before the NLRB; he defended it at least to the point of arguing that it had no bearing upon how the board should rule. And when the board ruled that the Radio Workers' Union had won the election, Johnson promptly announced he would advise R. C. A. to refuse to comply with the decision, even though it was based on a very clear Supreme Court decision in a similar case.

His advice has been followed. R. C. A. has defied the board and refused to accept the election verdict. Furthermore, some 1,200 to 1,500 of the strikers still are without jobs, according to testimony before the La Follette committee; and a Manning captain and six guards have been added to the permanent R. C. A. establishment to protect the anti-union ground won by the company under the counseling of Johnson, who has invoked the name of John Lewis as a shield against the committee's disclosures. Those disclosures caused Carey, president of the Radio Workers, to remark that it was "worth \$45,000 to labor to know where Johnson stands."

The week produced further proof, though in the form of a minor incident, that Lewis towers over his lieutenants and colleagues on the C. I. O. like a giant redwood among crocuses. It occurred when Labor's Non-Partisan League, a C. I. O. offshoot, staged a night meeting to cap a day spent by league delegates in listening to speeches and talking to Congressmen in behalf of Roosevelt's court program. Two hours before the meeting was to convene, cooks and waiters at the Willard Hotel, the meeting place, staged a sitdown strike and threw a picket line around the hospice. Without a moment's hesitation Lewis refused to go through the picket line, rejected suggestions that he address the meeting by radio or telephone, and proposed that the meeting be canceled. He was instinctively right. His reaction showed that a true feeling of labor solidarity stirs within him and that he has lost whatever strike-breaking inheritance he had as a former member of the A. F. of L. Old Guard. His conduct contrasted sharply with that of George L. Berry, Charles P. Howard, and Sidney Hillman. They took

the position that the strike was an A. F. of L. frame-up designed to embarrass the league, and refused in hysterical rage to heed advice that, even if the strike were a frame-up, the smart thing to do was to accept and honor it at its face value. The farthest Hillman would go was to send a committee to test the strikers' good faith by urging them to withdraw their pickets until the league meeting had ended. Berry made matters worse with a nauseating speech in which he invoked the sanctity of contracts in support of his insistence on proceeding with the meeting. The contract which Berry held sacred was the league's contract with the hotel, which serves as league headquarters. Members of the league staff knew days in advance that the strike was coming, and so did the local newspapers, which carried items to that effect. It was, I think, a bona fide strike.

The whole performance was one to fill with misgivings those of us who hope that Lewis will not turn out to be the only C. I. O. leader on whom the new labor movement can count.

Forging Man's Fate in Spain

BY ANDRE MALRAUX

[The article that follows is a revision of the speech which M. Malraux delivered at the dinner arranged by THE NATION in honor of him and Louis Fischer.]

SPEAKING before people whose very calling is the defense and maintenance of culture, I want my talk to be limited to the function of trying to make you understand why so many Spanish writers and artists are fighting on the side of the loyal Spanish government, why so many foreign artists are today behind the Madrid barricades, why the only one of the great writers of Spain who joined the Fascists, Unamuno, died at Salamanca discarded by them, hopeless, and alone.

On December 27 one of the planes of my squadron was brought down in the Teruel region—behind our lines. It had fallen very high, at about 2,000 meters above sea level, and snow covered the mountains. In this region there are very few villages; it was only after several hours that the peasants arrived and began constructing stretchers for the wounded and a coffin for the dead.

When all was ready, the descent began. There were no roads, only mule paths. The old peasant women, who in this region almost all have sons in the militia, had decided to accompany the wounded. But it was not only the peasant women. The entire populace followed behind us, coming single file down the narrow mountain path. At each one of the villages through which we passed the people were waiting; and each village, when the wounded had passed by, was emptied of its inhabitants. When we reached the first large settlement in the valley, there too the people stood waiting before the low walls of the

Spanish town. They gazed in silence at the first wounded—those wounded in the legs; they were used to such things. But when those who had been wounded in the face were carried past—men with flat bandages where their noses should have been, their leather tunics still covered with coagulated blood—then the women and children began to cry. I raised my eyes; the file of peasants extended now from the heights of the mountain to its base—and it was the grandest image of fraternity I have ever encountered: those abandoned villages, that entire people following men wounded for their sake, men whom they had never seen before, descending like a procession out of ancient times, while their sobs, mounting in the great silence of the gorge, made a sound like the roar of an underground river.

The Fascist aviators who were wounded the same day were given military escort. And I could not help thinking that these men of ours, lying on stretchers made by the hands of peasants, had been willing to risk their lives in the specific hope that no military escort but the strong fraternity of the people themselves would henceforth accompany those who fight for their ideas.

On the way back, as we passed near the lines where the Moorish machine-gunners, in the depths of the night, were playing an accompaniment to the sound of our ambulance, I reflected that something was happening here that was of far greater significance than our wounded men, something without precedent since the first war of the French Revolution: the world civil war had begun.

What is the positive element in the various forms of

fascism? I think it is the exaltation of differences that are essential, irreducible, and constant, such as race or nation. In National Socialism there are two words, national and socialism, but we happen to know that the best way to achieve socialism is not to shoot the Socialists, and that the significant word here is "national." The fascist ideologies, by their very nature, are static and particular. As for democracy and communism, they disagree in respect to the dictatorship of the proletariat, but not in respect to their values, since the dictatorship of the proletariat is, in Marxist eyes, the concrete means for obtaining real democracy—all political democracy being a delusion so long as it does not rest on economic democracy. But what unites us all is that by the general movement now carrying works of art and learning toward a greater and greater number of men, we aim to preserve or to recreate, not static and particular values, but humanist values—humanist because they are universal and because, myth for myth, we do not want the German or the Nordic, the Italian or the Roman, but simply *man*.

In Madrid on the first day of January toys which had been sent from every country in the world were distributed to the children. The distribution took place at the center of the great bull ring; the toys were heaped up in little piles, each like a tangled mass of insects. For an hour the children passed in silence among these little piles of toys; and it seemed as if the generosity of all the world was also accumulated there. Then came the sound of the first bomb. A squadron of Junkers was bombarding the city. The bombs fell six hundred meters away; the attack was very short, and the bull ring is very large. By the time the children reached the gates, the Junkers had departed, and the children turned back to get the last toys.

When all was over, there remained in the immense empty space one little heap, untouched. I approached to examine it; it was a pile of toy airplanes. It lay there in the deserted bull ring, where any child could have helped himself. The little boys had preferred anything, even dolls, and had kept away from that pile of toy airplanes, not with fear, but with a sort of mysterious horror.

That scene has stayed in my memory. We and the Fascists are forever separated by that little heap of abandoned playthings.

I well know that war is violence. I know too that a government bomb might by accident miss its military objective, and fall into a city and wound civilians. What I wish to draw your attention to in the most emphatic way is this: We destroyed the airdrome of Seville but we did not bombard Seville. We destroyed the airdrome of Salamanca, but we did not bombard Salamanca. I destroyed the airdrome of Avila at Olmedo, but I did not bombard Avila. For many months now the Fascists have been bombarding the streets of Madrid.

I have always been struck by the absolute inability of the fascist arts to portray anything but the struggle of man against man. Where in fascist countries is the equivalent of the Soviet films or of the novels dealing with the creation of a new world? A communist civilization, which turns over the instruments of production to

the collectivity, can pass from civil life to military life, but a fascist civilization, which maintains the structure of capitalism, cannot do so. Between the collective farmer and a soldier of the Red Army there is no essential difference; both for the artist and for themselves they belong to the same living order. Each of them can pass from one function to the other. But between a German storm trooper and a German peasant there is a difference in nature. The peasant lives on the inside of capitalism; the soldier on the outside. A communion that is real, disinterested, and authentically fascist exists only in the military order. And the result is that fascist civilization, at its extreme point, leads to the total militarizing of the nation—just as fascist art, when it comes to exist, will lead to the aestheticizing of war.

Now, the enemy of a soldier is another soldier, is part of mankind—another man; whereas for the democrats and the Communists the adversary of mankind is not other men but nature. In the struggle against nature, in the exaltation arising from the conquest of things by men, lies one of the strongest traditions of the Occident, extending from "Robinson Crusoe" to the Soviet films. Determined to fight, since fighting is the only safeguard of the meaning we want to give our lives, we nevertheless refuse to make fighting a fundamental value. We desire a philosophy, a political structure, and a hope that lead toward peace and not toward war. In the most serene peace there are still enough combats, tragedies, and exaltations for centuries of art.

I was sitting in a cafe in Valencia with one of our comrades who had been blinded in the first month of this war. From month to month he had hoped to recover his sight, and each time his hopes had been in vain. Suddenly he said to me, "How is it that I see turning lights?" And a moment later, "They are stopping." There was so much conviction in his voice that I turned around. Behind me, in the street, the horses of a merry-go-round were revolving with their lights. The blind man had in truth begun to see once more.

I think that each of us is a little like my comrade who, from the depths of his darkness, saw lights returning. There is much suffering in the world, but there is one kind of suffering which it is a privilege to endure, the suffering of those who suffer because they want to make a world worthy of man—the suffering of those who know that defending the realm of the mind means imparting culture to an ever-growing number—of those who know that the realm of the mind is not for the privileged, that possessing culture is not a question of privilege, and who know that the life of culture throughout the centuries, if it depends first on those who create it, depends less on those who inherit it than on those who desire it.

It is for the men who are defending this concept, consciously or unconsciously, that I have come to ask your help. I ask it in the name of the dignity which culture has conferred upon you. Let each man choose his own way of alleviating this suffering; relieve it he must. That is our responsibility to man's destiny—and perhaps to our own hearts.

Hitler Mobilizes "Mother Goose"

BY RALPH THURSTON

A UNIQUE contribution to children's literature recently left the press of the Third Reich. It is the world's first anti-Semitic A B C, or Aryan "Mother Goose"—a picture book containing Hitler homilies in kindergarten rhyme.

Twenty-one brightly colored picture pages show brute-faced Jews cheating, seducing, poisoning, and betraying handsome Nordics. Each facing page carries a simple text in baby-talk verse. These are written with model simplicity so that children may understand them, and printed in letters a half-inch high. The Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher publishes this Nazi kiddies' book. Subtitled "A Picture-Book for Great and Small," and released just in time for the Christmas market, it quickly attained a tremendous sale; the first edition of 50,000 was sold in a month.

The book has the format of standard American editions of "Mother Goose," with semi-cardboard pages to withstand the repeated thumbing of eager child readers. Its price has been specially set at 1.80 marks (about fifty cents) in order to insure mass circulation.

The red, blue, and yellow cover bears two pictures: one of a cornered fox, his teeth bared in a savage snarl; and one of a Jew with bestial, huge-beaked face, his right hand raised to take an oath. Below them, printed in a child's large, clear kindergarten script, is the book's title: "Trust Not the Fox by Field or Pond, Nor Any Jew Upon His Bond!" The main nursery rhymes inside the volume are entitled The Wandering Jew, Jewish Names, Once a Jew Always a Jew, The Sabbath, The Jewish Butcher, The Jewish Lawyer, The Jewish Doctor, The Jewish Shop, The Jew's Serving-Maid, The Father of the Jews Is the Devil.

The idea is simply, graphically conveyed that the Jew is a new sort of monster, combining all the classic qualities of the old witch, the boggy man, the big bad wolf, and the wicked ogre. In every illustration the Jew is pictured with parrot-beaked nose, puffy pig eyes, unshaven jowls, and thick lascivious lips. His face, never clean, is consistently screwed up into a savage snarl or an even more ominous leer. The "German," on the other hand, assumes the role of dragon-killer and fairy prince of the older brand of German fairy tale. The book's Germans are all golden blondes, and their heroically determined faces have blazing blue eyes and lean square chins.

Perhaps the most striking lesson in the Aryan A B C is the unique seduction scene for children. The gaily colored illustration here shows a fat-faced, fat-bodied Jewish villain accosting on the street a blonde German girl of humble clothes but noble profile. One of his hands, heavy both with puffy flesh and gleaming rings, is descending on her shoulder. The other dangles a string

of pearls before her averted—and clear blue—eyes. Two little Nordic children passing by stare in wonder and horror, but a little Jewish boy on the other side of the street smirks lewdly. Nordic Mother Goose admonishes her little readers in the accompanying jingle:

The Jew, he thinks he's pretty sly
If he a German girl can buy.
But see this picture of the Jew:
For her the Yid will never do!
For German girls, O mercy me!
How miserable a sort is he!

Other pictures and rhymes teach that the Jew is a nasty fellow in just about everything he does—from not washing his hands at all to washing them literally in the blood of trusting Nordics. At the Jewish butcher shop—brightly pictured as a fearful shambles of dirt, cigar-smoke, ancient blood stains, and prowling animals—

One steak is lying on the floor,
The next a cat is pawing o'er.
The butcher-Jew finds that okay
—The dirtier, the more they'll weigh.
Such filthy things. Phew! Pee-oo!
A Jew, and Jew alone, can do!

The heavy plodding of "Mother Goose," weighed down beneath her new brown Nazi uniform, is perhaps best exemplified in the pictorial lesson Once a Jew, Always a Jew. Here Isidor has got himself baptized "a good Catholic" and solemnly promises to eat only fish on Friday. Mother Goose depicts the astonishment of Isidor's good priest who visits his new convert on that day, only to find him greedily devouring a fine fat goose. "Oy," says Ikey, "you dunt understand, Vater. Bevore I begun to eat, I carefully baptized this goose 'fish.'"

The *Führer's* fairy tales take a leaf from another branch of classic children's literature—How the Camel Got His Hump, etc.—in its "simplified history" section. Here the origin, physique, and character of the Jewish race are explained as follows: "The Jews always refused to work like all other decent peoples created by God. The Pharaoh of Egypt, angered at this, made them carry the stone for his pyramids as punishment. The Jews have therefore been round-shouldered and flat-footed, with staring eyes and sour expressions, ever since. But the father of the Jews is Satan. And he saved them from captivity, carrying them to Germany on his back." Here a striking picture shows the devil gamboling over sea and desert with tiny Jews clinging to his back and tail.

What may well prove the most immediately "educational" part of this curious children's book, however, are the antics of little German boys and girls who also appear in its illustrations. They point the finger of scorn at each

Jewish culprit and dance up and down with joy at his discomfiture. In the "Picture-Book's" lively representation of "school life today in Germany" all the Nordic children are shown gathered at the gate to call names, stick out tongues, and thumb noses at little Jewish children going down the street to their own Jewish school. "Away with the Jewish brood," reads the text.

Another highly practical page of the picture primer shows a little German girl, blonde as a buttercup, shopping with her mother. She is staring wide-eyed into a toy-shop window. "No," says Mamma, "that is a Jewish store. We must buy only in German stores, where we will not be cheated."

An equally deep impression may be expected from the stirring picture devoted to the Jewish Beau. A flashing-eyed father, in the best East Lynne tradition, stamps in cold rage upon the parlor floor. One hand is raised as if to strike his daughter; the other points to the door. His blonde beard wags and his baby-blue eyes almost pop from his head as he bellows in righteous fury: "You've been seen with that Jew Solly Rosenbloom . . . and only

on account of his money . . . you have destroyed the good name of our family!"

But on the last page the child reader can see himself in the "Picture-Book" once more. He sits at a roadside, grinning broadly, merrily engaged in playing a march tune on an accordion. The road has a big signpost reading, "One-Way Street to Palestine." And down it are marching all the Jewish characters he has come to know so well in the book's other twenty pages: the dirty butcher, the skinflint lawyer, the murderous doctor, the pearls-proffering debaucher of German womanhood, and so on. Another tow-headed child at his side laughs heartily as the "modern Exodus" shuffles past.

The author of the novel nursery rhymes is not Streicher but a young Third Reich school teacher named Elvira Bauer. Friendly Third Reich critics point out that "her activity as kindergarten instructress has given her a rare insight into the souls of children."

Together with Streicher's notorious *Stürmer*, the new kiddies' book may prove the most powerful item of anti-Nazi propaganda now being published in Germany.

The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota

BY CHARLES R. WALKER

II. Governor Olson's Last Interview

THE best defense of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota from the point of view of the real interest of the workers and farmers emerges, I believe, from a study of the indictments of its enemies. The main counts registered against the party in Minnesota by political opponents are (1) corruption and graft, (2) extravagant use of public funds, (3) that it stands for the overthrow of the American form of government, (4) that it turns class against class by fostering radical labor unions and farmer organizations.

On point one, with all the will in the world the perennial investigating commissions of Republicans have been able to produce very little evidence of actual malfeasance in public office. That there is graft in the party machine is unquestioned. But in comparison with the record of other parties the history of the Farmer-Laborites is a model of public virtue.

The heaviest opposition artillery has been trained against Farmer-Labor extravagance. For a five-million-dollar relief bill and other increased relief appropriations, as well as the prevention of salary cuts, the Farmer-Laborites cheerfully accept responsibility. And on the whole, although plenty of inefficiency and bureaucracy can be, and has been, uncovered by political opponents, the fact that the state budget has been lower under the Farmer-Labor administration than under preceding Republican ones is a convincing, if not final, refutation of the "main charge."

The accusation of conspiring to overthrow the American form of government is in an entirely different category. If we dismiss for the moment such campaign charges as that the Farmer-Labor Commissioner of Education has "Sovietism" taught in the public schools, which no one in Minnesota takes seriously, how much is there in the charge that the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota is an imminent threat to our present form of government? Unfortunately for the earnest believers in a "cooperative commonwealth," not much. Gullible reactionaries find "no difference" between Olson and Stalin, but practical business men have been able to get along with the "Soviet" state of Minnesota.

As to the fourth charge of fostering trade unions and farmer organizations, the Farmer-Labor Party, as we have seen, chalks this up as its major achievement. If "class hatred" is engendered as a result, the Farmer-Laborites simply blame the reactionaries.

What is the cooperative commonwealth toward which the Farmer-Labor Party strives as an "ultimate objective"? It isn't communism as the Marxist defines it. It is what Lindbergh, Sr., and many other Northwest agrarians would have considered a reasonable American economic Utopia—achievable through democratic parliamentary process and not by "red revolution." It envisions government ownership and operation of the basic and monopolist industries—steel, oil, textiles, grain elevators, mills, railroads—and of the big banks. The small business man is guaranteed his property and the right to a "reasonable" profit. The farmer enjoys the right to private

property and land and receives a reasonable return for his labor, as does labor everywhere. Cooperative enterprises are expanded. An economy of plenty replaces an economy of scarcity, and "production for use" replaces production for profit. Roughly, half the voters for the Farmer-Labor ticket believe in the practicability of the cooperative commonwealth. Another half do not lift their eyes from practical politics and the "immediate reforms"—pensions, unemployment insurance, repeal of a sales tax, and so on—which they hope these politics will bring about. Many thousands vote Farmer-Labor with no decisive convictions on the cooperative commonwealth, but in the belief that Farmer-Laborites "are on the side of the common people." A minority, including members of the Communist Party, looks on the Farmer-Labor Party as a present defense against fascism and as a transitional stage to bona fide communism.

Before attempting a balance sheet of the party's achievements, I wish to give place to the testimony of the man who more than anyone else built the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota as a force in practical politics, and who, if he had lived, would unquestionably have played a leading role in the development of any national party—the late Governor Olson. A few weeks before he died, while he was confined to his bed in the Mayo clinic, I discussed with Governor Olson the nature of the party, its practical operation, and its ultimate goal. With the amazing moral and physical courage which was characteristic of him, he spoke of his own illness and his determination to lick death, as well as his political opponents, if he could. "So you heard my speech at the Farmer-Labor convention," he said. "A lot of people thought I had bellowed my last bellow and had me already in the dust. I spoke for an hour and a half," he concluded grinning, "just to show these birds I could do it." He then turned to the social and economic divisions in Minnesota in the midst of which the Farmer-Labor Party was called upon to play its role.

"We have everything here. Labor is well organized; the farmers are pretty well organized, not as well as they should be; the employers are very well organized. You see, on the employers' side, in spite of the fact that flour is moving to Buffalo, the mill interests are still pretty potent. The financial interests and control are still here in Minnesota, as much as in the days of the founders of the milling dynasty. Although lumber is almost gone, the same is true of the lumber interests. Then there's U. S. Steel with mines in Mesaba."

I asked him specifically about the practical working of the party, and he launched into an attack against "the ritualists and leftists," among whom he included certain Communists and Socialists—not all—as well as some fanatical Laborites in the East who, he said, wanted to elect a Farmer-Labor President this year. "Before they even have one Labor alderman in New York!" He talked long against the premature launching of a Farmer-Labor campaign for the Presidency. "We don't want a third party like the La Follette business in '24; after the election nothing left. I say, go ahead on state tickets but no Presidential campaign."

Speaking of Labor's Non-Partisan Committee headed by John L. Lewis, "It's a very sound idea—utilize the people who can help you on your program and principles. Now take Minnesota, you see they refuse to do that here, or rather we haven't done it enough. That's been one of our troubles. Instead, in every damn district they'd put up a Farmer-Labor candidate no matter what the political conditions, so that even if his opponent was a liberal and would have gone along with us on a lot of things in the legislature, he was driven over into the camp of reaction. Do you see what I'm getting at? With a Farmer-Labor candidate against him, a radical, he'd feel obliged to take up a regular Liberty League position against us. Result: our man loses, the liberal is elected, and he votes conservative in the legislature. That's why we've only had control of one house once."

This was a reference to the famous "bloc with the liberals" denounced perennially in Minnesota by "pure" Farmer-Laborites. Olson, far from deprecating it, argued that the maneuver was shamelessly neglected to the party's detriment. In this connection he mentioned that he was to speak at a dinner of a faction of the Democratic Party and that there would probably be political fruits for the coming election. This prognosis was justified later by the withdrawal of the Democratic state ticket in return for Farmer-Labor support of Roosevelt.

In connection with the basic philosophy of the Farmer-Labor Party, the Governor discussed his "production for use" theory both as a goal and as a means of getting there. "I was in New York at the time of the debate between Norman Thomas and Upton Sinclair on the subject 'Resolved, that a production-for-use economy is impossible under capitalism.' I bawled Thomas out for that. First place, it wasn't fair for Thomas to debate with Sinclair on anything. It was like Joe Louis fighting a featherweight. Second, Thomas was wrong and Sinclair was right. I said the wording of the debate should have been reversed: 'Resolved, that capitalism could no longer exist if it had a production-for-use economy.' It would be like a cancer in the stomach of capitalism. Practically it would work like this: There are fifteen million unemployed in this country. Production-for-use factories, like those we started here in a small way under the FERA, would absorb these workers, and the sale of their products would gradually put out of business firms owned by private capital. In turn the workers released by the private firms would be absorbed by new production-for-use units . . . until the major part of industry came to be government-owned, producing for use and not profit. I tell you, capitalism could not stand a production-for-use economy. It would be killed off, and we'd get what we want. The trouble with these leftists and ritualists—they want to ride on a white horse with a pennant flying hell bent for the barricades. My method is a different one. 'Boring from within,' which I learned from the old Wobblies."

Summing up the principal concrete achievements of the party in Minnesota, he said, "We haven't accomplished much in legislation. Something, of course—relief appropriations, mortgage moratoriums, and the like.

More important, the party has been an educational force in inculcating certain principles—collective bargaining, for example; a lot of farmers as well as employers have to be educated on that. Then the principle of the government, as against private charity, caring for the unemployed and appropriating public money for relief. There are other principles the party has popularized—I am naming only a few. One of the most important is that the National Guard must not be used to smash strikes.

The primary business of a Farmer-Labor Party is to win elections; this explains both its nature and its limitations in theory and practice. In this the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, or any Farmer-Labor Party which may be created on a national scale in the United States, does not differ basically from the labor or reformist parties of Europe. Accordingly, it can hardly be ex-

pected to establish either communism or the cooperative commonwealth, both of which presuppose a basic changing of the "rules of the game." Significantly, however, it has a dual nature, and its base in the rank-and-file movements of farmers and workers not only encourages and strengthens these organizations but makes the party subject to their pressure.

It is natural that the prospective architects of an American labor party should stress its future power and possible conquests. Under certain circumstances, as we have seen, such a party can be a powerful political arm of the American labor movement. But it is important that its limitations be weighed as seriously as its assets, and that there be no confusion about its class nature.

[This is the conclusion of Mr. Walker's article on the Farmer-Labor Party. Part I was printed last week.]

Manuel Quezon—Philippine Dictator

BY JAMES S. ALLEN

Manila, P. I.

IT IS said here by those who dare that when Americans pass Corregidor, the jutting mountain which guards the entrance to Manila Bay, they leave their democracy behind them. Yet the idea is widespread in America that the United States, in extending independence to its most valuable possession and thus creating the "youngest republic in the world," was actuated by the most magnanimous and benevolent motives. The Americans, let it be remembered, are the real architects of the Philippine Commonwealth; the ruling Filipinos are merely the engineers on the spot.

Leaving aside for the moment the dubious independence granted in the Tydings-McDuffie Act, and considering only the actual results thus far achieved in the Philippines, one asks whether it is not a new military dictatorship instead of a democratic republic which is emerging in the Pacific.

Among the people democracy is still an ideal to be fought for, but at Malacañan, the former palace of Spanish and American Governors-General, now the residence of the President, it is only an ornament on the structure of government. President Manuel L. Quezon has been steadily concentrating more and more power in his own hands. A very adroitly drawn constitution started him well on his course by placing the purse-strings of the nation in his hands, to the surprise of assemblymen who attempted some revisions of his budget during the last session. The President can also claim constitutional authority to appoint not only members of the Supreme Court but all judges of the inferior courts. In the absence of a jury system, Quezon has been able to establish a judicial oligarchy directly under his control. He has taken to himself tremendous powers of appointment and dismissal reaching to the lowest officials of the government apparatus, even to elected officials.

With every usurpation of power by the President there has come a further abrogation of the rights of the unicameral National Assembly and of the people. Every bill that gets through to the National Assembly via three committees on reading is either originated or first approved by the President. An assemblyman who indulges in any direct criticism is likely to find himself next morning on the carpet before the Big Boss in the palace. If some small opposition group threatens to obstruct the official steam roller, Quezon steps out of his role as President into that of coalition leader and personally cracks the whip over an Assembly which has, for the nonce, been turned into a party caucus.

Only one political party is tolerated. This is the coalition of the two wings of the old *Nationalista*, which split in 1933 on the question of accepting the Hawes-Cutting "independence" bill. Other parliamentary parties and groups were absorbed in the coalition, which is dominated by Quezon. There are good grounds for believing that a one-party system under a "strong man" was one of the guaranties demanded by Washington in return for a greater measure of self-government in the Islands.

The legislative record of the National Assembly, therefore, is merely the record of Malacañan. Most of the important bills passed by the Assembly benefit entrenched capital. The mining, lumber, and power interests are fully protected in their privilege of pilfering the natural resources of the country. A much-heralded "socialist" tax measure increased corporation taxes from 3 to 6 per cent, in the face of an astounding rate of profit; it led Lord Rothermere, in the course of a recent visit, to refer to the Islands as the only remaining haven of business men. The tax proved a boon to American interests, the largest here, which are relieved of paying taxes to the United States at the corporate rate of 13½ per cent. The so-called nationalization measures, presumably intended

to protect Filipino business against foreign competition, in reality provide further protection of American interests against Japanese competition.

On the other hand, Malacañan has displayed extreme indifference to the needs of the people. After considerable agitation and a huge demonstration in Manila staged by the leaders of the higher-wages movement, a minimum wage of \$15 monthly was conceded to government employees, but the minimum wage for workers in private industry was sidetracked. No steps were taken for the relief of the unemployed, who number, according to official estimates, 1,300,000 in a total population of about 14,000,000. The existing pension system for government employees, including teachers, was replaced by a new insurance plan which wipes out the benefits that had accrued over many years, decreases the number of eligibles, and reduces pensions. Quezon's promise to purchase the vast estates of the friars and resell them on easy terms to the tenants has gone by the board entirely. A bill was passed some time ago authorizing the purchase of the sites upon which the tenants' homes are built, to prevent evictions and the burning of houses by the friar administrators; but it has remained a dead letter.

The only direct relief measure passed was an appropriation of \$750,000 to aid the victims of the typhoons and floods which had spread destruction and destitution through a number of provinces, but most of this fund was spent in repairing inadequate dikes. To offset this unusual liberality, about \$650,000 was set aside for such essential social services as maintaining the Belo boys, Quezon's staff of hangers-on at Malacañan, improving the palaces of Don Manuel, and buying and keeping up a presidential yacht. About \$8,000,000 was set aside for military purposes, but a bill providing for universal public education, made mandatory by the constitution, was killed because the government could not find the funds.

The most important labor measure, hailed as nothing less than a "New Deal for the forgotten man," establishes a system of compulsory labor arbitration for disputes between tenants and landlords as well as for those between labor and capital. An attempt is made to mix some sweet with the bitter by empowering the arbitration court to establish minimum wages in certain industries after due study, but as a whole the bill is intended to make strikes illegal and to hamstring labor.

Other oppressive legislation includes a new sedition bill along the lines of the law enforced during the early stages of American occupation; the nationalization of the police under the central government, which deprives the municipalities of any supervision over the local forces; the formation of a G-man department with political functions; new radio and press-gag laws.

As the recent regular session of the Assembly was drawing to a close, Quezon attempted to force through a bill postponing indefinitely the municipal and provincial elections scheduled for June, 1937, and granting him the power to appoint new officials. The reasons advanced were the need for economy and the desire to avoid increased radical agitation. The assemblymen recognized

the threat to their own existence and resisted strenuously, but Quezon thrust the measure down their throats. In the compromise finally reached, the elections were postponed for one year and Quezon was granted the right to appoint officials in the interim. To put the assemblymen in a more receptive mood for this change their terms had been previously extended another year.

While he has been tearing down the structure of democratic government, Quezon has also been erecting the framework of dictatorial power. The Strong Man intends to rest heavily upon the new national army. The National Defense bill, drawn up by American military authorities, was the first measure shoved through the inaugural session of the Assembly. It is as clever a piece of diplomatic imperialism as has ever been forced upon a colony. It provides for military training from the age of ten and for the establishment of a conscript army, owing allegiance to the President of the United States, which with the trained reserves will number at least a half-million men by 1946. Under the direction of former United States Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur, the new army is being cast in the mold of the United States Army from every principle of its organization and training down to the last details of routine and even of uniform. The American people would never have agreed to the establishment of a colonial army, but Washington is forming one in the most likely theater of war and has placed the whole burden of it upon the Filipinos.

From the standpoint of Washington, the new army is also to serve an important internal function: it looks so much better to have Filipinos shot down by Filipinos than by American troops. Quezon needs military support to maintain his grip and he is being supplied with an adequate instrument to be used against the people. Here, too, the President has been granted unusual powers. As chairman of the Council of National Defense, he appoints its members and directs its work. The President is empowered to decree partial mobilization even before calling a session of the Assembly to approve the act, and then it may be too late. Quezon is forming the closest personal connections with the army command, and fascist ideas are prevalent in top military circles, as, for example, the proposal of Chief of Staff Santos, enthusiastically indorsed (or initiated?) by Field Marshal MacArthur, for the creation of compulsory labor camps in connection with the army.

Quezon has already used the army to assure the election of his own candidates to fill vacant seats in the Assembly. Fully a month after the special elections martial law still existed in a province where Malacañan's candidate was "elected" by the military. Quezon was decisively defeated in this very province in the Presidential elections of 1935. In the principal town, the center of present troubles, Quezon received 107 votes as against 2,066 votes for Bishop Gregorio Aglipay of the Philippine Independent Church, the candidate of the Coalition of the Oppressed Masses.

A few years ago, when Quezon was hard-pressed by his political opponents, he sought and received the support of the Catholic church by renouncing freemasonry

and returning to the faith of his fathers. On that occasion he received from Archbishop Michael J. O'Doherty of Manila the blessings of the church for his political undertakings, a bullet-proof car, and other gifts. To understand the full significance of the alliance between Quezon and the church it is necessary to remember that the revolution was directed mainly against the hierarchy of the Spanish friars. Yet the Islands remain a priest-ridden country in which the Catholic church and the monastic orders are the bulwark of landed property and reaction. The exploitation of the peasants on the friar haciendas is reminiscent of José Rizal's descriptions of the Spanish oppression. The church also owns extensive city properties, controls three banks, and has heavy investments in commercial and industrial undertakings.

The clerics are the chief ideologists of reaction. Since the administration of Governor-General Murphy, a Catholic, the church's encroachments upon civil liberties have become menacing. The Catholic Action is concentrating its activities among the student youth, and its publications read like the manifestos of Goebbels or Franco. The church incites and leads every attack upon liberals and radicals and acts as an extra-legal censor in the schools, over the press, and over the activities of labor leaders. Professors at the state university are terrorized by its strictures, and rarely does criticism of the church find its way into print. Although the constitution is supposed to guarantee freedom of conscience and separation of church and state, a loophole in the law permits religious instruction in the public schools.

Quezon can count upon the full support of the American monopoly interests in the Islands and on an important section of the Filipino bourgeoisie. Don Manuel is reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in the Philippines, and in his closest entourage are to be found the financial and landed aristocracy of the country. The President has even gone to the extent of granting capital a direct function in government by establishing the National Economic Council for the announced purpose of planning and undertaking the development of those industries which are deemed necessary for national defense. Like the National Defense Council it is responsible only to Quezon. Thus far it has shown no signs of industrial planning, but has acted as a super-cabinet. As an organization of big capitalists created to participate in government the council is a potential fascist instrument. It contains, besides a few government officials, one of the leading American mining magnates and representatives of the wealthiest section of the Filipino bourgeoisie, which depends upon the American free market and is interested in maintaining the closest economic and political ties with the United States. For this the sugar interests are ready to sacrifice the development of an independent native industry.

Meanwhile President Quezon, in the fashion of demagogues, makes stirring pleas for the "welfare of the masses." In a recent Assembly caucus he even described himself as one of the foremost authorities on socialism in the Philippines and referred to his pension-cutting plan as "the beginning of a program of socialism." In

reality, the Administration is virtually in a continuous state of war against the people. The former constabulary, American trained and now incorporated into the new army, is used as a police force throughout the Islands and is thoroughly hated by the masses. One of the first jobs which Quezon undertook as President was his drive against "bandits," who were really peasant guerrilla fighters seeking to right individual injustices. Among them were a number of labor leaders forced to seek refuge in the mountains to escape government persecution. Over a thousand constabulary soldiers were concentrated for months in the territory where two small bands were hiding but were unable to capture them until the peasant population was driven out.

The "leading authority on socialism" has a venomous hatred of Socialists, and red hunts are frequent and brutal. During a press conference at Malacañan, Quezon announced that he would grant amnesty to the Communists, Tanguilans, Sakdals, and others with "similar unintelligible names" only in order to "hit them harder" if they should continue their activities. "I am against communism," he said, "and I will throw anyone in jail who advocates communism." When a newspaperman inquired whether a professor in the university (state owned) could explain the meaning of communism to his classes without being thrown into jail, the President explained thoughtfully that in his opinion it would be permitted if the professor treated the subject academically. "After all," he declared with a liberal gesture of dismissal, "it would be going too far to prohibit academic treatment of the subject, for then there would be no freedom of speech here." Advocating communism in any form is a crime under the sedition law. And the Quezonists tend to interpret as communism any criticism of the Administration.

The Communist Party is illegal and nineteen of its leaders are in exile in the mountain provinces. The Socialist Party is threatened with suppression; its organ, *Socialism Today*, has been barred from the mails. The Sakdalista and other opposition groups are permitted to enjoy a semi-legal existence. The press is pretty thoroughly under the control of Quezon or his supporters, and the radio stations suffer a strict censorship. The anti-clerical, strongly nationalistic Independent Church of Aglipay, which counts several million supporters, is at best tolerated by the administration; its priests have been occasionally persecuted by local authorities. Quezon privately has expressed strong sympathy for the fascist rebels of Spain.

Quezon is too shrewd a politician to neglect the "build-up" angles of Strong Man dictatorship. For instance, it is often stated by Filipinos and Americans that the whole set-up of the commonwealth was worked out with Quezon in mind and that he in turn cooperates perfectly. On the other hand it is felt here by prominent oppositionists that should the United States withdraw its support from Quezon at the present time, the Strong Man could retain power for only a brief period.

[In later issues Mr. Allen will discuss other aspects of the Philippine problem.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Santo Domingo, 1937

Trujillo City, February 12

THE story of Santo Domingo is soon told. Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is its dictator. In some respects he resembles Hitler. He is more successful, economically speaking, and he naturally has not aroused the antagonism of the whole world; once he fell foul of Mussolini because he locked up the Italian consul. Otherwise his international relations have been peaceful. Like Hitler he has done away with his political enemies and made his political party the only party. Many of those who opposed him are dead by his will or in exile. Others may be in prison, but the dictator has recently announced that all political prisoners have been released; to believe that, one would have to find out his exact definition of what constitutes a political prisoner. Some of those who opposed Trujillo have recanted or have honestly been won over by his achievements. Nobody knows exactly what is going on behind the scenes, or who is in jail, for the press is as completely censored as that of Russia or Germany. To ascertain whether the dictator is today beloved by the people is impossible. He has had ups and downs in popular favor. Watching him at the Mardi Gras carnival, where he sat on a sort of reviewing stand, I was struck by the fact that the crowds paid practically no attention to him. But I was told that he is such a familiar sight that their indifference was not surprising; it was also explained that he did not wish to detract from the honors paid to the Carnival Queen.

But modesty is not Trujillo's long suit. In the city now called Trujillo there is a small replica of the Washington Monument. It is on a beautiful waterfront boulevard which the dictator built and named after George Washington, but it is in honor of Trujillo and nobody else. He pretends that Congress spontaneously changed the name of this historic city after he had declined the honor, but as nothing happens here without his consent he could hardly have remonstrated very vigorously. Press and public fawn upon him disgustingly, for nobody cares to be in his black books. A volume in English by Lawrence de Besault, circulated free by the government, contains a description of the President and his wonderful achievements which is the most nauseating, bootlicking performance I have ever read. That his chest is covered with decorations is hardly surprising to one who has read this gem in Mr. de Besault's book: "Through the initiative of President Trujillo there was created, to honor outstanding services to the republic or humanity, the Juan Pablo Duarte order of merit, of which, by virtue

of the law establishing it, President Trujillo was named supreme head, and was given the Great Cross which decorates his breast." There are many big yellow signs in English and Spanish telling the reader that this is Trujillo City, renamed by a grateful nation in gratitude for the works of the dictator.

Vain or otherwise, there is no denying that Trujillo is a remarkable man. Of medium height and brown complexion, he has a fine figure and is very attractive when he laughs. He looks efficient and able and must be so, for he has accomplished remarkable things with relatively small means; foreigners who know the situation declare that he has done more for Santo Domingo than all of his predecessors for fifty years back. Trained as an officer by the United States marines, he speaks of that corps as his "Alma Mater," and any of its officers who turn up here are sure of a hearty reception. In eleven years he rose to be the head of the army, which he made into a very efficient body. Today the Dominican forces consist of a well-disciplined unit of 3,061 men—in American uniforms—a blue-uniformed police force of 700, and some 400 men in what is called the navy. As long as Trujillo holds that army in the hollow of his hand, there will be no uprising and no open opposition of any kind. In fact, there seems no reason why he should not rule as long as he lives—he is only forty-five years old. Never before has there been anyone in the Presidency here with so much determination, so much ability to visualize and carry out plans for modernizing the state. His regime is a material success; it has for the present given hope and encouragement to a people who felt that they were condemned for all time to be ruthlessly exploited by their rulers. One feels that his own spirit of virility and vitality has penetrated the whole nation.

Less than three weeks after Trujillo took office the terrible cyclone of September 3, 1930, destroyed the city of Santo Domingo. It was a wonderful opportunity for him. With the aid of the American Red Cross, he personally took over the work of reconstruction and rebuilt from the wreckage of the old a new and handsome city, clean and well policed. Enough ruins from the Columbus days still remain to make the place extremely interesting as the scene of the beginning of European culture in the Americas. The new streets steadily being opened are well planned and well paved. There are modern buses and good water, and Trujillo is spending \$2,500,000 in improving the docks and dredging the channel into the Ozama River so that the largest steamers may land their freight and passengers at the very edge of the business district. Trujillo beat Hitler to a four-year public-works plan by starting his on January 1, 1934, and what

is more, he is paying for all his improvements as he goes; he has yet to add to the country's funded public debt, which stands at \$16,292,000 and need not be paid off until 1970. His government claims that it has balanced the budget every year during the depression—the truth of this depends, of course, on the bookkeeping methods used. He still has a floating debt, inherited from his predecessor, which is now stated to be less than \$2,000,000. When I asked Trujillo why it was not being paid off faster, he said that he preferred to create important public works, and he added with a smile that only two countries in the world were now paying all their debts—Finland and Santo Domingo. All payments on the funded debt are scrupulously met, and the American receiver of Dominican customs, that veteran overseas official of our government, William E. Pulliam, testifies that nobody could possibly cooperate more fully and satisfactorily than does Trujillo.

The list of the dictator's achievements is long. He has established compulsory education for all children between the ages of five and twelve years, and there are today 118,562 pupils in the 1,198 educational institutions of all types—the marines deserve the credit for establishing most of the rural schools. He has built 1,442 kilometers of modern roads and 2,460 kilometers of telegraph and telephone lines. Even better, he has distributed 253,000 acres of the public domain among 54,494 heads of families who were in great need. Having a passion for bridges, he has built fourteen, two of concrete and twelve of steel, with a total length of 5,363 feet—so you are carefully told. His 1937 budget totals only \$10,552,404. Out of this he will spend \$1,443,000 on new public works and the upkeep of those existing. Education gets only \$1,032,595. Running true to a dictator's form, he allots \$1,885,125 to the army; as is the case with our own its expense creeps up every year although there is not the slightest danger of any international conflict.

The dictator's most astounding achievement is the establishment of a pretty honest public service. Graft is severely punished, and Trujillo boasts that every dollar the government spends goes to the purpose for which it was intended. It is true that his own fortune grows by leaps and bounds and that all his relatives live in fine houses. He is beyond question a millionaire. "Why not," people ask, "when he does so much for his country?" He gives generously—he sent \$20,000 to the American flood sufferers—and the people are both grateful and impressed. They feel that for the first time they are getting their money's worth in public outlays, and they take great pride in the physical evidences of the dictator's achievements.

There is still much to be done before the country has really good schools and adequate hospitals and other needed social facilities. There is still poverty in plenty even if people are not starving to death. The country has suffered like all others from the world depression, and the principal crops must be increased. As in other South and Central American countries, the public revenue is raised not by direct taxes but solely by import and export duties. Hence trade with the outside world

is essential to progress. Sugar, cacao, coffee, molasses, gold, and tobacco are the chief exports in the order named. A half-million tons of sugar left the country in 1935, the largest amount ever exported in a twelve-month period. Naturally Trujillo exerts his influence to encourage agriculture and wisely opposes great plantations in favor of small holdings. Gold is the only mineral mined, but there are deposits of iron, copper, tin, platinum, antimony, opals, and chalcedony which will some day add greatly to the national wealth. Nature, by a bit of indefensible favoritism, has given about all the minerals on the island to Santo Domingo, slighting Haiti. With but half the population and three times the territory of Haiti, Santo Domingo has vast undeveloped stretches of land and a supply of water for irrigation. There seems to be plenty of room for the large colony of Jews which it is sought to place here.

This is the garden in which the brown-skinned Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is efficiently at work. There are those who believe that he has not read more than a dozen serious books in all his life. Except when he visited Haiti he has never been off Dominican soil in his forty-five years. Side by side with his capacity for good deeds, he has all the brutality of the dictator, and of course he uses the familiar nationalist jargon. He demands virility, national self-consciousness, dedication to the nation's good, and complete subordination to himself as the leader. He is proud that all audiences have to stand twice for the national hymn at every meeting. He is for the Catholic church as the national church. He promises woman suffrage at some distant time, but why he should bother to promise it when he runs the elections is not clear. For foreign consumption he says without a smile: "Our constitution guarantees a democratic and representative government, and I conserve this as a sacred duty." Press and Congress are prostituted. Not a word can be said without his consent. Still there is no denying that here is a real personality. A colored man is the first full-fledged modern dictator in the Caribbean.

Santo Domingo is undoubtedly "going somewhere." But where? No man can tell. It is today progressing materially at the expense of freedom. Its head is "wiping his feet on prostrate liberty" precisely as Mussolini once boasted he was doing. As with other dictatorships, his is founded on bloodshed, suppression, the imposition of a single will. It is too early to tell what the outcome will be. The army can destroy him whenever it chooses, but today it is commanded by one of his brothers. For the present the economic situation is sound; it is not at all certain how long it will stay so, or how long the people will be content to be deprived of all participation in their government, of all possibility of self-expression. The more education the dictator gives the more dissatisfaction is certain to grow up. Perhaps the crowds in Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires who clamored for *democracia* whenever they cheered President Roosevelt are fresh proof of the age-old truth that people in the long run are not content with good roads and public works and bread and circuses bestowed upon them from above.

BROUN'S PAGE

Uncensored Column: Child Labor

I WAS writing a newspaper piece the other day concerning a subject on which I feel very deeply. As a matter of fact, the paper for which I wrote happens, by a fortunate coincidence, to agree with me for once. And yet even a fellow-advocate may be shocked by a columnist's violence of expression, even though they agree in general upon the subject in hand. That is particularly true if the fellow-advocate happens to be an editor who has to take the rap from all those whose toes may be stepped upon by anything which appears in the paper. Columnists are here today and gone tomorrow, while newspapers endure and suffer sometimes because of the recklessness of their employees. Nevertheless, I liked my own way of getting after the assassins of the child-labor amendment a great deal better than the modifications which crept in through a slight process of rewriting. And so I am going to ask permission to reprint the original version.

"In the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew it is written of anyone who offends against a child that 'it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'

"To Albany there should go 110 millstones to the men (I believe they pass as such) who killed the child-labor amendment.

"It goes without saying that these members of the Assembly should be set in the memory books of the voters and blotted out of public life when next they show their heads. But that is too long to wait. Right now they should be belled like buzzards so that all shall know them by their comings and goings.

"And quite properly some distinguishing mark might be set on the door of their abodes so that decent men and women may pass by on the other side and avoid the dwelling places of the unclean.

"Dirty days have been known before in the Assembly in Albany, but now the lower house of the Empire State becomes the lowest in all the land. At times, I understand, men have gone to the legislature who were not above sharing in the profits of organized vice, but even such might recoil at the thought of trafficking in the toil of children.

"This is our legislature—yours and mine. It is craven and corrupt. And we must share some part of the blame. Many of us in election years have been so intent upon some major candidate that we have swept down a line of levers hardly knowing or caring about the fact that we were also expressing a decision as to the Assembly. The name of the man escaped us, if indeed we ever knew it. But we must know and we must care, for these people who sneaked in through the cracks have put the great

state of New York in the ranks of the backward states.

"And if we chance to see the regimentation of children in a mill in any part of this broad country we must bow our heads and say, 'That is our concern. This dirty deed was done in Albany.' It is not often that a simple member of the Assembly gets an opportunity to export his stupidity and vileness into every state of the Union. And if anybody says that some few acted out of a high sincerity, it need only be answered that sincerity will hardly serve as a shelter for children who struggle through torturing hours in the sugar-beet fields of the West.

"We know the names of the men who did these things and we know the forces and the agencies which cracked the whip, and these men and things will be remembered.

"In the ranks of the legion of infamy places should be reserved for all who pretend to be wholly against child labor, but—. There are few foes so dangerous as those who proffer aid and then insist that the goal must be obtained in some other way. They are the painted clowns who assist in laying down the circus mat.

"And surely there must be one section of this parade of philanthropists, public men, and prelates devoted to a representative of those publishers who brought the tragedy into being. There ought to be a special award for smugness. I do not see how it will be possible to top the *Herald Tribune*, which even twisted its news columns and made 'youth control' the mandatory phrase in describing the child-labor amendment. When the knife had been driven home, out popped an editorial entitled 'Now End Child Labor!'

"The friends of exploitation have won a temporary victory. But now we all know our foes and their names. At least they cannot stab us in the back next time. Let the cry go up, 'When do we fight again?'

Out of my original version I lost "buzzards," "infamy," "vileness," "dirty," and quite a lot of phrases. "Dirty" was changed to "shameful." I don't know why. The most peculiar switch of all transformed "organized vice" into "illicit profits." And yet I should not complain too much at being made to seem a marshallow toaster because I started out by pulling punches myself. "Prelates" is a pretty feeble word for "bishops of the Catholic church."

If I have space next week I may discuss the sudden shift of many Catholic dignitaries to the extreme right. On a single Sunday (March 7) Matty Woll told a Catholic group that the C. I. O. was communistic; at another communion breakfast Senator A. Harry Moore attacked free speech, and L. O. Head said that good Catholics never went on strike. And to top it off Father Walsh, before the Columbus Club in Brooklyn, described the church as the sole resource for truth on all public questions. These are interesting developments.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ST. THOMAS AND THE MOVIES

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN A volume* which runs to nearly seven hundred pages Mortimer J. Adler has studied the moving picture as a moral problem. The conclusion which he finally reaches will not surprise most moderate liberals but his method will, for Professor Adler is a leader in the neo-scholastic movement at the University of Chicago, and his "Art and Prudence" is scholasticism in full dress. Beginning with an analysis of the views of Plato and Aristotle on the relation of art to morals, it ends with some remarks upon the sin of pride. In between come not only a full history of the problem and a criticism of the so-called scientific studies of recent years but also a very exhaustive dialectic treatment of the whole question in Thomistic terms.

It is, I think, not too much to say that his chapters on the pseudo-scientific sociological treatises demolish them once and for all by exposing their almost unbelievable shoddiness, but I am afraid that the very persons who could most profit by what he has to say on that subject will get hopelessly bogged down in chapters which turn upon such distinctions as the following, contained in a sentence quoted from Jacques Maritain: "The Man of Learning is an Intellectual demonstrating, the Artist is an Intellectual operating, the Prudent Man is an Intelligent Man of Will acting well." It may be, as Professor Adler would doubtless maintain, that the dialectic method of scholasticism affords the only satisfactory approach to intellectual problems, but even so the fact still remains that the intellectual public will require a great deal of education before it can feel itself at home in arguments conducted in scholastic terms.

Professor Adler's analysis is so extremely formal and elaborate, as well as, frequently, so interesting, that it is impossible to give any reasonably adequate summary, but reduced to its barest bones it is something like this. Plato was very harsh toward poets because he assumed that they had no relation to morals except through simple didacticism. He is thus typically puritan, and most puritans have followed him ever since. St. Thomas, on the other hand, recognized the fundamental importance of Aristotle's theory of purgation, upon which rests any true understanding of the function of art. The question of the wisdom of any prohibition or regulation of art in society turns, then, upon two other questions: first, the question whether or not any particular work affords adequate purgation to the persons contemplating it; and, second, whether or not a particular prohibition or regulation would, by its general effect, do more harm than good. These are questions of fact to which so-called

scientific investigations of the influence of the movies upon children and adults have given no adequate answers. We do not know whether or not people actually are influenced, and we do not know the extent to which, even if they are improperly influenced, it would still be preferable to educate for virtue rather than to prohibit a particular evil influence. The artist *qua* artist is concerned not with morals but with work good by other than moral standards, but he may, in the pursuit of his good, run counter to good of another kind. Society must find a way of mediation but may not violate the necessary freedom of the artist by attempting to dictate the content of art or by "violating the workshop itself by entering it without the credentials of technique." To do so "engages the prudent man in matters exceeding his competence." Society may, nevertheless, find it necessary, acting upon such imperfect knowledge as it can obtain, "to supervise the ways in which works of art reach their audience, to say, not what shall be made, but what shall be received and by whom and under what condition." The whole tendency of the argument is thus to minimize the extent to which censorships are necessary and to come as close to the conclusions of the classic liberal as is possible for anyone who is committed in advance to the assumption that the fundamentals of morality are absolute, not relative, and that the authority to prohibit works of the intellect or imagination can be legitimate.

Certain of Professor Adler's premises, like those just mentioned, can be accepted or rejected but hardly discussed. I think, therefore, that the reader whose philosophy is not scholastic will find that his attempt to criticize "Art and Prudence" is most fruitful when he asks himself whether or not modern liberal thought has any perceptions concerning the nature or function of art to add to those which go back to Plato or Aristotle; and it seems to me that there is at least one fact of some importance which Professor Adler overlooks—the fact, namely, that the poet is actually the original source of many moral ideas, not merely the transmitter of them.

No one will deny, I suppose, that we do get our ideas of what is right or wrong quite as often from works of the imagination as from ethical treatises, and we might argue, I think, that we are perfectly justified in doing so. Professor Adler assumes not only that moral principles are fixed but also that we arrive at them only through formal logic. Yet the poet has as much as the philosopher to do with the establishment of the *mores*, and if absolutes do exist, then there seems to me no reason to assume that the imagination of the poet does not reach them as often as the logic of the dialectician.

* "Art and Prudence. A Study in Practical Philosophy." Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.

Professor Adler does, to be sure, speak of "communication or social education" as one of the functions of art in a democratic society necessarily unnoticed by Plato, who was concerned with an aristocratic state; and it is possible that this term may be intended to include something of what I have in mind. He does, however, continue to assume that logic is the only source of moral truth and that it is obviously proper that the moral influence of art should be supervised by philosophers. But if it is true, as I believe it is, that the health of society owes as much to what artists have discovered as to what philosophers have proved, then there is no more justification for the censorship of art by the philosopher than there is for the censorship of works of philosophy by poets.

Animal Mystery on Display

BY DAVID GREENHOOD

Our giants the shadows
Strike forth upon vineless walls
Frighting us to the pause
In the March moonrise
But when jocular we recognize
"Only us"
They yaw across the dormant acres
Twice as tall
And crawl flat aground
Slowly shamed looking away
From the bare moon
With her fallow light
And lessening smile

BOOKS

Minneapolis Picket Wars

AMERICAN CITY. A RANK AND FILE HISTORY.

By Charles Rumford Walker. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IN A number of respects this book, a New Frontiers selection of the League for Industrial Democracy, sets a new high mark in contemporary American journalism. Modeled superficially on the ground-plan laid down by the Lynds in "Middletown," it is fundamentally different—more searching in both method and effect. It names its city, Minneapolis, the fading capital of Jim Hill's prematurely senile empire of lumber, wheat, iron, and transportation. It uses bald, accurate terms—class war, civil war. It chronicles the most extraordinary and in some ways the most significant labor struggle of the post-war era, the strikes of May and July, 1934, in which the gentlemen and clerks of the Citizens' Alliance and the truck drivers of Local 574 fought each other with clubs and stones until the class line was drawn in blood on the streets of the city.

There were casualties in that war. Arthur C. Lyman, attorney for the Citizens' Alliance and vice-president of the American Ball Company, was slugged to death in the Battle of Deputies

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A Personal Letter From Spain

By George and Helen Seldes

Bilbao, March 1st. *"Madrid is clearly democratic. The peoples of the world are fighting a common enemy of civilization and intelligence. This is our war; if you help, you share Madrid's immortality."*

"History is moving fast here and arm chairs will soon become antiques. The situation is more tragic than THE NATION, the NEW REPUBLIC, the New York TIMES, Hearst tabloids, or the NEW MASSES can ever suggest. Men are willing to die . . . millions of them, but they lack. . . ."

The letter is too long to quote here in full . . . last week we gave you a list of goods that Spain lacks. Checks and money orders are coming in a steady stream. NATION readers and friends are doing even more. Many of them are organizing dinners, luncheons, parties, lectures, to raise money for Spain.

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Run. He was commemorated by his comrades in a framed parchment reading: "In Memoriam to Arthur C. Lyman, who fought for his country abroad and who knew how to fight and die for the same principles at home." Henry Ness, strike picket, also a World War veteran, was shot during the unprovoked assault of the police on Bloody Friday; and was followed to his grave by a cortege of twenty thousand workers. To these might be added Floyd Bjornsterne Olson, whose death from cancer was hastened, no doubt, by the tragic role he was fated to play in the events described. Also, perhaps, A. W. Strong, director of the Citizens' Alliance, who died while this book was in the making. With him died, one feels, the confident, self-righteous intransigence of the older industrial oligarchy. From now on reaction is likely to wear different colors and move in different ways.

The war had consequences: a stricter definition and alignment of the class forces in the whole Northwest; the setting of new precedents and patterns for the labor struggle, in terms of quasi-military organization and tactics and the realistic use of political and diplomatic stratagems. With important qualifications Minneapolis in the summer of 1934 was a dress rehearsal for what happened in Detroit and Flint a few weeks ago, and for what may happen in textiles tomorrow.

The leadership was different of course. In Minneapolis strangely enough, or perhaps not so strangely, it came chiefly from the followers of Leon Trotsky—"counter-revolutionary fascists," to quote the then current and recently even more exacerbated Stalinist terminology. These Trotskyites, including the Dunne brothers, Skoglund, and Farrell Dobbs, were islanded in the Northwest labor movement after the 1927 split in the Communist Party. They proved they knew how to win strikes; the workers followed them despite the official Communist Party's cries of "sell-out," and still follow them.

In the end this war turned into a battle of wits and character between two proletarian intellectuals: Olson, the gifted, brilliant, ex-Wobbly lawyer-politician, whose life line, if it had been longer, might have led him to the Presidency, and Vincent R. Dunne, the lean, self-schooled, ascetic truck driver, who might easily have become a boss-man but chose instead to mobilize and lead to victory the labor armies of the Northwest. Study the photographs of the two men and you'll see why Ray Dunne won. I interviewed them both in the autumn of 1934 and can vouch for the fairness and accuracy of Mr. Walker's delineations.

The story is indeed heart-breaking. You wince when you see Olson, in the ominous lull that followed Bloody Friday, crack suddenly, call out the National Guard, occupy the strike headquarters, jail the leaders, and proceed, by the logic of the forces which he had thereby released, to break the strike on the winning of which his heart was set, on the winning of which his political fortunes depended. You see him straddling in anguish that implacable "picket fence," and you applaud the desperate, ineluctable counter-thrust of the strike leaders in defying and pillorying their Farmer-Labor Governor. Until the final crack came: a new federal mediator succeeding the exhausted Father Haas; pressure from Washington—Olson must have had a hand in that. Then the settlement which enabled Local 574 to pyramid its meager victory, checkmate the sabotage of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, organize a dozen other industries, and in two years almost double the wages of its members.

You wince again—or at least I did—when you read that Ray Dunne, jailed and beaten up repeatedly during the July strike, had three ribs broken while leading, two years later,

the picket line of the Strutwear strikers. Not a nice story for nice people. In fact, that war gave the nice people of Minneapolis the apocalyptic jitters, as testified to by an officer of the Citizens' Alliance: "There were thousands and thousands of bums and hoodlums and Communists there [at the Battle of Deputies Run]. Agitators worked the crowd up to the highest pitch of mob fury. They shouted, sang, and yelled. It was really horrible. I felt like slipping away, getting out of Minneapolis on to a farm somewhere, and never coming back."

Horrible. A striker testifies: "I seen one cop under a car and a picket poking underneath to get him to come out." Another: "We brought a bushel basket of deputies' and cops' badges back to headquarters, and two polo helmets. One feller had a captain's badge he was pretty proud of." Are these people hoodlums, Communists, Trotskyists? No. Just truck drivers. Family men. Pinochle players. Bowling-club devotees and movie fans like Ray Dunne.

Mr. Walker lets us see the domesticities, the social and psychological patterns, on both sides of the picket fence. He also prepares his drama by a reasonably adequate historical sketch of Minneapolis's seventy-five-year epic of rise and decline, and attempts, somewhat less successfully, to project the action into the future. Almost inevitably there are many gaps in both the factual narrative and the analysis, and some of these one regrets. But the book, besides being meticulously honest, is on the whole closely thought out and well written—a new mark for Mr. Walker and others to shoot at and surpass if they can.

JAMES RORTY

Mr. Wells Picks a Bone

THE CROQUET PLAYER. By H. G. Wells. The Viking Press. \$1.25.

HAVING consigned to celluloid his intimations of things to come a century hence, Mr. Wells now directs a popular augury nearer home. For all its prophetic intentions, "The Croquet Player" is distinctly a product of the conjurer's hat and combines horror and homily in a tale which will recommend itself primarily to those who no longer respond to death rays and interplanetary excursions. The volume is not likely to disturb the slumber of readers familiar with the repertory of the horror-makers, but it is expertly paced and adroitly communicated. In general it concerns the haunted parish of Cainsmarsh, to which a Dr. Finchatton, a physician with "the jaded look of a man who does not sleep well" and a tale to unfold, has fled after numerous disappointments in London, in the hope of finding "tranquilizing surroundings" and rheumatism in sufficient abundance to assure him of a practice amid butterflies, wild flowers, and summer visitors. He takes his leave of Cainsmarsh at the close of the story, possessed of many curious demons and no bank account, having duly discovered the village to be a boneyard of Stone Age fossils which have had the effect of immersing the countryside in time past, and brutalizing both himself and the community to the level of potential savages.

The notion offers excellent grist for symbolic extension, but Wells is too dapper a hand to carry it forward successfully in the highly sensitized medium which he has chosen. He makes the "scientific" error of employing poetic symbols as though they were propositions to be proved instead of projecting them with tangents and clarifying them with refractions. A final chapter bearing the title *The Intolerable Psychiatrist* and implying another of *The Tables Turned* has

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Louis Fischer and Benjamin Stolberg on Trotsky

In order to give both sides an opportunity to discuss the controversial matters presented by Leon Trotsky in "The Revolution Betrayed," which examines the past twenty years of Russian history, we shall publish *two* full-length reviews of the book—by Louis Fischer and Benjamin Stolberg. No one interested in Russia will care to miss this extraordinary feature.

Samuel Duber on the Oxford Group Movement

The Oxford Group movement headed by Dr. Buchman is different from previous revivalist sects, for it has penetrated the upper middle classes and professional groups almost exclusively. Hence, its theories, its specific treatment of social problems, its strength, its political potentialities, and its present activities are known to few. In a factual article Samuel Duber answers most of the questions *Nation* readers might ask about this unique movement, which gives religious significance to a comfortable credo of possession in an uncomfortable world.

A Series on the Philippines by James S. Allen

Though presumably the president of a democratic republic, in the Philippines Manuel Quezon functions as a semi-fascist dictator. In this issue of *The Nation* James S. Allen analyzes Quezon's regime, showing particularly how it is influenced by American military men and methods. In later articles Mr. Allen will discuss the Islands' trade problems with relation to independence and American industrial interests and the attempt of the people of the Islands to oppose the policies of Quezon and his henchmen by means of a popular front.

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been appended, wherein the heart of the mystery is plucked out and packed in expository cold storage. The "croquet player"—whose titular honors are at best spurious—is seen to typify the reader, and the bogs of Cainsmarsh, to the last ghost, give up their identity with the powers of darkness and barbarity. All that is unclear through omissions either of flippancy or perversity remains no less unclear, and nothing is revealed that was not already sufficiently plain. The symbol itself is ready for a place on the boneheap beside the other fossils.

Doubtless, there will be many to devour the story with the best will in the world simply as a horror tale of good-old-fashioned variety—in which case its symbolic pretensions will speedily assume their proper status among the parlor divertissements as an agreeable substitute for automatic writing or the ouija board. The misfortune lies in the fact that "The Croquet Player" is conceived in the same genre that produced so profound and apposite an allegory for the times as Thomas Mann's "Mario and the Magician." Mr. Wells's eye, as always, belongs to the remoter lenses of the telescope and is most "prophetic" when it is fixed on astral spaces and imaginary islands, where riddles may be resolved *in vacuo*—even though they turn into parables in the end.

BEN BELITT

Whitman Reconsidered

WHITMAN. By Edgar Lee Masters. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

HART CRANE'S words, written during a period when most poets showed little interest in Whitman, are proving prophetic: "The most typical and valid expression of the American psychosis seems to me still to be found in Whitman. . . . He, better than any other, was able to co-ordinate those forces in America which seem most intractable, fusing them into a universal vision which takes on additional significance as time goes on. He was a revolutionist . . . but his bequest is still to be realized in all of its implications."

Today Whitman is indubitably one of the chief influences upon younger poets. His pronouncements on liberty are repeated, even though his general conceptions are altered to fit a different epoch. For it must be remembered that Whitman's myth of America was one possible only to an agrarian and expanding country. He made part of his thinking the conception of solidarity which entered American proletarian thought in the fifties through the labors of Engels and Marx. But living in a period in which the frontier still offered at least an illusion of equality, Whitman saw no contradiction between the principles of complete democracy and those of complete individualism.

Edgar Lee Masters is not, however, so much interested in Whitman's political theories as in the poet Whitman and the Whitman who defied puritan repressions. Masters has in abundance the zeal necessary for writing one biography after another. He delights in surveying all the materials and attempting to reproduce the poet as a living, natural human being. Whitman has already achieved greatness; he needs no defense—as Lindsay needed it, with whom for many reasons Masters almost too closely identified himself. This life of Whitman is therefore more objective and more impersonal than was the Lindsay biography. It is, moreover, the most comprehensive life that has yet appeared.

About half of the book is devoted to documentation. But one reads through the mass of already published material

with renewed interest, for Masters is using this material to prove Whitman's general humanity. He is not afraid to acknowledge the great poet's faults—his laziness, his inferior abilities as a young newspaperman, his childishness, his egotism, his many idiosyncratic blind spots and incorrect judgments concerning other literary figures both of the past and of his own day. Then, too, Masters is particularly interested in making a case for Whitman as that type of man who is subnormal sexually and whose passions flow, therefore, into tender and imaginative channels only. Producing all the papers about the autopsy performed on the poet and all the medical reports, Masters proves conclusively that Whitman was long crippled by general miliary tuberculosis and died of it, not of any venereal disease. He indicates that Whitman's boastings about natural children were those of a man who wished to be thought completely natural. Certainly none of these children have claimed their famous father. Whitman's letters to Peter Doyle, the young workman whom he loved dearly and helped financially, are given as examples of the aging poet's tenderness and desire to be loved. In depicting this side of Whitman's character Masters is very convincing.

In general, the biography is rambling, repetitive, crammed with quotations, but it is nevertheless very serviceable. Many books have been published about Whitman, but this is the most human and complete study of him. Particularly moving and detailed are the chapters on his last years and his final illness and death.

EDA LOU WALTON

Improving the Gospels

LIFE OF JESUS. By Francois Mauriac. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

M MAURIAC is a writer with a wide reputation in France. His "Life of Jesus" has run through several editions there. Now that the book is available in translation, one suspects that the popularity of the French edition is due more to the name and fame of the author than to its own intrinsic merits. The author is a devout Catholic. As such he is less inclined to reduce the teachings of Jesus to the proportions of liberal moralism than some of the numerous literary men who in recent years have tried their hand at a life of Jesus. On the other hand, he is more closely bound to the delivered tradition than some of the other interpreters. Furthermore, he shares with all amateur interpreters, whether skeptics or believers, ignorance of any new knowledge which modern historical scholarship may have discovered about Jesus. This happens in the present moment to be of considerable importance because of the researches into the relation of the thought of Jesus to that of the apocalyptic writers of Hebrew faith. It is just as difficult for a literary man to write an adequate life of Jesus without a full knowledge of the historical background as for him to write of a Napoleon or a Cromwell without complete mastery of the relevant historical material. No one dares to attempt the latter, but various men of literary gifts have been drawn to the former task by either their piety or the artistic challenge in the subject. In the case of Mauriac's effort the final result is a Life which manages to be little more than a free rendering of the Gospel narratives. The primary virtue of the attempt lies in the author's sometimes very penetrating explications of the words of Jesus. Its defect is that the narrative is spoiled rather than improved by efforts to heighten its drama and sharpen its contrasts.

R. N.

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New Novels

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK. By Caroline Gordon. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

AT THE moment novels dealing with the Civil War seem destined to be measured by "Gone with the Wind." Miss Gordon's novel is shorter, less verbose, less reckless, less spectacular; the narrative flows less freely; the details are not so lavish; and there is more intelligence. Intelligence, indeed, of a distinguished and excellent sort is, in Miss Gordon's three novels, an outstanding characteristic. If it is not the only necessary attribute for a novelist, it is, for a novel that will endure, of prime importance. "None Shall Look Back" opens with the bland and charming life of Kentucky at the outbreak of the war; the afternoon sunlight on the rose garden gives the tone. And it breaks naturally into the siege of Fort Donelson and comes to a heady climax in the swift and desperate scenes of the Battle of Chickamauga. The battle scenes, indeed, have a power and passion lacking and perhaps necessary in other sections of the book. The romance between Rives Allard and his cousin Lucy is muted at the beginning when it should be most clear and free—Miss Gordon's head got in the way of her heart here—so that there is not sufficient contrast at the end when the war is lost and the old life is ended and Rives is dead. It is possible that Miss Gordon was less interested in Rives and Lucy than in General Nathan Bedford Forrest, on whom she lets herself go. He is a dashing buccaneer, a stern, dark-haired man on a great war horse, at the last a heroic figure of defeat. In our time, when heroism has rather gone out of literary fashion, General Forrest is a satisfying figure. He will cause an admirable novel to be remembered, one whose faults, where it has faults, are those of understatement and restraint but never of sentimentality or cheap melodrama.

THE ANTIGUA STAMP. By Robert Graves. Random House. \$2.50.

Mr. Graves is also intelligent and an accomplished writer, but he is not above monkeyshines of the most agreeable sort. This story of a postage stamp and of the brother and sister who claimed it and fought for it, in and out of the law courts, for half a lifetime, is mostly monkeyshines, in spite of a number of hard things which Mr. Graves has to say about English public schools, the clergy, the law, and modern life in general. The stamp is unique; the brother is a bounder; the sister is clever, unscrupulous, and approaches, in her conduct, a kind of barbarian justice. The net result is highly diverting.

THEATRE. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

When Mr. Maugham dispenses shoddy he does it like a gentleman. The outer wrappings are always bright, smart, and not without elegance. This story of the greatest actress in England, her handsome, middle-aged husband, and her young lover (who, alas, is a boor), is put together expertly, in the best theatrical tradition. The lighting is costly, the sets are modern, the direction is of the best, the acting could hardly be improved upon. But the play is third-rate. Maybe it is fourth-rate. There is no use getting impatient with Mr. Maugham, who showed us long ago that he could do so much better than this. In a way he is just having his little joke, and keeping his typewriter from rusting. For all his recent novels are excellent publicity for a great book which he wrote twenty-two years ago.

CAROLINE SMITH

DRAMA

Sweet and Light

LAST week an editorial paragraph in this very journal called attention to the fact that sweetness and light seem to be coming back into our theater. Further confirmation for the statement is now furnished by the latest offering at the Guild Theater, where "Storm over Patsy" turns out to be quite unashamedly pleasant. Unless my fancy is running away with me, the audience required some little time to get accustomed to the shock of not being shocked before it settled down to the enjoyment of one of the funniest last acts seen here in some time; and I myself kept wondering what it was that seemed vaguely old-fashioned about the piece. Was it, I asked myself, the somewhat anecdotal character of the plot or, digging deeper, something about the dramaturgic method? Thinking it over, I came, however, to the conclusion that the explanation was less esoteric. "Storm over Patsy" reminded me of the past because it was cheerful.

The plot has, to be sure, its social implications. The rising young politician in a small Scotch town obviously has a bit of the provincial Mussolini in his make-up, and it is that which leads him on to the egregious mistake of treating too lightly the case of an apple-woman whose dog Patsy has been impounded for want of a license. One thing leads to another, and when his career goes crashing about his ears, the moral is plain; but I am afraid that the primary intention is not so much to instruct as to extract all the very considerable fun to be got out of the humors of a provincial town. Just what the play was like before James Bridie translated it out of the German of Bruno Frank and then transported it to Scotland I do not know, but in the present incarnation it is innocently amusing. Everything turns out for the best because the people, seeing the promise of big tyrannies in the presence of little ones, will have none of the masterful statesman with lofty ideals—which is exactly as it should be but not, unfortunately, as it frequently is. By the time the hilarious farce of the trial in the last act is reached, even the mild moral is largely forgotten and one has come to be less concerned over the fate of the exponent of strong rule than over the question of whether or not the testy judge—played with rich humor by Leo Carroll—will or will not ever succeed in finding out who is supposed to have stolen the dog from whom, or just why anyone should care.

Except in one respect the play has been staged and acted with fine judgment. The one exception is traceable, I think, to a certain failure to realize just how anxious a modern audience is not to be unsophisticated, and it consists in the admission of certain traditional bits of dialogue or business which suggest too powerfully the age of innocence. Comic servants are, not without reason, somewhat suspect, and so are Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes too tight for their wearer's feet. Not, of course, that there is anything really wrong with either. Generations yet unborn will doubtless laugh at both, and audiences are going to like "Storm over Patsy" in any event. But they are also going to wonder whether they can afford to do so, and it would have been wiser to remove everything too obviously part of a tradition we sophisticates are committed to despising. Innocence should be disguised or someone may recognize it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

IF YOU like "La Bohème" you will enjoy Columbia's new set of Act IV (four records, \$6). For not often is there an opportunity to hear this music sung as it is by Lisa Perli, Heddle Nash, John Brownlee, and others, to hear it played as it is by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and to hear it phrased as it is by Beecham. For myself, I like the gay portions of "La Bohème," which include the beginning of Act IV; but the tear-jerking in the rest of this act I cannot endure. Again I must wonder what mental processes resulted in the decision to have Beecham record an act of Puccini rather than an act of Verdi—not to speak of the second or third act of "Meistersinger." You may understand my wonder if you listen to the excerpts from Verdi's "Masked Ball" on Columbia's February list (one record, \$1.50). You may, as I did, laugh for sheer pleasure at the characteristic expressive force of the opening melody of "Ma dall' arido stelo," and again at this force in the figures that appear in the orchestral accompaniment when this melody is repeated. The excerpts are sung in none too distinguished fashion by Gina Cigna.

Most of Bach's sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin, which fill many people with proper awe, fill me with boredom. Bach's craftsmanship could grind out music even without the prompting or participation of feeling; and these works are some of the results. An exception is the Partita in D minor, or rather one movement of it—the Chaconne, which is one of the greatest things in all Bach. Milstein's performance is straightforward and well recorded (three records, \$4.50); but there is more in the work than he finds to bring out.

The best works of Loeffler—the "Poem," the "Death of Tintagiles," the "Pagan Poem"—are the works of a minor master, almost excessively fastidious in emotion and workmanship. None of these is recorded; and what Columbia offers now is a product of Loeffler's last years and declining powers—a Partita for violin and piano in which he too reverts to the eighteenth century, with results which have as little significance as the results of some other attempts of that sort, but which are more agreeable in sound. The performance by Jacques Gordon and Lee Pattison and the recording are good (four records, \$6).

Most performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony are hysterical; the performance by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Gaubert (five records, \$7.50) sounds as perfunctory and listless as though they had considered the work beneath them, which it is not. There are pages in the first and last movements which I find magnificent not only in their emotional and imaginative power but in their extraordinary feeling for the entire complex of musical line, color, and mass.

Beecham is also represented on Columbia's February list by a recording of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" (one record, \$1.50). The performance with the London Philharmonic is superb; the recording improves as the grooves are cleaned out but remains unsatisfactory. On another single record (\$1.50) is a charming Corelli Suite for a string orchestra (Sarabande, Gigue, Badinerie), well played by the Madrid Symphony under Arbos, and well recorded a few years ago.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

The Supreme Court "Grab"

Dear Sirs: I have your issue of February 13 containing your editorial on the Supreme Court grab now being attempted by our ruthless Roosevelt. . . .

For ■ supposed present advantage to your clientele, you are willing to sacrifice the traditions of justice in this country. Having no program to effect the remedy for the injustices which you feel exist in this country, you propose to overthrow institutions which prevent personal government, that is, fascism. I have the strongest feelings of revulsion against so-called liberalism of this kind, which prefers a policy making for revolution and internal discord to one of gradual growth and change.

PERRY J. STEARNS

Milwaukee, Wis., March 2

[In our issue of January 9, 1937, we published a general program entitled "Fourteen Points for Congress," and have since followed with specific programs for relief, the judicial power, labor, neutrality and peace, and farm tenancy. If Mr. Stearns will continue reading *The Nation* he will find during the next few months our programs for the remaining nine points.—EDITORS, THE NATION.]

Court of Big Business

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested in the appended reply to a communication addressed to me by ■ number of leading American writers, namely, James Truslow Adams, Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Sinclair Lewis, Robert Littell, Dorothy Thompson, Bernard De Voto, and William Allen White:

I thank you for including me in your company. I note that you do not seek to influence my convictions regarding the President's message on the Supreme Court. This is wise of you, because it will save you a lot of wasted time. What you do is to ask me to telegraph my Senators and Congressmen "demanding the fullest possible discussion" of the President's proposal. You tell me that you are "not aware of the existence of any emergency which justifies the risk of hasty action upon an issue of such importance."

In reply permit me to say that I should have supposed that liberal and intelligent Americans would already have given "most thorough consideration" to the need of changing the Supreme Court. They should have

given it when the Supreme Court destroyed our child-labor enactments, and thus made plain that it paid no attention whatsoever to the clause in the Constitution which gives Congress the right to provide for the general welfare. I should have thought that American writers would have come to the same decision which I came to—that that Supreme Court of big business should be modified and "unpacked," or rendered impotent to injure the general welfare, by the quickest and most effective method which any President could devise.

You who call yourselves "leading American writers" tell me that you are not aware of the existence of any emergency, etc."

Presumably you have failed to note that we still have eight or ten million persons unemployed, and that upon a splurge of borrowed money we are starting upon another Wall Street boom which will prepare another quick collapse with the risk of civil war such as we are seeing in Spain. We are piling up steam in the boiler, and we have six or seven old men sitting on the safety valve, and you "leading American writers" tell me that you "are not aware of the existence of any emergency."

Well, I may or may not be a "leading American writer," but I certainly am not leading in the same direction that you are. Count me out!

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., March 1

Paine on the Judiciary

Dear Sirs: . . . Government by judicial negative was especially obnoxious to Paine, Jefferson, and others of the Founders. "The great object of my fear is the federal judiciary," declared Jefferson. "The whole judiciary needs reform," said Paine. . . .

Paine believed that the Constitution was defective in that it did not provide proper means for determining the "good behavior" of judges and for their removal. He therefore proposed to amend the article establishing the judiciary by inserting after the words, "The judges of the supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behavior," the following words: "but for reasonable cause, which shall not be sufficient ground for impeachment, the President may remove any of them on the address of a majority of both houses of Congress."

. . . Under his plan the Congress was to first propose the removal of judges, and the President, in his discretion, could

then remove them. This method would have brought the matter as close to the people as possible. And this was Paine's aim, for he declared that under the Constitution as it stood "the people of the United States have no share in the appointment of judges, nor any control over them afterwards, and if the representatives of Congress have no cognizance over the conduct of judges as to good behavior or ill behavior, the judiciary may become domineering or even dangerous." And then Paine added: "It is fair to suppose that those who formed the Constitution never thought of this when they made the judges independent of our own Executive."

R. C. ROPER

Elmhurst, N. Y., March 4

The N. A. M. and the Special Conference Committee

Dear Sirs: Our attention has been called to the following statement in Mr. Ward's Washington Weekly comment in *The Nation* of February 27: "Representatives of a dozen of the nation's giant corporations have been meeting once a month in New York. . . . It is called the 'special conference committee' of the National Association of Manufacturers."

We fully realize that *The Nation* misses no opportunity directly or indirectly to criticize this association; nevertheless we believe even in *The Nation* misrepresentation should not be deliberate, and that there should be at least a reasonable standard of accuracy. Certainly if Mr. Ward had called our Washington office or if your own office had called the office here, the facts could have been ascertained. The "special conference committee" does not have and never did have any connection with the National Association of Manufacturers. As a matter of fact, some of the companies included in its membership are not eligible for membership in this association, and not all of those which are eligible actually hold such membership.

We are not criticizing the "special conference committee"; we would in fact welcome the membership of those eligible companies which are not now members of this association. I nevertheless direct your attention to the fact that the name of the National Association of Manufacturers was included in your

columns inaccurately, unfairly, and without the slightest justification.

NOEL SARGENT, Secretary
New York, March 3

Dear Sirs: Mr. Sargent's letter is delightful. When even the National Association of Manufacturers begins showing compunction about being associated with such enterprises as the "special conference committee," we must conclude that progress indeed is being made.

I hope that Mr. Sargent will be patient with *The Nation* and me for a few more weeks until the La Follette committee gets around to holding hearings on the "special conference committee." Then, I believe, Mr. Sargent will find that the relationship between the N. A. M. and the conference committee is not so remote a thing as he apparently believes.

Meanwhile, he is technically correct in his complaint, and if he will examine the record of the hearing to which I referred—and examine it in the light of his own long experience with Congressional investigations—he will see how the record on the point in question is a little confused. It was in attempting to condense and refine that testimony that I made the mistake to which he calls attention. My error in construction probably was influenced by my recollection of Glen Alwyn Bowers's testimony before the NLRB last April. Mr. Sargent ought to read that testimony, too. In it Mr. Bowers, testifying as an expert on labor relations from the employers' side, traced the origin and history of the N. A. M. from 1898 to date and described as its primary concern forming a united front of employers against labor unions.

PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 8

On Sound Reproduction

Dear Sirs: As one who is greatly interested in Ben Haggin's department in *The Nation*, I must deplore certain basic inaccuracies that lessen its worth. These inaccuracies flow from Mr. Haggin's complete ignorance of the technical aspects of phonograph reproduction, however valid may be his judgments in the aesthetic field, where I concede his qualifications to be superior to mine.

In your issue of January 23 he uses half-digested technical information so badly that an engineer must be highly amused and lay readers completely led astray by his befuddled conception of what actually occurs in the process of sound reproduction. Thus he says that without the use of certain auxiliary speakers, the overtones of high frequency were blocked. The use of the word "blocked" is amusingly wrong, and stemming from the same false premise, but much more serious in its confusion, is the statement about disconnecting the auxiliary speakers because of their disadvantageous effect on tone. The disconnected speakers, had they remained in the circuit, could not possibly have had a bad effect on the tone result. It's like saying that an eighty horse-power motor called upon to deliver forty horse-power will deliver it badly. On the contrary, the unused potential capacity serves to deliver the forty horse-power more smoothly. The unused speakers, if allowed to remain in the circuit, would at worst have been dormant; they could not have introduced distortion.

One popular manufacturer of quality markets an instrument that is claimed to go to 7,500 cycles on the high-frequency side both for radio and phonograph, and probably does. He also produces an in-

strument at a high price for which is claimed 12,000 cycles, but he is scrupulous enough to explain, when asked, that neither broadcast stations nor available phonograph records reproduce anything as high as that. SAMUEL E. LESSER
New York, March 9

CONTRIBUTORS

ANDRE MALRAUX, the distinguished French novelist, author of "Man's Fate," "The Royal Way," and "Days of Wrath," has been fighting in Spain at the head of the international air squadron. At present he is in this country speaking and writing for the cause of the Spanish loyalists.

RALPH THURSTON is the pseudonym of an American correspondent in Germany.

CHARLES R. WALKER'S new book "American City," is reviewed by James Rorty in this issue.

JAMES S. ALLEN recently spent three months in the Philippines collecting the material for his *Nation* articles and a forthcoming book.

DAVID GREENHOOD, a Californian, is author of "Poems, etc."

JAMES RORTY is the author of "Where Life Is Better: An Unsentimental American Journey."

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The Shape of Things

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THE WHOLE NATION MOURNS THE VICTIMS of the school disaster at New London, Texas. Thus far the evidence indicates that a residue gas line from an oil field was tapped for its gas, and that the use of this gas in a faulty conducting system resulted in the explosion. There is a tragic irony in the fact that in the Texas oil fields, spouting forth their natural wealth from the earth, such a disaster should have been occasioned by the desire to economize on heating costs. It is one of the paradoxes of an economic system that seeks to maximize profit and minimize costs, and is wasteful only of human life.

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THE SLAUGHTER BY INSULAR POLICE OF TEN marching Nationalists in Ponce, the second largest city in Puerto Rico, is the natural and deplorable outcome of a long series of bitter clashes between the authorities and the more intransigent groups on the island. It is significant that the strength of popular feeling against the United States should have increased rather than diminished under the supposed beneficence of the New Deal administration. The details of the incident are still lacking, but enough facts have been published to make it evident that a peaceful demonstration was ruthlessly dispersed by machine-gun fire. We shall print next week an article by Oswald Garrison Villard, who has just returned from the island.

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PROSPECTS FOR THE CONFERENCE REPORT which seeks to reconcile the Pittman and McReynolds neutrality bills are none too promising. The only favorable development is the likelihood that the McReynolds "cash-and-carry" provision will be accepted instead of the Pittman proposal. The McReynolds bill puts the "cash-and-carry" policy into effect only at the discretion of the President during the next two years. This takes away certain of the dangers of the inflexible Pittman provision, which would operate to the advantage of a great sea power under any circumstances. On the other hand, there is a strong chance that the deplorable clause in the McReynolds bill prohibiting the solicitation or acceptance of funds by belligerents or factions will be retained. While Mr. McReynolds has insisted that the clause was not meant to stop humanitarian contributions, it leaves far too large an area of discretion to the State Department, whose record in the matter of humanitarian aid to Spain has been none too good.

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WHILE MUSSOLINI HAS BEEN ACTING CAESAR in Libya, his troops have suffered a crushing defeat in Spain. This is the first time the Loyalists have taken the offensive, and the rout of the demoralized Italians may prove to be the decisive turn of the war. The crucial role has been played by the new airplanes which the Spanish government has recently acquired, and which have given it the whip hand in aviation. In their hurry to get away, moreover, the Italians left behind large supplies of munitions which will prove useful to the munitions-starved loyalists. The incident is very like what happened during the Russian civil war, when the government troops captured the munitions of Kolchak and Denikin and defeated the Whites with their own batteries. Meanwhile, a dispatch by Pertinax to the *New York Times* reveals that even the English lion-worm is beginning to turn, and is showing a disposition to support Spain before the League of Nations in its protest against the presence of 90,000 Italian troops on Franco's side. England should also act upon the protest from Valencia that while the rebel borders are being patrolled by the English and French (neutrals), the loyalist borders are patrolled by Germans and Italians (belligerents).

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IT SEEMS TO US THAT THE PRESS, IN PLAYING up the threat of taxation in Marriner Eccles's statement on inflation, missed its chief point. The Governor of the Reserve Board was not merely issuing a timely warning. He was establishing an alibi. He has just begun to realize that there are certain vital aspects of the price structure which cannot be controlled through changes in the rediscount rate or reserve requirements; aspects which respond rather to the controls exercised by ownership—by monopolies, patent pools, cartels. Mr. Eccles's statement was designed to establish this fact clearly in the public mind before it should become apparent, as our editorial in this issue on inflation indicates, that the machinery he operates is unable to check runaway prices. Unfortunately his purpose was thwarted by the newspapermen, who knew their public better than Mr. Eccles's purposes.

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THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER READ TO German Catholic congregations on the morning of Palm Sunday immediately provoked an angry reply from the Nazis. It may lead to the renunciation of the Concordat between Hitler and the Vatican. The vigor of the Pope's attack upon Nazi ideology and the bluntness of his charge that the German state has violated the Concordat contrast with the recent conciliatory pastoral letter of the German bishops, in which they were still pleading to be accepted as equal partners with the Nazis in their common fight against "communism." The change in tone was undoubtedly occasioned by the increasing prestige of the pagan religious movement within the Hitler government, for which the rising star of Himmler, the head of the secret police, is partly responsible. One possible reason for the increased power of the pagan forces within the government seems to be that the conservatives—Göring, Schacht,

the Army, *et al.*—who have beaten the more radical forces in the field of economics, have sought to appease the resentment of the radicals by giving them freer rein in the cultural field. The immediate effect of this development has been the increased pressure of the police upon Catholic parochial schools in contravention of the Concordat. The Pope's letter now places the Catholics in the same desperate opposition to the government in which the Protestant church already stands.

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AN INCONSPICUOUS LITTLE BILL CALLING FOR the repeal of the Indian Reorganization Act has been slipped into the hopper by Senator Wheeler. As the original sponsor of that act Mr. Wheeler received due credit for the land reforms and communal development that have been effected since its adoption. Now, perhaps under pressure from Montana stockmen, he wants to kill the whole development. Until recently Indian lands were passing into white hands at the rate of about seven million acres a year. Particularly in the northern plains the areas owned by the Indians were so scattered that it was impossible to make use of them as grazing land. As a result the Indians were forced to lease these sections very disadvantageously to the white stockmen. Under the Reorganization Act most of this has been stopped. Many leases are being terminated and the tribes are using the range themselves. This change is beneficial to the country as well as to the Indians, since under federal guardianship it is possible to apply soil-conservation principles to areas which were being rapidly destroyed by over-grazing. The interests behind Senator Wheeler's bill are suspect and its purposes are questionable. It should not be allowed to reach the floor of the Senate.

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THE TIDE OF LIBERALISM HAS RUN LOWER and lower in the Scripps-Howard press. At the moment the negotiations between the Newspaper Guild and the New York *World-Telegram*, which Roy Howard manages personally, have broken down on the issue of the Guild preferential—not the closed—shop. (The Guild shop would allow the *World-Telegram* to hire anyone it pleased so long as that person joined the Guild within a given period.) To be sure, there has been an advance. Formerly the *World-Telegram* had declared that it would negotiate only with its own employees; but the education of Roy Howard is apparently not yet complete. As we go to press the threat of a strike hangs over his head. The Guild has the backing of both John Lewis and William Green; and the typographers of New York City, as well as the members of other unions involved in getting out Mr. Howard's newspaper, are not men to pass a picket line. In trying to preserve the "freedom of the press," lest a Guild shop here set a bad example to provincial Scripps-Howard units, Mr. Howard is setting his face against a union town in which the large majority of his readers believe in collective bargaining. Is it possible that he will take the almost certain risk of having the *World-Telegram's* lighthouse put out of commission?

JOHN H. CLARKE, FORMER LIBERAL MEMBER of the Supreme Court, proved last week over the radio that the President's proposal was perfectly legal. Charles E. Hughes, present Chief Justice, proved with equal force that without it the court could keep up with its schedule. We are ready to believe both. But both are side skirmishes in a larger battle. Legality is reassuring, but it only clears the ground for the question of social effectiveness, which is *not* synonymous with calendar efficiency. The country is not passing through the present throes of discussion in order to lighten the labor burden of the justices. In so far as Mr. Roosevelt has stressed that, he has given the whole matter an unfortunate emphasis. The real question is one of getting for the time being a workable democracy by tempering the unyielding rigor of the present court majority and by introducing a more vivid sense of social realities. For the long run only an amendment will avail.

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LEON TROTSKY WAS NO DOUBT STIRRED INTO making his press statement against André Malraux, which we print on another page, by Malraux's failure to comment on Trotsky's assertion that Malraux had visited him in southern France at the time he was accused of meeting Romm in Paris. While we may understand Trotsky's resentment, his gratuitous attack can only arouse indignation. The assertion that Malraux "carries the responsibility for the strangulation of the Chinese revolution" seems, if the statement is at all correctly quoted, fantastic. And everyone who has had any contact with Malraux in America knows not only that he is devoted to the Spanish United Front government but also that he has restricted himself severely to furthering its cause here. It is one of the tragic results of the controversy over the Moscow trials that it has produced dissension in causes where there should have been complete unity.

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THE RAILROADS DID NOT COME OUT BADLY in the compromise pension plan which has now been submitted for Congressional action. As a price for withdrawing their objections to a federal pension scheme they propose to unload upon the government the obligation which they have incurred under their private pension systems. It is estimated that this will save them approximately \$36,000,000 in a single year, and assure an average saving of \$14,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year over a long period. A slight reduction in the tax rate from the present railroad retirement law will save the roads about \$8,000,000 additional each year. The sliding-scale tax rate proposed by the railroads and unions averages approximately 6.6 per cent as compared with the flat 7 per cent levy of the existing law—a rate which the Treasury insists ought to be maintained if the plan is to be self-sustaining. But perhaps the most interesting aspect of the agreement is the sudden discovery by the railroad management that federal pensions, which they had insisted were unconstitutional, become constitutional when they work to the financial benefit of the railroads. There seems to be a dollars-and-cents equivalent for constitutionality.

CAPTAIN WILHELM WEISS, ONE OF JOSEPH Goebbels's chief deputies, announced last week that art and theater critics, who in December were forbidden to function, could now resume their criticism—providing they did it in the form of political observations! He went on to outline the rights and duties of a critic in the Third Reich in a series of verbal contortions that reminded us of nothing so much as Robert Benchley's film version of the man with insomnia who changed his position fifty-seven times in one night. "What is Nazi is good; what is not Nazi is bad," began the Captain, settling down for a good night's rest. "We desire a respected and interesting German press," he continued, making a mild shift and arranging the covers, "and intend it to be a sure and powerful instrument in the *Führer's* hands." At this point he pulled the quilt over his head, thus uncovering his feet. "Art criticism," he declared, curling up defiantly, "is not primarily an aesthetic question but a political one." But "the art of observation does not differ from the former art of criticism, in heaven's name," shouted the acrobatic captain, getting up and turning the mattress. He ended in a final tailspin. "The old idea," he said, "that there is good art and bad art must be removed." We understand that this old idea, suspected of having a Jewish grandmother, has since been executed by a firing squad.

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Correction: Mr. Louis B. Wehle

[In its issue of January 23, 1937, *The Nation* published an article by Paul W. Ward on the Tennessee power situation containing several references to Mr. Louis B. Wehle which subsequent disclosures have shown to be somewhat inaccurate and unfair in their implications. In justice to Mr. Wehle, the following statement of facts is made.

As to Mr. Wehle's credentials for acting in the situation: At the President's request Mr. Wehle was present at the White House power-pooling conference in September, 1936, and subsequently acted as mediator between the TVA and the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation in arriving at the terms of a status quo agreement. When this agreement was concluded, the parties recited their appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Wehle, as the President's designee, in cooperating with the parties.

As to Mr. Wehle's connection with railroad reorganization: Mr. Wehle, after having published an article in the December, 1934, *Yale Law Journal* on Railroad Reorganizations under the Bankruptcy Act, was retained by the Prudential Insurance Company for the purpose of drafting and urging legislation on that subject. The retainer was terminable at any time by either party, and Mr. Wehle was left free to express his own views as to public policy and to disclose to officials in Washington the existence of the retainer. In the course of his subsequent activities under the retainer, Mr. Wehle, on his own initiative, fully disclosed its terms to the RFC and others with whom he dealt.

The Nation regrets that its correspondent did not have the foregoing information at the time of the writing of his article.]

Making Sitdowns Legal

NEVER in our memory has anything happened in America that so completely illumines the uses of law in our society as the controversy over the sitdown strike. The speed with which the sitdown has spread in the highly industrial states shows of course that it is deeply related to a felt need among our workers. It is this need, arising not only out of specific grievances but out of the whole position of the workers in our economy, that prompted the Chrysler strikers to address their magnificent open letter to Governor Murphy. It is this need which prompts their continued defiance of Judge Campbell's injunction. And the response of the law itself to this need is a stiff-necked assertion of illegality.

Let us not be misunderstood. Given the law as it stands, interpreted narrowly, there can be little doubt that the sitdown is illegal. There have been those who have urged the opposite, and we have ourselves pointed to the property rights that a worker has in his job. But it is terribly important to make a distinction here. Are we talking about the law that *exists* or the law that *is emerging*? If we take Justice Holmes's excellent behavioristic definition of law—"law is what the courts are likely to decide"—and if we couple that with what we know about most American judges today, the answer is clear. We could, of course, write an editorial on what the judges *should* decide. Or we could ruminate on what *we* should decide if we were judges. But the hard reality is that we are not.

Unless we make this distinction, we obscure the uses of law in social struggles and the manner in which law grows. Law at any given period is a crystallization of past growths and past struggles. It is a response to the felt impulses of the past. In America today our law reflects the desperate need for protecting property in a rapidly growing, mushrooming frontier society that turned in an amazingly brief span of time into the most highly developed capitalist state in the world. It reflects also the fears that our industrialists felt when faced by the growth of trade unionism and democratic feeling. This need and these fears have been written—have written themselves—into the law. The use of the injunction in the past, even more than today, as a strike-breaking weapon is a prime example of how law can be used to favor one side in the capital-labor relationship. Today such a use of the injunction is illegal in sixteen states and in the federal courts. And not only the injunction. The strike itself was once illegal. It is now, in theory at least, legal. The labor boycott was illegal. It is now, under certain circumstances, legal. Picketing was once illegal. It is now legal. Mass picketing was once illegal. It is now generally legal. What we call "the law" has on these subjects changed as social realities have somehow got themselves into peoples' heads and become recognized as realities.

The "law" on the sitdown will also change—is, in fact, changing under our very hands. Judges are human, and even judges are not entirely impervious to realities outside the courtroom. Judge Campbell spoke more softly than Judge Gadola before him: the next judge will speak

more softly than Judge Campbell. For they will come to understand that there is more in the heaven and earth of the sitdown than is dreamt of in the doctrine of simple trespass. You do not dispose of the controversy between the Chrysler corporation and its workers by recourse to an eighteenth-century idea of private property. Such a controversy is infinitely involved. On its settlement depend not only the livelihoods of thousands, even of millions, but the social health of the state. Whoever you are—judge, corporation head, newspaper publisher—you must recognize that the stake these workers have in their livelihoods and the stake the nation has in healthy and decent industrial conditions are far greater than your narrow and static legalism. You cannot chase these men out as you would chase out a trespasser from your back yard.

Even on the score of strict legality, the total case is far from clear. Every day, throughout the nation, the corporate employers are breaking laws in their struggle against collective bargaining. Every day the Labor Relations Board is defied, labor spies are used, men are discharged for union activities. Every day police brutality is used to smash strikes and break up picket lines. Two wrongs, of course, do not make a right. But we cite these facts because we are convinced that the objection of the corporations to the sitdown is not that it is illegal but that it levels out the immense advantage they have thus far had in the bargaining struggle. That is what they cannot endure—not the trespass, but the fact that they are now compelled to put their houses in order and accept the workers' demands for collective bargaining.

In legal terms the sitdown must therefore be seen as part of the no man's land where the law is, except in the narrowest and most mechanical sense, still undetermined. In such an area the considerations that should be decisive are those leading to a decent living standard for all.

"Spain in Flames"

WE THOUGHT the name of A. Mitchell Palmer had gone down—as far down as it deserves—in history. But it has turned up again in an ominous connection. Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer is chairman of the Board of Censors of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which ruled on February 16 that the people of that great industrial state would not be allowed to look at "Spain in Flames," a film dealing with the Spanish civil war, unless changes were made which would effectively stop distribution of the picture. "Spain in Flames" was edited in the United States. The dialogue was written by John Dos Passos and Archibald MacLeish. Since it is a newsreel type of film, it does not fall within the jurisdiction of censorship boards, but when it was scheduled for exhibition in Philadelphia, the Board of Censors asked to see it, and it was submitted as a matter of courtesy. The board held it for a week. Finally telegrams from Dos Passos and MacLeish brought forth this extraordinary—and extra-legal—ruling: "You may show this film in Pennsylvania only if you change the sound track so that every mention of the word fascist or fascism

is eliminated." Needless to say, the cost of making a complete new sound track would be prohibitive.

It is not surprising that "Spain in Flames," which has been seen by thousands in some sixty American cities, is too red for a lady bearing the name of A. Mitchell Palmer. The *news* is, however, that Governor Earle, liberal, aspirant for the White House, and as they say in Pittsburgh "a rich man who rose to be a friend of labor," out-Palmered Mrs. Palmer. Without haggling over sound tracks or the word fascism he summarily ordered the film barred from Pennsylvania. "This picture," said Governor Earle, "is pure communistic propaganda. . . . We Pennsylvanians are not interested in the propaganda of a government largely made up of Communists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists who butcher priests . . . it definitely encourages recruiting."

It is difficult to understand how a politician as shrewd as Governor Earle could have permitted himself the luxury of expressing his real feelings so openly. It is *not* difficult to get at the real reasons why "Spain in Flames" has been barred from Pennsylvania. Catholic influence is strong and is throwing its whole weight against the Spanish government. Moreover, Pennsylvania is inhabited by thousands of working people, many of them of European ancestry. In the thoughtful darkness of a moving-picture theater they might well recognize, as they looked at "Spain in Flames," that the Spanish workers and peasants are defending their very lives against the same forces that are aligned against poor men in Pennsylvania. In Spain it has come to open war. In Pennsylvania the thousands of industrial workers are only beginning to realize that their labor has created the wealth with which their bosses have been able to keep them under, and that the Catholic church has been one of the most dependable and well-rewarded allies of industry.

"Spain in Flames" has met a similar fate in Ohio, probably for similar reasons. But unlike Governor Earle, Governor Davey has carefully avoided the issue. The *Cleveland Press* and other papers have been waging a lively fight on the stupidity of censorship—so far to no avail. Legal action is now being taken by the sponsors of the film, the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy; and the American Civil Liberties Union is planning to introduce legislation at the next session of the Ohio legislature to change the sound track of the Board of Censorship.

Legal action is also under way in Pennsylvania to force the Board of Censors and Governor Earle to rescind orders which have no basis in law. An even more effective protest could be made by the most progressive force now operating in the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio. We refer to the Committee for Industrial Organization. It is the workers of Pennsylvania and Ohio whom the board of censors have in mind when they oppose the showing of "Spain in Flames." It is the workers of America, above all others, who should understand events now happening in Spain. The C. I. O. is directly concerned, and John Lewis, who gave notice at Madison Square Garden last week that he realizes the meaning of fascism, should make the first protest.

The Clichy Riot

IF WARNING were needed to show what might happen to France if the Popular Front government fell, such a warning was delivered in the fatal rioting at Clichy last week. Early press reports received in this country placed the blame of course on the Communists. It was alleged that the Communists, led by their representatives in the Chamber of Deputies, had deliberately attacked and broken up a peaceful theater showing staged by De la Rocque's newly established Social Party, which was under the protection of government police. This version of the affair does not, however, coincide with the reports of post-riot activities. It does not explain why all 5 of the persons killed in the riot and most of the 300 wounded were Communists or Communist sympathizers, or why the chief outcry against the riot has come from organized workers and the left political parties rather than from the supposedly aggrieved fascists. Moreover, if the government had really sent large detachments of police to protect the fascists, it is difficult to see why it should now threaten to prosecute De la Rocque for illegal political activity in holding the meeting.

Despite these press distortions, there can be little doubt that De la Rocque and his followers were largely, if not primarily, responsible for the whole affair. They called the meeting in the heart of Paris's "red belt" with the deliberate intention of provoking the Communists. They apparently went to the meeting well equipped with pistols and other weapons for "self-defense." Only an omniscient investigating committee can determine who started the fighting or who fired the first shot. But the blame must obviously rest chiefly on those who laid the plans for the demonstration with full knowledge of its probable fatal outcome.

If De la Rocque hoped that by instigating this riot he would plunge France into a period of disorder from which he would profit, he has been bitterly disappointed. Instead of weakening the Popular Front government, the riot appears to have frightened all the left groups into a new solidarity. Although the Communists were irritated with Blum for allowing a fascist demonstration in a working-class district, they have not wavered in their support of the Popular Front. After weathering a financial crisis at the beginning of the month and overcoming the political repercussion of the Clichy riots, the Blum government should enter its second year with greater vitality than it possessed at the beginning of the first year. The defense loan has been oversubscribed, and labor difficulties are on the wane. When the passivity of the right following the Clichy affair is contrasted with the clamor aroused by the February riots in 1934, the danger of an immediate fascist coup seems unusually remote.

The fact still remains, however, that events in France are bound to be influenced substantially by developments in Spain. A victory for Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini at Madrid would undoubtedly encourage the French right to new audacity in an effort to create the sort of disturbances on which fascism feeds. A continuation of the recent set-

backs to the international fascists, on the other hand, will almost certainly spare France the necessity of passing through the horrors in which Spain is now engulfed. Fascism thrives on glamor and success. Once the myth of its irresistible power is shattered, it will have lost its primary appeal to the masses. A fascism dependent solely on the class interests of a minority of wealthy reactionaries is dead as a political movement. Clichy represents a reversal for French fascism, but Madrid will determine the final outcome.

Inflation Is Here

THE general public thinks of inflation as a wild speculative orgy in which the printing presses turn out tons of money in ever-increasing denominations. This, of course, is characteristic of the final stage of an uncontrolled inflationary movement. But to an economist an inflation is merely a period in which there is a steady shrinkage in the purchasing power of money. From this point of view there can be no doubt that we are already well along in an inflationary period. As is usually the case with inflations, the rise in prices was gradual at first. From the low point in 1933 to the early fall of 1936, wholesale commodity prices rose only 25 per cent. The prices of manufactured articles, after a sharp rise in the summer of 1933, remained practically stationary until the last quarter of 1936.

Since the end of October wholesale prices have risen an additional 9.2 per cent, making a total increase of 15 per cent in the past year. The price of finished steel products has advanced 25 per cent in the past twelve months and 39 per cent since the depth of the depression. This advance may be compared with a 44 per cent increase in 1922-23 and a 39 per cent rise in 1919-20, years which are now recognized as inflationary periods. It is doubly significant in view of the fact that iron and steel prices declined only about 25 per cent in the depression.

Here is unmistakable evidence that a period of inflation has begun. Where it will end no one can say. Once prices start skyrocketing, a vicious circle is joined. The increase in the prices of raw materials necessitates a rise in the prices of finished products. This leads to higher living costs and demands for higher wages, which in turn furnish a pretext for a further boost in prices. Meanwhile, stockholders and speculators are the chief beneficiaries.

While Secretary Wallace may have been overstating it when he declared that the government lacked power to control "the wide swings of the business cycle," he would have been on sound ground if he had merely said that the devices with which the inflationary boom might be checked are dangerous and politically inexpedient. If the Reserve banks divested themselves of the two billion dollars' worth of government bonds now in their vaults and raised the rediscount rate, while the government sold its stock of excess silver and curtailed emergency expenditures, the boom could be checked. But in

the process we might easily find ourselves in the throes of a new depression. If the present rate of economic activity is to be maintained and expanded, it is essential, as J. M. Keynes recently pointed out, to keep interest rates at or near their present low levels. Emergency expenditures cannot be curtailed without grave injustice to the underprivileged groups in the country. What is needed is not some method of destroying the purchasing power of the ten million still unemployed but a device which will reduce the excess funds of the very wealthy.

The only satisfactory curb on inflation, as Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, has stated, would be heavier taxes on high- and middle-income groups and an increase in the levy on corporation profits. An unbalanced budget is necessary in a depression in order to maintain mass purchasing power, but during a boom the budget should be balanced and the indebtedness incurred in the slump retired. Very little reduction can be made in government expenditures at this time; so if the budget is to be balanced, it must be through increased taxation.

If taxes are to be raised, legislation should be adopted at this session of Congress. Even if this is done, the taxes on this year's income will not be payable until next March. By that time the boom may be fully upon us. If action is put off until the next year, the new levies cannot come into force until 1939, which would be much too late. It may even be that an increase in taxes on luxury goods will be necessary in order to make certain that they become operative in time to be of value. Once an inflation reaches the runaway stage, it is too late to use ordinary taxation as a check.

In discussions of the threatened inflation in the daily press much has been said about the regulation of prices and wages. This strikes us as a deliberate attempt to arouse public opinion against the Administration. Some commentators have even gone so far as to say that the President is anxious to push through his Supreme Court proposal in order to obtain dictatorial power which will enable him to regulate prices and wages. Apart from the political absurdity of the charge, there is no basis in history for the belief that a government can control prices and wages in an inflationary period. Many such attempts have been made in the past, and none has been successful when the incidence of inflation was really marked. Minimum-wage laws are just and desirable in a period of stable prices, but they are meaningless in an inflation. Even more refined methods, such as attempting to fix wages in terms of the cost of living, are bound to prove unenforceable. Mr. Roosevelt is undoubtedly aware of these facts, and there is nothing in the statements issued by his Cabinet officers to suggest that he intends to use any but the most orthodox methods of checking the threatened runaway rise in prices. Back of the charges against the President lies the undeniable fact that most of the men who control the country's economic power do not want to head off a boom—least of all by an increase in taxation. If "dictatorship" is to be feared in coming months, it is the dictatorship of these men—the same group that prevented effective action in 1928-29.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 21

THERE'S a new deal in store for the American farmer and the power trust now that Morris L. Cooke has got out of the Rural Electrification Administration and John M. Carmody has taken his place at the REA's helm. As a part of that new deal a shake-up in REA personnel impends, a shake-up that involves ridding the agency of several key men who obviously believe God never intended to have rural America electrified unless the latter-day Insulls and Hopsons first gave their consent and were guaranteed a flat share in the resulting tolls. Despite a contrary dogma in the REA act they have sworn to support, they have practiced their own peculiar religion so assiduously that the REA stands today as one of the most complete failures among all the Roosevelt Administration's undertakings. The public-ownership movement which produced it has been sabotaged, millions of dollars have been wasted, valuable time has been lost, and, worst of all, public or cooperative rural electrification projects have been thwarted or otherwise held in check until private power companies killed them by running spite lines into the project areas or by skimming off the cream of the prospective business there.

Carmody, who has been successively chief engineer of the Civil Works Administration, a member of the Railway Mediation Board, and a member of the National Labor Relations Board, intends to change all that and to restore the REA to the course its legislative godfather, Senator Norris, charted for it. He signaled his intention yesterday by driving down to Warsaw, Virginia, and putting on a show in which, for the first time in the agency's history, the farmers instead of the power magnates were treated as the REA's clients. At the request of the farmers down in Virginia's Northern Neck, he held a public hearing in the Warsaw courthouse and gave them a chance to tell him face to face what they thought of the way his predecessor had treated them. For seven years the farmers in that part of Virginia which gave us Washington and Lee have been trying to get electricity. Despairing of getting it through the private power company in the area, they formed a cooperative a few months ago and applied to the REA for a loan so that the cooperative might build and operate its own transmission lines and if necessary generate its own power. Instead of granting that application the REA a few days later allotted \$125,000 to the Virginia East Coast Utilities Company for a rural transmission line in the area, and Administrator Cooke, under date of February 2 last, advised the farmers that if the company's line was not going to extend into the same area for which their project had been planned, they had better "take the matter up direct with the company."

This action was taken in plain contradiction of a section

of the REA act which stipulates that preference must be given to public, non-profit, and cooperative agencies rather than to private concerns. The fact that the private company to which the allotment was made is only now emerging from its second bankruptcy makes the contradiction even plainer, for it erases any ground for argument that the company was a better credit risk than the cooperative. The cooperative alleges that Cooke approved the allotment to the company on January 29 "on the recommendation of his chief counsel, Vincent D. Nicholson, and his head engineer, Willard E. Herring." Carmody promptly put a stop order against the allotment to the Virginia East Coast Utilities Company, and it is now indicated that the money will go to the cooperative.

The Virginia episode is merely symptomatic of what has been going on inside the REA from the beginning. Cooke, who took charge of the agency when it was first set up in 1935 as part of the \$4,880,000,000 emergency relief program, has never been able to bring himself around to the public-ownership point of view. Despite his long experience with the power trust, he has clung to his belief that private-profit enterprise is best and that the boys who run the power industry can be trusted to advance the public interest. He insisted that the private companies be allowed a share in the REA benefits, when Norris wanted to bar them. He insisted that public and cooperative agencies under the program should not be favored to the point of letting them compete with private companies, when Norris wanted to draw the act so that the REA might finance such competition. And he was so anxious for the REA to be "safe and sane" that he staffed it to the rooftree with "safe and sane" lawyers and engineers such as Nicholson and Herring. They have made no secret of their disbelief in public ownership of power developments and of their scorn for cooperatives. Nicholson, in fact, when the permanent REA was pending in Congress, worked with Representative Huddleston of Alabama to get into the bill the little clauses that have been the safeguards of the private companies, and at least one member of the legal division is known to have written an official of the notorious H. C. Hopson's Associated Gas and Electric System advising that official to call him at night at his home because he could talk more freely with him there than at the REA's offices. This is especially strange in view of the fact that Associated officials from the beginning have seemed to feel peculiarly at home in the REA offices. They have been treated with such deference there that under Cooke's regime they got six different REA loans, totaling \$876,450; and the loans were slipped through with such extraordinary celerity that, contrary to regulations, the REA'S development division was not given an opportunity to scrutinize the projects involved.

Under the leadership of Nicholson, a Philadelphia Brahman-Quaker formerly with the NRA's legal division, who apparently possessed a strange power to make Cooke alter decisions after the administration had reached them on the basis of a conference with the heads of all the REA divisions, the REA's legal battery has placed every conceivable impediment in the path of rural electrification along any lines save those pleasing to the private companies. Isolated by training and experience from the public point of view, they have approached REA projects from a purely legalistic and banker angle. They have insisted that the farmers' own small-town lawyers were not capable of drawing up the necessary charters and contracts. They have insisted that these jobs be entrusted to big corporation law firms. Quite typically, one of their first choices was the Minnesota law firm of Butler, Mitchell, and Doherty, from which Justice Pierce Butler sprang; that choice was nipped in the bud by a little quick work on the part of Minnesota's Farmer-Labor Governor. The REA's legal division has devoted itself to finding endless, niggling fault with the project plans for cooperatives and to vetoing these almost unprecedented undertakings because the law records with respect to private utilities provide no precedents for them.

For every little trick of obfuscation and delay that the REA's legal division has employed against public projects a parallel can be found in the engineering division under Herring, another Philadelphian, who incidentally was such a power in the REA while Cooke was in command that the words "For the Administrator" appeared under his signature on hundreds of letters. Just as the legal

division has insisted on selecting lawyers for the applicants, so the engineering division has insisted on choosing their technical advisers and managers. Cooperatives also have found frequent cause to protest against the engineering division's fanatical insistence on dictating construction specification details, such as requiring the use of aluminum wire where copper would be cheaper and more durable and demanding that the cooperative use poles which must be imported from other states when local materials would be cheaper and equally serviceable.

The worst feature of it all has been that the legal and engineering divisions have expanded their jurisdictions to include the economic feasibility of projects. Under Cooke, Messrs. Herring and Nicholson acquired absolute veto power over projects on this score. Some strange decisions resulted. The Dyess colony in Arkansas, with a million dollars cash in the bank, put in an REA project application. An REA lawyer advised its rejection because he had examined the colony's charter and could find nothing in it to prevent the colony's directors from paying dividends to themselves at some future date. The colony started as an FERA project and all its stock is held by Harry Hopkins as trustee for the government. When this initial legal hurdle was topped, the REA's legal and engineering divisions decided that the project was not economically feasible; in short, it was too great a risk for the government to do business with itself. Since the FERA's successor, the WPA, has a little more influence in Washington than the ordinary farm cooperative, this hurdle too has finally been topped and the colony's application approved.

How Not to Plan Public Housing

BY LANGDON W. POST

THE fact that we finally have a small amount of public housing in the United States, after fifty years of agitation against slums, is not the result of any real general awakening to the need for it. We have it simply because the government decided to spend money for public works to help us out of the depression. It is important to remember this, because it helps to explain why, more than three years after the first funds were allocated, we still have no real program and no firm acceptance of housing as a public responsibility.

The Public Works Administration has constructed or is constructing in forty cities projects which will accommodate not quite 25,000 families. The Resettlement Administration is building a few greenbelt towns which may take a few additional thousands of families from our city slums. These are called demonstration projects, and to a certain extent they are. The PWA and the RA have set admirable standards, and the physical existence of the projects does help to focus attention on the problem and to create a demand for further efforts. The RA should

also help us to discover whether or not the garden communities which have been so successful in England and other parts of Europe can be satisfactorily adapted to the United States. But neither has pointed the way to the long-range program which should ultimately eliminate all of our bad housing.

This is not to any great extent the fault of officials in Washington. The RA, handicapped by adverse court decisions, local opposition, complete lack of precedents, and the necessity of devoting most of its efforts to other matters, has done what it could. The PWA Housing Division has had similar difficulties, and in addition has been under the unfortunate compulsion to fit its program into the fixed formula of loans, grants, and interest rates set up by Congress for all types of public works. Proper planning has had to be subordinated to the rigid requirements of the formula. Thus, instead of choosing sites and plans on the basis of greatest advantage to the cities in which projects were to be located, the Housing Division, and cooperating local authorities where they existed, has

had to select sites where the land cost did not exceed a certain amount, and to fix the size of projects chiefly on the basis of the total amount of money available and the proportion which could properly be allocated to any given city. This is obviously going at the whole problem backward.

As a matter of fact, the cost approach is the primary trouble with all housing in this country, private as well as public. The individual builder, in order to obtain the maximum return on his investment, almost always puts as many rooms on a given piece of property as he is allowed to. This has resulted not only in the tenements of the slums but also in the fantastic apartments of the well-to-do, sixteen stories or more in height, with a density per acre and a lack of natural light and ventilation which are shocking. It is literally true that the most important part of an architect's work in our cities has been to produce maximum floor space with minimum expense, pressing as closely as possible upon the requirements of local laws. Design for comfort, health, and safety is always secondary. And of course the laws have been generous, to say the least.

This same preoccupation with economy at the expense of standards has been carried over into public housing. During the past three years I have examined hundreds of proposals for solving the slum problem. Almost every one has involved some chiseling below proper standards, just as the prize design in the famous 1879 tenement-house competition actually resulted in greater coverage and congestion. Architects of good reputation have seriously urged us to relax the present inadequate laws regulating construction and coverage. Others assure us that the simple solution is to buy land in outlying districts, completely disregarding the effect which this would have on the rest of the city. Virtually none of the plans I have seen has been centered directly on the problems of good housing and proper city planning.

I do not mean to suggest that we should be careless in the expenditure of public money, or that we should not avail ourselves of every possible economy. But we must examine all aspects of the situation and not merely initial price. It seems strangely difficult to make people realize that site and construction costs of public housing are only two of many factors which enter into the ultimate cost to the community. Particularly the expense of other public services must be taken into consideration. At present, as studies in many cities have shown, we are subsidizing slums. Our cities spend more for police, health, schools, fire protection, streets, sanitation, transportation facilities, and other benefits to the occupants of slum property than that property ever returns in taxes. This might well be true under any circumstances for people in the lower-income groups, but it is dubious economic sense to spend this money so that rents can be maintained, even at low levels, in privately owned buildings. On the other hand, tax assessment of slum property is usually above the actual value of such property figured by return on investment.

To put it in another way, our municipal bookkeeping as related to residential real estate is unrealistic to a high



degree. The planlessness, the bad housing, and a host of other evils in slum areas are perhaps properly blamed on years of real-estate speculation. But the present situation is due not nearly so much to speculative values as to the freezing of such values through mortgage and tax structures. We find in New York, for example, contrary to the general opinion, that very few of our bad tenements are owned by large estates or speculators. Those owned by banks have all been acquired involuntarily through foreclosure. Most of them are still nominally owned by comparatively poor individuals who have bought them with their life savings, not as a speculation but as an investment. Most of these owners would be delighted to sell for the amount of the city's assessment, or less. Many of the properties could be bought for the amount of the mortgage. The price would still be too high if the districts were restricted to properly limited residential use, and then evaluated in terms of fair return on prudent investment. The prices must come down. But any effort to force the price of slum property down to a level comparable to outlying vacant land would ruin thousands of poor owners dependent upon their property for a living, would embarrass many of our savings banks, and to a lesser degree would upset the cities' tax structure.

I certainly would not defend the ridiculously high price of land in our cities. It may be that in some cases we shall have to say that so far as the owner is concerned, it is just too bad, and break the prices. But such a solution involves grave consequences, and it is no service to the cause of public housing to jump at it as a panacea, either through drastic zoning laws or by draining slum population into outlying districts.

Even more important from the planning standpoint is the fact that our cities now have substantial investments in schools, fire and police stations, and other public facilities in the slum areas. Heretofore, while cities have been expanding rapidly, we have given comparatively little thought to the desirability of opening up new subdivisions provided with public facilities. We have had to have them, and they have been provided, with an assessment against the improved property to cover part of the cost. Population expansion involves necessary expense which is ultimately returned in greater wealth for the whole community. But now that population is tending to become stabilized, we must examine this question in a new light. It is true that we face a national shortage of decent housing and must expand somewhat further; but it is also true that we are entering a period when replacement is more important than expansion, and we must readjust our city plans on that basis. It was bad enough to allow the cities to grow without plan and without restriction; it would involve even more waste and economic dislocation to shift them about planlessly after they are grown, building up new districts at the expense of those already established.

Some shifts will undoubtedly be desirable to permit people to live closer to the places where they work, and to provide the additional park and playground space which we need. (If we get a universal six-hour day, it may not be quite so bad to have millions of workers spending two hours a day getting to and from the places where they are employed. But it still seems to me a ridiculous waste both of time and transportation cost.) But it would be the height of folly to shift our slum dwellers to outlying areas simply because our housing program was tied down to a formula which made it necessary to build on cheap land.

The possibilities of using slum areas for good housing have also received insufficient attention. It is true that in Harlem and parts of the lower East Side in Manhattan there is a congestion which must be alleviated. But such a condition prevails in far less than half of New York City's seventeen square miles of slums, and is even less prevalent elsewhere. In the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, for example, the New York City Housing Authority and the PWA have demolished twelve blocks of squalid tenements, which covered from 80 to 90 per cent of the lots on which they were built. There was no play space except in the streets. On this site we are building four-story brick buildings, covering less than thirty per cent of the gross area, in which there will be apartments for about two hundred more families than were moved out of the area. There will be ample community facilities, including a high school occupying one block with its playground occupying another. In addition, there will be open courts larger than any now existing in the city, additional playgrounds for smaller children, and light and air in every room. Such slum areas do not need to be moved or expanded, they need to be redesigned.

On the other side of the picture, we have our new commercial and semi-commercial apartment buildings, such as London Terrace and Knickerbocker Village in

New York. High buildings of this type are apparently necessary to return a profit on high-priced land. But if we were to build up only the lower East Side, a fraction of the area of Manhattan, in this fashion, we could house the whole population of New York City. If we leave our slums to themselves, we shall face either such a ruinous prospect or continuing blight in the hearts of cities.

Looked at in another way, no initial-cost formula for housing really makes sense anyway. New buildings should be planned to last a minimum of fifty or sixty years, and we do not really expect the value of money to remain constant for any such length of time. Wages and prices have exhibited a long-term rise which will probably continue. The family which now pays five dollars per room per month may be able to pay ten dollars twenty years from now. Or if there is a shift the other way, it may be able to pay only two or three dollars. The rental of public housing should obviously be based on ability to pay, not on a fixed interest rate or, as in private housing, on what the traffic will bear.

Fundamentally, the purpose of public housing is to raise the standard of living for the underprivileged and to help to eliminate the evils of crime, disease, juvenile delinquency, and bad citizenship which are the concomitants of bad housing. Our national history has shown a gradual broadening of public responsibility for the welfare of citizens, and we have seen the government take over schools, roads, parks, health service, and many other activities in the public interest, without taking cost as the primary consideration. We are now beginning to realize that government should make itself responsible for seeing that every family has a decent place in which to live.

In undertaking this responsibility we must decide first what standards are necessary to achieve the desired results, and those must be rigidly maintained. A public housing program could not properly be justified simply because it gave people homes which were a little better than the ones they had before. Its purpose is to provide good housing for a long time, not to meet an emergency. After we have set these minimum standards, we can decide how much above them we can afford to go. There, and there only, cost should be taken into consideration. And even then the cost should be figured not on the basis of preconceptions about interest rates or the amount of subsidy but simply on the condition of the public purse and the proportion of income we wish to spend for housing.

Finally, we do not want to standardize homes. Housing is a public duty, not a charity, and it will not be good if we take the attitude that the tenants should accept what they get and like it, or that we can design an ideal, universal home. Some people may prefer suburban homes with gardens; some will prefer city apartments. There should be real opportunity for choice. The horrid word regimentation has been made a silly bugaboo by the Tories. Nevertheless, there are real dangers in regimentation, and we should avoid it in public housing. We must remember that the houses we build are intended for homes.

[Langdon W. Post is Tenement House Commissioner and Chairman of the Housing Authority of New York City.]

Keeping America Out of War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

THE prevention of war ought to be the purpose of American foreign policy. It is not. Our chief goal seems to be to keep out of a war once it has begun. This course is not only selfish; it is dangerous. If a major war breaks out, there is at least a chance, I think a very strong chance, that we shall be drawn in, all our neutrality legislation and pacifist sentiment notwithstanding. But if there were no war anywhere, we should be sure of peace. The only safe peace for the United States is universal peace.

If a European or Far Eastern war were surely coming in the near future and if it were possible to remain aloof I should say: Let us insulate and isolate ourselves. Let us try to be neutral. But I believe that American neutrality increases the likelihood of foreign war. It increases accordingly the likelihood of our becoming involved in a war. A wise American foreign policy could prevent widespread war. It could achieve this without risking a single man or gun. Our much-vaunted neutrality, on the other hand, is a complicated, costly, unpractical effort which is sure to defeat its aim. Neutrality is the best encouragement to aggressors.

It has often been pointed out that if in July, 1914, Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, had made it unmistakably clear that England would rush to the aid of France in case of an attack, Germany might not have started the war. The possibility that Britain might remain neutral encouraged the Kaiser. A government launches a war in the hope of winning, and when a war-bent nation sees only a puny combination of forces aligned against it, it is more likely to strike. Were Hitler certain today that England and America would stay out, the second world war would be immeasurably nearer.

The neutrality advocated by American isolationists plays directly into Hitler's hands. He does not want collective security. On the contrary, when hostilities break out between two states, he would have "the other nations withdraw at once from both sides." That is his idea of neutrality, and he advocates it because it would facilitate his military successes. In a given dispute only the aggressor and the attacked nation fight. The others are neutral. Germany marches into Czecho-Slovakia, for instance. Russia, France, and England remain neutral. Germany wins the war. Germany would probably win all bilateral wars in which other powers remained neutral.

The basic idea of American neutrality is a misconception. It is assumed that we shall do nothing. But it is possible to do a great deal by doing nothing. The sitdown strike has proved that. By stopping still in our tracks, by not fighting in the war, we may actually determine its outcome. Just as nature abhors a vacuum, so international affairs make neutrality a physical impossibility.

During the Italian conquest of Abyssinia we were neutral. We could not, therefore, withhold oil shipments from Mussolini. He used our petrol to operate the airplanes which sprayed the Ethiopians with poison gas. He thus won the war. We were neutral, but we helped the aggressor toward victory.

The United States government presumably is also neutral in the Spanish civil war. We take no sides. That is the official formula. The reality is that while Franco has been receiving from Germany and Italy all the arms he can use as well as tens of thousands of trained troops in compact infantry units, the legitimate government of Spain, which has every right under international law to buy munitions everywhere, cannot receive them in sufficient quantities. What Franco cannot get from Germany and Italy he finds in the United States. The British freighter *Linaria* recently arrived in this country to take on a load of nitrate for Franco's munitions industries; and the *Baltimore Sun* of March 1 reported the docking in Baltimore of the British freighter *Statira* with 8,500 tons of copper ore from Huelva in rebel Spain. We paid for that ore and thus strengthened Franco's finances. Moreover, Germany and Italy, which officially are not belligerents, can buy arms here in endless quantities and ship them to Franco, their ally. No neutrality legislation proposes to deal with such a situation. We are guided by technicalities and legalities instead of by realities. All American neutrality programs open the road wide to discrimination.

In the case of the war in Spain, it is the legitimate government which suffers. One of the reasons for the arms shortage in loyalist Spain is our own arms embargo, clamped down hastily and in mysterious circumstances. We are thus to blame, along with other democratic countries, for the almost daily bombing and wounding and killing of thousands of women and children in Madrid and elsewhere in loyalist Spain. The embargo could make us partially responsible for the defeat of the legitimate government and the triumph of the rebels. That would be a victory not alone for Franco, who represents few Spaniards and depends entirely on what he gets from sources outside Spain. It would be a victory for Hitler and Mussolini to which we had contributed. Spain must not be regarded as an isolated phenomenon. It is part of a chain of major events which began in Manchuria in 1931 when the Japanese occupied that rich territory and includes the rape of Ethiopia and Hitler's coup of March 7, 1936, remilitarizing the Rhineland. Spain is a sequel to all these fascist successes. If it too becomes a fascist success there is every reason to expect that the fascist powers will seek other fields to conquer. Why should they not grab as long as the grabbing is good? Spain has become

the key to Europe's future. If democracy is crushed in Spain, the fascists will be encouraged in France and elsewhere, and Rome and Berlin will be convinced that they can with impunity continue their campaigns against small states. The turn of the larger states will come later.

Peace will not be obtained by talking, or by yearning for peace, or by describing the horrors of past and future wars. The only way to guarantee peace is to stop the fascist aggressors who alone want war. It can still be done in Spain. If Hitler and Mussolini are checked there, they will be weakened and sobered. Europe will have a breathing space of a year or more. In that period certain social processes eating at the vitals of Germany and Italy will have further undermined their strength, whereas France, England, and Russia will be more powerful. The truce in Europe which would follow upon Franco's failure in Spain might postpone for a decade or more the second world war which we all dread so much and whose cost in lives and property would make the war of 1914-18 look like a child's game. If the United States helped the Spanish government to win, we might have peace during this generation. But we are neutral. We therefore have no foreign policy in peace time. We merely have a neutrality policy for war time. It is a policy which makes it pretty sure that there will be a war time.

The cash-and-carry principle introduced into legislation now pending in both houses of Congress is the very negation of neutrality. It means that the nation which has cash and the ships to carry can buy here in war time to its heart's content. That nation might be a potential enemy of the United States. It might be engaged in a flagrant and unwarranted attack on another country. Yet we should be helping it. That is not neutrality. Nor is there neutrality in complete abstention from trade with belligerents. Such complete abstention, be it noted, is not proposed in the neutrality bills. It would hurt American business too much. But suppose we did refuse to buy from or sell to any participant in a war. Some of the participants might have prepared fully for the war in advance. The victims of aggression might not be prepared. The former would not need our supplies. The latter would. By withholding munitions we should be confirming the advantage of the aggressors. We should by doing nothing help one side to win.

No matter how we look at the problem of our relationship to peace and the next war, neutrality is not the solution. We were never neutral in the war between the Allies and the German quadruple alliance. After April, 1917, we simply gave more arms and more money and also men. It is one of the greatest fallacies of American political thinking to suppose that we went into the war in 1917 chiefly because J. P. Morgan had invested in the Allies and wanted to save his investments. Morgan invested in the Allies because the interests of this country were pro-Ally. We could never have allowed Germany to win the war. When there was a danger that it would, we dropped the fiction of non-participation and became an active belligerent. Nor are wars made solely or even in large part by the munition manufacturers' desires for profit.

By all means, let us take the profit out of war. In war time conscript wealth. But that will not prevent wars. Mussolini has practically nationalized the Italian armament industry. Yet he launched one war in Ethiopia in 1935 and another in Spain in 1936-37. Japan would have seized Manchuria even if its business men had been denied an immediate profit. For war is regarded as a period of national investment. If the capitalists can gather no profits during the war they will simply plan to get more profits after the war. Wars are a gamble on future profits and a consequence of the accumulation of past profits. Taking the profit out of war would not stop wars. Taking the profit out the economic system would. The propaganda for neutrality often befogs these fundamental issues.

When an international armed conflict is of no concern to us we cannot be drawn in no matter how much we buy or sell. But if our interests are involved, we shall not be neutral no matter what laws Congress passes. William C. Bullitt, the American Ambassador to France, who knows more about foreign affairs than many United States officials, said in a recent speech in Paris which, according to reliable reports, he had previously read over the transatlantic telephone to President Roosevelt: "It is impossible to affirm that, if war broke out in Europe, America would not be forced in as in 1917." This is indisputable. Every student of international affairs must agree to this proposition. The only sensible procedure, if we are true lovers of peace, is to go beyond neutrality and create a foreign policy conducive to world peace.

To do so requires first an understanding of the international situation and then a relationship to it. There are in the world today three nations which insist that they must expand territorially. They are Germany, Italy, and Japan. In each case the pressure behind the expansionist foreign policy is propaganda about economic insufficiency. These powers have failed to solve the problem of adequately feeding and clothing their own people. Even autarchy, so integral a part of the fascist program, must be looked upon as a measure of preparedness, an industrial weapon forged in advance of a war of aggression.

If the expansionist designs of fascist states are their only salvation, then the non-fascist states, by thwarting those ambitions, are condemning fascism to death. Do England, France, and America wish to pass this death sentence? They are not sure. They fear lest fascism in falling bring down the capitalist structure with it. They hesitate and waver. They do not know their own minds and therefore they take refuge in neutrality, which is just what the fascist aggressors want.

Foreign policy is not a combination of schemes devised in private by government officials. It is always the exact reflection of domestic policy and domestic social conditions. If the great democracies of the world were firmly anti-fascist, it would be easy for them to have a firm anti-fascist foreign policy. That is why the Soviet Union experiences no difficulty in formulating an anti-fascist foreign policy. The Russian social system is by its very nature anti-fascist. The U. S. S. R. has therefore been the strongest pillar of European peace, and the policies of Litvinov as he has eloquently expounded them at Geneva

and elsewhere have won ringing applause throughout the world. Russia is not neutral, for Russia is anti-fascist; we are playing around with neutrality because we do not know what we are. It is fairly safe to assume that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull are anti-fascist in their convictions—but not in their deeds. At this moment a brazen invasion of Spain is going on. The fascist powers, in undisguised violation of their own signatures, of every canon of international law, of every principle of decency and humanity, are trying to crush the Spanish people and their democratically elected, legally constituted government. Apparently that does not matter to us.

We sit by idly and contentedly, denying Spanish democracy the means to defend itself. Neutrality followed to its logical conclusion has made America effectively pro-fascist.

The alternative is not war. There are other weapons at our disposal. The President of the United States could, with a few strong, well-chosen words spoken in private and if need be in public, stop the invasion of Spain. He could by so doing become the winner of the Nobel peace prize for 1937. This country has a duty to mankind and to itself. An ounce of war prevention is worth a pound of neutrality.

Medical Censorship in California

BY LILLIAN SYMES

San Francisco, March 12

SOME TIME in 1934 friends and advocates of some form of "socialized medicine" hailed with delight, and also with surprise, a report that the California Medical Association had gone on record in favor of compulsory health insurance. At about the same time the California Medical Association, together with the State Emergency Relief Administration (now the WPA), initiated an exhaustive study of medical needs in California. This news, on top of the fact that a state legislative inquiry into the cost of medical care had been undertaken in 1933, indicated that the cause of social medicine was looking up in the Far West. In the long and discouraging battle to rationalize medical progress in terms of social need this seemed to be the first breach in the fortifications of that most formidable defender of the individualistic status quo, the American Medical Association.

Later and fuller reports proved that the moral victory in California was by no means a decisive one. The indorsement of a medically controlled "health-insurance system"—not by the C. M. A.'s membership but by its feebly insurgent House of Delegates—was a mere depression baby, born of the desperation of medical practitioners unable to collect their bills. As the first faint rays of recovery lightened the economic horizon, the bill which embodied this plan, though it was a "doctor's plan," conceived primarily in the interest of the profession itself, was permitted after many delays and amendments to die in a legislative committee. The California Medical Association's other depression baby, the Dodd Report on Medical Needs in California, is however very much alive, and the C. M. A. is in the embarrassing position of questioning its legitimacy while demanding full parental control. This exhaustive two-year study of health needs, financed largely by state and federal funds to serve as a basis for intelligent legislative action, has been withheld from publication by the very group which initiated it—the California Medical Association itself.

It may be well to give a brief history of the Dodd report and its relation to the health-insurance movement in California. In 1933 the serious effects of the depression upon the economic status of the medical rank and file prompted the California Medical Association to ask the state Emergency Relief Administration for funds with which to finance a survey of medical needs in the state. The request was granted to the extent of \$60,000. Of the total of \$95,000 needed to complete the project, approximately \$35,000 was appropriated by the C. M. A. itself. The official "sponsor" required for projects to be financed by federal funds was found in the state Department of Public Health. Dr. Paul Dodd, associate professor of economics in the University of California at Los Angeles, was placed in charge of this "Medical-Economic Survey."

At about the same time the state Senate created a Commission on the Cost of Medical Care. In 1935, after extended public hearings, this commission produced a voluminous report recommending a compulsory form of health insurance. (The Dodd report was not yet in.) The commission's bill approached the problem from the medical rather than the economic angle and provided that complete control of the insurance set-up should finally rest with the C. M. A. It was this bill which the C. M. A.'s House of Delegates indorsed. The association did not push it however, and after numerous hearings and amendments and a bitter fight against it by the drug interests, the big industrialists, the Christian Scientists, the fraternal medical groups, and others, the bill was killed.

In May, 1935, a group of assemblymen headed by Dr. Dewey Anderson, a leader of the progressive bloc in the legislature, introduced a bill creating an Assembly Interim Committee on Health and Health Insurance. The bill was carried, but in appointing the five members of the committee the Speaker of the House "stacked" it with a majority who were opposed to any kind of social control of medicine. In spite of this initial handicap the

committee, whose report has recently been submitted, had certain advantages. By the time it met, a short preliminary report of the Dodd study had been prepared in mimeographed form and Dr. Dodd himself was called as a witness at a committee hearing. Thus certain findings of the Dodd study were incorporated in the Interim Committee's report to the state legislature. These quotations are the source of the C. M. A.'s present embarrassment and the reason why the report in full may never reach the public.

Work on the California Medical-Economic Survey, under Dr. Dodd's supervision, occupied two years, 1934 and 1935, during which 20,000 representative homes (65,000 persons), 3,500 physicians, 2,200 dentists, 600 osteopaths, and the staffs of numerous hospitals, clinics, and public-health agencies were interviewed. The report calls attention to the fact that while the United States has a larger proportion of licensed physicians than any other nation—one for approximately every 865 persons—the state of California occupies an even more favorable position than the nation as a whole. It has one physician for every 568 persons. Its per capita income is the fourth highest in the United States, and its people spend more than \$150,000,000 annually on medical and dental care. Yet more than half its population live in families with a net income of less than \$1,200, three-fourths in families with less than \$2,000; only four out of a hundred families have incomes of more than \$5,000.

In spite of the state's better-than-average proportion of doctors, hospitals, and public-health agencies—which in California as elsewhere are not distributed according to need—and in spite of its favorable per capita income, the failure of the present professional set-up to meet the need for medical and dental care among low-income groups is indicated by the following figures:

Of an estimated 658,000 persons who have reported the receipt of a medical diagnosis showing the need of treatment, only 440,000 have received such treatment. This leaves an estimated 218,000 persons at any given time who have been diagnosed as needing medical attention but who are not receiving it.

Of an estimated 340,000 persons who have received a dental diagnosis calling for treatment, only 160,000 have received it; more than half of those diagnosed are not getting the treatment prescribed.

Not even the most rugged of medical individualists can explain away such figures on the basis of individual carelessness or shiftlessness. "Can we talk of 'too many doctors and dentists,'" asks Dr. Dodd, "can we boast of our high health standards, or can we stand by with complacency satisfied with our present system of private practice in view of these conditions? Without searching further into the problem, here alone can be found twenty or more prospective new patients for every licensed physician and surgeon in the state."

The report indicates further that the fault lies not so much in excessive *average* charges and payments as in the uncertainty and wide variation in charges and payments. In 1934, 65 per cent of the people of the state had only 10 per cent of the medical charges thrust upon

them; 80 per cent carried 25 per cent of the charges; 90 per cent carried 43 per cent; while 10 per cent of the people carried 57 per cent. In the same year the average net income of physicians had dropped to a little more than half of the 1929 level.

The conclusions to be drawn from these and other revelations of unmet medical needs are obviously conclusions which the Medical Association is reluctant to have publicized. The excuses given have a familiar ring to any professional fact-finder: the "emergency" of 1932-35 is now over; medical needs no longer constitute a "problem"; the public clinics can take care of the situation quite adequately; the Dodd report is a social-economic, not a medical study; Professor Dodd is an economist, not a doctor (he was just as much an economist in 1934); there is no need to publish such a document. And one gathers that even if there were, the C. M. A. wouldn't like it. For the Dodd report proves quite conclusively that public medical needs constitute a permanent "emergency"; that the clinics do not and never have answered these needs; that public health is a social-economic problem; that the only answer is some form of socialized medicine.

Dr. Dodd has already relinquished his 600-page manuscript to the C. M. A., and certain members of that organization who have seen it have declared it to be the best and most comprehensive state study of the problem that has yet been made. But although the study itself was financed largely by public funds and officially sponsored by a state agency, the C. M. A., which appropriated only a minor portion of its cost, now claims exclusive copyright. It is said that the association has offered to publish the report providing it is "condensed" and its findings "generalized"—in short, if it is emasculated. A more recent rumor is that the C. M. A. will publish a few copies in full next July, after the possibility of legislative action has been postponed for another two years. As this is written, no definite announcement on the subject has been made.

Within a few weeks the resolution of the Assembly Interim Committee on Health Needs calling for a commission to crystallize public thought and coordinate all available material on social medicine will probably be approved by the state legislature. The resolution calls for a commission composed of three members of the legislature, a representative from each healing profession, and one from each interested group—labor, business, women's clubs, and the like. Powerful leaders in the C. M. A. object to the lay character of this proposed commission. Certainly the Dodd report should be utilized by such a commission and should serve as a departure for public discussion of the subject. It was for just such a purpose that the study was made. But unless the C. M. A. decides that it cannot afford to play John Sumner to an important public document, or the new commission can force its release, or Professor Dodd is induced to meet the C. M. A.'s terms and permit partial publication, the California Medical-Economic Survey may furnish another chapter in the great American fact-finding farce.

Trotsky vs. Malraux

[The following dispatch, quoting Leon Trotsky, was issued through the United Press from Mexico City on March 8.]

LEON TROTSKY today accused the French writer André Malraux, who is at present in New York, of being a Stalin agent. He also charged Malraux with being one of those responsible for the failure of the Chinese revolution. "When Malraux pays tribute to the courageous and perspicacious policy of the Cárdenas government toward the Spanish revolution, I obviously have no objection," said Trotsky. "I only express my regret that Mexico's initiative found no support." Trotsky says, moreover, that Malraux's trip is for the purpose of halting the movement to unmask Moscow. "New York is the center of the movement in favor of a review of the Moscow trials, which is the only way of preventing new judicial assassinations," Trotsky said. It is unnecessary to explain how much this movement alarms the organizers of the Moscow amalgams.

"In 1926 Malraux was serving the Comintern and the Kuomintang in China and is the one who carries the responsibility for the strangulation of the Chinese revolution. Malraux is organically incapable of moral independence; he is official by birth. In New York he issues an appeal to forget everything except the Spanish revolution. However, Malraux, like other diplomats, speaks least of that which concerns him most. His solicitude for Spain did not prevent Stalin from exterminating dozens of old revolutionaries. Malraux himself left Spain for the purpose of conducting a campaign in the United States in defense of the judicial work of Stalin and Vyshinsky. It is necessary to add that the policies of the Comintern in Spain reflect completely its fatal policies in China. . . ."

[M. Malraux's reply, which appears below, has not been printed in full in any other publication.]

New York, March 13

When I arrived in the United States, I had not read the newspapers for seven days—the period of the crossing. On my arrival I found a statement of Mr. Trotsky in which he called on me as a witness. [This refers to Trotsky's assertion, published on February 16, that Malraux among others had visited him in the south of France at the time he was accused of meeting Vladimir Romm in Paris.] I have just received a second statement in which Mr. Trotsky accuses me of being responsible for the strangulation of the Chinese revolution, accuses me of being incapable of moral independence, and finally of being an agent of Stalin.

I can maintain that Hemingway is Mr. Roosevelt's literary pseudonym or I can accuse Mr. Trotsky of being the author of the Charlie Chaplin films. It is easy to prove what one has done; it is another story to prove what one has not done. Up to the present time Mr. Trotsky has devoted to the Chinese revolution a con-

siderable number of studies (one of them appeared on the occasion of the publication of one of my books). But Mr. Trotsky, who has attacked personally all those whom he held responsible for the Chinese defeat, has never ascribed to me an important political role in this revolution. For a period of ten years I have been of no account in the history of the Chinese revolution. Now I suddenly become its most important figure. Is it because in the interim I have declared that the immediate collectivization of land in Spain is thoroughly impracticable and impossible, thus accepting the position of the Spanish Popular Front government and opposing the program of the P. O. U. M. and the Spanish Trotskyites? If I were in agreement with Mr. Trotsky on the Spanish question, then apparently I should never have been responsible for the defeat in China.

When Mr. Trotsky calls me an agent of Stalin, he brings to mind those French generals who during the World War described as German agents all those journalists who did not like the twist of their mustaches. Not to agree with Mr. Trotsky on his Spanish policy does not necessarily mean that one is an agent of Stalin. I was the only French writer who publicly came to the defense of Mr. Trotsky when he was expelled from France by M. Laval, but after that time I became the president of the Committee for the Liberation of Dimitrov when he was unjustly accused of having burned the Reichstag and then kept in prison after his acquittal. Apparently to Mr. Trotsky moral independence consists not only in defending Mr. Trotsky but also in *not* defending Dimitrov.

If Mr. Trotsky, instead of declaring that I am in the United States to uphold the indictments in the Moscow trials, had read the newspapers, it would have been easy for him to see that in not a single interview of those which I have given have I touched this subject. But Mr. Trotsky is so obsessed with whatever concerns his personal fate that if a man who has just come from seven months of active fighting in Spain makes the statement that help for Republican Spain comes before all else in importance, such statement seems to Mr. Trotsky to hide something.

Mr. Trotsky says that no country has followed Mexico's initiative in aiding the Spanish Loyalists. Here he knows he lies.

I reserve the right to discuss later at greater length the fundamentals of this debate, which go far beyond the personality of Mr. Trotsky or myself, but I deplore now the incredible levity with which Mr. Trotsky is ready to hurl any accusation in order to dramatize his personal conflicts. I regret the total difference with which he offers the French fascists weapons to use against a man whom they are trying desperately to attack. This levity is calculated to make one look with the greatest distrust upon the present Spanish policy of Mr. Trotsky.

Mr. Trotsky realized that if anyone had credited his charge that I was an agent of the Comintern my work in this country in behalf of Spain would have suffered. Was that the purpose he wished to achieve?

ANDRE MALRAUX

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

What Is *The Nation* Coming to?

RETURNING from the West Indies, I find that the difference in temperature between the two regions is not what it was when I left. Thanks to the President's Supreme Court proposal, the sitdown strikes, Marriner Eccles with his threat of imminent inflation, and Fiorello LaGuardia's outspokenness, there is certainly heat enough in God's country to make a trip to any torrid zone unnecessary even for invalids. Why go to view Mont Pelée or the lovely Souffrière on Guadeloupe when one can buy a daily newspaper or one's favorite weekly and find molten lava erupting on every page? As for our columnists, heaven help us! Never since the Battle of the Boyne was there anything to compare with it. If you have shillalahs prepare to use them now.

The hottest and most terrifying of all the Scribes and Pharisees is my own editorial associate and next-page neighbor in *The Nation*, Heywood Broun. What a battle ax he swings! Let Senator Wheeler or President Conant dare to breathe opposition to Fifteen Men on a White House Bench and Broun, with or without a bottle of rum, has his teeth in the unfortunate's neck, shaking him until all the disgraceful facts about his grandfather, his father, and his predecessor in his present job, together with his previous sins, tumble out of his gyrating pockets. I am so scared that I would conceal, if I could, my opposition to the Roosevelt method of achieving the Supreme Court reform I have urged so long. Unfortunately, while I was among those calm and patient isles I wrote a piece for some newspapers telling where I stood, in utter unawareness that I was thereby reading myself out of life-long liberal associations. So now I am a recreant liberal gone tory, a miserable person who would fiddle with a constitutional amendment while America burns—with shame for Nine Old Men. Well, ugly facts will out, and I suppose it will now be spread abroad that for years I employed non-union labor and actually own an honorable discharge ("character excellent") from one of those strike-breaking militias. What has covered me with humiliation most of all are these words of Broun's: "On which side are you going to fight? Are you going to fight standing beside Bishop Manning, A. Lawrence Lowell, the *Herald Tribune*, the Liberty League, and William Randolph Hearst? Make up your mind."

Nothing else has revealed so clearly my present baseness, the falsity of my standards and values. How much time have I not wasted during these long years trying to assay rights and wrongs, seeking to get facts, endeavoring to weigh ethical values and to balance the merits and demerits of every proposal! How much, much easier

it would have been always to have asked: "Where stand Manning and Hearst, James H. Rand, A. Lawrence Lowell, Henry Cabot Lodge, President Harding, the war-makers, the patrioteers, and all the others I have hated or despised?" And then to have stood against them. But, after all, it is not quite so easy, for there are times when even a tory blunders on to the right side. Lowell, the unforgivable condemner of Sacco and Vanzetti, fought gloriously for professorial freedom of conscience and speech in the war days, when almost every other college head became a witch-burner. And Hearst was right, whatever his motives, when he tried to keep the United States out of the World War. It was hard in the fight against the Treaty of Versailles to find oneself a political bed-fellow with Senator Lodge, with the *Herald Tribune*, and, what is worse, the *Chicago Tribune*, and with all the diehards and reactionaries. But there never was a better job done than that. No one who fought that fight can do aught but rejoice in it when he sees today that treaty trampled underfoot with not one human being to do it reverence; when he sees the failure of the League, damned from the start by being intertwined with the folly and wickedness and injustices of the treaty. Yet there were liberals in plenty then to say: "Look at *The Nation*! See the company it keeps! Think of its editors striking hands with Moses and Harding!"

For years one wing of the Abolitionists occupied precisely the same position as the swashbuckling cavalier secessionists in the South whom they so bitterly attacked. They publicly burned the Constitution. They wanted "no union with slaveholders." They wanted the Southern states to get out of the Union and to stay out until purged of their sin of sins, human slavery. And how they were pilloried in the North, denounced, vilified, and ridiculed for their secessionist pro-slavery bedfellows! I might go on and even point out that Heywood Broun stands shoulder to shoulder with William Green in opposition to Hitler and all his vile works. Does that make Hitler deserving of Broun's support? I hardly think so.

That I live in another day and age was clear to me when I read recently in *The Nation*—the same journal which fought so hard against Grant's proposal to pack the court—an appeal by Professor Karl N. Llewellyn of Columbia Law School, calling on us to join "the anti-tory front," although he admits that the President's proposal "is unfortunate from every angle but one." So, as Dorothy Thompson says, let us joyously go forward with such advanced and radical thinkers and curbers of the court as Jim Farley, Joe Robinson, Homer Cummings, and Pat Harrison—bedfellows whom Heywood Broun has loved so dearly in the past.

BROUN'S PAGE

Expert Testimony

WHEN it was first announced that the Senate Judiciary Committee would hold a hearing on the President's proposals, I assumed that naturally the justices of the Supreme Court would be invited to testify. And I assumed and still assume that the members of the High Bench ought to accept this opportunity with alacrity. Strangely enough the opposition to such a procedure comes from those who are against any kind of change. It seems to me curious that the defenders of the status quo should want to bar the very men whose opinions readily fall under the head of expert testimony.

Recently rumors have been flying about of very sharp division among Supreme Court members. I am not referring to certain five-to-four decisions or to the acid quality in some of the dissenting opinions. Of course Washington is a whispering gallery, and some of the wildest tales which circulate are probably untrue. And yet there seems to be a basis for the belief that within the court itself there is difference of opinion as to its field and function. If this is so the people of America have every right to hear the arguments of nine men who are vitally concerned with the most important issue now before the country.

We take great pride in saying that our judicial system rigidly excludes all star-chamber procedure. That is less than accurate. It is true that cases are publicly argued before the Supreme Court and that when a decision is rendered, both sides—in some cases three sides—make open statements as to the reasons for their interpretations. But this still leaves too much off the record. There should be a stenographic report of the arguments which occur in chambers. Possibly some lapse of time might be arranged. In order to spare the blushes of good men and true, a year might pass by before any publication of what occurred when the nine let their hair down in discussion which at times may have been somewhat acrimonious.

As far as legal matters go, the Supreme Court of the United States should have no private life at all. The most intimate conferences should be preserved so that posterity may weigh and evaluate the mental conflicts. As things stand, not even the wisest scholar can write a complete biography of the Constitution, the men who made it, and the men who are still contributing to its meaning. In a sense every highly debatable case is a sort of constitutional convention in which something is added to the scope of the instrument or subtracted from it. It is a legitimate curiosity to demand not only the present publicity of prepared opinions but some account of the manner in which they were arrived at.

In two recent episodes it has seemed to me that the Supreme Court adopted a decidedly horse-and-buggy attitude toward publicity, which after all is just another word for information. Indeed, it might even be argued that this hostility to press and radio breaks the tradition of the Founding Fathers. It is true that the Constitutional Convention met in secret, but at least one first-class reporter was present in the person of Madison, and his diary has furnished invaluable material on the discussion which went on behind closed doors. I believe it is also said that Benjamin Franklin was quite a sieve and that he could be pumped by any journalist of the day who caught him at the right hour and in just the proper mood.

But in the last few months the Washington correspondents have undertaken to establish a somewhat new custom in regard to the court, and when the President's proposals were announced, the reporters boldly invaded the Greek temple on the hill and undertook to get from the nine men some kind of answer to such pertinent questions as "How come?" and "What about it?" No news gatherer got any farther than a brief meeting with an office boy or a secretary, and presently the private police of the building were instructed to throw the interlopers out. The Washington correspondents have not yet developed sufficient labor consciousness to put on a sitdown strike until such time as some one of the justices comes through with a story.

Again a salesman who undertook to sell "The Nine Old Men" in front of the Supreme Court building was given the bum's rush. And within the fortnight the members of the High Bench refused to let radio reports of the proceedings go out from the basement of the building. I think this attitude is unfortunate. I believe the public has a right to get every scrap of useful information.

It seems to me that it would be wholly dignified and proper for one and all of the members of the Supreme Court to appear before the Senate Judiciary Committee and voice their own views at length and with complete candor. Justice McReynolds has not been considered the most liberal member of the bench, and yet he undertook, quite properly I think, to discuss some phases of the court problem at a fraternity banquet. Later, to be sure, Justice McReynolds stated that he probably would have said nothing if he had known that reporters were present. And here again I catch a hint of an attitude which seems to me deplorable. If Justice McReynolds thinks that the members of Phi Delta Theta have a right to know his views on the New Deal, I see no reason why he should wish to withhold this information from the other voters of the country.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

REVOLUTION BY POETIC JUSTICE

BY WILLIAM TROY

IT IS no secret that the group of young English poets which includes W. C. Auden, Day Lewis, Michael Roberts, and Stephen Spender has caused almost as much embarrassment to the orthodox Marxists as to the bourgeois enemy against whom they wage guerrilla warfare in their verse. The response to Mr. Auden's recent volume,¹ for example, demonstrates this ambiguity to a marked degree. Those critics who do not deplore the shock tactics adopted in certain of the poems in the collection discover in certain others a retreat into the private vision which amounts to something like religious backsliding. Obviously Mr. Auden is being completely pleasing to nobody just at present; and the sharp division in his verse can only suggest that he himself is still rather undetermined as to his precise function as a poet. On the one hand, he is a satirist of such vigor, freshness, and ingenuity that at first glance it seems impossible not to recognize him as a militant revolutionist. But his satire is strongest on the purely negative side; it is the satire of "The Vision of Judgment" rather than that of "The Hind and the Panther." It is clearer to what things the poet is opposed than to what things he gives allegiance.

On the positive side the values are but dimly implied through a rhetoric that never finds symbols as definite and compelling as those which are made to stand for the rejected order. Moreover, these values do not operate in the only way in which they could prove their complete reality for a poet—through an aesthetic ordering that is a reflection of an ordering of the whole personality. In Yeats's phrase, Mr. Auden gives the impression of quarreling with his neighbors without having made sure that everything is perfectly all right at home. It is understandable enough why the churchgoing Communist has found something distinctly suspect in the centrifugal quality of the communism emanating from this verse. It is communism not only without benefit of clergy but without any very fixed points of reference in the mind. And like any contemporary attitude that becomes too detached from intellectual support, it is continually dissipating into a wholly negative and morally self-consuming romanticism. (It is irrelevant that Mr. Auden has just reported in Spain: the final test of values in a poet is not in action but in poetry.) As for the other sort of poetry that Mr. Auden writes, the personal love lyrics in the current volume, it possesses a distinction of line and surface that is all too rare in our time. But its connection with the attitudes elsewhere expressed in his work is either too general or too remote to be established without considerable sophistry. Eda Lou Walton has pointed out that the influence of Hopkins has been

discarded for that of A. E. Housman; and there is a more than technical interest in the shift. It may signify a temporary abandonment of the effort toward complete self-integration around an idea, of which Hopkins provided the example, for the more limited notations of the unattached sensibility.

The incertitude that is merely implicit in Mr. Auden's poetry is quite explicit in the work of other members of his group, particularly Stephen Spender, who has just written what he calls an act of will, an assertion in behalf of two things that he very much cares for, justice and poetry. The book² is a bewildering farrago of historical information, political theory, personal autobiography, and unamalgamated emotion. The whole first part is an account of liberalism along the lines drawn by Harold J. Laski and John Strachey; and this is of course an account of liberalism that will be thoroughly familiar to readers of liberal journals. Liberalism is again represented as a smoke-screen ideology promoted by the middle class during the last two centuries to conceal its real motives from itself and from others. And the thesis is that since political freedom without economic freedom has proved inadequate to all but a privileged few in the modern world, democracy must immediately be replaced by communism. In the third section, which is a journey in space as the first has been a journey in time, we are taken on a political Cook's tour through England, fascist Italy and Germany, and the Webbs' two-volume version of Soviet Russia. It is true that these final chapters were written before the Spanish civil war and the last Moscow trials. But presumably, since Mr. Spender was prepared for the former event and at least reconciled to the previous set of trials, these events do not alter his fundamental picture. From the first and third sections we are expected to receive an impression of the external facts of social and political reality presented to the disinterested "liberal-idealist" observer.

In the middle section, which is entitled *The Inner Journey*, Mr. Spender is concerned not so much with facts as with his own attempt to achieve an emotional orientation in regard to them. He submits himself to an inner catechism, asking himself disconcerting questions concerning the authenticity of his conversion, the relationship between his role as poet and his role as propagandist, and the problem of the freedom of the individual. Here we are brought to the core of those problems which are treated elsewhere in the book only through the clichés of current political analysis. And it is here that we can detect more than once evidence of

¹ "On This Island." By W. H. Auden. Random House. \$1.50.

² "Forward from Liberalism." By Stephen Spender. Random House. \$2.

the deep personal confusion that is responsible, among the members of his group, for the increasing breach between their declared allegiance and their poetic practice.

For Mr. Spender justice, freedom, and equality correspond not to moral or intellectual values but to emotions: "To me Beethoven's 'Fidelio' has a greater emotional appeal than any other music, because the music of that opera is dominated by the excitement of one idea, one word, one musical phrase—*Freiheit*." There would be nothing suspect about this utterance if it were immediately followed by an identification of the sentiment with an objective set of values outside the individual. But Mr. Spender persists in retaining a distinction between the individual capable of having such a feeling and communism as a dogma. This is evident in the conclusion that "the only integrity is personal integrity. Therefore, whilst it is right to demand absolute loyalty from the individual to his group, it is wrong to try and transform his mind into a generalized group mind." Such a separation of individual integrity from the integrity of the group offers another classic example of the irrepressible romantic ambition to have one's cake and eat it too. But the separation is made even more vivid in the distinction between poetry and prose, which are represented as "two separate ways of exercising one's consciousness." Prose of the propagandist sort is concerned with problems of the will; but poetry with "that of crystallizing and contemplating a given situation, a situation which is permanent and yet contains within itself inescapable truth, which is a seed of energy, planted in the mind of the reader." Logically, of course, this amounts to that divorce between morality and aesthetics which left critics so bitterly denounce in the writers of the last century. Problems of will—of which social action is here the most prominent—are segregated in one section of the personality, and creative activity in another. The only thing that could possibly unite them would be some body of dogma common to the poet and his society; but Mr. Spender is opposed to dogma. "Principles are more important than dogma, because principles develop, whilst a dogma is static. . . . The real leaders, the true loyalists, stand above the party code."

It is hardly necessary to point out that what all this amounts to is a religion without a church. (How enthusiastically, it may be asked, would this last statement be welcomed in Moscow?) The "principles" for which Mr. Spender stands are not in their broadest sense different from those of romanticism, which was also a religion without a church. And romanticism, it will be recalled, is intimately bound up with that liberalism which Mr. Spender is so busily exposing throughout his volume. In the final analysis the motivation behind his group is indistinguishable from what we find in Byron, Shelley, and the other English poets of the early nineteenth century. Leaving aside comparisons of a strictly literary nature, there is the same rejection of external authority, the same failure to relate the individual to the social will, and the same belief in progress. It is communism with a distinctly English accent. That is to say, it is the old

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OUR INEFFECTIVE STATE

by William H. Hessler

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ideal of Anglo-Saxon protestantism recovering from the effects of its alliance with nineteenth-century liberalism and ready to fall into the arms of a communism from which all external curbs have been carefully removed.

Another way of putting this would be to say that Auden, Spender, and the rest are indulging in the emotional satisfaction to be derived from communism as a revolutionary movement without undertaking the moral and intellectual responsibilities involved in its acceptance as a dogma. Communism is either a new label for a set of unanchored emotional attitudes, which makes it identical with romanticism, or it is a self-contained body of objective ideas, which makes it at least comparable to an orthodox church. Unless they submit their minds to these alternatives, their work is certain to vacillate between either an expansive rhetoric or a negative satire and the "narrow strictness" of the personal lyric, between problems of will and problems of poetry. Such an effort of the intellect, it may be added, is itself a moral struggle of the greatest fertility for poetry, as Hopkins demonstrated in his strenuous attempt to reconcile his sensibility with his theology. And the point is here made because such an effort, in the case of poets with their almost excessive vulnerability to contemporary experience, is a necessary condition to their further development.

BOOKS

Adam Smith Is Pleased

AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSES OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. By Adam Smith. Edited by Edwin Cannan. With an Introduction by Max Lerner. The Modern Library. \$1.10.

WHEN my medium put me into touch with Adam Smith last night, the sage was chortling over the Modern Library edition of "The Wealth of Nations." He professed a livelier satisfaction in it than in any other edition since the very first. I ventured to express surprise. Mankind's interest in his work must be an old story to him. Disciples have been editing his classic since 1805; there have been no one knows how many reprintings in English, and a score of translations into other tongues. Why make so much of one more testimonial to the vitality of his book?

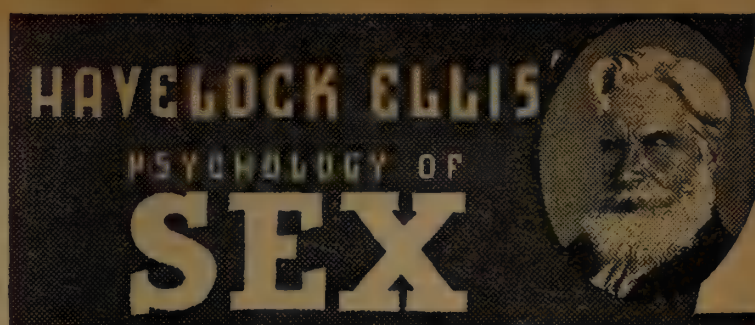
"Because," he answered, "the Modern Library edition exemplifies so well the excellent results produced by 'the obvious and simple system of natural liberty.' When I put my manuscript into the hands of Strahan, an excellent printer, he made it into a two-volume quarto and charged £1 16s per set. That was in 1776. On page 70 of this new edition you will find that common laborers in the province of New York were then earning the equivalent of two shillings sterling a day, substantially more than the London rate. It would have cost a New York laborer eighteen days of work to buy a copy of my first edition, not counting the cost of carriage. Now his great-great-grandson can buy a copy for \$1.10, and I am assured that any New York laborer who does not earn

three or four times that sum daily by working only eight hours is underpaid. In terms of 'The Wealth of Nations,' real wages have risen more than fifty-fold since 1776. Could I find a more gratifying example of what individual initiative can accomplish under conditions of free competition?"

"And this is not a case," he went on, "of 'cheap and nasty' goods. The new edition, though less stately, is far more convenient to use than my two quartos. The type puts no strain upon the eye, the paper will pass, the binding is neat. I regret only that the publishers chose for their dust cover ■ cut of five men hauling on ■ rope. Why did they not illustrate the modern division of labor, instead of drudgery appropriate to the pyramid builders? But that is a trifle. What counts is the inside of a book, and I must admit that the present text is better than the text even of the last edition I saw through the press myself. I was rather unfortunate in my earlier editors from Playfair to McCulloch; but Edwin Cannan has more than made amends. He has treated me as a literary scholar would treat my favorite poet, Gray. He has noted every variation in the readings of the first five editions, he has checked each of my references and found many new ones, he has made a better index than I had patience for, he has supplied ■ terse marginal summary, and he has written a discreet account of my labors. The only thing wrong with Cannan's edition was that it cost \$12, of which I hope he got a liberal share. But now all the admirable features of his work can be had in a single volume for \$1.10. May I not congratulate myself that private enterprise has combined the best of scholarship with good mechanical quality and low price?"

"Most of all," Adam Smith concluded with what sounded like a chuckle in his voice, "I am delighted to see how right I was in believing that economic freedom nourishes freedom of thought. The publishers, who hope to make a profit from this edition, a venture in which they have my best wishes, commissioned an introduction from a young scholar who is critical of profit making and who compares my book to Machiavel's 'Prince.' I referred to 'the tyranny of one of Machiavel's heroes'; Max Lerner refers to the tyranny of my heroes, using the weapons I forged for them. He calls me 'something of a revolutionary,' which I strove to be in economic policy, and 'an unconscious mercenary in the service of a rising capitalist class,' which was no part of my intention. Mr. Lerner himself mentions my warnings about the conspiracies of commercial men against the commonweal, and recognizes that I have often been horrified by perverted applications of my doctrine. In return, I have the honor of agreeing with him that free enterprise has produced some ill results along with much that is good. But is not Mr. Lerner's own position as hard to classify as mine was, and ■ the position of any discriminating man who loves the truth is bound to be when he faces a complicated human situation? Does he not agree with me in approving the fruit of private enterprise as exemplified by the volume he has so kindly recommended to the reading public? Certainly he values, as I did in my day, freedom to criticize ideas and institutions. Under what other form of economic organization prevailing in the world would he have such liberty of speech as he enjoys in what he calls an 'individualistic capitalist economy'? In addition to my thanks for his introduction I hope Mr. Lerner will accept my congratulations upon flourishing within an economic system that permits him to dilate upon its shortcomings while he is contributing to one of its many good results."

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Small Trade Wind

GREAT TRADE ROUTE. By Ford Madox Ford. Oxford University Press. \$3.

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE. By Ford Madox Ford. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

"IMPRESSIONS are sensations that impinge and leave scars on the consciousness of the transient." Ford Madox Ford says so, and his consciousness of the transient has taken a good deal of punishment in its time. There are not many whose literary reminiscences begin at the age of six, with poor Mr. Swinburne being carried up the back stairs and put into the bath by the housemaid and the cabman. Fewer, perhaps, at eight, finding Turgenev waiting in the studio, could have entertained him in conversation. Surely anyone who claims to have been the model for the hero of "The Wings of the Dove" is entitled to that distinction, without being required to spell Merton Densher's name as Henry James did.

Mr. Ford, then, has reason to be writing his memoirs. His latest volume of them appears unpretentiously as a series of portraits from life, commissioned by the *American Mercury*, unified by no principle more rigorous than the vicissitudes of a professional career nor any tone more pervasive than the Anglo-American literary atmosphere which Mr. Ford exhales. Here and there, out of this collection of first-hand material about the curiosities, quarrels, and calamities of eleven authors, a personal detail springs into sudden relevance—Henry James's struggles with the servant problem or D. H. Lawrence's impact upon his first editor. Mr. Ford is frankly an impressionist... observe the *pointillage* of his style...

One generalization has been suggested to Mr. Ford by his variety of sitters. They can be divided into craftsmen and politicians, into those who wrote under the mutually exclusive influences of art and science. The defects of Wells, Galsworthy, and Dreiser he amiably imputes to the intrusion of politico-scientific reform in their work. The other line, which has its roots in the tradition of French naturalism, includes Turgenev, James, Conrad, W. H. Hudson, Stephen Crane, and presumably Mr. Ford as the last leaf. But the dichotomy cannot be pushed too far. Mr. Ford keenly appreciates the political significance of a work of art like "Sketches of a Sportsman." And how does he classify Hardy and Lawrence, whose artistry was vitiated, in both cases, by non-political obsessions?

Mr. Ford has just published another book which undertakes to save the world, although there seems to be no great hurry about it. His trade route, so far as it can be followed, is the fortieth parallel, separating Nordic from "Sino-Hellenic-Latin" culture, and indicating their movement from east to west. It also serves as a piece of mythological and anthropological machinery, to link Mr. Ford's recent American travels with the march of civilization as a whole. Mr. Ford lives in Provence, but we are his adopted literary public, and the prescription is for us. In New York he has taxied around Columbia Circus, in Washington he has seen the Japanese plum blossoms; he has watched cricket matches on the playing fields of Philadelphia and sipped coca-cola à l'eau through the cities of the South. "... I don't want really to *know* anything about the state of Delaware. I want to be able to regard everything here as a fairyland."

This qualification disarms any suspicion aroused by the statement that Delaware has a population of 23,000. There may even be some Pickwickian sense in which Friedrich Engels was the son-in-law of Karl Marx. And on the War

March 27, 1937

Between the States, obviously, Mr. Ford is full of mint julep. From childhood amid the Hammersmith socialists to old age among the Nashville agrarians—in all this there is consistency, if not progress. The apocalypse of Mr. Ford is a nation of small producers, suburban *Robinson Crusoes* as it were. He can cite you practical instances of those who have raised their own vegetables and still found time to get on with their painting or poetry or wood-carving. In economic terms, subsistence farms, such as Monticello, suit him from the ground up. He stands for ■ *cassoulet de Castelnaudary* in every casserole.

There are things we cannot expect from a surviving impressionist. Mr. Ford has sympathy, generosity, catholicity, and that is much. His approach to literature and life can scarcely be characterized as historical, philosophical, or even critical; he might pardon a gallicism and let us call it degustation. He is the retired British officer sitting at the next table, who turns out, after a few drinks, to possess an amazing store of anecdotes and opinions, to have known the great by their first names, to be utterly frivolous and engaging, and only once in a while to become serious and a little tedious. *Ah, le bon vieux temps!* We can ignore his advice, but we cannot begrudge him his *douceur de vivre*.

HARRY LEVIN

The Meanings of Value

A PRIMER FOR CRITICS. By George Boas. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$2.

IT IS an agreeable surprise to find ■ book on aesthetics written in simple language. Professor Boas is evidently not one of those philosophers who find it necessary to relate their discourses to their systems rather than to their readers. In "A Primer for Critics" he attempts clarification of the issues raised by the confusion of the different meanings of value. Criticism deals with value judgments; but a work may contain many different values, and Professor Boas does us the favor of showing us what the basis of these are in criticism. Though he modestly calls his book a primer, it is only so in the sense that the issues which it raises are primary.

Professor Boas reminds us that no one judgment of a work of art is or can be exclusive. Thus where political activities tend to take precedence over other forms of action, it is perhaps necessary to judge from the point of view of expediency alone. But social expediency is an instance of what Professor Boas calls the instrumental value of a thing. And he goes on to tell us that instrumental value, or the use value of a thing, is not the only kind of value. Instrumental values are for the sake of what he calls terminal values, those values which are for their own sakes. Here he makes a fresh application of an old truth. The distinction may be obvious, but Professor Boas adds that which is not so obvious—that the same object may have both instrumental and terminal value. He does not pretend to final judgment, but avoids it, and this is one of the book's likable traits.

He reminds us that things satisfy us because they are in relation to us, or, more precisely, to our particular states, which are mutable. We may find reason for approbation in what satisfies a particular want, but we change. And what we approved of once we now condemn, and with equal reason. Dr. Boas goes on to suggest that this is as true of the race as of the individual, and what we call eternal values are no more than the by-products of long-enduring yet transient experience. This has the merit of sharpening an old dispute.

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Those who speak familiarly of eternal values will have to speak with care or be suspected of emotional cant.

It is in the development of these simple points that the freshness of the work may be discovered. Unhappily, Dr. Boas sometimes compels us to cavil. It is true, as he says, that a work of art may mean many things to us, but these meanings have not all the same status. Some are accretions or secondary growths. It is not altogether sound to give these the same weight as those originally possessed. Nor is there so great a spread between the artist's and the observer's point of view as Dr. Boas seems to think. He has apparently forgotten that the artist is often but a communicative observer.

For felicity of thought and for simplicity and clarity of expression "A Primer for Critics" is to be commended. It is openly middle of the road, and so is likely to be ineffective. Its lessons will not and perhaps cannot be learned or followed now. When our present issues, so practically important, become historical ghosts, and innocent enjoyment is again respectable, Professor Boas's shade may have the pleasure of saying, "I told you so."

LINCOLN REIS

A Southern Record

MONTICELLO AND OTHER POEMS. By Lawrence Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

A NUMBER of those reviewers who have been distressed by what is called modern poetry have hailed Lawrence Lee as the harbinger of a return to normalcy. To regard him in this way is to obscure his genuine merits. He writes agreeable, unpretentious lyrics and descriptive pieces, familiar but not imitative. Completely uninfluenced by recent experimentalism, he has affinities with the Georgians, but succeeds better than most of them in achieving economy of means and avoiding the rhetoric of spurious simplicity. A Southerner who draws his images easily from the Virginia small town and countryside, he yet does not rattle the tenor drums of regionalism.

Mr. Lee will disappoint those who expect the poet to see and feel and think things that escape the non-poet; his is the recording rather than the creative vision. His chief power lies in his ability to express the commonplace cleanly, with some embellishment of fancy. The poems are short, and most of them present a single picture with an associated mood or not too recondite idea. He observes "the purple irises break from the mud," and sees the earth move as a "slow red foam" behind the plowman. In the early morning he notes that "Farm women drove by with eggs held on their knees," and concludes therefrom that "Night had not moved the roadway into town." The poems about Jefferson which give the book its title are reverent but something less than argumentative. Night Journey and Slowly Moves the River, the two pieces in which narrative is attempted, are the least successful poems in the volume.

Judged by what he has written so far, Mr. Lee is one of those not too numerous writers who make wise use of a slight talent; he is the perennial minor poet who pleases but does not vivify. It is both unfair and unnecessary to compare him with the pathfinders. A reaction from certain excesses of the experimental and political writers is now in the offing. Those who are qualified to lead such a reaction must be able to see more, not less, than the poets from whom they are reacting; and if they wash up the old bottles they must fill them, not perhaps with a novel beverage, but from a new vintage.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Naturalist in Colonial America

PETER KALM'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA. The English Version of 1770 Revised from the Original Swedish and Edited by Adolph B. Benson. With New Material from Kalm's Diary Notes. New York: Wilson-Erickson. Two Volumes. \$12.50.

PETER KALM, a pupil of Linnaeus, sent here by the Swedish Academy of Science in 1748, was the first trained naturalist to come to this country on an official mission—to make systematic studies in the colonies and to publish them. His main object was to collect useful seeds and plants that could contribute to the industrial and agricultural development of Sweden, but the wide scope of his interests and his naive observations on the customs of men and beasts gave to his diaries the heterogeneous charm and value that made them a classic of travel in mid-eighteenth-century America. His explorations in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and southern Canada led not only to the description and classification of plants but to notes on the differing temperaments and manners of the English, Dutch, French, and Indians, on religious ceremonies of various sects, on construction of buildings, fences, cider presses, and birch canoes, on geography, topography, ores and minerals, recipes, diseases, wages, and windmills. Already, he notes in Pennsylvania, large tracts were being deforested and fish and game recklessly destroyed. In New York and Canada Indians were buying their wampum at exorbitant rates from the whites. In Canada beaver was considered fish and eaten on Fridays. In New York oysters were eaten only in the months containing r. There is occasional evidence that the fondness for tall tales was already an American characteristic. Kalm expresses doubt as to some of them but sometimes records a bit of leg-pulling with solemn credulity. Received by Franklin, Bartram, and other notables in Philadelphia, by the French governor-general in Canada, Kalm made many friends. The special opportunities for observation he thereby enjoyed make these volumes, now published for the first time in this country and long out of print abroad, of unique interest to students of our colonial period.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

DRAMA

What Every Woman Knows

FOR many years Bernard Shaw and James M. Barrie were next-door neighbors. That used to be considered a very piquant fact, but as I watched Katharine Cornell's revival of "Candida" at the Empire Theater I could only wonder that the friendly propinquity had ever seemed odd. "Candida" is precisely "What Every Woman Knows" with fireworks accompaniment, and the two playwrights shared exactly the same "profound understanding of women." Shaw, to be sure, made fun of "manly men and womanly women"; in behalf of the female of the species he proclaimed that no member of it really wanted to be considered a creature apart. But that did not prevent him from creating Candida to reveal that men are only big babies after all or from setting her gently down upon as elevated and ornate a pedestal as one could easily find.

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To say this is not to deny that the play remains very entertaining indeed and amazingly fresh. It contains some of the liveliest verbal fencing ever provided by a modern playwright; and there is nothing surprising in the fact that in the days when it was new, audiences were too shocked by the manner to realize how acceptable the matter really was. As usual, Shaw is careful to make it clear that the conventional reasons for everything are completely wrong. *Candida*, for instance, is not really "virtuous." If there were nothing to be said in favor of sticking to one's husband except what moralists usually say, then *Candida* would not have stuck, or would, at the very least, have gone off on a week-end with her poet. Yet the choice she finally makes is precisely that of which any Victorian would have approved, and when you divest her reasons of their superficial paradoxes they are not significantly different from those of any moderately rational but conventional woman: romantic passion is less important than understanding, and the best husband is the one who needs you most. *Candida* is not the sister of *Candide*. She is more nearly related to the usual Victorian heroine, and Shaw himself never gets as far away from Victorian conclusions as he himself thinks. Indeed, it seems odd that the meaning or the "message" of *Candida* should ever have been debated as excitedly as it was, for that message is plain enough. In this play at least—and I suspect in most of the others—Shaw's iconoclasm is largely intellectual. His heroes and heroines rarely do anything which would shock anyone. But they often seem to be giving outrageous reasons for their conformity.

The production in which Miss Cornell is appearing serves very well to establish another fact which is becoming increasingly clear as Shaw is put to the test of time. All the

better pieces remain too obviouslyactable to be dismissed as mere pamphlets interesting only in so far as the ideas remain fresh. There is something else in them, even if that something is not the flesh-and-blood reality of the supremely great dramatists. Shaw knows the tricks of his trade. If he cannot quite create living human beings, he can provide something better than mere talking machines to reel off his ideas. Each of his characters has not only a point of view but also at least a theatrical concreteness. The puppets not only speak but act; they have gestures, and traits, and peculiarities. And for stage purposes that is the next best thing to living character. His personages may have little life outside the play, but they have great liveliness within it.

"Sun Kissed" (Little Theater) is a somewhat guileless satire on California and the exiles who devote themselves to lotus eating there. The scene is a boarding-house inhabited by assorted eccentrics, and if one is in a not too exacting mood it is frequently funny. I liked best the pet goose cherished by one of the inmates. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Cross-Town" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) converts into a technique a common axiom among third-rate talents that farce comedy and stupidity are two words for the same idea. Ostensibly a play about a plagiarist who, after being discovered, discovers in turn that he is capable of producing masterpieces on his own, it offers sheer noisomeness in place of gaiety and invention. All of its laughs are snickers and attach themselves to smoking-room properties like the bathroom plunger, the burlesque tease, and the predatory society matron in quest of purchasable primitives "with knotted muscles" for week-end uses. The result is a "comedy" so dishonest and *puant* that it emerges as an odor instead of an idea. B. B.

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FILMS

Plight of an Intellectual

CLOSE on the heels of "The Woman Alone" comes now another film which intrinsically is just as good and which extrinsically is even better. By those polysyllables I mean that "Razumov" (Cameo) enjoys the advantage over Alfred Hitchcock's picture of having a subject which is more immediately "important"; but that in every other respect the two are equal. By placing quotation marks around the word important I do not wish to suggest that the theme developed by Marc Allegret is merely supposed by certain people at the moment to have a special significance. It has it for me too—so clearly indeed that I went to the Cameo a second time, and I think it was not entirely to see a "good" film. The quotation marks are there in both cases in order to insinuate a doubt as to whether we know exactly what we mean by the terms in question. I suspect not; though we might guess that a film which was nothing but good would have only a mechanical fascination for us, and that a film which was nothing but important would be so unconvincing as to have no importance at all. At one extreme we should have nothing but art and at the other we should have nothing but propaganda; and either would be nonsense. The point is that both films strike very close to the great human mean; and that "Razumov" has the additional advantage of being able to

address an area of our minds which everything in the world has been conspiring to prepare for it.

The hero of Allegret's film is a young Russian intellectual of 1906 or 1907; a student who is just graduating with honors from the university and who looks forward with innocent eagerness to a long life as scholar and professor. But as he returns to his room with academic praises ringing in his ears he finds concealed there another student, his old friend Haldin, who has just assassinated the Prime Minister and has run for sanctuary to the only man he knows whom he can trust to be disinterested. Razumov's irritation increases to horror as he realizes that he can get rid of Haldin only by going out to arrange with an accomplice for his escape from the city. This single act will involve him in a relationship to the revolutionary movement for which he knows he will have no stomach, since politics "disgust" him. He knows this. But he cannot conceive the series of adventures, the net of ironies, in which every step he takes henceforth will entangle him. Yesterday he had thought of himself as quite outside "the struggle"; today he is one of the most important persons in it in spite of the fact that he is still unable to feel it. By a sequence of peculiarly ghastly ironies he becomes a telltale, a traitor, a hero, a worker for the cause—becomes these things in other minds, that is; in minds which there is never opportunity to disabuse. And the greatest irony of all is that he remains a perfectly decent fellow throughout; his decency, in fact, being the motivation of each error as it is committed. The logical end is death.

Any spectator at all sensitive to the world as it now is will understand Razumov's plight immediately, and will sympathize with him; for even a cast-iron revolutionist will remember that the steps by which he entered into the faith were taken more slowly, and the outsider, the still disinterested intellectual, will find it easy to imagine himself pulled into a similar situation for which he has and may continue to have as little relish. Sympathy is so directly engaged by the film, indeed, that the question arises as to how "good" it would be if it were not so "interesting." For my part I am satisfied that it is as good as the best. The French have outdone every revolutionary film sent out from Russia since the classic days of Eisenstein and Pudovkin. They have provided for one thing four superb actors in Pierre Fresnay as Razumov, Jean-Louis Barrault as Haldin, Jacques Copeau as the chief of police, and Pierre Renoir as his agent. And they have provided in M. Allegret a director of the most refined yet simplest strength. The Russian directors have been handicapped, of course, by the necessity they seem to be under of proving that the revolution has been a grand success. "Razumov" returns to the time when it was still being fought for. And for the purposes of art there could be no richer time.

Max Eastman's assembly at the Filmarte of old moving pictures taken by various hands in Russia from "Czar to Lenin" is a film of an entirely different order. Mr. Eastman has arranged a great many documentary scraps in chronological order and with the help of his own voice has made them yield what is of course an important story, and one told in a contemporary idiom. Some of the pictures were taken by the Czar or by his photographer; some by the various armies of occupation during the civil war; some by Americans; some by persons now nameless. The result is highly interesting and valuable. It does not establish, however, that the documentary film is absolutely better than the imagined one. "Razumov" is different from "Czar to Lenin" in the same way that poetry is different from history; and in my opinion it is better.

MARK VAN DOREN

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THE *Nation* ANNOUNCES
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Who Owns the Air?

Who says there is a monopoly of broadcasting? The public relations directors of the national networks refute such a charge but the advertising directors confirm it. Ruth Brindze, a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on consumers' problems, shows our readers who directs the affairs of the huge broadcasting chains which influence the thinking of millions of listeners, what interests they represent, and to what extent the charges of monopoly are justified.

Letters to the Editors

Senator Wheeler's United Front

Dear Sirs: In your issue of February 27 you stated: "It is difficult to see how a progressive like Senator Wheeler not only attacks the measure [the judiciary bill] but uses exactly the arguments of the tory editorials."

A year ago Senator Wheeler permitted the Montana Power Company to regain the Flathead power site (500,000 horsepower). Senator Wheeler has "gone respectable." Two years ago he carried Montana by a five-to-two ratio. At a meeting of 175 persons here on March 4, at the Roosevelt Supper, the President was cheered inordinately, Wheeler's stand against him bitterly scored. A vote would probably have revealed 170 with the President and 5 appointees of Mr. Wheeler present but not voting. The daily paper here, Anaconda owned, did not mention the next morning that we had met at all.

Wheeler is convinced that if he can unite the radicals, progressives, conservatives, and tories in his support he can succeed Mr. Roosevelt.

Butte, Mont., March 6 H. L. MAURY

Who Rules the Pope?

Dear Sirs: Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr commands the respect of all liberals, but when he discusses the papacy (*The Nation*, January 30) his kindly instincts and inherent Protestantism cause him to fall into what the Catholic brethren call "grievous error."

It is surprising indeed to witness a scholar of his repute analyzing recent elections to the papacy and deriving the thesis that Cardinal Pacelli will not be the next pope. Pacelli may or may not achieve his cherished dream, but certainly nothing in his apostolate has antagonized the thirty or so "Italian" cardinals, the Ultramontane clique, who actually will choose the next pope. Dr. Niebuhr alludes to the veto of the election of Cardinal Rampolla, but he omitted the fact that this was the last exercise of the "Spanish veto," and that the cause of this veto—the sexual aberrations of a Hapsburg—was not a matter of dispute among any of the hierarchs.

I have no patience whatsoever with the speech-bromide "the policy of the

Vatican." A pope is much like the King of England in relation to Stanley Baldwin's Tories—he is the semi-mundane holy magnavox for the collective will of the dominating Italian cardinals, who in turn are motivated by nothing more than the inflexible continuity of a single policy—a two-thousand-year struggle for sovereignty over all mankind. The bald statement that "centralization . . . has not been the unvarying policy of the papacy" I could rebut with citations from Rhode Island back to Pelagius and forward to Martin Luther—and back again to the Plenary Councils.

The "policy" of the Vatican, while inelastic as to objective, permits perfect elasticity as to method. Deals such as those with Hitler and Franco are seeming evidences of changing policy, but neither these nor any others that I have ever examined reveal any inconsistency in liturgical lucubrations. In this connection it is a matter of continuing wonder that neither Dr. Niebuhr nor other qualified publicists have called attention to the fascinating possibility that the Vatican, via the dominating Italian cardinals, is become the cat's-paw of Signor Benito Mussolini.

The "honey" of Dr. Niebuhr's conclusions is in his assertion of "the ascendancy of Jesuit influence at the Vatican over the milder and more spiritual [sic] monastic groups." The Jesuits certainly are lovely *bêtes noires* for Protestant quaking parties—useful therefore to Catholic elements anxious to cover up skulduggery elsewhere. Right now the secular Catholic clergy are unmercifully flaying the battered Company of Jesus for its abysmal failure in Spain. If the Jesuits had any kind of "ascendancy" at the Vatican, you could bet your hammer and sickle that Cardinal Pacelli would never have been allowed to come to the United States a few days before a Presidential election—with a widely advertised scheme of adding Franklin Delano Roosevelt to the Hitler-Mussolini united front against Moscow. Roosevelt saw him, I believe, the day after the election, whereupon the naive Cardinal went away with some very pleasant memories—of a Hyde Park luncheon and a suave squire. Were our American cardinals' faces red?

JEAN LE GAULOIS

New York, February 11

Mr. Haggin Protests

Dear Sirs: When you asked me if I cared to answer Mr. Lesser's letter (*The Nation* of March 20), I replied that a demonstration of its worthlessness was not worth *The Nation's* space, its readers' attention, and my own time. By my standards the letter would not then have been printed; if you did print it you should have appended my comment; and since you have printed it I must waste the space, attention, and time.

When one says a speaker's range extends to 6,000 cycles one means that after this point there is a sharp drop in intensity such that anything beyond 6,000 is too attenuated to have appreciable effect in the entire sound that comes through. And if, now, what the pick-up reproduces and the amplifier amplifies beyond 6,000 is appreciable with auxiliary speakers but not appreciable without them, one may say that without them it is blocked.

As for the auxiliary speakers, an informed person would know that their range of operation does not begin exactly at 6,000, but overlaps the range of the chief speaker, extending down possibly to 3,500; and that their effect is therefore not merely to extend the range above 6,000, but—in the case where recording stops at 6,000—to reinforce frequencies between 6,000 and 3,500 (over-emphasizing treble as against bass), and also to add noises (of surface, needle chatter, pick-up resonance) beyond 6,000.

And now, having pointed out how the auxiliary speakers may affect the tone, I will add that it was the way records sounded with these speakers connected that caused me to experiment with disconnecting them, and it was the improvement which followed that caused me to bother with technical explanations. My approach, in other words, was the opposite of Mr. Lesser's—which explains the difference in our results.

B. H. HAGGIN

New York, March 18

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The Shape of Things

★

GOVERNOR EARLE, ACCORDING TO THE PRESS, has written a letter to *The Nation*, in response to our editorial last week, in which he gives at length his reasons for supporting the state Board of Censors in its refusal to allow the film "Spain in Flames" to be shown in Pennsylvania. We have not yet received the complete text of Governor Earle's letter. As soon as we do we shall comment on it—probably in the next issue. Meanwhile we learn that he has ordered fifty tickets for a private showing of the film. We await developments.

★

WITHIN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, AT LEAST SIX crimes involving rape and murder have been committed and flamboyantly reported in the press. The latest was the killing in New York of an artists' model and her mother and a roomer in their apartment. The older of the two women had been attacked before being strangled. In each case the combination of sex and murder with the other morbid and horrifying details that emerge from such crimes has insured a maximum of lurid headlines, pictures, lavish news spreads. We have had the usual crop of editorial demands for summary action, attacks upon the parole system, and clamor for new forms of punishment. But only one recent writer as far as we know has hit the mark squarely. That writer is Heywood Broun, who questioned in the New York *World-Telegram* whether the lurid talents displayed by his colleagues, the headline writers and crime reporters, may not have helped to spread the infection. It is a known fact that crimes come in "waves." It would be interesting to know how much these epidemics are stimulated by stories which advertise the horrid thrills accompanying the more violent and abnormal varieties of crime. We recommend—without much hope—a little restraint within the newspaper offices, even at the expense of newsstand sales.

★

WHAT HAS AMBASSADOR CLAUDE BOWERS been doing all this time in his retreat at Hendaye? This question comes to our mind in connection with Secretary Hull's plea last week for an increase in the State Department's budget. No doubt Secretary Hull was entirely right in stressing—we quote the Associated Press—that "it was vital to have able representatives, especi-

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ally in the disturbed portions of the world," and that "it was important for American foreign representatives to discover what was going on behind the scenes and foresee trouble." Which leads us to ask again: What has Ambassador Bowers been doing all this time? Why is he not in Valencia, the seat of the legal Spanish government, where he would be in a position to send intelligent reports back to his government, and protect American life and property? Why does he leave a young Third Secretary in charge of affairs in the part of the world where the most momentous events are happening today? We are certain the answer does not lie in the views of Mr. Bowers himself. Mr. Bowers cares so much about democracy that even from Spain he sends an interview to *Esquire* saying that the Founding Fathers feared to admit "real democracy" into the American Constitution. The hopes for real democracy in Spain center today in Valencia. Can it be the State Department which believes that to have an American ambassador at Valencia, where he belongs, might be construed as favoring the Loyalist Spanish government? If so, it is another instance of the timorousness which keeps the State Department from observing even the traditional legalities of international relations.

★

WHEN THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT FINDS IT necessary to adopt as drastic a measure as seizing the property of farmers who do not meet their production quotas, the food situation is serious indeed. The German peasant does not relish compulsion any more than any other farmer. And under normal circumstances peasants anywhere will produce as much as possible in order to obtain the necessities of life. Resort to compulsion by the government would seem to verify the reports that the peasants were deliberately refusing to deliver food at the ruinous prices offered them. It remains to be seen whether the peasants do not have the whip hand. The threat to take over the land and rent it out to peasants who are more loyal to Nazi economics may prove temporarily effective. But there is a difference between meeting the legal requirements and the intelligent use of agricultural resources necessary in a modern state. No government can get a full measure of production out of any sector of its population by coercive measures.

★

LAST WEEK THE DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE awarded its second annual prize for the best new American play of the year to "High Tor," by Maxwell Anderson, whose "Winterset" was chosen last year. On the last ballot "High Tor" received the votes of fourteen of the eighteen critics present. It is an imaginative comedy dealing with a young hermit living on a cliff overlooking the Hudson who has held out against the agents of an industrial company wanting to buy his land but who finally concludes, after conversing with the shades of Hendrik Hudson's men, that it is useless to resist the spirit of the age. Many will agree that the play is less powerful than "Winterset," but it is very agreeably worked out in

a spirit suggestive of the later Shakespearean comedies. Three votes went to "Johnny Johnson," a satiric tragic-comedy dealing with the adventures of a "fool of God" during the last war and set to music by Kurt Weil. It was generally thought interesting in conception but not completely realized. A lone vote was cast for "Daughters of Atreus," a remarkable retelling in classical terms of the Iphigenia story. The popularity of "High Tor" may be taken as something of a portent in the history of contemporary taste.

★

THE NEW INDIAN CONSTITUTION HAS STRUCK an obstacle in the refusal of Indian National Congress leaders to form governments in the six provinces in which their party holds a majority of seats in the legislatures. The issue is a fundamental one. Speaking for the Congress leaders, Gandhi asked for a definite promise from the provincial governors that the "special powers" granted them by the constitution would not be invoked to weaken the authority of the elected government. The governors have taken the position that the granting of such an assurance would be against the spirit and intent of the constitution. In this they are probably correct, since the constitution seems to have been carefully framed to give the Indian people the illusion of self-government without the substance. At first it was thought the Congress Party would boycott the elections, in which case Britain's task would have been comparatively easy. But after taking part in the elections and getting a majority in six out of the eleven "self-governing" provinces, the party is now in a position to checkmate British plans. The energetic and wise leadership of Jawaharlal Nehru has at last put the Congress Party in a position where it can demand real concessions from the British government.

★

WE LEND OUR SUPPORT TO SENATOR NYE in his pending resolution which calls upon the State Department to give an official opinion on whether Germany and Italy are at war with Spain. When a well-equipped army of 40,000 men crosses the frontier into a neighboring country and attacks its capital, there is at least reason for us to ask whether or not the countries are at war. In theory, the Neutrality Act is supposed to apply to both sides in an international conflict. To apply it to one side only, and to continue sending munitions to the other side, is both unjust and dangerous. The suggestion, which apparently emanated from official circles, that "volunteers" from many countries are fighting in Spain and that it might be difficult to establish their official connections has no basis in fact. Officers of the Italian regular army have been captured by Spanish government troops. Italian and German passport and currency regulations make it impossible for any considerable number of individuals to leave either of the fascist countries without official knowledge and assistance. We do not happen to share Senator Nye's faith in an isolationist neutrality as a means of keeping us out of war. But it is

important to prevent a measure designed to maintain peace from becoming a screen behind which the United States is covertly aiding the fascist powers.

★

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON EUROPEAN cooperatives, which has just made its report, did not find the European cooperative movement to be a short cut to Utopia. But it did find a well-established, efficient method of distribution which returned a substantial saving to its members. It also found that the cooperatives were carrying on social and educational activities of profound importance. Nowhere was there any evidence that the cooperatives were supplanting private enterprise. On the contrary, competition between the two was found to be mutually beneficial. Members of the commission differed sharply regarding the future of the movement in this country. Some felt that the efficiency of American merchandising methods, the lack of a strong labor movement, and the absence of a desire for thrift made it unlikely that consumers' cooperatives would ever gain a foothold in the United States. Others felt that the cooperative method offered hope of saving "the American idea" against the threat of "powerful forces in a rapidly changing world." Rejecting both of these views as extreme, the majority of the commission agreed that the movement had a real contribution to make in this country although perhaps not as great a one as it already has made in the more favorable atmosphere of Europe. With this view we should be inclined to agree.

★

THE DUPLESSIS GOVERNMENT OF QUEBEC has revealed its essentially fascist character by pushing through one of the most repressive measures ever adopted on the North American continent. With a view to stamping out the "Communist menace," a law has been enacted providing for the padlocking of any house or building used for the dissemination of "Communist propaganda" and prohibiting the sale or circulation of all newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, and other documents "propagating or tending to propagate communism." Under the new law it will be illegal for a resident of Quebec to discuss communism in his own home. While the act contains extended definitions of a "house," a "person," and an "owner," there is no attempt at a definition of "communism" or "bolshevism." Mr. Duplessis did not clarify the terms when in the debate he spoke vaguely of the "movements with anarchistic tendencies" which had found their way into the province after creating much "disorder and misery." The truth is that Quebec has neither a Communist nor an Anarchist movement worthy of a moment's consideration. Even the C. C. F., Canada's semi-socialistic party, has never been able to gain a foothold in the province. What progressive opposition there is has come from isolated labor groups which are without real political strength. Mr. Duplessis is no doubt aiming to smash these groups. Someone should tell him that even milder attempts in America have proved to be boomerangs.

Is the Supreme Court Going Liberal?

TO MANY the decisions which the Supreme Court handed down last Monday will be proof that the court has gone liberal. The court upheld by unanimous opinions two fairly important New Deal measures—the Railway Labor Act and the new Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Moratorium Act. In the field of state powers it upheld by a seven-to-two decision a Washington state tax on materials used in the construction of the Grand Coulee dam; by a five-to-four decision, the Virginia state milk-control law; above all, by a similar vote, the Washington state minimum-wage law.

We do not want to be ungracious and eternally dissatisfied. We rejoice with the railroad workers, farmers, women laundry workers, and scrubwomen who are affected by these decisions. We welcome the change of mind by Justice Roberts which transformed a liberal minority of four in the *Tipaldo* case (New York minimum-wage law) into a majority of five in the present case of the *West Coast Hotel Company vs. Parrish*. Nevertheless, no clear mind today will be lulled into optimism because some needed legislation has finally been validated, or because a "bad" judge seems to have become a "good" judge. The real issues are more momentous—the fate of the President's court proposal, the fate of a constitutional amendment, the fate, in short, of judicial supremacy.

Two things stand out as one seeks to view the decisions in some perspective. One is the sense of having read Chief Justice Hughes's opinion in the minimum-wage case somewhere before—until one realizes that its tone is the tone of the liberal decisions in the first stage of the New Deal, the tone of the Appalachian coals case, the *Nebbia* milk-control case, the Minnesota moratorium case. In all of them there is a judicial tolerance of legislative judgment and a sense of economic realities. The second thing is the bitterness of Justice Sutherland's dissent in the minimum-wage case, and the rancor of his obvious reference to Justice Stone's remarks in his AAA dissent as having "offended the proprieties" and being "ill-considered and mischievous." When the veneer that coats the surface of Supreme Court intercourse wears as thin as that, one may feel assured that it has been subjected to some rough handling. Even more important, however, than Justice Sutherland's personal allusions is the flat and uncompromising quality of the short treatise on constitutional interpretation with which he prefaces his discussion of the Washington minimum-wage law. Here one may find, as explicitly as anywhere in the annals of the court, what we might call the Hussite view of inflexible constitutional construction. "Burn me if you will: I can do no other." There is a grim sort of courage in this dissent of Sutherland's, the courage of the diehard Tory in a bewildering world of economic change.

Thus it would seem that the issue is now drawn in the court between the new liberal majority of five and the

tory minority of four. But here we must enter so many *caveats* and make so many qualifications as to leave this view finally untenable. First, nothing crucial has been decided on the federal power. The two unanimous opinions dealing with federal powers prove nothing but a hope that they may be a prelude to something more important. The railroads come so clearly within the scope of the commerce power that the only fact which is striking about Justice Stone's opinion is that the rest of the court followed him in upholding the provisions even for "backshop" employees. As for the Frazier-Lemke Act, the redrafting sought laboriously to meet the court's objections in its decision of two years ago.

Even in the realm of state power we must keep our fingers crossed. The liberal margin of advantage is the margin of Justice Roberts's very changeable mind. That is not a sturdy enough peg on which to hang the garment of one's hopes. The issue involved, moreover, is one in which the court had previously created a no man's land where neither the federal nor the state governments could act; and since public opinion, like nature, abhors a vacuum, a storm of protest over the *Tipaldo* decision had swept the country and included even Alfred Landon and Hamilton Fish. What the new decision proves is that Justice Roberts is responsive to such considerations, and that Justice Hughes in the present agony of the judicial power has not stopped short of deliberately overruling the precedent of the *Adkins* case.

Thus we must conclude that the real lessons of Monday's decisions are two. We find, first of all, that our economic fate and our judicial fortunes are still subject to the caprice of the odd man on the court. We find, secondly, that whatever we may say or think of judicial independence, the Supreme Court does actually in its functioning operate within the ambit of political considerations. Such a day of decisions would not have been possible before the court faced the threat of the President's reorganization proposal. Its new liberalism, like the new-found fidelity of the frightened bridegroom, may without disrespect be called a shotgun liberalism.

The logic of the history of the Hughes court is to be found, however, not in the psychological realm but in the crises of the economic order. Three stages may be traced. In the first, that of the economic crisis of Hoover's closing and Roosevelt's opening years, the court was caught up in the general sense of fear, and its decisions were flexible. As the Roosevelt government undertook more and more stringent industrial controls and as the economic crisis lessened, the second stage became a crisis of Congressional control: and here the court majority set its face rigorously against any untoward controls that might disturb the vested interests. Out of reaction against this stand the movement to liberalize both the court and the Constitution has grown up—a movement whose first fruits have been the President's proposal. Thus the third stage is the crisis of the judicial supremacy. And in this crisis the two balance-of-power justices, Hughes and Roberts, are turning toward liberalism.

Whether it is a true liberalism, the coming Wagner Act decisions will tell.

The Sitdown Hysteria

THE sitdown has reached the point where people no longer reason about it: they can only give spluttering expression to their hopes and terrors. Witness the newspaper campaign against it. Witness the hysteria of the utterances from the pulpit and in the microphone. Witness the flat assertions and denials of the sitdown's legality, made in most cases without fear or research. Witness, as a sort of symbol of the whole tumult, the telegram sent to Vice-President Garner by a group of Boston citizens headed by ex-President Lowell of Harvard, calling the sitdown "armed insurrection . . . anarchy, mob rule, and ruthless dictatorship."

Hitler's aphorism, "We think with our blood," seems on the point of receiving dangerous confirmation. The abdication of reason is nothing new in American life. We have seen it happen in time of war and during very crucial Presidential elections. But when reason abdicates so completely because American labor has gone about its organizing task—that must be seen as an index of the rapidly mounting psychological tensions within the nervous system of the capitalist democratic state.

How shall we confront the sitdown hysteria? Much of it has undoubtedly been drummed up by the newspapers and their industrial allies. But we must not forget that there must have been some fears there in the American mind which could be drummed up. For the most violent and lawless people in the world, Americans cling amazingly to their "law and order" myth. We live in a complicated and fragile civilization, where it is conceivable that a violent wrench might send the whole structure toppling. Many of us have the feeling that what separates us from anarchy is principally the accumulated crust of convention, otherwise known as "law." Like the Britisher in the jungle who clings desperately to the amenities of London life, we are jealous of any infraction of law—especially of property law, which is the fabric of a capitalist order. If we yield an inch we surrender all. It is only in these terms that we can understand the hysteria of Mr. Lowell and his comrades.

This is the psychological core. The rest is technique and self-hypnosis. As such, let us not underestimate its force. It has been strong enough to put even progressive Congressmen on the defensive. It has been strong enough to worry Mr. Roosevelt. It has been strong enough finally to force Mr. Lewis into ordering the withdrawal of the automobile workers from the Chrysler plants.

We believe Mr. Lewis was wise and statesman-like in his action. He has in many instances shown his sensitiveness to the worker's mind. But here is proof of his sensitiveness to the middle-class mind as well, ridden by property fears as it is. It is another instance also of the restraint which the whole C. I. O. movement has thus far shown. But restraint or no restraint, it is not a hard guess that the newspapers and industrialists will continue their crusade of hysteria. Their success thus far should do much to dampen the premature rejoicings of liberals after the Roosevelt reelection, when it was said on all

sides that the press was no longer a decisive force in our culture. Where labor and the lower middle class can hold together, as on the Roosevelt campaign issue and, to an extent, on the Supreme Court issue, the advantage of the press can be overcome. But where an issue arises on which labor and the middle class can be split, then trust to the press to seek a way of splitting them.

What makes the press so anxious? We come here to the sitdown not as *symbol of fear* but as *social reality*. The sitdown as a strike technique has, of course, enormous advantages that have several times been described in *The Nation*. But its great strength lies in the fact that it is part of a complex, which can be roughly summarized as the C. I. O., John L. Lewis, and the sitdown—in short, a new movement, a new leader, ■ new technique. It is this combination that is bringing accessions to the ranks of organized labor so fast that the resources of the C. I. O. can scarcely keep pace with them. It is this complex that the newspapers and the industrialists fear and are fighting: they merely single out what seems to them the most vulnerable part of it, the sitdown.

We believe that the American people will come to accept the sitdown, with limitations, as a legitimate technique, just as we expressed our belief last week that American law would eventually sanction it. But whether or not it continues as a technique is not of transcending importance. What is important is the proof that the new American labor movement is alert enough to reach out for new techniques and wise enough to weigh gravely their social utility.

Mussolini Weighs His Chances

WIDE difference of opinion exists as to whether Mussolini has promised not to send more volunteers into Spain. The dispatches contradict one another. Part of the difficulty arises from the fact that if Mussolini told London and Paris he would continue to break the non-intervention agreement, they would like to keep it a secret as long as possible, whereas if he undertook to refrain from further shipments he would like to keep it a secret as long as possible. For the realist, however, the question is not what Mussolini promises, for he has many times broken his promises. The question is what he will do.

It is highly probable that Mussolini sent into Spain 60,000 or more Italian soldiers in advance of the date on which the foreign patrol of Spain was to become effective, in complete certainty that this large force, co-operating with Germans and Moors, would quickly carry Franco to victory. This certainty broke down when the Italians turned and ran on the Guadalajara front. The rout was an embarrassment to Mussolini abroad and will plague him at home. The news of 2,000 or 3,000 dead and as many prisoners must trickle through to Italian towns and hamlets and cause the people to murmur.

Yet there is no doubt that Mussolini's domestic situation would still allow him to dispatch more men to Spain.

But will 50,000 or 100,000 more and even better Italian soldiers secure a Fascist triumph in Spain? Mussolini is hard-boiled and this is the great problem now tormenting him. Every month the Loyalist army improves. Spain might become ■ bottomless maw swallowing division after division of Italian soldiers. Even Mussolini's possibilities and temper have limits. The Guadalajara battle yielded enough Italian equipment for several government brigades, and there is no guaranty that ensuing battles will not again restock Valencia's supply depots. The Spanish government has won supremacy in the air. Its tanks, too, have become a tremendous fighting factor, and now the Loyalist fleet, long bottled up in Cartagena, has sallied forth to harass the enemy.

There is no longer any way by which Mussolini can produce a speedy victory for himself in Spain. Can he, before Abyssinia is completely subdued and before it has yielded him any of the expected profits, take on a war for a year or more in Spain? Here international complications enter the picture. Italy's 60,000 or more soldiers sufficed to bring the French Radical Socialists into line and enabled the Blum Ministry to take ■ firm stand against the Italian invasion. Nobody knows at what point the British will stop wavering. Will it be when Mussolini has 150,000 or 200,000 troops in Spain? The Duce must reckon with the probability that the deeper he sinks into Spain the more foreign resistance he will meet.

Finally, it appears that Mussolini is not quite as sure as he would like to be of Germany. The New York newspapers, the *Times* even more noticeably than the *Herald Tribune*, are reporting the involved international situation with woeful inadequacy. But it seems that Hitler sent 20,000 troops and then stopped. The Nazi dailies did not suppress stories of the Guadalajara débâcle, and that, in a totalitarian state, has significance. Germany and Italy are both close enough to Spain to send by air 500 airplanes, which would make ■ vast difference and might turn the tide. Yet Germany has lately been less interested. Is this because of ■ tacit understanding that when England succeeds in pushing Mussolini out, Germany will share some of Franco's concessions? Perhaps. But these speculations become increasingly less impressive. England is caught in this contradiction: without the Italians Franco certainly cannot win, and with the Italians England will not be stage manager.

Has Hitler despaired of a Fascist victory in Spain? Will Mussolini give up the attempt now? The stakes in this Spanish struggle are very large, and the decision is probably one of the weightiest that Mussolini has ever been called upon to make. The Fascists cannot readily admit failure in Spain. On the other hand, Hitler and Mussolini, though they may behave like "mad men" when the occasion requires, are calculating. Hitler especially has his army chiefs to reckon with. In this crisis of uncertainty, just a bit more certainty in London and Paris could quickly decide Mussolini that he had had enough of Spain. What a difference it would make in Europe! And still the democracies muddle

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Laws to Throttle Labor

Washington, March 27

DON'T waste much time worrying over reports and rumors that Congress, in response to the current, intensive campaign of employer associations, is going to enact some labor-throttling legislation such as acts requiring incorporation of unions or outlawing sitdown strikes. Look, instead, to the state legislatures. That's where the dirty work will be done and already is being attempted. A case in point is the Pennsylvania Labor Relations Act, which Donald Richberg recently drafted for the benefit of anti-union employers in that state and now, Max Stern writes in the Scripps-Howard papers, is urging, as one of Roosevelt's close advisers, as a pattern for new federal legislation.

There are several reasons why no legislation directly inimical to organized labor is likely to come out of Congress. In the first place, the Supreme Court, when it rules on the Wagner Act tomorrow or a week or so hence, probably will knock the props out from under any plans that might be in the offing for extension of federal jurisdiction over labor relations; that certainly will be true if it holds the NLRB has no jurisdiction over manufacturing enterprises. Second, and more important, here in Washington organized labor can bring to bear against anti-labor legislation a concentrated and effective opposition made immeasurably stronger by the fact that there are federal officials, members of Congress, and journalists here who have a thorough grasp of the subject and can illuminate all the nefarious purposes lying behind the weasel words that embroider such legislation. In the third place, Roosevelt is at the moment wholly preoccupied with getting his court-reform bill through Congress and cannot afford to alienate labor support.

However, when the Supreme Court path to an extension of federal jurisdiction in the labor field is cleared, we may expect that efforts will be made in Congress to set up for all industries substantially the same machinery for peaceful adjustment of labor disputes as exists for disputes in the railroad industry. There is no good reason why such legislation should be resisted if it is firmly rooted in the Wagner Act and directed primarily at protecting labor's rights rather than at prevention of strikes and other industrial stoppages. But all proposals for extending the railway mediation set-up to labor relations in general will have to be subjected to a rigorous currying-off by experts in search of those tricky phrases which labor's foes will seek to insert.

An example of this sort of thing is the Maritime Mediation bill which one of the Roosevelt field marshals, Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania, has introduced in Congress.

There are only a few important labor bills in Congress that have a chance of enactment, and among them the Guffey bill is unquestionably the worst. Its quality is exemplified in a new concept it introduces in collective bargaining through a provision requiring that employee representatives in the maritime trades must be native-born or fully naturalized citizens. The Senator, or whatever group of ship-line attorneys framed the bill for him, would have saved words and misunderstandings if he had, instead, written into the bill a proviso saying that "under no conditions shall Harry Bridges, guiding spirit of the new maritime labor movement on the West Coast, be permitted to represent the workers." Merely a skeletonized enumeration of all the flaws and pitfalls in the Guffey bill would fill several pages. It rejects all the good features of the Railway Mediation Act, adopts all its worst features, and then intensifies them. Its emphasis is on stopping strikes at any cost. It provides for compulsory mediation and then delivers the whole problem of labor relations into the hands of courts, juries, and district attorneys, instead of turning it over to some such group of experts as the NLRB, which under the bill would be deprived of jurisdiction over the maritime industry. The adjustment board that the Guffey bill would create would be loaded against labor with twenty employer representatives against sixteen labor representatives. Virtually every union-busting dodge that lawyers have been able to contrive has been built into Guffey's bill and hidden there under blankets of language which give the whole measure an air of complete reasonableness and liberality.

Fortunately, there are men in Washington able to lay bare such traps for labor and put the unions on guard. But this is less true in the state capitals. For example, there is pending in the Wisconsin legislature a bill much like the Wagner Act, and employer groups are ganging up to fill it with weasel words. According to reports in labor circles, Governor La Follette has succumbed to their sweet reasonableness to such a point that he is backing some of their amendments, including one which provides the entering wedge for compulsory incorporation of unions under the guise of requiring registration for the purpose of eliminating company unions, which the law already outlaws. There are baby Wagner acts pending in Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey—and others in the drafting process in California and Ohio—that will have to be guarded meticulously against such encumbrances and worse ones that corporation lawyers will try to insert in them. It can be done. The Utah legislature a few days ago adopted a state Wagner Act that follows the federal measure almost word for word and in some of its provisions is even more specific; Utah is

the first state to enact a law complementing the National Labor Relations Act. There is an atrocious bill pending in Minnesota, introduced by State Senator Galvin apparently for the purpose of heading off a measure such as Utah puts into effect on July 1. Also pending in state legislatures are numerous bills to outlaw sitdown strikes, require unions to incorporate, force them to file annual reports covering their activities, finances, and membership lists. Such measures, however, do not appear to be making much headway. Union-incorporation bills have just been licked in Missouri and Oregon.

Pennsylvania probably will be the first state to follow Utah's example in the enactment of a law paralleling the National Labor Relations Act. The bill which Richberg drafted for that purpose on behalf of employers in the state has been thoroughly emasculated by henchmen of the Earle administration, including Lieutenant Governor

Tom Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, who enlisted the aid of federal experts in disemboweling Richberg's scheme. What is left is only a polite little bill that says the state Mediation Service should do its best to see that labor disputes are settled by peaceful negotiation. The way remains clear for a state Wagner Act. Richberg's bill was intended to take the place of such an act. In essence, it was nothing more than the National Association of Manufacturers' compulsory-mediation proposal incorporating all the mediation devices of the railway act. But this bill, which is now being held up as a model for federal legislation to preserve the industrial peace, contained none of the Railway Labor Act's provisions outlawing company unions, establishing majority rule, and prohibiting employers from having any part or voice in questions concerning the workers' rights to self-organization.

Liberty and Death in Puerto Rico

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

[Mr. Villard's *Issues and Men* has been omitted this week in order to make room for the first of two articles on conditions in Puerto Rico. The second will appear next week.]

THE needless bloodshed in Ponce, Puerto Rico, due in part to official blundering, which has just cost ten lives, again forces to the front the question of the independence of that island. I was told by officials before I left New York, and again on my arrival in San Juan, that the independence movement was negligible, being confined to a few reckless hotheads, and that the Nationalist Party has an enrolment of only 5,000, made up largely of boys of fifteen and sixteen. Since the riot, newspaper comment in this country echoes the statement that there is no real Nationalist movement. Senator Barcelo, president of the Liberal Party, now in New York City, repeated this in an interview after the riots. Yet after my visit to the island I feel that independence is and will remain the foremost issue in Puerto Rico, and this without any regard whatever for the Nationalist Party, its scanty numbers and the immaturity of its members. The Nationalist agitation is in the air and will continue to be so because independence for Puerto Rico is synonymous with economic freedom and security. Talk of it would largely cease if Puerto Rico could obtain justice at the hands of the United States; if its lands were turned back to the people on fair and just terms; if the stranglehold of foreign capitalists upon the island could be broken; and if there were some assurance of decent living conditions for the mass of the peons, who today, working in the cane fields, earn the starvation wage of \$105 a year.

Statements of conditions in the island have been pub-

lished, republished, broadcast, and trumpeted about for decades without moving the Congress or the Presidents of the United States to do anything radical. It is a bitter fact that although in 1898 we promised the island the "American standard of life," no thorough reorganization plan was ever undertaken until our own sufferings in the depression compelled our government to act for Puerto Rico as for every other part of the Union. Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., told the truth about the horrible conditions when he was there, but it was only the New Deal—which he denounced—that accepted the challenge. Under the direction of the Department of the Interior a comprehensive relief and reconstruction program is under way.

It is not enough. Nor can it move swiftly enough to end the despair which comes to thoughtful minds when they study the problem. Many, many Puerto Ricans are thinking seriously and talking quietly, without public agitation, about independence—continental Americans living on the island, too—because they say that the present situation cannot continue, that it is getting worse, despite the Puerto Rican Relief Administration's work. These people do not hate the United States. They are not actuated by a theoretical belief in what Woodrow Wilson defined as the right of small nations and peoples everywhere to their own way of life. They know the risks of independence, the dangers from unscrupulous, self-seeking politicians of the Latin American variety; they know that if the island leaves the United States and is excluded from the American tariff system it will face economic ruin. Yet their minds turn constantly to independence because they see no hope for Puerto Rico as long as it is a dependency, ruled imperialistically by a Congress which will never be able to understand the

Latin American point of view, temperament, or cultural aspirations. They say, "We are not Anglo-Saxons but Latins, and the two will never mix; the Congress will never be able to govern us justly."

They gladly acknowledge that Puerto Rico has profited in many respects from American rule. They have good roads; 48 per cent of the budget goes to education (and that is still not enough); the railroads are much improved; the health of the people, shocking as the statistics reveal it to be, is yet better than it was under the Spaniards. Medical centers are being established all over the island; the university has developed remarkably; San Juan has been beautified, modernized, and given excellent docks; all the cities are much cleaner. But still the fundamental conditions which have reduced the Puerto Ricans to economic slavery are worse than when the Spaniards left the island, for the lands of the small farmers are steadily being lost, and the vast sugar profits leave the island to be spent by absentee shareholders in Spain and the United States. Four American sugar corporations own almost half the sugar lands and produce almost half the sugar crop. In the seventeen years from 1917 to 1935, the net earnings of the three largest absentee-owned sugar companies totaled \$79,275,000, and "practically all these net returns," the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration reports, were paid to stockholders living off the island. The four chief products—sugar, tobacco, fruits, and textile goods—have shown an enormous increase in total value and per capita output under American rule; and still the plight of the island is desperate. A vital reason for this is that the population has increased since the conquest by 900,000 at least, and the cost of living, except for some foods, is as high as or higher than in New York.

There you have the reasons for the independence movement, the reasons why it will continue and grow, whether the growth shows in the figures of the Nationalist Party and public agitation or not. Of course, the propertied interests are opposed to independence, ■ are also many persons with a liberal point of view. I asked a high official of an important farmers' cooperative association which seeks to aid the small planters as against the banks and the great corporations what independence would do to the sugar industry. "Kill it," he replied. There is a genuine and not unfounded fear that independence would bring forth a dictator, like Trujillo in neighboring Santo Domingo, or mob rule, immediate expropriation of property, and chaos. It is ■ curious anomaly that while economic insecurity is creating ■ real demand for freedom, the assurance of economic security would also increase the desire for independence, and in conservative circles. I asked one of the richest men in the sugar industry whether the assurance that his property and income would be untouched under a republican government would make a difference in his attitude toward independence. To my great surprise he replied, "Indeed it would. I should feel very differently about it." Others whose minds are attuned to the social needs of the island, who cannot ride unmoved by those horrible pigsty slums to be seen in every city, in which

human beings live in sickening poverty and degradation, say that under a republic things could not be worse and might be much better. "At any rate," they add, "chaos is coming if we go on this way."

When I asked what made them believe the island could exist during a transition period from colony to republic, I got no specific answers. I inquired whether steps were being taken to plan for independence; whether they were working out a simple system of government—the island has, for one thing, far too many municipalities; whether they were considering a return to the unicameral legislative system abandoned in 1917; how they were proposing to minimize the politician evil; whether they were considering proportional representation, and so on. There is little such spade work being done. Those who favor independence are palsied by uncertainty about the economic policy of the United States after liberation. They try to persuade themselves that Puerto Rico is too valuable a market—\$80,000,000 a year—for Congress to throw away. In other words, they do not know the swinish selfishness of our beet-sugar and cane-sugar growers and high-tariff lobbyists who dictate the policy of our government in such matters. Still the reply came to me: "Even so, we can't go on this way."

Statehood? The immediate offer of it would certainly spike the independence movement. But its irrevocability would daunt many. What if after the union the incompatibility of the two temperaments became more manifest? The pending threat to give school instruction in English has aroused a storm. The Puerto Ricans think, mistakenly, that this means a deliberate effort to do away with Spanish, an attempt to wean their children away from their great Spanish heritage; today, after nearly forty years of Americanization, the Puerto Ricans, as the *Baltimore Evening Sun* puts it, "are avoiding English to the extent possible." Would not the island be Americanized more than ever if it became ■ state, and would two Senators and ■ few Congressmen really be able to win for them the economic safety and liberty they need in order to live with human decency?

Well may they ask this question, for the coastwise shipping laws—from which the Virgin Islands, seventy miles away, are exempted—work against Puerto Rico, and so do monopolistic freight rates. The island is also severely penalized by our tariff laws. Reporting to the P. R. E. R. A., Darwin De Golia declares that the value of mainland products brought to the island in fiscal 1934 was \$57,503,000, on which the potential tariffs, or increased price paid by Puerto Rico because of the tariff, was \$22,951,000. Of this total, \$19,275,000 was in foodstuffs on which the cost added by the tariff was \$10,107,560, a heavy burden, indeed, for a starving people. Again, Puerto Rico is ruthlessly exploited by mainland firms, as if to make industrialization of the island impossible. Often when a successful factory is started, it is deliberately undersold by some mainland competitor. It is hardly surprising that the Puerto Ricans point to this and say: "Well, independence would remedy *that* and let us create home industries."

Four great remedies for these economic ills present

themselves: industrialization, birth control, wholesale emigration, and the recapture of their lands for the people. These I shall discuss in detail in my next article. I wish here to stress again how basic are the evils of the economic situation. If the island is not freed from its economic royalists; if the price of living continues to rise—the P. R. E. R. A. said on May 2, 1936, that measured in terms of purchasing power “wages have been reduced almost consistently since the first days of American occupation”—the Puerto Ricans will welcome a king, a dictator, independence—anything but the present regime.

As for the few hotheads, the Nationalists, who call themselves the “army of liberation,” and possibly began the Ponce bloodshed, they are extraordinarily difficult to handle. They illegally possess arms, they insist on carrying them publicly, and they are ready to shoot. They had not received permission to parade at Ponce with arms. Nothing can prevent further violence and additional “martyrs to freedom” except the utmost skill and tact, and these the officials have not shown. The only sound policy is to let the hotheads have full rein so far as possible, but your official mind hurries to forbid parades lest they bring on disorder—and thereby brings on bloodshed. I am much afraid of the military mind in the palace at San Juan, for that type turns inevitably to repression and severity. The Governor, General Winship, who stands very high in the island, is a charming and well-meaning gentleman, most eager to do what is right. Like everyone else he was deeply shocked by the assassination of Colonel Riggs, the chief of police, a year ago. The universal horror and indignation over the Colonel’s murder were unfortunately tempered by the immediate killing

of the two assassins by policemen at the station house to which they were taken, on the excuse that they had made a rush to take arms from a rack. The public believes these youths were deliberately murdered, partly out of grief and rage, partly because insular juries are so slow to convict. The policemen were tried before a native jury and acquitted. Their retention on the force without disciplinary proceedings by the police authorities is an outrage. No efficient policeman turns red-handed murderers loose without handcuffs in a room with a rack of allegedly loaded rifles. What competent policeman would not have been able to subdue two boys under such circumstances without shooting them? And if it is true, as charged, that these same policemen are now on duty in the immediate proximity of the governor’s palace, then that is tantamount to commendation and not condemnation. It is again proof that military and police methods do not mix. What is needed now is a General Glassford and his technique in handling the bonus army.

It all makes one feel that there are bad days ahead in Puerto Rico, despite all the honest efforts in Washington to improve conditions. When Patrick Henry called for liberty or death he meant the political brand of liberty. Multitudes in Puerto Rico today believe that death is ahead of them if economic liberty is denied them, and therefore they ask a political independence which in their hearts they do not wholly desire, as a last resort in order to achieve economic well-being. Personally I should look upon the experiment of independence with the greatest anxiety. But believing always in self-government, I feel that if a majority of the Puerto Ricans want it, they should have it.

Volcano Under England

BY ROBERT DELL

Newbury, England, March 16

I HAVE been in England for three weeks, and there seems to me to have been a certain amount of change in the moral atmosphere since my last visit six months ago. To begin with, everybody assures me that there is less pro-German feeling than there was last year. And so far as I can judge from an experience necessarily limited, that would appear to be the case. Whether there is less anti-French feeling is another matter. Anti-French feeling seems to me to be permanent in England, although it is more or less at the surface at different times. What the reason of it is, it is difficult to say. One is inclined to think that it is to some extent a relic of the old nineteenth-century Nonconformist or Puritan tradition, which abhorred the French as being either atheists or Roman Catholics and in any case immoral. No doubt, however, the English have a natural difficulty in understanding the French; and perhaps the French have an equal difficulty in understanding the English, although

there is no widespread anti-English feeling in France, or at any rate it is not so fundamental as anti-French feeling in England seems to be. Sometimes the French get very angry with us for some particular reason, but when the reason is removed the anger dies down.

It is unfortunate that two peoples living so near together, who have so many interests in common, should find so much difficulty in understanding each other. The excuse often given in England for anti-French feeling is that French policy since the war is to a great extent responsible for the existence of Nazi Germany. It is not a good excuse. No doubt French policy from the end of the war until 1924 was often foolish and irritating, but the Nazi movement did not become a serious political force in Germany until 1930, when important concessions had been made to Germany and the Treaty of Versailles had undergone considerable revision. The English are too much disposed to forget their own share of responsibility for the diplomacy that led to the war and for the

worst provisions of the peace treaties, but I cannot go into that question now. There is in England an atmosphere of uncertainty and disquietude. Few people seem to have any clear idea of what British policy is, still less of what it ought to be. The rearmament program is accepted by the great majority of people as an unwelcome necessity, but nobody seems to know for what exact purpose the increased armaments are to be used. Naturally their purpose is said to be that of defense. Defense against whom? Most people would probably say against Germany, but nobody seems to be quite sure. Some people say—it is said officially—that we are rearming so as to be able to fulfil our obligations. Exactly what obligations? Again nobody seems to have any very definite idea. It is generally understood that we should support France, Belgium, and perhaps Holland in resisting any unprovoked aggression, but nothing else is certain. As to the obligations of the Covenant of the League of Nations, few people seem to take them seriously.

The desire to avoid war at all costs is widespread, but in most cases it is not, so far as I can judge, based on pacifist principles. Probably ninety-nine people out of a hundred would be willing to go to war if England were attacked, but there is, I think, a feeling that although war is probable in Europe, England will somehow or other manage to keep out of it, and that so long as England keeps out of it, it does not matter. Unwillingness to run the risk of war in any circumstances is due less to pacifist sentiment than to the desire to have a good time. So people shut their eyes and ears, put everything unpleasant out of their minds, and think as little as possible. I am told, for instance, by friends intimately connected with the stage that the public mentality in regard to the theater is very much what it was during the Great War. There is no hope of a good run for any play that is at all tragic or ironical or satirical. What the public want is to be made to laugh—and forget—and it takes very little to make them laugh. If this be true, it is surely a disquieting symptom. Many things in England remind one too much of people dancing on the rim of a volcano.

Yet I am convinced that, if only there were leadership, there is a body of opinion in England prepared to face the facts of the European situation and to support the measures necessary to deal with it. The remarkable vote in favor of collective security that was given in the peace ballot represented a feeling that is not dead but only dormant. Unfortunately there is no leadership and no effective political opposition. The Labor Party more than held its own in the recent election of the London County Council, because its local administration has been successful, but the results of parliamentary by-elections show that it is gaining little or no ground in the country as a whole. Readers of Harold Laski's articles in *The Nation* will understand why. The leaders of the party in Parliament feebly criticize the foreign policy of the government in detail, but they show no sign of understanding it, and they acquiesce in its main lines. If they are sincere, they are as much taken in by it as the public in general. They even believe, or pretend to believe, that

the policy of "non-intervention" in Spain was initiated by the French government, whose lead the British government followed. Yet it must be clear to anybody who does not shut his eyes to facts that the aim of the British government in initiating that policy and imposing it on France was to secure the victory of the Spanish rebels. The British naval authorities at Gibraltar do not conceal their sympathy with the rebels and have semi-official relations with Franco.

The way in which the government and the Foreign Office have succeeded in deceiving public opinion about the real nature and aims of British policy is one of the most disquieting factors in the situation. There are actually people who write to the papers to complain that our policy is dictated by France and that we are altruistically sacrificing British interests! A young English girl who was dining in American company in Geneva a few months ago remarked that it was unpleasant to be on the Continent because nobody would believe that British policy was so altruistic and disinterested as all English people knew it to be. She was quite surprised when everybody laughed. She was as sincere as she was typical.

British diplomacy must be judged by its acts and their results, not by Eden's speeches. Its results were described in my article published in *The Nation* of February 27. I have too high an opinion of the skill and intelligence of British diplomacy not to be convinced that those results were deliberately aimed at. Unless British diplomats are imbeciles, as they are not, the only hypothesis that accounts for their policy is that they hope to buy off Hitler by giving him a free hand in Europe east of the Rhine until England is sufficiently strongly armed to make it hopeless for him to attack the British Empire or France and can force him to come to terms. Indeed, persons in close touch with the ruling spirits of the Foreign Office say this openly in private and mention three years as the period during which it will be necessary to keep Hitler occupied east of the Rhine. France—and also Belgium and Holland—must be defended against any German attack because they are the buffer states between England and Germany, and England can never allow any French, Belgian, or Dutch port to be in the hands of Germany. That is what Baldwin meant when he said, "Our frontier is on the Rhine." It therefore becomes necessary to detach France from any commitments east of the Rhine lest they should lead to a situation in which England would be obliged to intervene. That means reducing France to the position of a third-rate power, subordinated to England and ultimately to England and Germany if those two countries can come to an agreement. England will always intervene if Germany invades France, for the reasons already mentioned. It is therefore unnecessary for France to make any sacrifices to secure English support in that event, and the policy of the French government is a dupe's game.

In the London *Observer* of March 14, J. L. Garvin, who little more than two years ago described Nazi Germany as Public Enemy Number One but is now an enthusiastic supporter of Hitler and Mussolini, openly declared in favor of the creation of "a united 'Middle

Europe' under German leadership." He said at that time:

Such a federated system would contain at least 150,000,000 of people with an equal wealth of industrial and agricultural resources. It would be able to hold its own in all ways and circumstances—thus removing one of Herr Hitler's chief anxieties for the future—against the Soviet power which controls 8,000,000 square miles of territory and within a few years will number 200,000,000 of people. Russia, content with its own enormous scale, would have to relinquish the Soviet pacts against the Reich, and waive opposition to a united Middle Europe under German headship. That is one further practical condition of constructive peace. Another condition is that Britain should favor the project as essential to the renewed safety and progress of European civilization; and as part of any serious conception of an Anglo-German settlement.

This monstrous proposal to give Nazi Germany the hegemony of Europe undoubtedly represents the view of important capitalist and financial interests in England, which regard Nazi Germany as a bulwark against communism and fear France as a "left" country. It probably also represents the view of some members of the British government, and it may even be a kite flown to test public opinion. In any case Garvin's proposal is the logical conclusion of present British policy, and one may be grateful to him for saying openly what many people think but do not say. At least we know what to expect. Will the British Labor Party at last recognize the danger and organize a campaign throughout the country against the betrayal of European democracy and civilization? I wish I could confidently answer the question in the affirmative.

Nebraska Fights for Survival

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Lincoln, Nebraska, March 20

THE fate of a great state hangs on the decision of two supreme courts—its own and that of the United States. A favorable decision by the two courts means that the state can launch an enterprise to irrigate from 500 to 1,000 square miles of what was once among the richest agricultural land in the country. It will also make possible the production of a vast amount of cheap electric power for industrial and agricultural uses. Defeat in the courts may consign thousands of farmers to a desperate and losing fight against the encroaching desert, and threaten the economic well-being of the entire state.

For central and western Nebraska the drought of 1934 and 1936 spelled not mere temporary misfortune but a crushing defeat in a struggle against diminishing fertility which has been under way for more than two decades. Thirty years ago there was land in the central area which produced up to fifty bushels of wheat an acre in good seasons. Today the farmers on this same land consider themselves lucky to get fifteen bushels an acre. In bad years there is no crop. A part of the difficulty can be attributed to the recent subnormal rainfall. The average precipitation for Nebraska for the past sixty years has been about 23.5 inches, ranging from 34 inches in the southeast to about 16 inches on the western border. For the past six years the average for the state has been only 19 inches.

But more serious than the succession of abnormally dry years is the depletion of the soil itself. Although this section of Nebraska has been intensively farmed only during the present century, approximately 40 per cent of the nitrogen and humus in the soil has been exhausted. The land has also suffered severely from erosion, particularly in the western section. Many other

states have faced a similar depletion of agricultural resources without economic retrogression. But Nebraska is one of the three states in the Union which are almost totally without resources apart from the land. It has no coal, oil, or other minerals. What industry exists is dependent on agriculture either for its market or as the source of raw materials.

In the central and western parts of the state the traveler sees unmistakable signs of deterioration. Many farms have been abandoned; the farmers who remain are cultivating larger and larger areas in an effort to make a living. Houses are badly in want of paint; repairs have been neglected. There is a notable absence of dairy cattle, pigs, and poultry. Most of the farms are marred by great gullies which carry off the sadly needed rainfall. The general appearance of the area is strikingly similar to that of the arid regions of North China, where agriculture has been all but abandoned.

It is only natural that the inhabitants of the state should be deeply concerned over the outlook. Yet mixed with apprehension is the hope that irrigation can more than make up for the ravages of drought and erosion. And there is an excellent chance that their hopes will be fulfilled. On September 28, 1935, the PWA made an initial allotment of \$10,000,000 toward the construction of a great dam on the North Platte River, some 200 miles west of Hastings—to be known as the Keystone Dam—which would make possible the irrigation of 500,000 acres of rich loess soil in Gosper, Phelps, Kearney, and Adams counties. Supplemental reservoirs on Plum Creek may subsequently permit the extension of the irrigated area by another 100,000 to 200,000 acres. In addition, the project calls for the construction of two power stations which will have an annual output of some 235,000,000 kilowatt hours of electrical energy. It is esti-

mated that this energy could be delivered to the municipal plants in the area for a flat rate of 7 or 7½ mills per kilowatt hour, which is considerably less than the cost of production in the most efficient steam plant in the region. When completed with irrigation canals and transmission lines as far east as Omaha, the project will have cost some \$32,000,000.

While the irrigation aspect of the program is unquestionably more important, the production of power is essential if the costs of supplying water are to be kept at a reasonable figure. Soil experts estimate that twelve inches of irrigation water supplied during the growing season would be sufficient to guarantee maximum crops every year, regardless of droughts. Moreover, irrigation would make possible the growth of leguminous crops, such as alfalfa and sweet clover, which would restore the fertility of the soil. Given an adequate supply of water, the area can support an agricultural population from two to four times as large as the present one.

The project of the Central Nebraska Public Power and Irrigation District, known as the Tri-County project, is the largest of three important power developments which the PWA is financing for this area. But the others are by no means unimportant. About fifty miles northwest of Lincoln is the Loop River power project, now completed with its turbines practically ready to generate energy. This development, known as the Columbus project, has cost \$11,000,000 to date and will have a total annual output of 165,000,000 kilowatt hours. Although it has a small storage reservoir, there is no provision for irrigation. Two hundred miles farther west, just south of the city of North Platte, is the Platte Valley Public Power and Irrigation District, known as the Sutherland project, which is fully completed and in the process of filling its reservoirs. The Sutherland development cost approximately \$10,000,000 and has an estimated annual output of 151,000,000 kilowatt hours. It supplies water to previously installed irrigation ditches serving some 100,000 acres.

Something of the magnitude of the three projects can be seen when we note that in addition to irrigating 600,000 acres they can furnish 490,000,000 kilowatt hours of "firm" power. It is planned to distribute this throughout the central and eastern part of the state as far as Omaha. Since the total power production in the same area at present is only slightly more than 500,000,000 kilowatt hours, the PWA projects will nearly double the electric-power production of the region.

It appears to be a magnificent program, second only to the TVA in its social and economic implications. As an outsider I expected to find that every Nebraskan was conscious of its full meaning for the state. To my astonishment, however, I have found a considerable amount of opposition to the key project, the Tri-County development, among certain groups. Despite the explicit approval given to the project by the Governor and the State Planning Commission, efforts were made to prevent it from obtaining federal funds. After the funds were allotted, an attempt was made to prevent the state engineer

from granting permission to build the Keystone Dam, which alone can make possible the vast irrigation project. When the state engineer approved the program, its opponents carried the fight to the Nebraska Supreme Court, where they obtained a ruling on June 29, 1936, voiding his action on the ground that it was illegal to take water outside the watershed of a stream. It happens that 300,000 acres of the 500,000 which are to be irrigated lie across a slight divide in the valley of the Republican River. Yet this land can be irrigated only from the Platte.

Meanwhile five of the local power companies, affiliates of the Insull, Stone and Webster, Electric Bond and Share, and the United Light and Power interests, have asked the Supreme Court of the United States for an injunction which would prevent any of the government-supported projects from selling power in competition with the private companies. While this suit is pending, Tri-County cannot obtain funds for the construction of its power station and transmission lines. The other projects, having already been completed, are permitted to build certain transmission lines but are forbidden to link up with each other.

To cap the climax, opponents of the Tri-County project have returned to the Nebraska Supreme Court to contest the amended water rights which would permit the Tri-County authorities to build the Keystone Dam and irrigate within the Platte River watershed. Until this case is settled, the PWA cannot even advance the major part of the \$10,000,000 already allotted. Opponents of the project have also introduced a number of bills in Nebraska's unicameral legislature with a view to killing all undertakings of this type. One of these bills provides that all directors of an irrigation project must live within the watershed that is affected, and forbids irrigation authorities to build or own reservoirs, dams, or power plants outside the irrigation district. These provisions would hamper if not destroy every important irrigation and power project in the state.

Strangely enough, a large part of the opposition to Tri-County has come from the directors of the Sutherland project. It is difficult to get at the roots of this antagonism, but it appears to be based in part on sectionalism, in part on personal and political jealousies, and in part on basic differences in economic and social outlook. The struggle over irrigation is but part of a long-drawn-out conflict between the progressive political forces of the state affiliated with Senator Norris and the powerful political machine which has been built up by Senator Burke and Arthur Mullen, former Democratic national committeeman. It happens that Mr. Mullen, while national committeeman, obtained the grants for the Columbus and Sutherland projects before Tri-County could even obtain a hearing. Some months later the President forced him to resign his position on the National Committee, and he is now engaged in trying to collect upwards of \$50,000 from the PWA for "legal services." The Mullen machine has been closely tied up with the utility interests and has naturally opposed public power development.

A further basis for the fundamental difference in

outlook between the officials of the Sutherland project and those of Tri-County may be found in the nature of their respective enterprises. Sutherland has no large reservoir, which means that it will presumably not be able to operate at full capacity in dry seasons. Estimates of the amount of "firm" or steady power which can be produced vary widely, but it cannot be more than 90,000,000 kilowatt hours annually, and without the Keystone Dam the project may have no firm power whatsoever. This prevents Sutherland from selling its output to the municipal plants and farmers of the area unless it is linked with another producer. Lacking such a link, it has little choice but to sell its energy to the private power companies at "dump-power" rates. It would, of course, be possible for Sutherland to "firm up" its power by connecting with the Tri-County and Columbus projects, but this is precisely what the private power companies are seeking to prevent. A contract exists between Columbus and Tri-County, but the Sutherland officials have refused to be affiliated in a three-cornered deal. And they have insisted that the construction of the Tri-County power plants would make it more difficult for them to dispose of their power. The Tri-County authorities deny that the new project will create a surplus of electrical energy. They point out that the private companies have fixed their rates so high that they have scarcely touched the rich agricultural market for electricity. Nebraska ranks twenty-ninth among the states in the Union in the percentage of farms which are supplied with electric current.

Considerable opposition to the Tri-County project is also to be found in the region around Grand Island, thirty miles northeast of Hastings. A Platte River Water Protective Association has been formed which has as its battle slogan "Platte River for the Platte Valley." While this organization may have utility backing, it is nourished by a real fear that the Tri-County project may rob the area north of the Platte River of its present water resources. There are two issues involved, both somewhat bewildering to an Easterner. One is the contention by farmers along the Platte that the building of the Keystone Dam would deprive them of their riparian rights—which they interpret to mean the privilege of watching the river flow by filled to the banks. While Nebraska laws furnish some basis for this contention, the United States Supreme Court has definitely rejected this conception of riparian rights. Consequently, Nebraskans may wake up some day and find that the surplus water of the Platte has been granted to Wyoming or Colorado on the ground that Nebraska was not making full use of it.

The second claim appears at first sight to be a little more substantial. Residents of the north bank of the Platte claim that a diversion of the river's waters would rob the region of at least a portion of its precious store of underground water. A careful study of this subterranean water supply has been made by A. L. Lugin of the Nebraska Conservation and Survey Division and L. K. Wenzel of the United States Geological Survey. They concluded that the recent depletion of these resources was not permanent and was due primarily to dry weather.

Very little of this underground water comes from the Platte River; the bulk of it flows down from the sand hills of northern Nebraska, and the remainder is mostly obtained from rainfall.

Despite the opposition of these groups, the Nebraska Supreme Court is expected to hand down shortly a decision granting the Tri-County authorities the necessary water rights. This will permit work to be begun on the Keystone Dam and such irrigation ditches as have not already been constructed. There will still remain the problem of finding some way to irrigate the 300,000 acres that happen to be outside the Platte River watershed. This means that the obstructing law of 1895 will have to be repealed. Once these two battles have been won, the fight should narrow down to a clear-cut struggle between the utilities and the people of Nebraska over the question of public power production. With the issue thus clearly drawn it is doubtful whether even the Supreme Court can prevent Nebraska from obtaining the irrigation and cheap power it so desperately needs.

A Hundred White Horses

BY AGNES SMEDLEY

HORSES are valuable beasts, thought the long, brown old peasant. He was a man as brown as the earth on which he sat, and he was as motionless as a stone. The only clothing he wore was a pair of gray cotton trousers, and they also blended with the color of the earth. Valuable beasts, the old peasant kept thinking. His thoughts were not idle day dreams, either, for his eyes were following a slowly moving herd of horses across the River Sing. What a shame that those horses belonged to the Fifth White Army—what a shame! The Red Army could use a good horse like one of those over there. His son, a Red Army soldier, had once captured two horses almost from under the Whites, and had taken them to the red military headquarters. His son was a hero—no doubt about that.

The old man sat on Soviet territory north of the River Sing and looked across at the herd of horses on the southern bank, where the Whites occupied and ruled the countryside. From over there they kept sending raiding parties into Soviet territory. The river was the boundary line. The people over there all helped the Soviets when they could, but the Whites were cruel if they caught a man. Now, right there before his eyes was a whole herd of horses, no less than a hundred grazing peacefully, and no one in sight. Suppose he crossed over and picked out a horse. He squatted motionless as a stone as he thought and watched. No, not a soul in sight. So he might as well swim over, look about, and if he saw no one, see what the horses would do.

He moved down to the river, waded out, and began to swim. But would a horse obey him and swim the river on the way back? He wondered about many things, and above the water his eyes scanned the bank and the hill before him. He felt earth, stood upright, stood dead

still near a small tree for a time as he looked about, then crept up the hillside. The leading horse did not take fright when he went near, but continued grazing peacefully. The old man took a last look around, then went up and patted the horse gently on the nose and rubbed its glossy neck. The horse nosed against him gratefully. They liked each other from the start.

The old man threw his arm over the animal's neck, gently patting and prodding it. It began obediently to move down toward the river. The whole herd of horses stopped grazing, looked up, and then began moving slowly behind them. The old man's heart was in his throat. Silly beasts, he thought. Anyone watching would know something was wrong. He leaped on his chosen animal and, guiding and prodding, rode him to the river, out into the water. And then he felt the animal begin to swim.

From behind he heard splashing that became ever louder, and he looked back anxiously. All the horses were going into the stream. Many hesitated, then began to swim obediently. The old man's heart beat so hard against his ribs that he could hear it. The whole drove of horses was swimming swiftly. The old man clung to his animal desperately, exulting but fearful. One rifle shot from behind and he would be finished.

He felt his horse touch Soviet soil and begin to scramble up the bank. Then the others began to clamber after. The old peasant grasped the mane of his animal tighter, kicked him in the ribs, and tried to force him into a trot or a gallop. Now all the horses were free of the stream, following up the path and over the hill. They were trotting with a thunderous noise. They crossed the hill and made straight for the narrow pass through a stony mountain. The horses whinnied, and Red Guards stood in amazement as the wet old man and a hundred wet horses trotted through the pass. The old man seemed drunk and kept yelling at the guards that he had "confiscated" a drove of White horses.

Inside the pass they turned off to the right toward a village. Crowds of women and children and a few men ran out and watched in amazement. The old man brought his horse to a stop right at the door of the local Soviet. All the women and a few men inside had run out and stood on the threshold, gaping in astonishment. A small unit of red soldiers at drill on a nearby square had halted and run up. The old man guided his horse to the square and looked back to see that all the others followed. He had lived long, but never had such a moment as this come to the life of any man; for there was a herd of horses obeying his will, and there were hundreds of people—with red soldiers among them—standing back and watching. The old man was dizzy, yet clear-headed enough to slide off his animal, pat it, and talk to it.

Turning to the villagers crowding nearer, he said: "They are White horses. I swam over to get me a horse, and then the whole drove followed. I was sitting and thinking—" He could speak no more. His own excitement halted him. And the people began to laugh; so that some of them fell down and sat there shrieking.

Somewhere the red soldiers had found a rope and

were stringing it around the square to keep the horses from escaping. The children were pulling up grass and feeding it to the animals. Some of the animals threw up their heads and frisked away, but others ate the grass. The villagers were delighted and they all began pulling up grass, offering it, and calling the horses that took it all kinds of sweet names. "You beautiful darling—oh you nice old thing—lovely horsey." Such extravagance was enough to make a man laugh until he split.

The old peasant at last found his tongue and began telling the whole story. When he finished, the people laughed themselves half to death. The men slapped the old fellow on the back until it was sore. But he was so excited and so proud that they could have slapped him into pulp and he would not have felt it. So he told the story again, and that night he told it again to a still bigger crowd that came from other villages. They made him repeat it many times and they laughed until their jaws ached. Some of them knew the story by heart so that when the old man left out any detail they corrected him and put it in.

"The beasts are Soviet sympathizers—that's why they followed you," some wit remarked to a roar of laughter.

The old man slept hardly a wink that night. But sleep was unimportant at such a time as this. The next morning he and four others would take the beasts over the hills to the north, to Red Army headquarters. He, of course, would ride in front on his beautiful animal. What a horse it was, to be sure! The old man sighed at the thought of parting with it. The whole village was up by daybreak to see the procession start. A rough halter looped over the nose of his animal served as bridle, and a piece of thick wadded cloth served as a saddle for the old man. The other men rode in similar fashion, but they rode in the far rear, driving the horses before them. A crowd of admirers followed them for a *li* beyond the village.

Other villages had already heard of this great victory and were waiting. They saw the old man come in sight, then behind him the grand procession of horses, brought up by four men. It was as good as a demonstration, and people applauded and waved and yelled. When the procession stopped at noon, the old man told his story anew to strange villagers, who fed the men and the horses.

In this way they finally reached Red Army headquarters. Commanders and fighting men were accustomed to many unusual things, but this was a joy they would not forget. The lean old man told them his story and then they fell in each other's arms or sat down and laughed, and a number of them embraced the old man and insisted that he sit down and have something to eat and drink.

He stayed at headquarters for two days, making himself acquainted with affairs of the world, an honored guest. His son returned from the front on the second day and stood grinning at his father.

"You see, my son, you captured two horses, but I, an old man, captured a hundred."

The son grinned from ear to ear. And everybody laughed.

BROUN'S PAGE

The Lowest Branch

AFTER the Assembly of the State of New York had killed the child-labor amendment, I wrote to the 102 members who had voted against the measure and expressed my opinion that they had participated in the dirtiest day's work ever done in the lower house at Albany. I wrote as president of the American Newspaper Guild, since the organized editorial workers of this country have frequently gone on record as against the exploitation of the immature. The problem touches our own craft, since many publishers employ children as carriers and newsboys. In the jargon of the Publishers' Association they are known as "little merchants."

In writing to the assemblymen I mentioned the unassailable fact that labor groups throughout the state intended to remember the offenders and work against them when they came up for reelection. The intellectual level of New York's lower house is not very high. Its courage is somewhat less. The two forces which the legislators feared quite obviously were the prelates of the Catholic church and the newspaper owners of the state. I trust they will learn to their sorrow that their defiance of the strong position of labor was, among other things, a major political error.

A number of replies have come from the gentlemen of the lower house; their letters are sometimes illiterate and almost invariably on the moronic side. Instead of making a selection I will simply pick three from the top of the pile and let them stand as exhibits A, B, and C. The first which comes to hand is from Mario J. Cariello. Mr. Cariello writes, "No more consideration or weight need be accorded remarks such as yours than are worthy of the speaker thereof."

Just try and scan that sentence on your scanner. But the second, which comes from Chauncy B. Hammond, is a good deal longer and somewhat more incoherent. Mr. Hammond writes:

"Your circular letter of the tenth, addressed to other members of the New York State Legislature, came to me as a part, I assume, of your program to urge upon the members of the legislature who voted against the youth-control amendment to the Constitution, commonly, but erroneously, known as the child-labor amendment.

"Assuming that you are a newspaperman and a man of education, may I suggest that the language used in your letter is not consistent with that usually employed by men who presume to occupy the position suggested by your letterhead. I appreciate the fact that you have but expressed in most distasteful language your private opinion of the members of the legislature. You know as I do that the bill presented to the New York State Legislature was one of the rankest communistic bills ever presented to any legislative body. You know as do I that it

was the intention of the proponents of this bill to regulate, limit, and prohibit the labor of youth under eighteen years of age. You know, and so do I, that it was one of the steps that such persons as you and your cohorts sought to impose upon the American public whereby the state could step in and direct the thoughts and acts of the youth of our land as in the communistic and socialistic state that you so desire. I am happy that it was my privilege, together with 101 other red-blooded American citizens, to defeat the aims of yourself and your kind, and I wish to say to you that so long as I live, I will resist by my vote and by my voice on the public platform such legislature [*sic*] as this. The time has come when you and the group you claim to represent must recognize the fact that this is the United States of America and not communistic Russia or any other country.

"I have no more use for you or those who you claim to represent than has the devil for holy water, if the analogy is at all consistent."

As for the consistency of Mr. Hammond's analogy in which he compares himself to the devil, I can only say that it is perfect. I could not have assigned him a more suitable role after his vote against the child-labor amendment. But I should like him to justify his contention that the Newspaper Guild does not possess the right to state its opinion to elected representatives in the lower branch of the legislature. What has become of those fine old American rights of petition and free speech? Does the gentleman in Albany honestly maintain that labor becomes communistic simply because it chooses to be articulate?

The voters of New York should make a much closer scrutiny of the men and women who are nominated for the state legislature. To a great extent these jobs have gone by default. Perfectly preposterous people reach Albany as unregarded pebbles in some particular political landslide. As in the case of new voters, there ought to be a literacy test for members of the Assembly. No man should be elected unless he is able to read and write. May I point out that Mr. Hammond seems confused as to the nature of some simple words which ought to be down his alley. What he is thinking of in his first sentence I shall never be able to tell you because, after employing a subject and a transitive verb, Mr. Hammond has completely forgotten the necessity of an object.

As exhibit C, I have a letter from Frank G. Miller. I'm at a loss to know whether Assemblyman Miller is filled with remorse or not strong in logic. At any rate he writes: "My comment on your letter of March 10 is as follows: There is no act so dirty but what it is soon followed by one a thousand times dirtier. The statement of your organization of the Assembly's action on the child-labor amendment, to my mind, comprises that act."

I rest my case.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

GEOMETRY'S FOURTH ANGLE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

EDDINGTON, Jeans, and the rest have put the reader of popular science in a strange position. All too often he has learned to talk about "curved space" and "frames of reference" while preserving an ignorance so complete that he would not recognize a differential equation if he saw one. For that reason a popular introduction to formal mathematics is sorely needed, and at first sight that is what Lancelot Hogben's "Mathematics for the Million"* appears to be. Actually, however, the book is both a good deal more and a good deal less—a frequently brilliant and no less frequently exasperating exposition of some of the main principles of practical calculation plus the author's interpretation of history and his very intransigent personal convictions concerning the only true end of mathematical processes.

Being a Fellow of the Royal Society and a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics, it is not surprising that Professor Hogben should be interested in his subject primarily as a tool, or that social statistics should seem to him even more important than the physical sciences. Obviously his main purpose is to enable the average citizen to make sense out of means, medians, curves of distribution, probable errors, and the rest, but in his more than six hundred pages—most of them fairly stiff reading—he lays a very broad foundation of arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and calculus. At the same time, however, he undertakes something I have never seen undertaken before. Geometry has hitherto recognized three kinds of angles: obtuse, acute, and right. Professor Hogben adds a fourth—the left, or class, angle. There is, said Archimedes, no royal road to geometry. Professor Hogben spends a great deal of his time in the effort to prove that there is, nevertheless, a proletarian one.

Despite its persistently obtruded eccentricities, the work is, as I have said, often solid and brilliant. The approach to the solution of each problem through the history of that problem has an enormous advantage over the method of the textbooks, where demonstrations are always presented as *faits accomplis* so perfected and so tidied up that one is usually left wondering how they were ever hit upon; and I am frank to confess that the reading of this book furnished me with many insights I never achieved during the undergraduate days when I "majored" in mathematics. Nor is Professor Hogben's "economic interpretation" of the development of mathematics by any means all nonsense. It is, for example, a commonly accepted fact that some of the limitations of Greek geometry are traceable to the aristocratic preference for the study of static form over the study of movement

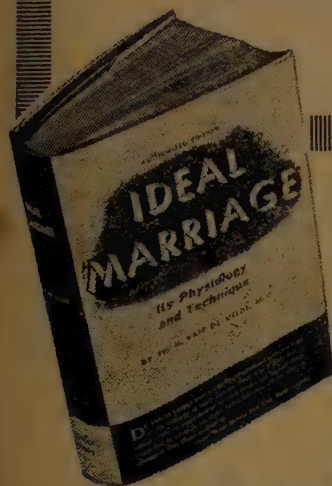
and change. His treatment of the famous paradox of Zeno—the supposed theoretical impossibility that the hare of the fable will ever actually overtake the tortoise—is most ingenious, and the demonstration that the solution could not be reached until, at the Reformation, a mercantile civilization "took time away from the priests by taking saints out of the calendar" is delightful. But there are also times when Professor Hogben allows his hobby to ride him. Nor is it only that his impatience with everything not "practical" leads him to despise what more devoted mathematicians called "elegance" and to treat "rigidity of proof" so cavalierly that the treatise on the science of mathematics seems at times about to degenerate into a mere Ready Reckoner.

Frequently his preference for the practical rises shrilly into moral indignation. In the history of mathematics Good has been engaged against Evil. Anyone tainted with an interest in "pure" mathematics was an oppressor of the people and anyone who holds that mathematics has any meaning except as a tool would really like, if the truth were known, to take bread out of the mouths of workers. Yet it seems to me that something very much like his own method may be turned against him. When he says, in italics, that "solving problems is not a special gift but merely the art of applying fixed rules of grammar," it is plain that he wants to believe this because it sounds hopefully democratic. The fact remains, however, that it is true only in so far as the more routine processes of algebra or calculus are concerned. Try telling it to any competent mathematician who has struggled to get a solution for a difficult differential equation and then seen the feat accomplished by another with a gift more like the gift for chess than the mere ability to follow rules.

Near the beginning of his book Professor Hogben speaks of mathematics as "the language of size" and returns time and time again to this perilously inexact analogy. It would be much nearer the truth to say that mathematics is the *logic* of size. Essentially, in other words, it is not a method of making statements about what we know but a method of discovering something we do not know. Mere formulas are, to be sure, statements. If I say that $s = \frac{1}{2}gt^2$, that is a statement which may mean that the distance passed over by a body falling in a vacuum is equal to one-half the square of the time it has been falling, multiplied by a certain number which varies with the point on the earth's surface toward which the body is falling. If I add also that $ds/dt = gt$ I may be saying that at any instant the speed of that falling body is equal to the time it has

* W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.75.

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	Sexual Vigour or Potency
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	Medicaments, Drugs, Narcotics, Aphrodisiacs and Anaphrodisiacs
	Periodicity of Sexual Desire
	Sexual Intercourse During Menstruation
	Intercourse After Child-birth
	Genital Diseases
	Care and Cleanliness
CHAPTER XVII	PSYCHIC, EMOTIONAL AND MENTAL HYGIENE

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been falling, multiplied by this same number. But those two statements do not represent a mathematical process. Mathematics consists neither in such statements nor in mere rules for connecting them but in the logic which enables us to say that if one is either assumed or observed to be true, the other (which cannot be observed) must be true; and in this particular instance that logic consists in the determination of the instantaneous rate of change of s with respect to t —which logic, by the way, happens to be the foundation of differential calculus.

Note that I was careful to say that the two mathematical statements may mean what I translated them to mean. The "may" is important because the mathematical statements might mean many other things quite dissimilar—as for instance that the slope of the tangent to a certain curve was so and so. And this is important because it illustrates an important fact, namely, that mathematical statements and mathematical deductions are extremely generalized and reveal mathematical resemblances between things which seem to have no relation to each other; that they are so generalized, indeed, as to give some justification for the attitude toward them which seems to Professor Hogben the root of all evil. Perhaps those very thinkers who conclude that mathematics deals with a realm of logic far more extensive than the realm of phenomena which nature happens to illustrate are engaged in a speculation which is not useful. Certainly they are going at the matter from an angle quite different from that chosen by Professor Hogben. But is it really necessary to regard them as moral lepers? It is true that Pythagorus—whom he regards with a jaundiced eye—did have some very queer convictions about the soul and what men should eat. They did not, however, prevent him from having "ideas that are a lot of use about the square of the hypotenuse"; and personally I think it would be a mistake to insist upon liquidating everyone who happens to disagree with us about the true nature of the square root of minus one.

BOOKS

Mouse Meat

NIGHTWOOD. By Djuna Barnes. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

MR. ELIOT is right when he says of this novel that it is "really 'written.'" It is too consistently "written" for quotations to mean much, nor does any sentence contain the whole. Yet if Mr. Eliot is also right in the analogy he suggests with poetry, the book can be searched for good "lines." And they are easily found. Some of them are witty:

She defiled the very meaning of personality in her passion to be a person.

She was one of the most unimportantly wicked women of her time—because she could not let her time alone, and yet could never be a part of it. She wanted to be the reason for everything and so was the cause of nothing.

"She speaks of people taking away her 'faith' in them, as if faith were a transportable object—all her life she has been subject to the feeling of 'removal.'"

"She was really like those people who, coming unexpectedly into a room, silence the company because they are looking for someone who is not there."

And some of them are pretty in a tremendous way:

"We are but skin about a wind, with muscles clenched against mortality."

"And what of the sleep of animals? The great sleep of the elephant, and the fine thin sleep of the bird?"

"I began to wait for all the little beasts in their mothers who would have to step down and begin going decent in the one fur that would last them their time."

"Man was born damned and innocent from the start, and wretchedly—as he must—on those two themes—whistles his tune."

"I went toward the Ile because I could see the lights in the show-windows of Our Lady and all the children in the dark with the tapers twinkling, saying their prayers softly with that small breath that comes off little lungs, whispering fatally about nothing, which is the way children say their prayers."

But the poetry of which Mr. Eliot must have been speaking will be found on a third level, as far removed from these as the poetry of our time is from mere wit, mere charm. On Miss Barnes's third level a special state of consciousness is constructed and a very special sort of thing is said. When Mr. Eliot writes of "Nightwood" that "only sensibilities trained on poetry can wholly appreciate it," he means, of course, modern poetry. Sensibilities trained on Horace and Pope, or even on Homer and Shakespeare, would make nothing of it at all. For those poets in their various ways accepted the world and trusted the commonplace; whereas this one stares away from her in a rigor of horror, probing distance with fixed eyes in the hope that it will yield a niche where the contemporary mind, trained on distrust and disgust, can lose itself in stretches of time beyond our time. The vessel of life may have something in it, but first it must be smashed.

Felix thought to himself that undoubtedly the doctor was a great liar, but a valuable liar. His fabrications seemed to be the framework of a forgotten but imposing plan; some condition of life of which he was the sole surviving retainer.

"The modern child has nothing left to hold to, or, to put it better, he has nothing to hold with. We are adhering to life now with our last muscle—the heart."

"The reason the doctor knows everything is because he's been everywhere at the wrong time and has now become anonymous."

"The French are disheveled and wise; the American tries to approximate it with drink. It is his only clue to himself. He takes it when his soap has washed him too clean for identification. The Anglo-Saxon has made the literal error; using water, he has washed away his page. Misery melts him down by day, and sleep at night."

"To be utterly innocent would be to be utterly unknown, particularly to oneself."

"In time everything is possible and in space everything forgivable; life is but the intermediary vice. There is eternity to blush in."

"One has, I am now certain, to be a little mad to see into the past or the future, to be a little abridged of life to know life, the obscure life."

"In the acceptance of depravity the sense of the past is most fully captured."

"It is only by such extreme measures that the average man can remember something long ago; truly, not that he remembers, but that crime itself is the door to ■ accumulation, ■ way to lay hands on the shudder of a past that is still vibrating."

"After all, calamity is what we are all seeking."

The book is like that everywhere, which is to say that for brilliance and formal beauty few novels of any age can compare with it. But one must also say how desperate it is. Mr. Eliot condemns in advance any reader who feels superior to the three chief persons of the narrative, all of whom belong to the third sex. That, however, is not the point. The point is that Miss Barnes has strained rather than enriched our sensibilities. "Nightwood" is more fascinating than interesting. The marvelous doctor who speaks so many of the lines just quoted has another aria about the women of the world who scurry out from doors at night with lamps in their hands. "Like a thousand mice they go this way and that, now fast, now slow, some halting behind doors, some trying to find the stairs, all approaching or leaving their misplaced mouse meat that lies in some cranny, on some couch, down on some floor, behind some cupboard." "Nightwood" is mouse meat at which we nibble page after page with a special kind of joy. But great fiction is more ordinary than this, and ultimately more nourishing. Beefsteak and apple pie.

MARK VAN DOREN

Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise?

THE EARNEST ATHEIST. A STUDY OF SAMUEL BUTLER. By Malcolm Muggeridge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75.

SINCE the publication in 1919 of Festing Jones's copious memoir of Samuel Butler the disparity between Butler's life and his writings has caused much speculation—a disparity now made sharper by the recent instalments of the Notebooks. Shuttling through the varied domains of the human spirit, seizing, examining, discarding one established value after another, Butler reverts to health, practical wisdom, and wealth as the basis of the good, or at least the only, life. But tormented in mind and carbuncled in body, Butler himself was a little less than wise, and especially so in the pursuit of wealth. Despite Butler's scorn for him, it was his father who gave him a generous start and who supported him after he had gathered and dissipated his small fortune. It was his father's death and money that Butler sought, and from this fact, it appears, stemmed much of Butler's rebellion. Hating the parental image for the power it early and late held over him, Butler transferred this hatred to all authority: family, education, church, even to his evanescent salvation by Darwinian science, even the tyrannical reign of the intellect itself. This endless voyage to escape the bounds of authority—with its strange ultima Thule, the bank account—dominates and warps Butler's life. Infantile, he fled from the possibility of love; as the highest manifestation of his affection he supported well-groomed but perhaps questionable young men; toward the one valuable and sincere feminine friendship that was offered him he displayed only embarrassment, annoyance, a belated and not altogether convincing remorse. His life formed of conflict and compromise, of a series of apparent failures in art, science, literature, he took refuge in the ordered precision of an old maid's existence, in a feeling of persecution, in a fervent belief in his posthumous fame—a fame for which he recorded, sometimes with a singular lack

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of perspective, almost every detail of a life that was often singularly lacking in grace.

Toward this man—who was, however, a great precursor, whose intuitions and asides have been confirmed in so many ways, whose scientific findings have steadily grown in significance, whose *Nowhere* has almost become *Everywhere*, who was the author of one of the wisest and wittiest books of our time, who was in some respects the most important figure of Victorian England, whose belief, in short, in his own posthumous fame was quite warranted—Mr. Muggeridge's new study adopts a certain eccentricity of approach. All that is wrong in the modern world, Mr. Muggeridge has decided, with the exception of unspeakable Moscow, is derived from Butler. This author knows the values according to which Butler lived, and they have come to fill him "with unutterable horror." From a biographer burdened with such a thesis and displaying such ostentatious feeling one does not expect, and one does not get, an accurate portrait. For a Butlerian study one still prefers Clara Gruening Stillman's detailed and excellent biography, or even, for example, Hugh Kingsmill's essay.

To this statement, however, a note should be added. In respect to Butler's accomplishments Mr. Muggeridge exaggerates, stresses, and omits according to his emotion. Yet in respect to Butler himself the author's hate is rather more preached, I think, than practiced. On the fundamental problems of Butler's personality Mr. Muggeridge's understanding tends to get the better of him. His analyses of Butler's motivation and his descriptions of Butler's background show a penetration, an artistic power, and an ironic sense that are worthy of a better book. For all Mr. Muggeridge's studied air of antipathy no previous biographer has brought out more forcefully the pathos of Butler's disoriented life. If Mr. Muggeridge would just stop trying to be so different, he would be.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

American Jews in Chicago

THE OLD BUNCH. By Meyer Levin. The Viking Press. \$3.

MEYER LEVIN'S new novel must be placed among the most ambitious efforts of contemporary fiction. Close to a thousand pages in length, intimately told and with the interest spread out almost evenly over all the characters, it attempts a vast summation and judgment of recent American history. The lives of this group of Jewish boys and girls of Chicago's West Side who grow up and assume adult responsibilities in the years between 1921 and 1934 touch on every event and experience of importance during that period. Their story and the story of their native city are well documented: business, politics, the arts, law, medicine, real estate, gang wars, strikes, Zionism, communism—these are the data and forms of their various ambitions, struggles, and failures. The immigrant parents of the "bunch" live and toil with the sole object of insuring a better deal for their American children, but none the less the ax falls. No amount of care and education can prevent these young people from being victimized by a civilization that permits little happiness or satisfaction save at the cost of a betrayal of human values. The girls fight to corral husbands and shoehorn them into a gross, vulgar life; and the problem of a livelihood faces the men like a hail of bullets. Cunning and conformity are not really a guaranty of success, for in the clash of blind forces even the most ruthless are often lost. One or two make their way to the top of the heap; the rest are beaten and bewildered; only

a few revolt. The whole world of Chicago, of America, "seems sick and done for."

Intrinsically this is the classic American story of defeat and frustration so often presented in American literature by novelists like Dreiser, Farrell, and Dos Passos. Mr. Levin's particular distinction lies in having discerned and recreated this story within the Jewish American milieu, of which scarcely a detail of background or development escapes him. And, ironically enough, it is through showing the failure that they share with their American hosts that Mr. Levin naturalizes his Jews within their new homeland.

Though written with complete sincerity and in a language whose color and associations keep pace with the movement of events, the novel's comprehensiveness and fidelity of social observation do not wholly make up for its lack of tension. The narrative proceeds along a somewhat monotonous level, with no particular figures singled out for emphasis. Perhaps the fault here is that the author's conception of his characters is so much identical with his conception of the situations in which he places them that the contradiction between the two seldom emerges as a dramatic moment. For it is this very contradiction that makes for dramatic conflict.

PHILIP RAHV

Health Insurance

SICKNESS AND INSURANCE. A STUDY OF THE SICKNESS PROBLEM AND HEALTH INSURANCE.

By Henry Alvin Millis. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

IN CONCLUDING his consistently lucid, frequently penetrating, and admirably concise summary of the problem of organizing and paying for medical care, Mr. Millis has a suggestion of his own to make: that compulsory health insurance be limited to the major disabling illnesses requiring hospitalization, but that it be supplemented by extensions of the public health services, plus cash disability benefits administered through the Social Security Act. This, as Mr. Millis points out, is "the British plan turned upside down"—the emphasis of the British panel system being on general-practitioner care.

Mr. Millis's idea would also appear to be more or less Surgeon General Parran's idea. His proposal is worth thinking about, especially the tactical arguments by which he justifies it. Like most of the progressives working in this field, Mr. Millis would like desperately to get something done, and in effect he raises the question: just how good a program will the medical politicians, the quacks, the insurance companies, and the drug interests let us get away with? Not too good, probably. Let's be "practical" then. The "standard" bill flopped in 1920 partly because the industrial-insurance companies didn't like its provision for burial benefits—so that's out. But the American Medical Association has let us get our feet in the door by grudgingly approving voluntary, group hospitalization insurance. So let's expand that gain, being careful not to stir up Dr. Fishbein, who is respectfully quoted to the effect that "without the cooperation of the medical profession no system of practice can succeed."

Personally I don't see it. Both in print and from the platform I have treated Dr. Fishbein and his followers with an entirely appropriate disrespect, and I am convinced that this attitude is shared by the vast majority of informed and progressive American physicians. I am even convinced that this is the more practical method for progressives to adopt. We



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can be sure that any program, no matter how mild, will be sniped at and whittled by the vested interests affected. Hence why not start with a sound, comprehensive program and make the medical politicians, the insurance companies, the drug interests take the onus for any whittling.

British medical politicians didn't want health insurance either, but British labor made them take it, and now British doctors like it. They'd probably have liked it better in the end if the British legislators from the beginning had paid less attention to the largely disingenuous shibboleths of the British medical politicians about "freedom of medical choice" and the like and more to the logical necessity of group practice.

Michael M. Davis writes a preface to Mr. Millis's book emphasizing a point which is not emphasized in the text: that medical benefits are today more important than cash disability benefits. The point is at least debatable. Certainly every wage worker knows that whether he gets sick or is fired, his pay stops. Hence organized labor will quite properly demand as a condition of its support that adequate cash disability benefits, however administered, be an integral part of the program.

Is it not better, tactically, to accent the very real distinctions, the widening cleavage, between the medical politicians and the increasingly progressive rank and file of the profession than to endanger the labor support without which nothing of any value can possibly be accomplished? More concretely, should not Mr. Millis pay at least as much attention to the C. I. O. as to the A. M. A.? Does not the extraordinary messiness of the French system, as described by Mr. Millis, illustrate the folly of throwing sops to medical bureaucrats?

In pointing out the dangers of Mr. Millis's tactical position, I do not mean to discount the value of his book; it is one of the most intelligent brief statements of the problem that have appeared and should be purchased by all lay and professional students of the subject.

JAMES RORTY

Master Mariner

LIVING AGAIN. By Captain Felix Riesenber. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

FELIX RIESENBERG, C. E., master mariner in sail and steam, lieutenant commander, U.S.N.R. (retired), author of many land and sea novels, of marine textbooks known the world over, has just written a book about his life called "Living Again." The outstanding part—the high adventure he never has told before in detail in any of his other works—is the account of his two years on Dane's Island in Spitzbergen as navigator for Walter Wellman, who attempted in 1907 to fly over the North Pole in a dirigible balloon.

All through the summer of 1906 the preparatory work went on—the construction of the hangar, the erection of gas apparatus, the testing of equipment—and suddenly "summer had gone and the balloon was not even out of the case. The gloom of an impending interminable night was soon to settle over Spitzbergen." The flight must be postponed until the following year, but someone must stay and look after the work done. Riesenber volunteered. Two Norwegian sailors were chosen to stay with him; and the little bark Frithjof sailed away leaving them to the long silence, the cold, the polar twilight which was soon to fade into the blackness of the Arctic night.

It was a period of hardship, of narrow escapes from death, of fighting the vast cold solitude which "may warp, freeze, and solidify the spirit, or may set it free." But there were compensations—"the full-moon floods, falling on a white world," the glory of the Aurora Borealis, and the peace—most of all the perfect peace.

Finally the light returned, and one morning, late in the spring, the Frithjof was sighted around the headland. Another summer of work, and in September of that year Wellman at last was ready. Riesenbergs went along as navigator and Melvin Vaniman as engineer. Their six-cylinder engine could make only fifteen miles an hour, and as they began to buck the forty-five-mile head wind from the Pole, the little craft gave up the ghost. They came down on Foul Glacier, not more than a hundred yards from a giant crevasse which could have swallowed a hundred balloons the size of theirs. They had been in the air four and a half hours. Captain Riesenbergs's habit of not dramatizing his adventures gives them an air of authenticity, just as his lack of emphasis on humorous episodes makes them doubly effective.

"Living Again" covers fifty-seven years crowded with experience. It ranges from Minneapolis to Hongkong, from Marconi to Joan Lowell. There is a terseness in its style which suggests a ship's log, and a philosophy which comes only to one who has thought long thoughts in many night watches, to one who is essentially a man of the sea.

HUGO VAN ARX

Ireland and the "Trouble"

ARMY WITHOUT BANNERS. By Ernie O'Malley. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

ON EASTER Monday, 1916, Ernie O'Malley, a medical student at Trinity College, Dublin, saw a tricolored flag floating over the General Post Office in O'Connell Street. A few weeks later he shared the use of a German Mauser with a friend, both boys taking turns at firing the heavy rifle at the military police. He had become an Irish volunteer through the same impulse that had aroused hundreds of other Dubliners to action: "to secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to the people of Ireland." The execution of the leaders of the Irish Republic—Connolly, Pearse, MacDonagh, Plunkett—had dramatized the British threat of armed intervention, and almost overnight the citizens of Dublin found themselves at war with the British Empire. The events that Ernie O'Malley describes are not unfamiliar to readers of Shaw Desmond's "Drama of Sinn Fein," and the fog, rain, and machine-gun fire through which O'Malley rode his bicycle are easily visualized by those who have seen "The Plough and the Stars" or the movie version of "The Informer." Yet the history of what is now politely called the "trouble" in Ireland remains unclear. British censorship has done its work too well, and Irish love of melodrama shares the honor of obscuring the facts of those five years in which O'Malley grew to young manhood and earned a captaincy in the Irish Republican Army.

Meanwhile O'Malley's book should not be confused with the kind of entertainment offered by middle-aged army officers who enjoy the memory of an active youth each incident of which reflects the glory of its hero. Nor should this book be substituted for a history of the Sinn Fein movement, which was to translate its hopes and theories into memorable action. O'Malley is careful to say that he is not responsible for exact dates and generalized conclusions; in this book at least he has

SEX

TECHNIQUE

in MARRIAGE

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FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly. Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

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no intention of competing with the historians. The merits of O'Malley's "Army Without Banners" are peculiar to the kind of personal history that disowns individual heroism in favor of a common cause and common experience. He writes in his introduction: "We who fought effected a small part of the energy induced, and our individual efforts as personalities were subordinated to the impersonality of the movement and not impaired by it." And like the good writer that O'Malley reveals himself to be, he proves his case by making his story far more intelligent and graphic than any recent effort to record unique adventure through a period of civil warfare. The reader sees him as one of many drilling with broomsticks at night in a drafty hall and later as a young man in an ill-fitting trench coat organizing scattered units of the I. R. A. throughout Tipperary, Clare, Cork, Limerick, and Kilkenny. Even his memories of riding a lampless bicycle down lonely roads at evening are made to seem the experience of all who shared his duties and responsibilities.

When at last he was captured and imprisoned in Kilmainham gaol, he convinced those who questioned him that his name was Stewart and that as far as he knew there were no officers in the Irish Republican Army. His identification with the cause for which he fought was so complete that he welcomed anonymity and furthered it to protect himself against betrayal. In writing "Army Without Banners" it is significant that he has used the anonymous songs of the period to illustrate his memoirs as though he were again supplying evidence that his identity was wholly one with the will of his people.

This kind of self-effacement often implies self-discipline and is of the same order that sustains the morale of any group against superior numbers and overwhelming military advantage. It was evident in our own Revolutionary War as it was during the "trouble" that defeated the Black-and-Tans, and even today the Loyalist forces in Spain exhibit the same strength against fascist invasion. But what happened in Ireland after 1921 is another matter, and it is perhaps a consciousness of this difference that prompted Ernie O'Malley to close his narrative with the signing of a treaty announcing the birth of the Irish Free State.

HORACE GREGORY

New Novels

YOUNG ROBERT. By George Albee. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

YOUNG Robert is the grandson of an Irish immigrant who pioneered his way through the West, ending up in California, and living the bountiful, reckless pioneer life. Robert's father and his uncles and aunts were still pioneers, strong, eloquent, gigantic in stature and aptitude, named for Irish heroes and queens and wearing these names fitly: Conor, Dana, Sheen, Dermott, Angus, Fand, Flann, Gilveen. But the pioneer generation wears itself out in time; and the mind comes in to confuse and weaken heroes. Robert, who was growing up in San Francisco about the time of the earthquake and fire, was not a simple strong man like his Uncle Dermott or a simple orator like his Uncle Dana, or even a simple revolutionary like his labor-leader father. Robert got himself mixed up with education and the mechanical complications of the twentieth century. And the result was fatal. Very likely Mr. Albee knew he was symbolizing all the weakness of our own time and all the strength of the time of our fathers in his story of the Limewright family. But whether

he knew it or not, he has written an admirable novel, lively, thoughtful, lavish with epithet and metaphor, rich with incident, and implicit with wisdom.

THE GODS ARRIVE. By Grant Lewi. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

History makes itself and time makes subjects for fiction. We are now at the stage in time when the wild, gin-drinking twenties are sufficiently a part of the past to be isolated and put into novels. Mr. Lewi deftly details the brassy young girls in short skirts, the irresponsible young men who wanted to be artists, the easy money, the forgotten traditions, the calm acceptance of dirt, and the impatience with order. But when his hero, one of the would-be artists, has returned to his wife and begins to pull himself up by his bootstraps, Mr. Lewi turns moralist and didactically lays down a solution for a mad world—of all things, back to the land! In other words, he has written what promised to be a clever novel of manners and turned into a tract, not very clearly thought out.

ALL GOOD AMERICANS. By Jerome Bahr. With an Introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Fourteen short stories about a Middle Western small town, peopled with Polish or German Americans. Mr. Hemingway aptly says that the country and the people are reminiscent of Pieter Breughel. Mr. Bahr describes them in a one-syllable style that is occasionally reminiscent of Mr. Hemingway. But the stories have vitality, color, and humor; they are freshly and directly told; and a note of irony now and then makes them more than merely readable.

SMIRE. By Branch Cabell. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

It is difficult for one who is not among Mr. Cabell's warmer admirers to be properly appreciative of "Smire," which is the third in the trilogy which began with "Smith" and "Smirt." Perhaps it will be sufficient to say that Mr. Cabell's manner has not changed an iota and neither, really, has his matter. If you like it, you like it.

CAROLINE SMITH

RECORDS

SOME of the Decca records now offered at 50 and 75 cents are decidedly worth getting. They are repressings from European masters, and as such they fall into two groups. On the one hand there are English Decca recordings, which were made recently and have the clarity and fidelity that this fact implies. Outstanding among these is the set of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" (seven records, 75 cents each), which was originally issued by subscription. The music is beautiful; it is well performed by people most of whose names will be unfamiliar to you: Nancy Evans, Mary Hamlin, Roy Henderson, among other singers, Charles Kennedy Scott's A Cappella Singers, the Boyd Neel String Orchestra, Bernhard Ord at the harpsichord, all under the direction of Clarence Raybould; and it is well recorded, except that one cannot distinguish the words. This makes it important to have the text, which did not accompany my records.

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Take as one example the coming articles by McAllister Coleman which sketch the political career of New Jersey's reactionary Governor Hoffman. In these articles Mr. Coleman shows very clearly the governor's contempt for small consumers, the unemployed, and the organized labor movement and calls attention to the forces which are now combining against him and his corporate supporters.

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On the other hand there are the Odéon and Parlophone recordings, which are old, but some of which are worth having nevertheless. I would say this of a number of records of excerpts from Mozart's operas that I have listened to. It is the orchestra that suffers in the recording of eight or nine years ago (but it suffers initially from the ubiquitous Dr. Weissman's conducting); the voice is reproduced excellently; and these Mozart records offer some superb voices. Thus, in Leporello's Catalogue Aria from "Don Giovanni," Papageno's two arias from "The Magic Flute," and "Se vuol ballare" and "Non più andrai" from "The Marriage of Figaro," the singing of Gerhard Hüsch is heard in all its beauty of timbre, its perfection of phrasing, its spirit and dramatic point. Nor does Hüsch provide the only examples. I recommend from "Don Giovanni" the recitative "Don Ottavio, son morta" and the aria "Or, sai chi l'onore," sung by Margarete Bäumer; and "Dalla sua pace" and "Il mio tesoro," sung by Max Hirzel. And from "The Marriage of Figaro" Cherubino's arias "Non so più cosa son" and "Voi che sapete," sung by Luise Helletsgruber with a fresher voice than she reveals in the recent Mozart Society set; and "Porgi amor," in which Elisabeth Rethberg's voice, too, is lovelier than it is today. All these, I must add, are sung in German; and I must also add that they are, like Columbia records, afflicted with the residue that must be removed from the grooves by repeated playing.

There is a record of the Quintet from "Die Meistersinger" which is worth having for the beautiful voice of Emmy Bettendorf (on the reverse side she is heard in the conclusion of the bridal-chamber scene of "Lohengrin," in which you may hear the bloom that Melchior's voice has lost with the years). And she sings the exquisite passage "Geliebter, spare den Zorn," which is on the first of four sides that give most of the scene of Sachs's cobbling song and Beckmesser's Serenade in Act II of "Die Meistersinger." The other singers include Michael Bohnen and Leo (not Gustav) Schützendorf. Unfortunately the recording gets quite bad in Beckmesser's Serenade; but there are no other records of this wonderful scene.

In an emergency I listened to the following single Victor records on a machine of a few years back (Victor E-135), using a cactus needle. This machine failed to reproduce the bass that I am sure is present in what sounds like a superb recording of the usual three excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The music was written for just the marvelously colored and sensitized playing which the Boston Symphony does under Koussevitzky (two records, \$4). On another single (\$2) is exquisite singing by Elisabeth Schumann of Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung" and "Ich schweibe" and Schumann's "Mondnacht." On still another (\$2) is a beautiful performance by Wilhelm Bachaus, excellently recorded, of Brahms's Variations on an Original Theme. And on another (\$1.50) are two songs of Sibelius sung by Eva Leoni: "The Dragon Fly," Opus 17, No. 5, and "Aus banger Brust," Opus 50, No. 4. I care neither for the songs nor for the singing. Nor do I find anything of interest in two compositions, "Andalucia" and "Arabia," by the guitarist Oyangueren, which he plays on another single (\$1). There are fine performances by Yehudi Menuhin of Paganini's Caprice in E, Opus 1, No. 9, and the one in G minor, Opus 1, No. 6, to which Enesco has fitted a piano accompaniment (\$2). And finally, a record (\$2) which you may neglect: the "Che farò" from Gluck's "Orfeo" and the "Ombra mai fù" from Händel's "Xerxes," sung by Enid Szantho.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

European Trials

Dear Sirs: The editorial Behind the Soviet Trials in *The Nation* of February 6 states that Soviet judicial procedure is patterned more on that of the Continental European countries than on the Anglo-American, and that in Continental Europe the evidence taken down during the preliminary inquiry is secret.

If by Continental European countries the writer means Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany, he may maintain that their judicial procedure is to a certain extent analogous to that of Soviet Russia. In Italy political opponents of the government are tried by a special tribunal consisting of officers of the Fascist militia, and the whole procedure depends on the discretion of the president of the tribunal. Sometimes the newspapers are commanded to publish documents and other evidence collected during the preliminary inquiry. Until the middle of 1935 they were as a rule allowed to give no more than the names of the defendants and the sentences inflicted upon them. Now even this information has been suppressed. In Germany Hitler can even "purge out" his political opponents without any trial at all—which is perhaps a fairer and more humane method of getting rid of them than the Soviet method, according to which they are brought on the stage to vilify themselves by abject "confessions." But if by Continental European countries are meant those which are still endowed with free government, and Italy and Germany before they were blessed with Mussolini and Hitler, then the statement in question is wholly out of place.

In France the evidence collected during the preliminary inquiry is so far from being secret that the counsel for the defense attends the whole procedure, and the papers can give information about it from day to day. In Italy before 1927 the records of the preliminary inquiry were put at the disposal not only of the counsel for the defense but also of the press. No document or other evidence collected during the preliminary inquiry was of any use during the public trial unless it was read out. The material gathered during the preliminary inquiry served to help the judges and barristers in cross-examining the defendant and witnesses, not to make the public inquiry unnecessary. "Confessions" were not re-

garded as sufficient evidence but had to be supported with independent proofs.

If judicial procedure in the free countries of Continental Europe as well as in the dictatorial countries were similar to that of Soviet Russia, this still would not mean that Soviet procedure is good. It would mean that not only the dictatorial but also the free countries of Europe should take lessons from Anglo-American procedure. As a matter of fact, in this field the free European countries have little to learn from the Anglo-Saxons, and Stalin must be content with the companionship of Hitler and Mussolini.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Cambridge, Mass., March 16

Spirit of Spain

[*The appended letter from Madrid has been sent to us by a subscriber.*]

Dear —: Across the highway leading from France to La Junquera there is a poster: "Spain and Catalonia greet all friends of freedom and justice." You pass under it, and then you find yourself in a new world. Not a land of skyscrapers and chlorotic wage slaves of Manhattan beyond the Statue of Liberty, but a land in the throes of revolution and human joy, that goes to your head like wine. You fall in love with Spaniards at once. They are friendly, thoughtful, and infinitely kind, and yet retain their dignity. They are physically attractive. The militia, dressed in a motley array of rags, move silently and gracefully, like cats. If Barcelona and Catalonia are exciting, Madrid confronts you with a note of passionate intensity. Even in Valencia there is a certain amount of gaiety left. The cafes and cabarets are crowded; you see quite a number of well dressed men and women. Madrid is entirely different. There are crowds of people, but they are gray. Appearances are neglected. Few men bother to shave. They say that shaving is a disgrace, because it shows that you have time for yourself. The cafes are open, and the trams seem to run on schedule. But every thing closes at seven in the evening, and after that Madrid is dead, except for the boom of cannon and the occasional rattle of machine-guns. There is a determined atmosphere about Madrid, and practically everybody is confident that it cannot

be taken by the enemy. On the other hand the majority of the population expect things to get worse in the future, particularly the food question. I am convinced that whatever hardships may face us here, the surrender of Madrid is unthinkable.

It is impossible of course to explain all that Spain is at the moment, and all it stands for, and it is difficult to pick out really relevant facts. I would like, however, to tell you about two things I have seen, because they impressed me most. All over Spain along the roadside one sees wrecked and abandoned cars, smashed in the first few weeks of the revolution by their enthusiastic but incompetent drivers. The revolution destroys. In Madrid I saw a place where they collect these wrecked cars, build bodies for them, lengthen the driving shafts, and make ambulances out of them. They started two months ago, workers themselves, and out of nothing they have created a unique and wonderful plant. They are turning out fifty ambulances each month now, and this is only the beginning. The workers who took us round the place were the proudest men on earth, and they made us proud too. Proud of taking part in their war, which is our war also, and of having them as our comrades. The factory is near the front, but through shelling and bombardment the work goes on.

And then there was the blood-transfusion service, organized by Dr. Bethune of the Canadian unit. They are getting blood from donors in Barcelona, typing and testing it, and then sending it to all Spanish fronts. It is a marvel of scientific and technical organization. Ten minutes after they are rung up, the patient at the front is getting a blood transfusion. I wouldn't have believed it possible had I not seen it with my own eyes.

It is true that the revolution destroys, but it creates in the same step. In the same way it makes and destroys its enemies, but what wonderful friends it makes! The feeling of equality and human dignity is all permeating and shines through the dirty and unshaven faces of its soldiers, through the mud of the unhappy countryside, through the shellholes in the houses. We who are marching in its wake say: Long live the revolution!

R. A.

Madrid, February 6

Sean O'Faolain

Dear Sirs: Some weeks ago you printed a letter from John O'Hara Harte in which he stated that at the time of his leaving Ireland Sean O'Faolain was under arrest there, and that possibly he was still in prison on January 6, the date of the letter. Having already heard a rumor to the same effect I wrote Mr. O'Faolain, who now replies in part as follows:

I was not arrested, however. A young Trinity College man chose, for some odd reason, to give my name, and you would be surprised at the number of people who have met me in the street and, unlike yourself, said with bitter disappointment, "I thought you were in jail!" I think those days are over for me. The only thing I am likely to be jailed for now is for writing an unpopular book or for protesting against the banning of some good one.

B. W. HUEBSCH

New York, March 11

Bright Idea

Dear Sirs: Writers have been our despair for years. Constituting a group which should be the first to accept modern ideas, they have in fact lagged far behind teamsters and longshoremen. At last, however, there are signs of the times among them. Pressed on, perhaps, by the sharp necessity of paying mounting

grocery bills—according to the figures of the Authors' Guild the average income of a writer is \$2,500 in good times, with zero the limit in bad—some sixteen hundred authors of all literary crafts and calibers have formed a standard trade union, the American Writers' Union, which already has locals in twenty-three cities.

The first tear bomb in their attack, designed to cause considerable weeping in the magazine offices, is an arrangement, known as the free-presentation plan, to submit manuscripts-in-multiple to publishers. For thirty years editors have enforced an unmentioned but none the less merciless boycott against the author who dared to submit his work to more than one of them at a time. Their reason for so doing is excellent: if a writer receives competitive bids for his product he is liable to get a fair price for it. It is quite illegal, since it flouts the federal statute dealing with restraint in trade, to set up such a boycott; hence it is done *sub rosa*. But writers throughout the country will be polled by the union by the thousand, and if their vote for the projected free-presentation plan is as overwhelming as it in all probability will be, editors will soon be receiving manuscripts labeled, "Submitted under the free-presentation plan of the American Writers' Union." And editors dis-

criminating against the craftsman who sends in such a manuscript will find themselves in hot literary waters.

GEORGE ALBEE

New York, March 23

CONTRIBUTORS

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, who as editor of *The Nation* made one of his most persistent and courageous journalistic campaigns in behalf of the rights of the people of the West Indies, recently returned from a trip to the islands.

MAXWELL S. STEWART has just spent several days on the Nebraska front of the country-wide campaign for cheap power and the conservation of natural resources. There as elsewhere the Supreme Court and the vested interests are the villains in the piece.

ROBERT DELL, whose dispatches from Paris and Geneva have appeared for many years in the *Manchester Guardian* and *The Nation*, is one of the most distinguished of foreign correspondents. His long experience and wide knowledge of European affairs make his comment at this critical period doubly valuable.

AGNES SMEDLEY has been active in the radical movement in China for ten years; with Mme Sun Yat-sen she founded the Chinese League for Civil Rights. She is the author of "China's Red Army Marches" and of several other books on China.

MAXWELL GEISMAR, who has frequently contributed reviews to *The Nation*, is on a year's leave of absence from the English department of Sarah Lawrence College.

PHILIP RAHV is one of the editors of the *Partisan Review and Anvil*, a radical literary journal.

HORACE GREGORY, poet and literary critic, will shortly publish a study of the traditions behind modern literature entitled "Makers and Ancestors."

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The Shape of Things

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THE NATION WAITED IN VAIN FOR THE Supreme Court to decide on the Wagner Labor Relations Act last Monday, but the justices are either playing a waiting game or—what is more likely—are still very busy exchanging majority, concurring, and dissenting opinions on what is bound to prove a historic set of cases. Meanwhile Justice McReynolds once more made an impromptu speech in court, as he once did on the occasion of the Gold Clause cases. In it he struck out again at Justice Stone with a degree of bitterness which shows that all is far from serene among the members of the court.

★

NEVER HAS A PROGRESSIVE BLOC IN CONGRESS been needed more than today when the reactionaries are trying to force through repressive trade-union measures. Congress means well. What it needs is a group with courage and realism to take the lead in pointing out the dangers of such legislation.

★

THE PROSPECT OF JEFFERSON CAFFERY BEING named as Ambassador to Brazil is an alarming one. Caffery has a far from enviable record. As Minister to Colombia he was involved in the Barco oil concession. As chief of the Division of Latin American Affairs in the State Department he played an important role in the overturn of Machado and the establishment of the Batista dictatorship in Cuba. As Ambassador to Cuba he has thrown his full support to Batista as against the democratic government. His appointment to Brazil would be particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that the long-delayed trials of Luiz Carlos Prestes and Arthur Ewart have now been begun. Judging by the summary treatment meted out to David Levinson when he visited Brazil for the purpose of acting as counsel for Prestes and Ewart there is no possibility that these men will obtain justice unless the American and other foreign ambassadors impress upon the Brazilian government that along with Prestes and the others it is itself on trial before the bar of world opinion. Levinson, an able American lawyer, was not allowed even to see the prisoners. He was subjected to an almost incredible campaign of slander and misrepresentation by the Brazilian press, hounded by the police, and finally ordered to leave the country. In such a situation America needs as its representative someone more liberal than Caffery.

WE HOPE THE HOUSE WILL MOVE SWIFTLY IN its investigation of Nazi activities in America. The Dickstein resolution calling for an inquiry has passed the Rules Committee, and there can be little doubt that it will pass the House itself. As we pointed out several weeks ago in our editorial No Brownshirt Armies, the existence of a uniformed force of several hundred thousand men, all under drill and all owing allegiance to Hitler, cannot be tolerated by a democracy. Such a state within a state has in every instance in European history been followed by the whittling away of state power and the disintegration of democracy. Our only hope is that the committee of inquiry will have at its disposal investigators with the clarity, courage, and resourcefulness that the La Follette committee and its staff have shown.

★

NEWS OF CONTINUED LOYALIST VICTORIES in Spain has heartened American progressives throughout the nation. The military strategy of the Loyalist command seems at once brilliant and daring. Basic to it has been the air force, which has cut a wide swathe along the entire battle-front and given the government forces an almost unchallenged command of the air. But one must be wary in rejoicing. The war will be bitter and protracted. At present writing the Loyalists are moving on Cordoba but the rebels are closing in on Bilbao. Both are likely to hold out for some time. The business of capturing a Spanish town is a difficult one. The most serious factor in Bilbao is that the city is crowded with refugees that have poured in from surrounding territory, and there is a real food shortage. The deciding factors in any event are not the number of cities captured. They are the air force, the munitions supply, the morale, and the degree of foreign intervention. As for morale, it is now clear from the mutinies among Franco's men and the widespread disaffection of the workers and peasants in the territory he occupies, that his strength is on the point of crumbling. As for intervention Mussolini does not yet seem to have moved from his crisis of indecision. And the evidence piles up that Germany is none too anxious to throw its strength into a Spanish war.

★

IN THIS ISSUE WILL BE FOUND AN OPEN letter to the editors from Maurice Wertheim. We are glad to publish it as we were glad, a few weeks ago, to print Mr. Villard's article on the same subject. In both cases it seems to us that our readers are best served by the airing of such differences among the close associates of *The Nation*. Mr. Wertheim's article is a forceful statement of the position of the liberals who do not regard the institution of judicial review as an unmixed blessing, but who feel that the dangers embodied in the President's proposal represent too high a price to pay for the reforms intended. We respect this attitude and the sincerity with which it is urged. We shall continue, as in the past, to give serious consideration to such objections in the more precise formulation of our editorial position on the President's proposal.

APRIL 6 IS THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of America's entrance into the World War. Twenty years afterward we are still suffering from the dislocations and the hysterias that the war brought on. The striking thing about the anniversary, however, is that it has been made the occasion for persistent rumors that the President would make some dramatic gesture toward world peace on that day. The rumors have at the present writing not materialized. And yet there can be no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt does feel that an international conference, to discuss not only disarmament but more basic problems as well, would contribute to world peace. If he waits, it is because the example of Wilson has shown that this is a very delicate matter and may result in the impairment of American prestige. The French are obviously panting for such a conference, and there can be no doubt that the smaller democracies of Europe would welcome it. Our own feeling is still what it was last summer, when the idea was first broached. World peace is advanced relatively little by conferences. What we need to do is not to strive for new peace machinery but to throw the full energy of America behind the existing machinery. The immediate alternatives to a conference seem however even worse. If the reports are to be credited that the President may seek to frighten Europe by launching a huge naval building program, and thus obtain disarmament concessions, it would be a grotesque way of approaching his objective.

★

IT HAS BEEN CLEAR FOR SOME TIME THAT General William P. Carney has been conducting an offensive of his own in the *New York Times* sector of the Spanish civil war. General Carney was stationed in Madrid until the stubbornness of his beloved Madrilenos in resisting Franco began to prey on his mind. He is now in rebel territory, but still waging his private war. More important—because more subtle—distortions of the Spanish news may be found in the recent reports of mutinies. On March 29 Frederick T. Birchall sent a long and authenticated dispatch from London to the *New York Times*, reporting mutiny among the rebel troops. The next day, as if in response to a query, "What? No discontent in Loyalist territory?" he sent another dispatch adding reports of unrest among government forces, especially the Asturian miners. This was a slight item and unsupported, yet the headline, magnificently "impartial," read "Mutinies Affect Both Sides." On April 1, P. J. Philip from Paris joined the fray by allowing (without revealing his evidence) that "there is just as little contentment [in the insurgent ranks] as among the Republicans." Actually the Asturian miners have since been reported as giving Franco considerable trouble, but the impression of the *Times* headline remains with its readers. Add to this the fact that when the Catholic Basque government protested to the Vatican against the assassination of priests by the insurgents, the news was carried both by the Associated Press and United Press services, but it never appeared in the *Times*. Could the reasons be the same as those which operate to exclude

the reporting of the speeches of Malraux in this country, while those of Hilaire Belloc and other Franco supporters are given ample space? Could they be the same reasons as those which have kept American papers in general from reporting the exciting story of socialist economic transformation in Catalonia and Spain? The *Times* is not only a private enterprise; it is a social institution. It owes an explanation to the American public.

★

ON MARCH 31 A DISPATCH FROM BOSTON TO the New York *Times* briefly announced that "the Legislature completed action today on the bill repealing the Teachers' Oath Law, and it is indicated that the Governor will sign it tomorrow." But the next day was April Fool's Day. A dispatch dated April 1 read, "A veto by Governor Charles F. Hurley today killed two years' efforts to wipe from the statute book a law requiring teachers to swear that they will support federal and state constitutions. The House sustained the veto . . ." Governor Hurley is a member of the American Legion and a Catholic. In a ponderous decision explaining his veto he announced that repeal would "encourage" certain "vicious minorities." These minorities include, we must assume, President Conant of Harvard, President Neilson of Smith, President Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and other academic dignitaries who publicly opposed the oath as an invasion of freedom. We hope that these subversive elements will not accept permanent discouragement. They and all Massachusetts liberals should adopt the slogan devised by one of our more irresponsible editors—"Let the Hurley worm get the bird!"

★

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE JAPANESE DIET has thrown the entire Far Eastern situation once more into confusion. In recent weeks there had been unmistakable signs of moderation in Japanese policy toward China. Nothing more was said about the desire for a five-province independent state in North China; the troops that attacked Suiyuan last November were withdrawn into Chahar and Manchuria; military pressure was apparently being abandoned for the slower and somewhat less objectionable methods of cultural and economic penetration. The calling of a new election represents an unexpected and important victory for the more extreme military elements. Reports from Japan indicate that the fascist group may actively enter the campaign for the first time with a party of its own, but the chances are that it will do so only if assured of victory. Otherwise, the government will probably wait until after the election and rely on the inducements of office to enable it to form a pro-military political party from among the elected deputies. In either event, the election is expected to discredit the civilian opposition—which is alleged to lack "seriousness" in the face of the national crisis. This will place the military more firmly in power than ever and reduce the chances for a peaceful settlement of either domestic or international issues.

THE MOST IMPORTANT PUBLIC ACTIONS OF the Socialist Party at its special convention in Chicago were its indorsement of the Committee for Industrial Organization, its statement of the party attitude toward war, and its indorsement of a Farmer-Labor Party. The first represented a decision that was difficult even as it was inevitable and desirable. Just as certain sections of the American Federation of Labor found it hard to transfer their allegiance to the more progressive C. I. O. at the cost of breaking with the A. F. of L., so the Socialist Party could not sever its allegiance to the A. F. of L. without a struggle in certain quarters. On the war issue, the stand of the party reflected the difficulties which the existence of a socialist state has strewn in the ideological path of socialist groups in capitalist countries, but maintained its traditional position. "The Socialist Party calls upon the working class to come to the support of the Soviet Union. This can be done only by refusing support to any war of any capitalist country . . . by uninterrupted class struggle to overthrow the rule of capitalists."

★

MR. ROOSEVELT CAUSED A FLURRY IN WALL Street by his press statement that commodity prices were too high. We print in this issue an article by Eliot Janeway which documents the President's statement. Although rising prices normally act as a stimulant of production and employment, they carry with them fundamental maladjustments. Profits skyrocket more rapidly than prices, and prices rise more rapidly than wages. Salaried employees and others living on a fixed income find their buying power drastically reduced by the advance in the cost of living. The result is that production, spurred by the exceptional profits, tends sooner or later to expand more rapidly than the market, which is dependent on consumer buying power. In theory the decline in the buying power of wage-earners and salaried employees is more than offset by the increased prosperity of shareholders and business men. But it happens that these groups, being on a somewhat higher income level, tend to save a large proportion of their new-found income, thus adding to the congestion of the capital market at a time when the demand for new investment is beginning to be checked by low consumer buying power. While it is doubtful whether the upward surge has reached its peak, the rapid increase in prices—particularly in the large monopoly industries—must be viewed with great concern.

★

OUR READERS MAY BE AMUSED BY A GLIMPSE into the problems of an editor's life as they are revealed by a letter just received from a certain Professor A who had been asked if he would review a book by a Mr. B. He writes: "I shall be happy to review Mr. B's book, if you do not wish it done before July. Meanwhile I should like to inquire why my book, 'The This Versus the That,' has not been reviewed in your columns." The cream of the jest is that Mr. B. agreed to review the book in question some four months ago and has, we suppose, been sleeping with it under his pillow.

WE HOPE

its investigation
stein resolution

Committee

Governor Earle in Flames
I have read with interest your editorial "Spain in the Ho." I concurred in the finding of the Pennsylvania our ership Board because "Spain in Flames" was too strong unifinder to me of the propaganda of the European causes unceding our entry into the World War. How many thousands of our best American lives were lost as a result of this propaganda?

One of the subtitles of this picture was "Spain Needs Men of Military Experience to Officer its Armies." Is that not a direct invitation to our World War veterans, our men who have served in the navy, army, and National Guard, and our graduates of military schools to enlist in the Spanish Loyalist army?

The Nation has undoubtedly done a magnificent job in its philippics against the danger of fascism in this country. But so far as human liberty is concerned, just what is the difference between fascism and communism? Both are reigns of terror. The hand of the secret police may fall upon the shoulder of any man, woman, or child in a Fascist or Communist country, and they will disappear never to be heard of again. Both fascism and communism have absolute suppression of freedom of the press and freedom of speech. Both Fascist Germany and Communist Russia have religious persecution.

That the army of General Franco is an army of Fascist mercenaries, there is no question. What about the Spanish Loyalists, made up in large part of Syndicalists, Communists, and Anarchists? Is *The Nation* so naive as to believe that the Spanish government would be receiving the 100 per cent backing of the Soviet government unless the Soviets were convinced Spain would be Communist in the event of victory for the government forces?

Take a trip to Pennsylvania and learn how the liberal Democratic administration there is giving fair play, for the first time, to the worker in Pennsylvania. Then compare this condition with what is happening to the worker in Fascist Germany and Communist Russia.

Once before *The Nation* criticized me because I said it was a fortunate thing for Austria that Dollfuss put down the Socialists' rebellion. Had the Socialists won, the entire country outside Vienna would have gone over to Hitler, and within six weeks Austria, including Vienna, would have been under the blighting curse of Nazism.

If the barring of recruiting propaganda of any alien cause from Pennsylvania, with the resultant prevention of the sacrifice of adventurous and courageous American youth on European battlefields, incurs the ire of *The Nation*, frankly I welcome it, provided *The Nation* will state fairly just what the issue is between us.

GEORGE H. EARLE

Harrisburg, March 26

GOVERNOR EARLE'S letter deserves a careful answer, "Spain in Flames," he says, "is too strong a reminder of pre-war propaganda." "How many thousands of our best American lives," he asks, "were lost as a result of this propaganda?" That is a platform question which might rouse a multitude; in the relative quiet of an editorial column it provokes a counter-question. Does Governor Earle really believe that it was motion pictures of the horrors of war, and similar material, that led us into the World War? If he does he has not read the reports of the Senate munitions

investigation, conducted by another Pennsylvanian, Stephen Raushenbush. Those reports proved what many suspected—that the most effective propaganda leading us toward war was "not a motion picture" but Wall Street loans to the Allies and large orders for Pennsylvania steel—items not commonly under state boards of censors.

"Spain in Flames" is not an official production of the Spanish government. One subtitle does not make a recruiting station, and this one, in its content, was not a call to arms. But granting that it might be so construed, the possibility that American legionnaires and national guardsmen might rush to enlist in the Loyalist army seems to us less threatening to American democracy than a *summary act of censorship in Pennsylvania*.

We retreat to our corner long enough to thank Governor Earle for his kind words about *The Nation* and to compliment him on his fine work in opening up the steel towns of Pennsylvania to their inhabitants.

We believe that Soviet Russia's primary purpose in supporting the Spanish government is to prevent fascism, not to establish a communist regime. We further believe that there is a vast difference between fascism and communism—a difference, say, as vast as that between night and day. But if there were no difference between fascism and communism, Governor Earle's act of censorship would be all the more inexcusable and dangerous.

Granting all of the Governor's premises, his logic runs as follows: The Spanish government is communistic; communism and fascism are the same since both impose—to quote Governor Earle—"absolute suppression of freedom of the press and freedom of speech"; the way not to support communism in Pennsylvania is to introduce suppression there! If it were not so serious, we should propose this sequence as a scenario for a moving picture to be entitled, "Governor Earle in Flames."

Government Bond Slump

BEFORE the recent announcement that the Federal Reserve banks would resume buying of government securities, long- and medium-term government bonds had declined from four to eight points in the past four months, one of the severest drops in recent years. Ordinarily a sharp recession in federal securities is an occasion for anxiety. If on this occasion the decline has caused only mild apprehension, the reason is that bond prices have not been really low. Four per cent issues have not sold below 109, and 3 per cent bonds still command a premium. But so great a decline cannot fail to cause repercussions in our national economy.

Most observers attribute the drop chiefly to the new reserve requirements imposed by the Federal Reserve Board. A few banks have been forced to sell securities in order to obtain funds to meet the reserve requirements. The appearance of this selling has led speculators to sell in the hope of buying back later at a lower price and thus realizing substantial profits. It is evident, however, that the bank selling would have been slight if

there had not been favorable prospects for the investment of the money withdrawn from governments: it was generally believed that we had reached the end of the period of "easy money," and with the demand for investments in private enterprise increasing, interest rates were tending to rise slightly.

The dangers inherent in a rise of interest rates have been pointed out recently by a number of economists, including J. M. Keynes. Basically, such a rise means that capital exacts a heavier toll from the process of production, leaving a smaller share for labor. High interest rates serve to increase the gap between consumer buying power and the total output of industry, thus hastening the next depression. They also serve as a brake on the normal expansion of industry at a period when brakes should be used, if at all, with careful discrimination. It is doubtful, however, whether the Federal Reserve Board is justified in open-market purchases at this time. The primary danger remains that of inflation, and the recovery period is the best time for the Reserve banks to dispose of their heavy holdings of government obligations.

A further decline in bonds, however, would undoubtedly have a serious effect on the federal budget. A rise of $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent in the interest rate on federal securities will ultimately cost the federal government \$170,000,000 annually. While this may not seem a large sum in relation to the budget as a whole, it makes increased taxation at this session of Congress all the more necessary if the budget is to be balanced in time to head off an inflationary boom. Failure on the part of Congress to take such action may create apprehension which will result in a further decline in securities.

Assuming that new taxes are levied and that inflation can be checked—the increase in member-bank required reserves is a step in that direction—the chances are that bond prices would have recovered without special governmental action. No large government loans are likely to be floated within the next year. Under the Social Security Act several hundred million dollars are to be accumulated annually as reserves for the old-age and unemployment-insurance funds. This money must be invested in government securities.

The chief dangers in the present situation are political rather than economic. Already there are indications that the decline in bonds will be taken as a pretext for a new drive to balance the budget, not by increased taxation, but by drastic economies at the expense of the country's underprivileged groups. Chairman Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee was yielding, consciously or unconsciously, to this pressure when he declared against new taxes and in favor of "economies." As the Brookings Institution recently pointed out, the only economies within the realm of practical politics are reductions in the outlay for relief and emergency purposes. The question of who pays the cost of a balanced budget is a straight political issue. It may be borne by the unemployed, the drought-stricken farmers, and government employees or by the high-income groups. Economic as well as humanitarian considerations support the demand that the latter group assume the burden.

The Tables Turned

THE recent discussions about the legality of the sitdown strike and the Wagner Act have served to make clear the curious paradox of the use of the federal power in a democracy such as ours. The industrialists have recently contended that the federal power does not extend to any business activity that is not in the clearest physical sense part of interstate commerce. They went so far as to have their Liberty League lawyers' committee draw up advisory opinions informing employers that the Wagner Labor Act was unconstitutional, along with a good deal of the rest of the New Deal program. The progressives, on the other hand, have contended that the federal power must be extended to industry to save the country from chaos.

That was yesterday. Today the growth of the C. I. O. organizing campaign has changed all that. It is now the employers who come storming into Congress, begging for the extension of the federal power to manufacturing enterprise so as to make the sitdown illegal and bring government intervention into labor disputes. And it is now the progressives and the labor forces who look askance at the use of the federal power, and fear what the government may do. Thus stands the paradox: the industrialists and conservatives, whose general position is against the federal power, now want government intervention in labor disputes; and the progressive and labor forces, whose general position is in favor of the federal power, now oppose its extension to labor.

The moral is clear. In approaching public affairs we must be wary of the dogmas that any groups set up. Any dogma, when pushed to its absolute limits, involves its holder in logical difficulties. That is what has happened now to capital and labor. Each has turned the tables on the other. And each has borrowed the other's dogma.

The real thing to be kept in mind is not the dogma, whether of federal power or of states' rights, but the social interests that it serves and the limits that must be imposed on it in serving those interests. Paul Ward's article in this issue on the incorporation of trade unions seems to us to express the sound view on that subject—a subject which is likely soon to become as heated a topic of discussion as the sitdown has been. It is not that we doubt the *legality* of the extension of federal power to industrial disputes. But, given the legality, we do doubt the *desirability* of the use of the federal power for this particular purpose.

Our reasons are simple. Given the balance of social forces today, government must use its power only to establish the conditions within which collective bargaining can be carried on. The rest must be left to the deliberations of workers and employers, tempered by public opinion. For government now to go beyond establishing collective bargaining would be to move in the direction of outlawing or crippling strikes. And to do this would be to paralyze at the outset the process by which labor can build its strength to the point where it stands a chance of balancing the strength of the corporations.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Should Unions Be Incorporated?

Washington, April 4

ORGANIZED labor's enemies have just begun to fight. Legislative shackles for the new labor movement are being forged in dozens of law shops and legislatures throughout the land. The drive is toward wholesale enactment of state laws paralleling the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act that Great Britain put on its statute books the year after the general strike of 1926. Equipped and directed by the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and related state and local councils of industrialists, the drive is being furthered either through outright knavery or a fantastic sort of punditical ignorance by an army of writers and lecturers including George Sokolsky, Dorothy Thompson, Leo Wolman, Walter Lippmann, David Lawrence, and Mark Sullivan. These and other witting or unwitting publicists of reaction are rallying the battalions of the bourgeois with day-by-day tracts and speeches pampering the anti-union prejudices of the middle class. Not content with suggesting that labor leaders draw enormous salaries, squander union funds, charge their followers exorbitant dues, and indulge in various forms of racketeering, they seek to impress upon an easily gulled public an idea that existing labor legislation grants unions vast rights, privileges, and power without imposing reciprocal safeguards, responsibilities, and duties. All of which is merely the groundwork for an attempt to block the wage-earner's rise by (1) limiting picketing, strikes, and boycotts, (2) imposing compulsory arbitration and the outright prohibition of strikes, and (3) requiring unions to incorporate on the same basis as profit-making corporations—which would lay them open to innumerable forms of debilitating court attacks.

Nearly all these types of attack on labor unions are embodied in measures now pending in Congress or the state legislatures. Representative Dies's bill is a case in point. Another is the anti-sitdown amendment to the Guffey coal bill which Senator Byrnes of South Carolina introduced a few days ago. Byrnes, who posed as the workingman's friend when he had to stand for reelection last year and gave the pose verisimilitude by sponsoring a bill to prohibit shipping of strike-breakers across state lines, was motivated in the present instance by the terror of the mill men among his constituents lest the sitdown technique give unionism a real hold in the South at last.

The most dangerous form of legislative attack is that which aims at forcing unions to incorporate or otherwise submit to regulation. It is the most dangerous because it can be made to seem so sweetly reasonable. Its proponents can even point out that the great Justice Brandeis when

he was in active practice as a friend of labor spoke out in behalf of union-incorporation laws. They will not go on to say that unions then were seeking legal standing and that their fight for the right to incorporate was successfully opposed by the employers. They will prefer simply to elaborate Brandeis's argument that incorporation would make labor unions less "reckless and lawless." All the pat arguments now being trotted out in favor of union incorporation or regulation are based on a premise that unions are irresponsible agencies. It is certainly not a premise to which employers would subscribe who have had long contractual relationships with unions. The records are full of contrary testimonials from management in the railroad, printing, and garment industries, to mention only a few. It is pertinent to point out in this connection that the National Railroad Adjustment Board has trouble not with the unions but with the roads.

Another apparently persuasive point in the argument for union incorporation is that under existing circumstances employers have no redress against unions in that they cannot sue them for damages as they easily could do if unions were obliged to incorporate. This argument is disingenuous. The United States Supreme Court in a unanimous decision handed down in 1922 in the Colorado coal cases involving the United Mine Workers (which the C. I. O.'s chieftain, John L. Lewis, even then headed) ruled that unions are suable in the federal courts both for injunctions and money damages, and in the Colorado cases damages of \$27,500 actually were paid. What is true in federal law also is true in state law. In many states unions are suable for damages under codes relating to voluntary unincorporated associations. But the records of the federal and state courts show very few instances in which employers have felt they had any grounds for suing unions for damages. They have preferred to sue out injunctions, taking advantage of the notorious liberality of the judiciary where anti-union injunctions are sought, and their preference is easily understood. In the case of a damage suit, the employer must be able to prove his case or foot the bill. But in injunction cases he is not obliged to prove anything.

Now that labor is meeting with increasing success in limiting the use of injunctions in labor disputes—through the Norris-LaGuardia Act applying to federal courts and a growing number of complementary state laws—employers are eager to find new excuses for tangling the labor movement up in what is merrily called the judicial process. Laws requiring unions to incorporate would serve that purpose.

Of course, "responsibility" and "suability" are not the only reasons adduced in support of the union-incorporation campaign. There are oilier ones. It is suggested that

public regulation will prevent despotic leadership, keep dues low, eliminate racketeering, and abolish misuse of union funds, and the suggestion is made in such a way as to imply that conditions with respect to all these matters are notoriously evil in the labor movement. This overlooks the fact that practically all unions have a democratic form of government and constitutions that are easily amended. Then, too, most unions have relatively low dues, especially those in the mass-production industries and the industrial unions. Furthermore, most unions require a strict periodic accounting of union funds, and a substantial number impose a uniform bookkeeping system on their locals. Cases of misuse of union funds exist, of course, but they are so rare that American industrialists should blush to mention them, considering their own record as trustees of other people's money.

The most "reasonable" aspect of the argument for union incorporation is the suggestion that since business organizations incorporate it is no more than fair to re-

quire that unions follow suit, and that this would subject both to the same legislative treatment. Its reasonableness breaks down on close analysis. It is a concept which places business corporations, organized for profit, on the same footing as unions founded by propertyless workers to protect and promote the social and economic welfare of their families. There are many other points of difference that might be enumerated. It will suffice to point out that governments traditionally recognize a distinction between profit-making and non-profit associations and make special provision for them in the incorporation and tax laws. But much more to the point of all this is the fact that, whereas employers want to make incorporation of unions compulsory, there is no compulsion upon employers to incorporate. They are free to operate either as individuals, as copartnerships, or as voluntary associations. Thus, to force unions to incorporate would not place them on a parity with employers but would deprive them of the freedom of selection open to employers.

"The Nation" and the Court

—AN OPEN LETTER FROM MAURICE WERTHEIM

TO THE EDITORS OF *The Nation*:

Those who control the Foundation which owns *The Nation* believe in the principle of editorial freedom. To insure it further they have, as you know, turned over to you, for a period, complete control of the paper in legal form. Because of my association with the Foundation and the fact that those who control it have no part in shaping *The Nation's* policies I feel that I must record my own personal dissent from your editorial policy on the President's Supreme Court program.

I do this in a spirit similar to that evidenced by my esteemed associate, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, in his recent article *What Is The Nation Coming to?* in the issue of March 27, wherein he discussed the same subject. I agree with him that the policy of the paper on this issue has been a mistaken one. Since *The Nation* was one of the first advocates, even before the President raised the issue, of a constitutional amendment to curb usurpation of power by the Supreme Court, it has, I believe, lost a great opportunity in not realizing that advocacy of the President's proposal betrays its own cause.

The issue seems perfectly clear. Many times *The Nation* had eloquently stressed the dangers inherent in a continuation of the practice by which the Supreme Court was in effect becoming a legislative body. This took courage and penetrating analysis. *The Nation* was one of the lone voices crying in the wilderness long before the President's plan had so consolidated opposition opinion as to make it appear that the whole country would now welcome a definite curb on the powers of the court. But for that very reason it is difficult for me to understand how *The Nation* can, editorially and otherwise, now sup-

port the President's plan, since it is obvious that the plan in no way corrects the fundamental evil. Adding new members to the court actually sets the stamp of government approval upon a continuation of the legislative function by interpretation—only in the opposite direction. That is as plain as a pikestaff. It is equally apparent that the plan does not even pretend to touch the evil of close decisions. And to favor the President's proposal as well as a constitutional amendment completely begs the question, for I do not believe it can be convincingly urged that if the President gets his way he would do the necessary crusading and campaigning for a constitutional amendment. Since he has declared himself against it as a corrective of the situation, it is now clear that the present issue lies between one and the other.

Why does *The Nation* favor the President's proposal? Apparently it believes that through this expedient there can be quickly enacted progressive statutes which will be free from the danger of Supreme Court veto. In the few days intervening between the President's proposal and its next issue, *The Nation* apparently decided that the possibility of attaining such legislation was of greater value than the reform that it itself had advocated; of greater value even than the price which a democracy was called upon to pay.

I am forced to the conclusion that this represented an unreflective stand. That the Constitution should be amended in order to narrow the interpretative power of the court on laws passed by the people's representatives is now being generally accepted. That we need more progressive legislation is likewise generally conceded. But why should *The Nation*—which has so resolutely op-

posed everything which even smacked of the authoritarian idea—allow itself to be caught by the bait of a few immediate laws which, as its own Washington correspondent, Mr. Paul Ward, pointed out in a recent issue, may not prove to be so progressive after all? Should not *The Nation* explore more deliberately the dangers inherent in this situation and call to the attention of its readers all its implications?

It amounts to this—that for the promise of immediate progressive legislation we are asked to sacrifice the great democratic principle that fundamental changes in our system of government shall result only from the decision of the people. Is it not clear beyond question, and does *The Nation* not know that it is clear beyond question, that the people have not passed on this subject and have not given the present Administration, as has been claimed, a mandate to do what the President now proposes? Obviously, before the last election he had either not developed his plan or had carefully concealed it from the electorate. Even *The Nation* must agree that the President was very ill advised when he tried in his recent "fireside chat" to reconcile his court proposal with that plank of his Presidential platform which reads, "If these problems cannot effectively be solved within the Constitution we shall seek such clarifying amendments as will assure the power to enact those laws adequate to regulate commerce, protect public health and safety, and safeguard economic security." Either this plank is so phrased as to be utterly misleading and deceptive, which I am loath to believe, or the present plan is not one of those solutions which it was anticipated to work out "within the Constitution." Patently it is not. It is a clear, bald attempt to grasp power—a thing not in the least to be condoned because it may be, and I believe it was, well intentioned—that is, with the purpose of securing progressive legislation sooner than would be possible via the democratic route.

Has *The Nation* called attention to and weighed the fact that since 1800 the average time taken to secure ratification of constitutional amendments by three-quarters of the states has been sixteen months, and that in the case of the last four amendments the average time required has been less than one year? It seems to me infinitely more important to ponder these facts than to refer, as some defenders of the President's plan have done, to the length of time which the proposed child-labor amendment has been before the country, since it is common knowledge that there is bitter opposition to it on the part of a very large section of the public, progressive and reactionary alike. It may have been true that the same difference of opinion existed in regard to a constitutional amendment on the question of the court before the launching of the President's plan, but it is so no longer. The one merit of this move has been to make the necessity of some action crystal clear to almost all, and it seems a fair statement to say that if the President were now to use the weight of his great office to unite all factions on this question, we could secure a satisfactory constitutional amendment in a period of even less than the average time it took to ratify the last four. Of course, anything is de-

batable, but the weight of evidence surely inclines to this view and indicates that we might, therefore, within a relatively short time secure the desired legislation without a sacrifice of democratic principles. Does it not appear that the entire background of *The Nation* during the seventy-two years that it has fought valiantly for the principles of democracy should lead it to favor such a course and to abandon its partisan stand on a question which should never have been partisan? Should not *The Nation* decisively and promptly call a halt to the shameless horse-trading into which this great question has degenerated?

A halt must be called. The people of this country want their courts to be respected. It is unthinkable that a progressive and liberal journal should actually advocate any plan by which new judges are placed on our supreme tribunal who will decide cases on instructions, or who will be believed to have decided them on this basis. To favor this plan because it is legal is but a poor excuse; in fact, it is no excuse at all, because if the plan is once put into effect, I am bound to think that in the future there will be very little difference between what is "legal" and what is "illegal," since Presidents hereafter will have the precedent of 1937 to enable them to make what is illegal, legal. A liberal editor recently told me that if the President ran for a third term, he would shoulder a musket and fight. I cannot understand why liberal editors do not see in the President's proposal a far more dangerous precedent, unless in all their discussion of the Constitution they have temporarily forgotten one of the underlying reasons behind the Declaration of Independence. "The history of the present King of Great Britain," says that document, "is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations . . . he has made Judges dependent upon his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries." The analogy is not perfect, but I think that the advocates of the President's plan should consider it too close for comfort. The War of Independence was fought in order that the American people should have the right to govern themselves and, therefore, the right to pass upon all fundamental changes in their form of government. It is idle to contend that this is not one of those fundamental changes, and if *The Nation* were true to its traditions, it should, I think, indignantly demand that the people be given that right.

Finally, does *The Nation* approve of the camouflage arguments concerning aging judges and congested dockets under cover of which it was attempted to slip this proposal through? Does it approve of all the mass of innuendo attributing dust storms, floods, and various other acts of God to the Supreme Court? I cannot believe it possible. *The Nation* has lost itself in unjudicial partisanship at a moment when I, for one, should like to see it come out, like Senator Wheeler, Oswald Garrison Villard, and many other liberals, and say to the President: "Enough of this camouflage; enough of these attempts to discredit your adversaries as 'defeatist lawyers'; we like your objectives, but we don't like your methods. You can now attain your objectives with no sacrifice of American principles if you will not be stubborn. And if that be treason, make the most of it."

Trotsky on the U. S. S. R.

October into Thermidor

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED"* is one of the ablest polemics in the history of literature. It is at once passionate and disciplined. It is profound in its insight into the nature and sickness of class relations. It combines great sophistication with luminous simplicity. And the felicity of phrase is startling. Even more startling is Trotsky's tenderness toward the Soviet Union in view of the slanderous savagery of the onslaughts against him and the deadly accuracy of his counter-thrusts. His attitude toward the Thermidor is one of Olympian indignation, but also of such deep and anxious concern as you and I could never feel. After all, Lenin and he made the revolution.

But above all, as John Chamberlain writes, this polemic is a work of great moral purity: it moves on a high level of intellectual taste, controversial integrity, historical criticism, and revolutionary conscience. Even the sharpness of its wit and irony seem sterilized against malice, trickery, or innuendo. It is marred by no self-pity, no personal hatred, no recrimination, no vulgar pride. What people take for egotism in Trotsky is not egotism. It is a keen sense of the drama of history, and of his own rightful place in that drama. As sheer story and indictment of the Thermidorean evolution in the Soviet Union this pamphlet will live and be studied as long as men live in civilization and study its history.

But for all that, this polemic is *far* more illuminating as review and critique of what actually happened than as an explanation of the deepest causes of the Thermidor. Fundamentally Trotsky fails to tell us why, *really* why, the October revolution, through all its vicissitudes and zigzags, moved toward the Thermidorean reaction with all the fatality of a Greek tragedy. And in failing to do so, he leaves the reader unsatisfied, with a touch of revolutionary hypochondria: Could it have been—can it ever be—otherwise? It may be irrelevant, and hence unfair, to seek in a polemic for the key to the revolutionary riddle. Yet the fact remains that here the greatest of living Marxists fails, as Engels and Lenin failed before him, to solve the Marxian dilemma, which is: How can revolution avoid a Thermidorean end? How can a revolutionary dictatorship keep from evolving into a privileged bureaucracy? Why do the Robespierres and the Saint Justs, the Lenins and Trotskys lose to a directory or an apparatus; and finally to bourgeois or proletarian Caesarism? Why did even our American Revolution, though its base was partially laid in seventeenth-century England and though it enjoyed the whole nineteenth century as an expanding frontier of democracy, gradually grow into a Thermi-

dorean reaction? Why did the Jeffersons and Jacksons and Thaddeus Stevens and their successors cumulatively lose to the Supreme Court oligarchy, which for 137 years has been at bottom nothing but a Fabian Thermidor?

Of course, the conventional answer is that a Thermidor introduces and develops political and cultural reaction for the sake of economic and social exploitation. But that is not the point. The riddle is: Why is revolution unable to prevent it? Why is Trotsky, who is undoubtedly the inheritor of Lenin's ends, now in Mexico? And why is Stalin, the logical epigone of Lenin's means, in the Kremlin? Why does the left always make the revolution and the right always write the constitution?

For all his revolutionary sophistication, Trotsky's answer is the orthodox Marxian answer. Czarist Russia, he says, was a backward and barbarous country, at a low, semi-colonial productive stage. Russia's labor was primitive, her peasantry archaic, her technology simple, her heritage cruel. Repeatedly Trotsky quotes the young Marx: "A development of the productive forces is the absolutely necessary practical premise [of communism], because without it want is generalized, and with want the struggle for necessities begins again, and that means that all the old junk must revive." Moreover, socialism in one country cannot win permanently. As Rosa Luxemburg wrote, "In Russia the problem could be posed; it could not be solved," unless the social revolution quickly developed internationally, especially in the advanced countries. All these reasons, Trotsky repeats over and over again, explain why the Soviet dictatorship is not "withering," why soviet democracy is not unfolding, why the Thermidor. And he might have added that revolution is war; that it must use terror against counter-revolution; and that the use of revolutionary terror hides within it its Thermidorean reflex. "The guillotine of a Robespierre is always followed in history by the sword of a Napoleon," said Prince Bülow.

All the reasons which Trotsky gives are, or may be, true. But they are visibly pregnant with their own contradictions. And the Marxian revolutionary politics—as against its economics—offers no solution. It may be true that the prerevolutionary backwardness of a country determines the degree of its Thermidorean savagery; that is only saying that the past of a culture patterns its future. But that does not mean that if a series of Octobers had rapidly occurred in Berlin and Paris and London, Thermidorean reactions could not have followed. On the contrary, the far more powerful counter-revolutionary forces in the West—so powerful that after all they were able to abort all social revolutions—could have been defeated, if at all, only by a revolutionary terror so strenuous and complex that it might have ended in an international Thermidor, less cruelly Byzantine but far more hopeless than Stalinism. Moreover, though Trotsky is eternally right that socialism cannot be built in one country, it is

* "The Revolution Betrayed." By Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

equally true that the unevenness of international development precluded the quick succession of socialist revolutions in the West. Surely, Trotsky is too good a Marxist to blame the personnel of the Second International entirely for the miscarriage of European socialism. And from this it follows that though the Comintern in China and Germany and everywhere else has partly served as a foil for fascist reaction, it is *also* true that its reactionary confusion, at least to a considerable degree, is the *result* of capitalist stabilization-toward-decay and the sharpening of imperialist gangsterism the world over. Lenin believed that the best way to attack Western imperialism was in such a semi-colonial country as Russia. He was going to shake the City of London in China and India. Lenin and Trotsky acted on this belief and won a revolution. But the historic reality since October certainly proves that you cannot shake Wall Street except in America. Financial capitalism recuperated from the shock of October, reorganized itself into a reactionary offensive—from Hitler to Baldwin; and has driven the Soviet Union into its Thermidorean diplomacy, of which the Stalinism is a part, and into a revolutionary retreat, of which the bureaucracy is the vanguard. That the tradition of Russia endows this Thermidor with its own peculiar ferocity, that Stalin acts far more like Nechayev than he thinks like a Marxist, is almost irrelevant.

That orthodox Marxism did not fully realize all the terrible implications of international economic and cultural disparity does not invalidate its theory of permanent revolution. It merely means, as history since the World War has proved, that the international conquest of socialist power requires an infinitely more sophisticated revolutionary understanding and strategy; and possibly a couple of centuries, not years. That is not a dilemma. It is just a lot of trouble. The real Marxian dilemma lies in its revolutionary *politics*, based on its theories of the revolutionary conquest of power and the nature of the state after the proletarian victory. Nowhere in his writings does Trotsky analyze this dilemma. And between the lines of this book it cries out for solution.

This essential weakness of Marxism lies in its purely metaphysical conception of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, based on the revolutionary instincts of labor, which is quite as much a fiction as Rousseau's General Will based on the Social Contract. Such inventions can make revolutions but they cannot fulfil their promise. For there can be only a dictatorship *over* the proletariat *by* a minority. And this minority is necessarily an intellectual minority with all the vices of its virtues, a minority whose final interests are by no means those of the workers. Dictatorships are personal-oligarchic, not impersonal-democratic. A dictatorship is not the best possible means for its own dissolution in the service of a socialist or any other society. Alas, it is not the dictatorial state that "withers," in spite of Engels's careless remark which Lenin scholastically elaborated in "The State and Revolution." What "withers" is the original revolutionary leadership and the revolutionary enthusiasm of the masses. The dictatorship of the proletariat is far less apt to "habituate" itself to its own atrophy than it is to

perpetuate itself. To blame Stalin for not remodeling the Kremlin into his own mausoleum and the Soviet apparatus for not dismantling itself is to ask history for miracles.

All this does not mean that socialism can be brought about by the "gradual" methods of the Fabian sell-out. Nor does it mean that Trotsky, as a man of action, can do otherwise than attack the Thermidor as he finds it, which is his simple duty on the heroic scale of his role. But it does mean that Marxism has not yet formulated means sufficiently realistic and prophylactic for its own socialist and moral ends. As yet Marxism is incomparably superior as the critique of capitalist decay than as a guide to socialist conquest and construction.

II

And now what is a Thermidor? It is not a counter-revolution, for a counter-revolution aims to reestablish the basic economy of the overthrown regime. A Thermidor is the new stratification of the victorious revolutionary class into masters and men—on the higher productive level which the revolution has conquered and within the logic of this new order. This new grouping of society gradually crystallizes itself into a new hierarchy, ranging from Thermidorean parvenu down to revolutionary pariah. New forms of exploitation arise, old cultural barbarisms revive under Jacobin disguises, new privileges and disabilities take shape until the new liberation becomes a new slavery; all, to be sure, on the advanced stage of a higher form of economic production. Such is the nature of Thermidor.

The Russian Thermidor differs from the French in time and space and culture. But the genesis of the Thermidorean reaction is almost the same. Just as the French Thermidor did not to any significant degree revert to the feudal economy of the ancient regime, but founded and fostered bourgeois exploitation, just so Stalinism has not to any significant degree reintroduced capitalist exploitation but is creating new forms of proletarian exploitation. And the only way it can do it is by reclassifying society. The French Thermidor formed and established the power of the *big* bourgeoisie over the *petty* bourgeoisie, which had fought and bled in the revolution. And so Stalinism has created a *big* proletariat over the *petty* proletariat, the rank and file of October. Trotsky, the Marxian purist, refuses to call the *big* proletariat—the new bureaucracy of executives, technicians, intellectuals of all kinds, the upper strata of labor and the peasantry, and, above all, the party apparatus—a new "class." For in the strict Marxian sense "classes" not merely differ in their functional relation to the productive process but must derive their income in different forms from the class contradictions of this process: profit versus wages. And since in the U. S. S. R. all income is paid by the state, not in different forms but in different amounts and services, there is according to Trotsky no "class struggle" in Russia but mere "social antagonisms." Hence, he argues with Marxian scholasticism, the Soviet Thermidor requires no social revolution but merely a political change to release the democratic process. Maybe. But it would seem more realistic to admit that the Marxian

theory of the growth toward classlessness under a proletarian dictatorship has so far proved to be false. The sociology of class formation is visibly at work under the Thermidor. The Soviet citizen owns his national means of production very much as the American citizen owns his national government. But universal ownership in Russia and universal suffrage in America are so largely legendary in power precisely because in both instances the state reflects far more sensitively class influences than democratic welfare. To be sure, presocialist Russia has solved the peculiarly capitalist contradictions. But far from having solved class contradictions, it is creating new ones. And just as bourgeois society developed within itself the economic proletariat, so Soviet society is growing within itself a political plebs.

III

And now let us epitomize briefly Trotsky's indictment. The economic conquests of October are still in the main secure, though Trotsky indicates how the new "social antagonisms" lead to new inner contradictions and hence to economic differentiation. But the cultural conquests of October have become a burlesque of revolutionary egalitarianism. The social distance which separates the higher bureaucracy from the masses is widening. And it is measurable in a scale of privileges. The bureaucracy enjoys—hierarchically—preferential housing, automobiles, luxuries, services of all kinds, including menial, paid of course not from personal profit but by the state. This new process of social classification can be enforced only by an indisputable "party line," interpreted by an infallible dictator and enforced by an inviolate oligarchy. Philosophers, mathematicians, novelists, musicians, and even the ballet must bow before this theocratic Marxism. The new theology can be criticized only ritually not ideologically. The works of Lenin are erratically edited, the Marxian classics are bastardized, revolutionary history is shamelessly rewritten, appointing Stalin a posteriori to the revolutionary accomplishments of Trotsky. Childhood and youth are regimented. Divorce is made more difficult. Abortion has been prohibited—to the ambassador's wife, of course, no less than to the peasant woman. A rigorous caste system has been reintroduced in the army. Of course, socialist construction is releasing tremendous spiritual forces: illiteracy is being rapidly defeated, new public services are being introduced, social work of every kind, especially public health, is being advanced. Everything but socialist freedom is expanding. The pall of the terror lies over opinion. And the theory that in 1937 the Soviet Union cannot afford real socialist freedom of thought, that astrophysicists must first guess right Stalin's opinion, is beneath consideration.

Economically, the Soviet Union has made tremendous advances, proving to the whole world that even presocialist planning in a backward country can do wonders compared to the tantrums of capitalist decline, even in the most advanced nations. Trotsky describes with great detail and enthusiasm these amazing achievements, every one of which flows from October. Once Russia had freed herself from the maze of her primitive-capitalist

contradictions, she could develop her empire much as we did in Reconstruction days when freed from the destructive interference of the slave power. Quite correctly Trotsky points out that her industrialization program was taken from the left opposition, just as indeed Stalin took over its program of rural collectivization. And with equal correctness he points out that since each of these programs was taken over when faced with economic catastrophe, they were brutally costly in human suffering.

The Five-Year Plan, when finally adopted, forced quantitative production at the expense of quality. Terrific suffering resulted from the need to build capital at the expense of consumers' goods. Collectivization, too long delayed and too quickly forced, drove the peasantry to kill more than half their livestock and created the famine of 1932. A bureaucracy rushing through such an ambitious plan of socialist construction under such primitive conditions could do so only through terrorism, which feeds on scapegoats. Hence the belated adoption of "Trotskyism" led to ever more terroristic attacks on Trotskyism, which came to include all criticism; and in turn this erratic terror frightened the bureaucracy out of its creative wits into technological and executive conformity.

That labor in Russia is exploited, Soviet statistics, weighted as they are to hide the fact, clearly indicate. In 1935 the average wage per person, if one democratically includes both the director of a trust and the cleaning woman, was about 2,300 rubles. But the real average wages of the Soviet masses ranged from 1,200 to 1,500 rubles, which meant destitution under the prevailing prices. And rising above the masses are the Stakhanovites, earning more than 1,000 rubles a month through a system of speed-up based on piece work. At the top, of course, is the privileged bureaucracy, whose income can be measured not only in money but in the perquisites of status. The Thermidor has formulated a grotesque paraphrase of the famous Marxist dictum: From the workers according to their ability, to the bureaucrats according to their needs.

So much for "socialism in one country," which has been stabilized by the new constitution. This constitution permits voting by secret plebiscite, for alternative men and measures within the party line. It permits freedom of speech, conscience, and assembly within the dictates of the politbureau. It allows the inheritance of personal goods, of the hut of the mujik no less than the country estate of the high commissar. And it abolishes economic representation in favor of geographical parliamentarianism. The international diplomacy of "socialism in one country" we have seen.

The struggle between Trotsky and Stalin, who are but two symbols, will go on as long as the world is in a revolutionary ferment. It is the struggle between October and the Thermidor in the Soviet Union, their refraction upon the world stage, their respective significance to the working class. Stalinism is in power. Trotskyism accepts too rigorously the Marxian metaphysics of power to gain the "permanent revolution" in a dislocated world. But Trotsky himself is, I believe, winning over the Thermidor in his influence on the world intelligentsia, and is likely

to grow as the revolutionary conscience of the European proletarian vanguard. And the reasons for this amazing career lie in his personality, in his many-sided genius as historian, indomitable revolutionary, and man of action.

Leon Trotsky's Failure

BY LOUIS FISCHER

FORMERLY Trotsky claimed the policies of agricultural collectivization and super-industrialization as his own. "Stalin," the Trotskyists said, "threw Trotsky out and then stole his ideas." In this book Trotsky has no difficulty in disproving these contentions.

"To the growth of individual farming in the country," the Trotskyist program declared in 1926, "we must oppose a swifter growth of the collective farms. It is necessary systematically year by year to set aside a considerable sum to aid the poor peasants organized in collectives." There had been collectives in Soviet Russia since 1921. Trotsky wanted to give them more financial aid so that they could continue to compete with individual farming, which was growing and which he did not propose to suppress. It was assumed that by this method (p. 73) "the socialist transformation of agriculture . . . would be accomplished in the course of decades." Trotsky would never have been Trotsky had he urged the destruction of private capitalism in the villages and the quick, nationwide socialization of farming; he did not believe in that. His theory of permanent revolution led him to think that the Bolsheviks could merely hold on to the socialist "commanding heights" in the cities until the world revolution enabled them to introduce socialist farming. It was largely because Trotsky did not foresee the possibility of collectivizing Soviet agriculture that he rejected the Stalin thesis of socialism in one country.

Nor did the Trotskyist program demand the immediate crushing of the kulak. Trotsky wished to use the kulak. "To accelerate industrialization," reads one of the planks of the opposition platform in 1926, "in particular by way of increased taxation on the kulak." Now the kulaks were a threat, but there were not many millions of them and they were not very rich. Trotsky's policies of increased taxation and a forced loan would soon have produced passive resistance and the refusal to feed the city. Actually this happened in 1927. A Five-Year Plan financed by the few golden eggs of the kulak goose would have failed. Stalin financed the plan by means of inflation. That was at heavy cost, but no other way was open. Trotsky, however, opposed inflation. In 1927 his platform demanded "a guaranty of the unconditional stability of the money unit," and in 1932: "Stop the process of inflation with an iron hand." This would have stopped industrialization, and Trotsky indeed admits that "the defenders of 'tortoise tempo' and the super-industrializers had, it seemed, temporarily changed places." Permanently, not temporarily. The Trotskyists had no sooner advocated super-industrialization in 1926 than they retreated from it in 1927.

Herein lies the explanation of Trotsky's fall. With

exemplary courage Trotsky in this book faces the question of "why Stalin triumphed." Why is it that the scintillating Trotsky with all his grand ideas was defeated by the "mediocre" Stalin? Trotsky's answer is an unsatisfactory amalgam. There was a reaction after the revolution, the masses were tired, the demobilized Red Army commanders carried military discipline back into civilian life, "the outstanding representatives of the working class either died in the civil war or rose a few steps higher and broke away from the masses," and the Soviet population was despondent after the defeat of revolutionary attempts abroad. This complete lack of faith in the reproductive powers of the revolution helps to explain why Trotsky today lives in Mexico City. Revolution devours its children and produces more and better children. The history of the U. S. S. R. proves this every day, but Trotsky has no faith in the second generation of revolutionists. He says: "As for the young bureaucrats, they have been chosen and educated by the elders, frequently from among their own offspring. [This, incidentally, is one of Trotsky's many unproved and unprovable calumnies.] These people could not have achieved the October revolution, but they were perfectly suited to exploit it." The unfairness of such a statement is patent. Kaganovich, Zhdanov, Postishev, Beria, Mezhlauk, and numerous other Soviet leaders of today, most of them now in their forties, were too young to play prominent roles in 1917.

Trotsky mentions all the factors which in his opinion led to the repression of his faction in 1928. He has forgotten one. On November 7, 1927, he personally attempted to stage an anti-Stalin demonstration in the streets of Moscow while the garrison and the civil population were parading through the Red Square. Had the attempt succeeded, the result would have been a Trotskyist coup d'état. This was a desperate last card which drew retaliatory arrests, and it failed, as Trotskyism had to fail in the Soviet Union, because its leader had nothing to offer. His policy was to trust in the world revolution, which, however, was receding into the background as a result of the stabilization of capitalism after 1924, and in the meantime not to build socialism in Russia by means of super-industrialization and collectivization. Such a negative program would have paralyzed the country's spirit and produced the worst kind of reaction. In spite of the stagnation of the world revolutionary movement, Stalin knew how to stimulate a new revolutionary élan for domestic upbuilding. This is his greatest service. It made possible vast achievements in village and city.

Trotsky pays perfunctory tribute to this progress in a brief first chapter, and devotes the rest of his book to criticism filled with bitterness and hatred of the Soviet regime. Years of persecution must inevitably result in such bitterness and hatred, but these are not qualities which produce a trustworthy book on Soviet conditions. The volume is full of warped perspectives and myriads of affirmations whose fine literary style and emphasis are no substitute for the proof which is absent. With greater justice, if one trusts in the material and spiritual reserves of the revolution, a writer could devote one chapter to

the numerous and serious shortcoming of the Soviet Union and the remainder of his space to its great victories. If, because the Webbs and Pritt, the great British lawyer and member of Parliament, reacted favorably to Soviet events, Trotsky can say that the former wrote their big work on the U. S. S. R. under the "dictation" of the "Soviet bureaucracy" and that the latter is in the pay of Moscow, he does not seem to possess the judicious attitude necessary for an assessment of Soviet changes. This is a book by Trotsky on Stalin's life work, and one can no more expect objectivity in it than one could expect objectivity in a book by Stalin on Trotsky's role in the revolution. It is a highly polemical, fighting book full of debaters' tricks.

In general, the book does not assume much knowledge of the U. S. S. R. or of socialist theory on the part of its readers. The result is that many of its theoretical sections lay Trotsky open to the charge of perverting Marxist teaching. He quotes (p. 60) from a *Pravda* article: "During the second five-year period the last relics of capitalist elements in our economy will be liquidated." Thereon Trotsky comments: "From the point of view of this perspective the state ought conclusively to die away during the same period, for where the 'last relics' of capitalism are liquidated the state has nothing to do."

This Trotskyist stand is contrary to communist doctrine and common sense. Lenin said, in describing the characteristics of socialism, which he, like Marx, called the first or lowest phase of communism: "The state is withering away in so far as there are no longer any capitalists, any classes, and consequently no class can be suppressed. But the state has not yet altogether withered away since there still remains the protection of 'bourgeois law,' which sanctifies real inequality. For the complete extinction of the state complete communism is necessary."

Trotsky believes that when capitalism is finished, the state disappears. But Lenin believed, with Marx, that the state would still exist. This is pivotal to Trotsky's philosophy, for he suggests that since the state has not withered away, as he thinks it should under socialism, there is no socialism in the Soviet Union. Moreover, he is surprised that inequalities linger in the U. S. S. R. Marx, Engels, and Lenin, on the other hand, always foresaw inequality as a characteristic of the first stage of communism. The petit-bourgeois intellectuals, to whom in recent years Trotsky has made his greatest appeal, apparently supposed that the demise of capitalism would immediately snuff out all injustice and inequality. But Marx pointed out that socialism would, in its early years, be "in every respect tainted economically, morally, and intellectually with the hereditary diseases of the old society from whose womb it is emerging." Only a dreamer or a blind critic would expect the Soviet Union to be a perfect society already. Trotsky's term "socialist equality" is a contradiction within itself.

Nobody knows the laws governing the emergence of a socialist system. There has never been one before. Marx and Lenin refused to predict how and in what period the state would wither away. It is logical that to be able to wither away with safety, a socialist regime must first

be strong enough to crush all its internal enemies and be reasonably secure against foreign attack. Withering away, therefore, is not a process which begins the moment the revolution breaks out. There is first a crescendo of state power and then a gradual diminuendo. In the U. S. S. R. this latter phase set in, naturally enough, with the destruction of village capitalists. It expresses itself in the severe limitations on the G. P. U. and in the promulgation of the new Soviet constitution by which the Soviet state apparatus and the Communist Party abdicate parts of their prerogative. Trotsky attaches too little importance to these epochal reforms. It is difficult for him to believe that the bureaucracy will undermine itself. Yet that is the very reason for the newly introduced secret ballot. Trotsky quotes Stalin to this effect (p. 65). He does not even try to refute Stalin's assertion. In fact, he partly accepts it. But to accept it altogether would mean to scrap his entire thesis of the omnipotence and self-perpetuation of the bureaucracy.

The evolution of inequality is as uncharted as the disappearance of the state. Trotsky himself says (p. 67) that "a successful socialist construction is unthinkable without including in the planned system a direct personal interest of the producer and the consumer, their egoism." That is right and that is the basis of Soviet inequality. Whether there will be more or less inequality this year than in the year before depends on circumstances. Trotsky contends that "so long as it is impossible to guarantee genuine equality," in other words, as long as socialism lasts, there is an "iron necessity to give birth to and support a privileged minority." The only question is whether with advancing prosperity this minority must not grow into a majority. By becoming a Stakhanovist (efficient worker) or by taking courses which are open to all, anyone can immediately join the "privileged." An aristocracy, however, limits its membership.

Even Trotsky, to the embarrassment, if that were possible, of Max Eastman, his "friend and confidant," admits that "the distribution of this earth's goods in the Soviet Union, we do not doubt, is incomparably more democratic than it was in Czarist Russia, and even than it is in the most democratic countries of the West." With the improvement of Soviet productivity and technique the disparity between the real incomes of engineers, high officials, and workingmen is reduced. Stakhanovism leads in that direction. Trotsky maintains in a whole chapter that until Soviet productivity of labor is higher than capitalist productivity of labor there can be no full socialism. All agree. Socialism would be an anomaly unless it advanced beyond capitalism. But Soviet Russia began as a very backward nation and, leaving Czarist standards far behind, has made gigantic strides toward modern technical proficiency. Over a period of years, with a planned economy eliminating the waste of under-capacity production, of economic depressions, of competition, and of commercial advertising, labor is perhaps already more productive in the U. S. S. R. as in the average capitalist land. Moreover, recent events in the air of Spain have demonstrated that Soviet technique may be superior not only to German and Italian technique but even to French

and American. This is one instance. There are more, and there will be many more. The U. S. S. R.'s prospects are limitless.

Judgments about events to come depend on one's attitude to the present. Trotsky is pessimistic about Soviet trends unless the present leadership is overthrown. The friends of the U. S. S. R., whom he belabors with such

ineffective scorn, are optimistic. Moreover, the devotion of the Soviet masses to loyalist Spain and the performance of Soviet citizens in Spain fortify a deep-seated faith in the health, strength, and self-curative qualities of the Bolshevik revolution. The illnesses which Trotsky diagnoses and exaggerates with such glee will pass as others have.

The Price Boom

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

LABOR is in the saddle, the newspapers say. As wage increase follows wage increase, the impression spreads that labor is at last about to enter the promised land. The public is being told that big business is not only willing to meet labor halfway but is actually sharing the profits of prosperity with labor in truly New Deal fashion.

The only justification for this legend is to be found in the belated and modest 5 and 10 per cent wage increases which industry is generally bestowing upon labor. The wage increases in the headlines, moreover, tell only half the story. Behind the headlines, in the financial pages at the back of the paper, market reports reveal booming prices out of all proportion to the easily absorbed rise in labor costs. Wages have risen. But the rise has already been completely and shamefully outstripped by the price boom.

Some notion of what is in store for wage-earning and middle-class families may be gathered from the cost-of-living index compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board. In the short space of a month, from January to February, the index jumped 3 per cent—a spectacular rise. It now stands 4.4 per cent above the level for February, 1936, and 21.6 per cent above its April, 1933, low. The price of clothing rose 9 per cent from January to February; rents rose 7 per cent in that period. The purchasing power of the 1923 dollar, which was 119.8 cents in February, 1936, had fallen to 115.1 cents in January, 1937, and by February, 1937, it stood at only 114.7 cents. Nevertheless, the price boom has not yet seriously affected the industries selling goods in the retail mass market. It is still confined to the industries which supply the fabricating and consumers'-goods industries. Its full impact upon the cost of living will not be felt until, for example, higher copper prices show in radio prices and higher cotton prices in the cost of shirts.

At bottom, the boom is speculative. It is based upon the anticipation of an indefinitely prolonged recovery, extended by armament orders the world over. For this reason the first commodities to be pushed up to 1918 levels were the metals, the raw materials of heavy industry. Leading the metal boom was copper. Last September, when the British rearmament program was beginning to stimulate copper demand, "the quotations of Northern

Rhodesian copper producers continued to advance" on the London Stock Exchange. Forewarned, these companies might have been expected to increase production. They did the opposite. The report of the British South Africa Company, which derives a good part of its income from its holdings in the three leading African copper mines, is revealing. The company's royalties rose by \$2,000,000 over its 1935 income. But the copper produced by these three mines in 1936 actually fell 20,000 tons below the 1935 figure as a result of the copper producers' restriction agreement, which was permitted to remain in force long after the boom began.

The consequence of this deliberately provoked copper shortage is reflected in the American metal market. For the better part of a year foreign demand has been forcing up the American price from 7 to 9 cents to its present peak of 17 cents. Seventeen-cent copper has brought undreamed of prosperity to Western mining companies. The case of the Calumet and Hecla mine is typical. During 1936 the company did quite well, producing nearly 60,000,000 pounds of copper at a cost of 6.2 cents a pound, and nearly 20,000,000 pounds at a cost of 4.51 cents, and averaging 9.80 cents a pound on sales. Certainly the company enjoyed a fair profit margin. With copper at 17 cents, the margin is doubled; no lobby would have dared demand as much. This unhealthy profit inflation is shared by the rest of the industry. Anaconda Wire and Cable announces a 62 per cent jump over 1935 in manufacturing profit and a 122 per cent advance in net income. Phelps Dodge reports that 1936 net income rose 85 per cent over 1935. The Phelps Dodge statement, moreover, reveals that "as a result of last year's large sales of copper the company has only nominal stocks" left. Anaconda and Kennecott, the industry's leading units, are opening their marginal, hitherto unprofitable mines. Both companies report a disparity between production increase and profit rise in 1936.

The copper shortage is duplicated by the lead shortage. At its recent meeting the St. Joseph Lead Company, the world's largest producer, deplored the price advance as "unhealthy," and admitted that the buying wave provoked by it had left the St. Joe Company alone in the industry with substantial stocks on hand. The tale of zinc is still more alarming. The supply, according to the

American Zinc Institute, has sunk to its lowest level "in years." And the ravages of the depression have left many refineries in such condition that "an increase in output can be achieved only gradually." The production of tin was also drastically curtailed in the effort to bolster prices, which are now following the same spectacular course as those of the other metals. By March 10 tin had passed 66 cents a pound and was selling above the average for every year since 1918.

The astonishing course of the metal boom is accurately summarized by the *American Metal Market*, a trade paper whose index weighs the several metals by tonnage and market importance. Its composite average of metal prices had fallen to 6.824 cents for the years 1930-34. By 1936 it had rallied to 8.245 cents. On March 10 it stood at 13.065 cents—a bare .03 of a cent below the 1929 high and only some 3 cents below the war-time top. Thus metal prices have anticipated the upward movement of the business cycle. And their action may very well prove disastrous to the recovery curve. For the cost of industrial production—and as a consequence ultimate retail prices—has been jacked up to boom heights while mass income has only begun to climb. The strain which the metal boom has put upon recovery is indicated by the news that the rise in the price of tin is stimulating frantic research into the efficacy of aluminum, glass, and cardboard as substitutes, and that copper prices are provoking similar interest in the uses of aluminum and stainless steel. The touch of *Ersatz* rounds out the character of this war boom.

The metal boom has already had an ominous effect on the steel market. In spite of the successive Detroit strikes *Automotive Industries* reports that the automobile industry is going into spring production with inadequate steel stocks in hand. Steel orders have risen 40 per cent above the February level. The steel companies are opening their books for the second quarter of the year, but they have no steel to sell. And steel's customers, taking their cue from copper's customers, are panic-stricken by the combination of price boom and shortage. Far from giving them pause, the drastic increases in steel prices are whipping them up to buy everything in sight. The magazine *Steel* reports "buying undisturbed by price advances." Because of European arms demand, "thousands of tons of pig iron have been shipped out of the country . . . and imports are dwindling" to zero. United States Steel is now paying dearly for the reactionary technological policy to which it has long adhered. The rush for steel has grown overnight, and while it finds the steel industry producing at over 90 per cent of capacity, the figure for United States Steel is nearer 85 per cent. The corporation is blowing in admittedly obsolete and inefficient furnaces. But in a sellers' market anything goes.

In this whirl the trumps are in labor's hands. Steel must be produced. Costs are no longer a consideration. Each new upward surge on the copper market adds to the steel momentum. When the price of ferromanganese rose \$15 a ton and chromium \$11.50 a ton, industry barely noticed the effect upon steel prices. And so with labor costs. The steel industry must pay any wage de-

manded of it. Instead, however, of being made to compensate labor for years of niggardliness, the corporations have been able to turn the recent wage increase to their own advantage. For after the \$2.80 to \$3 a ton wage increase has been added to the increased cost of raw materials, the increase of \$5.50 a ton to the selling price leaves the manufacturers with an increased profit margin of some 50 to 70 cents a ton. In short, prices have risen ahead of wages or even raw materials. As the inflation spreads from industry to industry, prices rise more and more steeply. And already the boom is felt beyond the steel industry. The *Journal of Commerce* bears witness that "manufacturers of industrial machinery . . . are seeking protection for profit margins by inserting clauses in new contracts giving them the right to raise prices in the event labor costs are revised upwards"; this before what was the copper ripple and what has become the steel wave have inundated the consumers'-goods market.

Rising prices are not confined to metals. Rubber, which costs about 7 cents a pound to produce, is selling at 27 cents, with 30 cents and more foreseen as its goal. Production quotas are being lifted, but the market remains insatiable. Under the influence of the rubber boom tire prices have been raised 6 per cent, the fourth advance within a year, and a fifth advance has already been announced. Hides also have risen, from 11 cents to 15¾ cents in a year. Shoe prices are following suit. Last month shoe prices rose 5 to 10 per cent. This month one national chain has advanced women's shoes from \$1.98 to \$2.19, and a Chicago chain plans a 12½ per cent increase. Lumber is showing the same tendency, prices having been advanced after the settlement of the Pacific Coast marine workers' strike. Now the sawmill workers are demanding an increase, and the owners have announced that prices will rise with wages. The textile raw materials are paralleling the metals. Cotton, for which Mr. Roosevelt once foresaw a relapse to the "horse-and-buggy" price of 6 cents, has gone to 15 cents. Silk, only a month ago wobbling with the yen and the Tokyo Cabinet, leaped ahead 3½ to 6 cents in a day. Rayon companies, unable to cope with the volume of advance buying, are expanding their capacity by 20 to 50 per cent.

In one pre-consumption-goods industry after another manufacturers are buying desperately, their eyes fixed on the calendar. They want to be covered on raw materials when autumn comes. And what if the spending public, remembering the last depression, balks at paying war-time prices? Industry will have only itself to blame for the panic into which the boom can collapse. Meanwhile the moral of the price boom is not lost upon the more responsible sections of the business community. Commenting upon the military roots of the metal boom, the great London metal house of Brandeis, Goldschmidt says, "What normal trade and common sense could not do, distrust and fear have accomplished."

Labor cannot ride high on a prosperity wave that rises with war preparations. The price boom, in its onslaught upon living standards, is the first forerunner of the crisis which a new 1914 will inevitably prepare for the labor movement.

Reconstruction in Puerto Rico

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

RECONSTRUCTION is the one hope of Puerto Rico, whether it remains a possession of the United States or achieves independence. Reconstruction is the effort—started years too late—to conquer overpopulation, economic misery, political unrest, and to establish sanitation and economic well-being in the island. This contest is all-important today. How does it stand? What is its program? Is it planning for the long pull ahead, and does it really mean to grapple with the fundamental economic evils? These are vital questions.

The Puerto Rican reconstruction policy of the Department of the Interior is based largely upon the Chardon Report, drawn up in 1934 by the Puerto Rico Policy Commission, composed of three Puerto Ricans—Carlos E. Chardon, at that time chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico, R. Menendez Ramos, Commissioner of Agriculture and Commerce, and Professor R. Fernandez Garcia, head of the university's department of chemistry. The report was a careful study of economic conditions with recommendations for progress and reform. Among its fundamental proposals was the recapture of the land for the people from the sugar companies. Emigration and industrialization were mentioned; birth-control, so obviously essential to deal with the dreadful overpopulation, was casually alluded to. For the work of reconstruction a total amount of \$42,000,000 was set aside in Washington; and this first attempt to reorganize Puerto Rico on a large scale was enthusiastically welcomed.

Today the ardor of some of the liberal and radical groups for reconstruction has cooled. They charge that its original underlying purposes have been altered for the worse and that a different emphasis is being put upon the program by the administrator, Dr. Ernest H. Gruening, to whom the President two years ago assigned this task in addition to his duties as Director of the Division of Territories and Island Possessions of the Department of the Interior. It is declared that progress is too slow, that the land problem is not being advanced aggressively, that considerable money has been wasted; and the critics resent several dismissals from the P. R. R. A. These criticisms of Dr. Gruening come largely from those who were formerly his personal friends among the liberals and who were at first ardent supporters of the program. As I see the situation, after a brief survey, it is this: There have been mistakes, lost motion, and some waste, such as are inevitable in every pioneering undertaking—certainly they have been found in every relief and reconstruction project on the mainland. But it is a plan to reconstruct Puerto Rico by Puerto Ricans according to a Puerto Rican program—a gigantic and complex program which in the main has been tackled boldly and effectively. For the mistakes made by himself personally

and by those whom he picked as subordinates Dr. Gruening will have to shoulder the responsibility; but on the whole, from what I could see in driving through the island, the P. R. R. A. is doing a big job of the greatest worth and significance, under an able director, Miles H. Fairbank. I do not believe it is now possible to maintain that there has been treason to the fundamental policy of Puerto Rico for the Puerto Ricans, but time will show.

Let us return to the four vital proposals for saving Puerto Rico. It is true that the Administration has failed to carry on with two of them—birth control and immigration. Birth-control clinics were started in fifteen places and then closed after protests from Catholic sources. The answer is that Franklin Roosevelt was a candidate for reelection, and his campaign manager, James A. Farley, is a very good Catholic. At any rate, without direct proof, I venture my reputation on the assertion that the order to shut down the clinics did not originate with Dr. Gruening. As to moving large masses of people from the island to the American mainland, or to foreign countries, that is something to be handled in Washington only by Dr. Gruening's superiors. It is the State Department which would have to negotiate with Santo Domingo or Venezuela, and so far as I am aware neither Secretary Hull nor President Roosevelt has moved. It seems to me that Secretary Ickes might have sought before this to move some thousands to certain of our states—with the aid and consent of Congress. The excuse is, I suppose, that a government dealing with resettlement projects at home, especially for those ousted by the purchase of submarginal farm lands, and with the victims of dust storms and floods, has had its hands rather full. But these excuses do not offset the fact that the government *must* act in this situation; criticism of the delay is justified.

With respect to industrialization, some efforts are under way, but until the obstacles which have prevented private capital from establishing factories and industrial undertakings of various kinds are removed, and some way of preventing "dumping" by mainland firms is worked out, nothing far-reaching will be achieved. The government is building a cement factory to produce cement for the P. R. R. A. at a saving of at least 50 cents a barrel. Various rural electric projects are well on the road to completion—electrification is essential if there is to be large-scale industrialization. The rehabilitation program of various areas calls for warehouses, canning plants, refrigerating facilities and abattoirs, distributing centers and community workshops for woodworking and the making of clay products and clothing. But profoundly to affect conditions many millions more will be needed.

The fourth and most important large-scale proposal for reconstruction is the recapture of the land. Here is

where Dr. Gruening's administration is most severely criticized. The first step, about which the controversy centers, was the purchase for \$3,500,000 of the Centrale Lafayette (*centrale* is the Puerto Rican name for a great sugar mill), with its 10,000 acres of land, for the purpose of a radical experiment—the ousting of the foreign, absentee owners and the making over of the enterprise into a workers' and small planters' cooperative undertaking. The high price paid may be responsible for the failure to take over other mills as well; perhaps the administration also thought it wise to make sure that the Lafayette plan could be carried out successfully before risking more money, but the disappointment that other and smaller concerns were not taken over simultaneously remains. Not unnaturally, changes have been made as the experiment has developed. The idea, in broad outlines, is that an industrial cooperative shall run the mill and a central service cooperative shall purchase and control agricultural machinery and furnish management and buying and selling facilities to the members of the planters' and the workers' cooperatives. Planters' cooperatives are to be organized in each of the tracts of less than 500 acres into which the sugar lands are to be divided. Plainly this means a cumbersome and involved organization, calling for a good deal of knowledge on the part of the workers. Many critics feel that it is too complicated to succeed. In addition, submarginal sugar lands are to be exchanged for good sugar lands, on which the cane-field laborers are to be settled, to enable them to do subsistence crop-raising when unemployed, and gradually to purchase their homes and small acreages.

The mere outline of this program shows how extraordinarily difficult and far-reaching it is, involving as it does social, financial, economic, and labor questions in addition to the ordinary business problems of operating a big sugar enterprise. It is further complicated by the *colonos*, or small, independent cane-growers, whose numbers are steadily decreasing (from 58,371 in 1910 to 52,965 in 1930; 65 per cent of the entire crop of 7,710,000 tons produced in 1935 was harvested on the lands of sugar companies). These *colonos* are often victimized by unscrupulous mill-owners who falsify weights or chemical analyses upon which payments are based. Hence the Lafayette experiment, which will grind cane for neighboring *colonos*, is of the utmost importance to the small cane-grower. Now it is obvious that in such a huge undertaking there are bound to be differences of opinion; that mistakes will be made. To form a judgment as to whether the critics of the undertaking are right, time will be necessary. Meanwhile the experiment of operating the mill, which began only with this cutting season, was going well when I visited it. The whole undertaking is dependent for its success upon the world price of sugar and the retention of the present allotment of sugar which Puerto Rico is allowed to send to the mainland for consumption. So far as I could perceive, there is no effort to ignore the fundamental purpose of this great human and economic experiment, which is a revolutionary dividing up of the land of the large owners.

Undoubtedly, Dr. Gruening's chief mistake was that

on coming to Puerto Rico he chose for his coworkers the men whom he knew best, in whom he had the most confidence, who sponsored the general program. He failed to take into consideration that they were nearly all of one party. Unfortunately, the Puerto Rican is exceptionally politically minded, and so the public came to believe that Dr. Gruening was creating in the P. R. R. A. a political machine intended to build up the Liberal, that is, the minority, Party, when he had no such intention. Subsequently the disagreements which arose in the P. R. R. A., Dr. Gruening's bitter dismissal of Professor Garcia as head of the Rural Rehabilitation Division, the resignation of Professor Chardon, and the allegations—flatly denied by the P. R. R. A. heads—that radical changes were made without Professor Garcia's knowledge to the injury of the sugar program alienated friends and supporters. It is also felt that Dr. Gruening has changed his attitude toward independence and is now openly hostile to it, after having said it was for the Puerto Ricans to decide. The conservatives cannot forget that Dr. Gruening came to the island with the reputation of being closely allied with the liberal movement, in addition to having been that most terrible of creatures, an editor of *The Nation*. While not denying his mistakes, I maintain that no one could have tackled this particularly difficult problem of Puerto Rican reconstruction without antagonizing some people. Into the details of all the controversies it is perfectly impossible to enter. Meanwhile, Dr. Gruening can greatly relieve the grave tension by making it plain that the desire for independence will not be considered by anyone in authority as synonymous with enmity to the United States and that no one will be punished for espousing it. It is a situation so difficult as to call for superhuman patience.

Finally, I wish that I had space to record the many other accomplishments of the P. R. R. A. and also those of the Puerto Rico Emergency Relief Administration, the predecessor and coadjutor of the P. R. R. A. I can only add that of the seventy-five workers' reconstruction camps being developed those I visited are full of promise. Selected men are being trained there in sanitation, diet, and other requisites of successful homesteading. The P. R. R. A. hires laborers to work on the reconstruction of plantations and gets from the planters in return three acres of average land at half its appraised value, to be purchased by the laborer on long-time payments. Many cement homes have already been built, completely sanitary, vermin- and rat-proof, and safe against hurricanes—also utterly unattractive, suggesting only mausoleums. Then there is a superb reforestation program, and many other plans. It is all only a beginning; it calls for experimentation, for trial and error, and a readiness to rise above party lines and personal antagonisms so that the general welfare shall benefit. But economic safety may yet be achieved if there is adequate unselfish cooperation on the island, if justice rules in Washington, and not the selfishness of privilege and conscienceless business.

[The first of Mr. Villard's two articles on Puerto Rico appeared last week. Next week he will resume his regular page, *Issues and Men*.]

Taxi Strike

BY GEROLD FRANK

Toledo, March

I WAS standing outside a hamburger joint on Adams Street where some of the striking cab drivers hung out, talking to a lanky, red-eyed driver. He was sore. "Seven bucks I got from the company yesterday," he said, waving a check in front of me. "I made it two weeks ago when they laid me off three days for going home to lunch."

"Three days?" I asked. "Three days just for going home to lunch?"

"I took the cab," he said. "Y'aint supposed to. Uses up gas, and one of the company men caught me. Well, like I said, I made this seven bucks two weeks ago—they keep a couple of weeks behind so if you run out they don't lose a penny on you—and they took off seven cents for the government and six bucks ninety-three—get it?—for accident insurance. Now, what's that leave me?"

I looked at the check. It was made out to Joe Wilson and after the dollar sign the word "none" had been typed in. "What I wanna know," Joe Wilson went on, "is, d'you think they'd write a story about the check if I took it down to the paper?"

"Don't you get any union benefit?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I ain't got my C. I. O. button yet. We're just joining up."

"Well," I asked, "how much would you make if you worked all week and they didn't lay you off?"

"Figure it out for yourself," he said. "Twelve bucks guaranteed if you take in thirty-six bucks a week. At a quarter a drag, that means twenty-four drags a day, and brother, take it from me, you hustle your head off plenty—if you're lucky." Another driver in a blue sweater, tall and broad-shouldered, came up. "You a driver?" he demanded. "Go on in. Get inside." We both went in.

It was a small, dark, cramped restaurant with a slot machine near the door and the Greek proprietor and his daughter behind the counter. They both had the same cast of face, the same noses, long, drawn to a point, flanges well marked, the same dark eyes. The place was crowded with drivers.

The tall, broad-shouldered driver in the blue sweater vaulted the counter and pulled a chair after him. He jumped up on it. "Now you guys lis'n to me!" he shouted. "I wanna talk. When I get through I'll answer questions, and if anyone else wants to talk, he can go ahead, see?" He paused. "Now, whatawe want?" He answered himself. "We want twen-ty-one bucks a week, see, and nothin' under!"

"You said it, pal!" someone shouted.

Broad-shoulders put up a hand for silence. He was big and rawboned and powerful, and he bore down on you with his gray eyes.

"You guys, each 'n every individually one," he said, "lis'n to me. Yuh can't live on twelve bucks a week. It's no go! Every individually one, no one goes ona streets until we get that contract! Yuh know who's behind yuh? Yuh got the C. I. O.! The C. I. O.!" He shouted it, with a pause after each word. "Them sonovabitches, they gotta—" He stopped short and turned quickly to the girl. She was behind the cash register, leaning languidly on one elbow on the white tile counter. "Excuse me, lady," he said politely, but she did not change a muscle in her face. "Them guys gotta pay yuh a livin' wage! And d'yuh know what'll happen if they don't?"

"Yah, what'll happen?" a man challenged. "Tell us."

Broad-shoulders opened his mouth, stopped, took a long breath. He leaned forward and began gesturing before the words came. "Are there ten thousan' teamsters an' cooks an' bus drivers in Toledo? I'm askin'!"

"No!" someone retorted, and laughed. Broad-shoulders went on as though he had not heard.

"That's what'll happen," he said. "Ten thousan' teamsters an' cooks an' drivers are with yuh. They're C. I. O.! They'll stick with yuh! They're right behind yuh!" He paused and breathed deeply again. "And d'yuh know what yuh gotta do? It's t'come across with that deuce spot, them two dollars dues. Yuh gotta be organized!"

"Where yuh gonna get that deuce spot?" someone demanded.

Broad-shoulders picked him out with a long, pointing forefinger. "O.K.," he said, and pulled at his belt and looked around. "I've been asked a question. O.K. I'll answer it. Now lis'n. Yuh know the C. I. O. said yuh got thirty days—thirty days yuh got from the time we win this goddam strike and go back ona street—to raise that deuce spot. Now, if any guy here can't make two measly bucks in thirty days workin' steady on twenty-one bucks a week"—he paused and drove home his point by swinging his arm violently downward—"then that guy shouldn' be ona street!" He leaned forward suddenly. "You," he said. "Did I answer your question?"

"Yessir," said the questioner promptly. "You answered it. I got my answer."

"O.K.," said Broad-shoulders. "Now I'm askin' yuh, are we all stickin' together? Are we all bringin' in that deuce spot for the C. I. O.?"

They all shouted then, and the girl behind the counter relaxed and smiled, and the Greek grinned too and jokingly thrust out the first and fourth fingers of his right hand in a mock evil-eye sign at one of the drivers, and then they opened the door and surged out. "What I wanna know," said a voice in my ear, and I saw it was the lanky, red-eyed driver, "is, d'you think they'd write a story about it if I took it down?"

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Revolutionary Conscience

BREAD AND WINE. By Ignazio Silone. Translated from the Italian by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

ALTHOUGH "Fontamara," a story of peasant life in Fascist Italy, was unusual in its integration of a profound humanity with a materialist reading of reality, its scope was hardly wide enough to serve as a complete test of its author's talent. This second novel reveals Silone's full stature; he must now be recognized as one of the most truly contemporary and significant writers of our time. "Bread and Wine" strikes out into newer areas, coming to grips with problems so modern that fiction has scarcely touched them. The fate of the peasant is here intersected by the fate of the intellectual, and besides being an imaginative report of conditions under fascism, the book is also an audit of the revolutionary conscience.

If the intellectual's impetus toward Marxism has its primary source in his moral condemnation of existing society, does he not, then, really cheat himself when in trying to implement his ideals he comes to regard moral values as "petty-bourgeois prejudices" and to subordinate his spiritual and moral needs to the logic of professional politics? Moreover, does not this subordination lead, in the last instance, to utter loss of integrity and the impoverishment of life? Silone places this problem, considered so imprudent and irreverent that so far it has been largely ignored by proletarian writing, in the center of his questionings and perception; and in this sense he has indeed deepened the literature of which he is a part, for one of its tasks is to make the revolution as conscious of itself as it is of the social order it seeks to overthrow. To wrestle with this particular dilemma, however, means to lay oneself open to the perils of mysticism—and, in truth, Silone does not wholly evade these perils; yet the boldness of his effort more than compensates for any errors he may have committed.

In endowing his chief protagonist, Pietro Spina, with a consciousness and sensibility of the highest order, he makes him into a perfect instrument for the dissection of the revolutionary intellectual type. Repelled by the customs and insincerities of party politics (the identity of his party is, by the way, never established), Spina returns from exile to renew himself in underground revolutionary work in a country famished and intimidated, where everything, even hunger, has been bureaucratized. The peasants live in a state of "almost geological resignation," the workers are cowed, and the intellectuals are given a choice between becoming pariahs or state employees. Spina's task is twofold, practical as well as spiritual: while engaging in conspiratorial work he must simultaneously seek to discover the true morality of revolutionary action. Hence the story proceeds on two levels; it is both an ethical dialogue and a plot of active politics. But the two levels are symbolically unified at the very start when Spina, the better to elude the police, puts on the dark robes of a priest and is thus enabled to consecrate the new revolutionary mysteries in the very vestments of the old. He immerses himself in the life of the masses, living among

peasants and small-town people and in Rome. In his encounters with the devout girl, Cristina, and with the rebellious priest, Don Benedetto, who sees the fascist dictatorship as Anti-Christ, he is compelled to redefine for himself the meaning of Christianity. Cristina represents the quietism of the church—she is under the spell of its opiate; but in Don Benedetto Spina perceives spiritual forces in which action and morality are reconciled. Personified in the episodes of his illness and the agony and death of his comrades in arms, this theme is developed to the conclusion that the revolutionary life, in our epoch the only genuine spirituality, must vindicate the destiny of man by repudiating "alike the destiny of the sheep and the destiny of the lion." Thus for him ethical passion becomes the motor-force of social change.

It seems to me that in his search for a lyric and heroic humanism Silone has not escaped idealist abstractions. His solution remains on the individual plane, since he indicates no method through which it could be effected within a mass movement or a political party. And from a Marxist standpoint, his sway toward the transcendental might perhaps be explained by the continued defeat of the revolutionary forces in Italy, just as the defeat of the 1905 revolution in Russia explains the "god-building" of Gorky and Lunacharsky in that period.

But even the weaknesses of this novel are organic to its material and to the reality which it encompasses. In posing the problems that it does it fertilizes literature with a new awareness, and the coming victory over fascism is foreshadowed in the strength of its cultural affirmation.

PHILIP RAHV

"Either—or"

EDUCATION AND THE CLASS STRUGGLE: A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THE LIBERAL EDUCATOR'S PROGRAM FOR SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION. By Zalmen Slesinger. Covici-Friede. \$3.

MR. SLESINGER'S book is an examination from a strict, somewhat ultra-orthodox, Marxian point of view of the ideas of a group of educators regarding the relation of education to social change. In many points, this group and Mr. Slesinger are in agreement as to the changes which need to be made in society, especially in its political and economic institutions. Both would move in the direction of greater organized social control and economic collectivism. The difference between them has to do with the methods by which radical social changes are to be effected. The group of educators that is criticized emphasizes the desirability of democratic processes, within which it includes public education as an important factor. Mr. Slesinger emphasizes at every point the class structure of society, the class struggle, and the transfer of power by a revolution brought about by force.

Mr. Slesinger's account is objective and refreshingly free from personalities. In his earlier chapters he gives a fair summary of the "liberal educators'" criticism of existing social institutions and their proposals for a new social order. He then places in contrast with their position that of contempo-

rary Marxian Communists, with its emphasis upon class conflict as the sole dependable dynamic for effecting any social change that is significant. In three chapters on the class structure of American society he assembles many facts that are worthy of attention whether or not one gives them the exclusive economic and class interpretation the author adopts. As a minor point, I would remark that I think Mr. Slesinger fails to give sufficient weight to the fact that the men in question, writing as educators, are addressing themselves to educators, endeavoring to awaken teachers to the seriousness of the present social situation and the responsibilities of the school that result from that situation. Accordingly, he tends to take their program for educators as if it covered their whole conception of methods of bringing about radical social change. It does not follow that liberal educators are unaware of the importance of organization in bringing about change because, in addressing themselves to teachers, they stress the factors most directly connected with the work of teachers.

The important point, however, is the contrast set up between democratic processes and those of class conflict. Mr. Slesinger's book is noteworthy for the rigidity and completeness with which he presents an absolute "either-or" position. He leaves no option save that between individuals as individuals and economic classes set over against one another in total opposition. There is no place left for social interplay and modification of one group by another. Some curious inconsistencies result. After holding that the educational group greatly exaggerates the potential power of education, he remarks, "The intellectuals play a most strategic role in modern social life. They hold the keys for the functioning of our complicated world." I imagine most of the group he criticizes would regard this as a rather romantic view of the power of educators. Again, after holding that our whole society is class-structured economically, that its culture is class-structured, and that government is exclusively a tool of the dominant capitalistic class, he says, "The tragedy of the working class is internal strife and division. Lack of solidarity and unity is its present greatest weakness." He then goes on to give facts indicating that in the strict Marxian sense, in which class consciousness is an integral part of the class concept, American society is not in fact "class-structured" though it ought to be.

The book, aside from the assemblage of facts that should be considered seriously by every liberal, is chiefly noteworthy, it seems to me, for its presentation of the "nothing but, either-or" philosophy of society. Read in that light it may lead those who are not already committed to some form of social absolutism to reconsider the possibility of dependence upon democratic processes in bringing about fundamental social changes.

JOHN DEWEY

Letters in Vindication

THE LETTERS OF FANNY BRAWNE TO FANNY KEATS, 1820-1824. Oxford University Press. \$3.

THE day Keats sailed for Italy, where he died, Fanny Brawne, eager to comply with his request, began her correspondence with his younger sister—the sister so like Tom. But because Keats had requested Fanny to keep their love secret, a century passed before justice was done and these letters published. They had traveled meantime among Fanny Keats's dearest possessions. They rest now at last in the Keats Memorial House, Hampstead.

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old girl, made wise through grief, attempting to comfort and to train the girl of seventeen who might have been her sister-in-law. Fanny Keats was still the ward of the Abbess. It was very difficult, therefore, for Fanny Brawne to keep in contact with her, yet she managed to do so until Keats's sister came of age and married Valentine Llanos, whom Fanny Brawne had known.

Fanny Brawne's letters prove that she was engaged to Keats, that she regretted not having married him before he left, that Keats knew and she guessed that he would not return. They place the date of Keats's engagement to Fanny. They prove that information concerning his serious state of health was kept from Fanny, and that she guessed the worst. She knew, moreover, that he did not read her last letters to him. These, in other words, are the letters to which Amy Lowell had reference in writing her biography of Keats; they are the documents which caused her to champion Fanny Brawne.

Aside from their informational value, they are homely, delightfully human letters. They may seem unliterary and conventional beside Keats's own passionate love letters, but they portray a woman real and understandable. Fanny Brawne seems, indeed, to be rather more intelligent than the average middle-class girl of her generation. She echoes Keats's opinions on poets and poetry. She reads and advises reading for Keats's sister. She was, in general, of course, a creature of her own environment, but she kept her silence even under attacks upon her character and she did not marry until twelve years after Keats's death. She was in love, and loyal.

EDA LOU WALTON

Two Generations

A LONG WAY FROM HOME. By Claude McKay. Lee Furman. \$3.

LET ME LIVE. By Angelo Herndon. Random House. \$2.50.

THE most significant page in Claude McKay's autobiography is the one on which he recalls the evening in 1922 when he and William Gropper saw the Theater Guild production of Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped." McKay was then an editor of the *Liberator* and for this occasion had taken Charles Wood's place as its dramatic critic. He had many years of celebrity behind him, which had begun when he won a government trade scholarship in Jamaica, where he was born and where he published his first book of poems in 1911. The *Seven Arts* had published two of his poems in 1917, and a year later Frank Harris had "discovered" him for *Pearson's*, that ill-fated American venture that marked the spectacular decline of Harris's career. Success in *Pearson's* made the transition from waiter in a Pullman dining-car to the life of a professional writer barely possible. With Harris's encouragement he found new friends and in 1919 went to London, where he interviewed Bernard Shaw, read Marx, and joined Sylvia Pankhurst's staff on the *Workers' Dreadnaught*. On his return to New York he accepted Max Eastman's invitation to help him edit the *Liberator*. His visit to "He Who Gets Slapped" was the source of the finest document of its kind in English, and nothing that Claude McKay has written before or since equals the quality of its emotion, its force, and its brilliance.

Claude McKay had walked into the orchestra of the theater to see the play, but he never reached his seat; he and Gropper were instructed to sit in the balcony, and from that vantage point, he was to write: "I had come . . . as a dramatic critic. . . . The important fact with which I was suddenly

slapped in the face was my color. I am a Negro—he, *the One Who Gets Slapped*." The review was the actual poem Claude McKay had hoped to write; he was no longer impeded by the smooth falsetto of the lesser romantics whom Harris and Max Eastman admired and whom Gerard Manley Hopkins so happily defined in a letter to Canon Dixon. For the moment Oscar Wilde and James Thomson of "The City of Dreadful Night" relaxed their influence upon his imagery and verbal imagination, and in that moment he became the very spirit of the highly sensitized and civilized man he was, a man who happened to be a Negro and a member of an exploited class and people.

Interesting as the remainder of Claude McKay's autobiography proves itself to be, its mere charm and pathos overwhelm the narrative. He is obviously "tender-minded," intelligent, sincere; and as he describes his escape to the Soviet Union—away from a wife who suddenly appeared in New York—his adventures in France, Germany, Spain, northern Africa, and back to America, one knows only too well that his disillusion and bewilderment today are neither unconscious nor wilful evasions of responsibility. Problems of sex, race, history, art, and the "group soul" are interwoven in his mind. The last pages of his book are filled with unanswerable questions; his clearest hope is for a Negro leader, and in that hope he seems to occupy the same nether world that Hart Crane describes in "Black Tambourine." "I have nothing to give but my singing," he says at last. "I have been a troubadour wanderer"—and though the words are quite as false as the color which ran from Frank Harris's hair and stained his forehead, the nostalgia behind the words remains sincere.

There is a kind of father-and-son relationship between Claude McKay's book and Angelo Herndon's "Let Me Live." Claude McKay's symbols for revolt—like those of many another writer of his generation—included bohemianism and the search for Beauty with a capital B; the soft, vague, shadowy word and phrase were sought and with them the desire for freedom from the laws of society. He had witnessed the events which transformed Fabian socialism into communism, but he saw them with the same attitude toward radical politics that marked Isadora Duncan's revolutionary enthusiasms. Angelo Herndon, born in a small Ohio steel and coal mining town in 1913, represents clearly enough another time, a different childhood, and a new interpretation of radical activity.

Herndon is neither poet nor skilful publicist; the opening chapters of his book are awkwardly written and the characterizations of himself, his friends, enemies, and casual associates are wooden and unreal. The reality of the book lies in the logic of Herndon's relation to society, in which he, a Negro proletarian and Communist organizer, defied the employer classes of the South. There can be no doubt that he has a better brain and a keener sense of a dramatic situation than the men who repeatedly threaten him with torture and death, and it is also clear that he is fighting not for himself alone but for the right of unorganized labor in the South to form its unions. His speech to the grand jurors of Fulton County, Georgia, is a masterpiece of close reasoning and forceful polemics. It is characteristic of him to speak of himself in the third person, to say, "no matter what you do with Angelo Herndon, no matter what you do with the Angelo Herndons in the future, this question of unemployment, the question of unity between Negro and white workers cannot be solved with hands that are stained with the blood of an innocent individual." The publication of "Let Me Live" is



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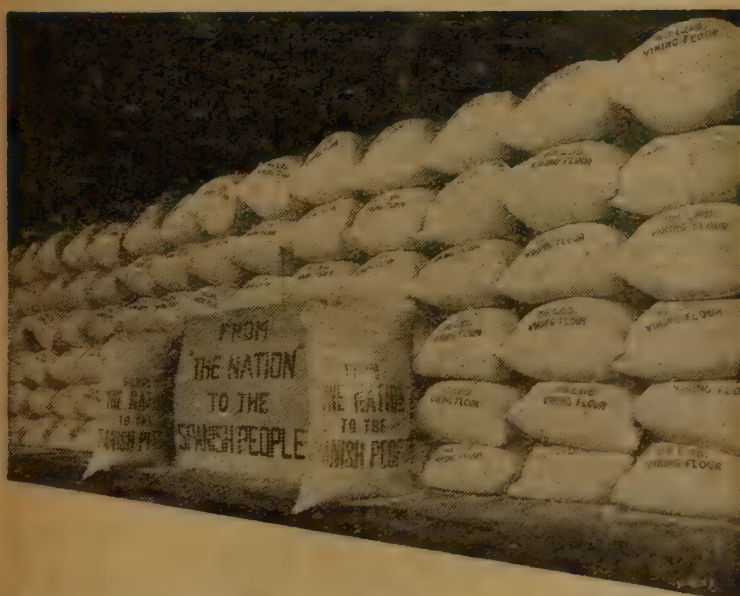
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merely one incident in his career as he awaits the decision of the Supreme Court on the validity of the Georgia Civil War statute to prevent slave insurrection, a statute that was revived so as to condemn Herndon to twenty years on the chain gang and certain death. It may be said that Herndon has converted the spirit of Claude McKay's review of "He Who Gets Slapped" into action; and he has concluded the present phase of his activity with a courageous statement: "Death itself is not the greatest tragedy that can possibly happen to a man; rather, the greatest tragedy is to live placidly and safely and to keep silent in the face of injustice and oppression."

HORACE GREGORY

Shorter Notices

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM (LES COPAINS). By Jules Romains. Translated by Jacques Le Clercq. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

Everything that Romains has done, from his earliest verse to his current attempt to break all fiction-length records in "Men of Good Will," is more or less connected with his mystical doctrine of unanimism; and the present work, originally published in 1913, is no exception. A mixture of anti-bourgeois satire and pure fantasy, it is suffused with a rhetorical celebration of the "absolute" character of perfect comradeship. It is an odd condensation into hilarious Latin farce of the diffuse Whitmanism that dominated the unanimist group before the war. The cronies of the title carry on an organized campaign of unmotivated subversiveness against the established order. Disguised as important dignitaries from Paris, they cause havoc in the provinces by decorating each other with the Legion of Honor, posing naked on top of public statues, and mounting pulpits to deliver Rabelaisian sermons on the neglected bounties of the flesh. Much of this manages to be amusing despite the obvious intellectual strain; and the long sermon at the end is a tour de force that confirms the suspicion that Romains is the kind of writer who can do almost anything after a fashion. But the book comes out of a mood—a pre-war and perhaps distinctively Gallic mood—that for very many readers will be difficult to comprehend today. It is essentially the mood out of which came Gide's "Caves du Vatican" and other efforts to exploit the fictive possibilities of complete moral and social irresponsibility. This fantasy has a too cerebral creak, this humor a too sadistic ring, for a generation that is unconsoled by any striking evidences of a fundamental unanimity among mankind. Except for the inept title and other jarring Americanisms, Mr. Le Clercq has done well with the translation.

WILLIAM TROY

LAWYER LINCOLN. By Albert A. Woldman. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Lincoln was confronted with constitutional problems of the gravest nature, yet historians are commonly agreed that he met those problems in worthy fashion. Even the late Mr. Taft declared that no man ever lived who would have made an abler Chief Justice. Since the bar was Lincoln's Alma Mater, where he learned to deal with human nature, to cope with Douglas, to criticize the Dred Scott decision, and to construe the Constitution, it seems strange that no complete account of Lincoln as a lawyer has yet been written. For despite the publishers' claim, Mr. Woldman's book is not "complete." Just how far was Lincoln's reasoning on the Dred Scott case original? What that was new, if anything,

did he add to the legal argument against secession? And when he found, or claimed to find, those constitutional powers that made him almost a dictator, did he really see them first? Mr. Woldman does not tell us. Yet his book discusses practically every phase of Lincoln's life as a lawyer, places it against the background of his environment, throws some new light on his practice, and is for the most part well done. Honest Abe, as Mr. Woldman shows, was no Don Quixote of the bar but a shrewd and practical lawyer. Weak in technical knowledge, he was especially gifted in original reasoning and also in persuading a jury. While a poor lawyer in a bad case, he was not squeamish about taking cases. He enjoyed a wide practice and liked his fees fairly well. As Mr. Woldman shows, it was Lincoln's twenty-three years at the bar that molded and qualified him to save the Union. "To Lincoln, the self-trained lawyer," says he, "history must assign a place on a level with Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, and Webster as an outstanding figure in the creation, interpreting, and expounding of the Constitution."

CHARLES LEE SNYDER

THE UNEXPECTED YEARS. By Laurence Housman. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

Mr. Housman gives no clue as to what nebulous or clear-cut forms he expected his life to take; and his matter-of-fact account of what did happen to him needs badly the contrapuntal tally of what did not. "The Unexpected Years" is a record of small literary successes, of picayune quarrels with the censor, of encounters with his more famous brother, of battles fought for woman suffrage and for peace, of telepathic experiences and semi-supernatural visitations. Presented in extension, the autobiography yet has a tendency to telescope, to collapse back on to itself; and the reader is left with the embarrassing realization that this life of seventy-odd years has been no life at all. Thus the book achieves an unintentional pathos, the pathos of a gently assertive, mediocre mind which finds the clutter of its experience more fascinating than seems war-rantable to others.

MARY MCCARTHY

LAWRENCE: THE LAST CRUSADE. By Selden Rodman. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Rodman's narrative verse is strong, dramatic, and technically sound, but it is scarcely the proper setting for so complex and poetic a figure as the leader of the Arabian revolt and the author of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Mr. Rodman is a conscientious craftsman, and he has skillfully avoided the vagueness and pomposity of average blank verse. But while there are many passages in his book which sound like poetry, there are none which succeed in producing a genuine poetic effect. Mr. Rodman's approach to the character of Lawrence is also unpoetic: Lawrence emerges as a collection of data gathered here and there from his own writings and those of various biographers—and where Mr. Rodman has used his imagination, the result is not as illuminating as it might be. It is Lawrence reduced to his simplest terms: the man of action plus the extraordinary egoist, guided in all matters by a highly personal and all but incommunicable scale of values. Mr. Rodman manages to present these twin aspects of his hero's personality with clarity and force. But nowhere does he succeed in bringing Lawrence back to life or in arriving at a profound understanding of the complexities in his nature. His book seems an attempt to define Lawrence rather than to recreate him.

HELEN NEVILLE

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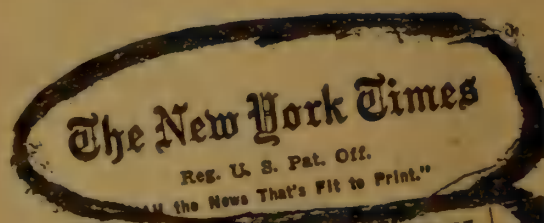
Karl Llewellyn

One of America's most distinguished legal scholars who is Betts Professor of Law at Columbia University and a member of the new Industrial Relations Board of New York City contributes the first of two authoritative articles on "Law and Sitdown" in next week's issue of *The Nation*.

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FILMS

Japanese Triangle

THE first five minutes of "Kimiko" (Filmarte) are startling. The streets of Tokyo look like the streets of Detroit, and the people going up and down them look exactly like the people we see every day except that they are a trifle shorter. Even the first interior is familiar—a very "modern" sort of office which a girl in a gray suit is preparing to leave at the end of her day's work so that she may meet a young man, also in a gray suit, downstairs at the corner. The two of them step briskly along, quarreling and making up as if they were natives of Hollywood, then quarreling again and refusing to walk together. It is only after Kimiko, the girl, arrives at the apartment where she lives with her mother, Etsuko, that the picture begins to be Japanese in the way we had expected it to be when we heard it announced as the first talkie ever to be imported into this country from the land of the kimono. Etsuko writes poems, and Japanese poems. She spends all her time at it, seated gently beside a table whence the melancholy phrases drift from her while Kimiko puts on an apron and gets dinner.

The poems are the first sign to us, outside of the language and the faces, that we are on foreign soil. But the conviction a little later on that the film contains a new experience for us comes from something more important than any such accident of detail. It comes from the whole management of the story. Not from the story itself, which is about a man, his wife, and his mistress. It is the management, the emphasis, that makes the difference; and I can suggest this difference best by saying that each element of the narrative is presented with a simplicity and a seriousness, and a certainty of effect, which reminds us of something too frequently forgotten in the movies, namely, that economy is power. Mikio Naruse, the director, needs no crowds of people, no cascades of scenery, no whirlpools of significant objects in order to convince us that his story is important. He evidently believes it is; and is content, whether in Tokyo or in the remote province where Kimiko goes to find her father, to tell it with the fewest possible strokes. The result is one of the most moving films I know, and one for which there can be no better words than that it should be seen.

"History Is Made at Night" (United Artists) cannot be accused of economy. It is one of those film romances which call for a great deal of last-minute sailing between Europe and New York and for much loud comedy as an offset to the lavish tenderness of the lovers; and in this particular case there must be a collision at the end between a liner and an iceberg. But granting all that, there must be economy somewhere among the riches; for the film is easily the best of its kind in recent years, and indeed by any standard it is a good film. Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer as the lovers whom nothing can ever quite succeed in keeping apart, and who when they are together speak a preposterous little language of their own, are charming not so much because they act with restraint as because they know how to act as if nothing restrained them, though of course something does—the art, shall we say, of acting. "History Is Made at Night," in other words, is a romantic comedy that can be believed.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Can War "Save" Democracy?

Dear Sirs: Vera M. Dean's Challenge to Pacifists, in *The Nation* of February 6, is obscure in thought and language, but it is apparently based on the assumption that war can "save" democracy.

Beating the drum for another splendid crusade for peace and freedom, she hurls at patriots an incredible "challenge." What sort of fool from Keokuk or Painted Post would risk his neck to keep Nazi Germany from "absorbing Austria" or "detaching the Sudeten region from Czecho-Slovakia"?

Her logic is singularly defective. Criticizing pacifists who would rely on generous treatment to "wean dictators from the use of force," she asserts: "They apparently assume that peoples living under dictatorial rule not only share their desire for peace but are free to advocate a pacific policy." But dictators are free to adopt pacific policies, and the argument concerns the "weaning" of dictators, not peoples.

The argument on the character of the dictatorship is hopelessly confused. Are the dictators bent on war or merely bluffing? Mrs. Dean glides gracefully and unconsciously from the affirmation of the first alternative to an equally emphatic affirmation of the second. Her

position on armaments is thoroughly inconsistent. "The danger of war is always present," we hear, "in a world armed to the teeth." How does she propose to lessen this danger? By adding guns!

Mrs. Dean considers herself a "realistic" pacifist. If she believes that the League jargon of "aggressors" and "sanctions" indicates a "realistic" road to peace for this country, she knows a great deal less of America than of Europe.

NORBORNE HARRIS CROWELL
Potsdam, N. Y., March 10

By-Products of Isolation

Dear Sirs: Louis Fischer's excellent article on Keeping America Out of War in *The Nation* of March 27 is a complete answer to the isolationist doctrine that has infected liberals in Canada and the United States. The idea that there can be security in a purely North American policy has merely tended to raise the prestige of the international anarchy now prevailing throughout the world.

The League of Nations failed because it was unable to invest an unhappy Europe with a vital sense of security. The inability to muster the necessary two-thirds' vote in the American Senate—by just a narrow margin—robbed the dawning internationalist diplomacy of

one of its chief pillars. The League was denied that great voice which could have tilted the balance to an enlightened revisionist growth. The world has not recovered from that blow. Mr. Fischer has ably pointed out that the rising fascist star is a by-product of democratic disinterestedness.

MARVIN B. GELBER
Toronto, Canada, March 28

Does Collective Action Mean War?

Dear Sirs: In view of the failure of collective action by democratic powers to uphold the Covenant of the League of Nations in Manchuria, Ethiopia, and Spain, is not *The Nation* a bit too optimistic about the future of collective action, even with the United States included?

Optimism reveals shallowness sometimes, at other times dishonesty. And is *The Nation* dealing straight with its readers when it assures them that collective action, though it may lead to war for other partners to agreement, will not drag the United States into the combat?

F. D. SLOCUM
New York, March 19

Irishmen in Spain

Dear Sirs: I read in a recent number of *The Nation* a short write-up of General O'Duffy's Irish Brigade of some 500 men gone to swell the rebel invader's army in Spain. I have read since in the *Boston Post* and also in Irish papers to hand that another force under the command of Commandant Ryan of the Irish republican army is also in Spain, but the latter body is fighting on the opposite side, with the present Spanish government armies, which fight for liberty and human progress!

Why not give the latter body of Irishmen a little publicity?

AN IRISH REPUBLICAN
Boston, March 7



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The Shape of Things

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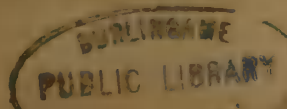
A MEETING IN BALTIMORE OF THE LEAGUE Against War and Fascism last Saturday was suddenly invaded by a black-shirted group of "American fascists" in full fascist regalia who proceeded to pay questionable tribute to the American flag by giving it Mussolini's salute. The incident was a trifle, but a trifle may be a portent. We agree with Congress that the Dickstein committee had a dangerous slant, and that an inquiry into "un-American" activities could be made so broad as to threaten legitimate liberal and labor groups. But this should not tie our hands in banning uniformed groups.

★

THE DECISIVE DEFEAT OF LEON DEGRELLE, leader of the Belgian Rexist Party, by Premier Paul van Zeeland may well mark the end of the present Belgian fascist movement. The results could scarcely have been more convincing. In an election forced upon the government by the Rexist leader, Degrelle obtained less than one-fifth of all the votes cast, and 4,400 fewer votes than were obtained by the Rexist candidate in the last election. The decisiveness of the verdict may be attributed primarily to popular-front tactics. The National Democratic Front, which was formed specifically to fight the election, was supported by all anti-fascist groups from the Catholics to the Communists and forced the Rexists into a hopelessly defensive position. It is significant to note that wherever a genuine united front has been formed, fascism has failed to score a victory.

★

HEYWOOD BROUN'S PAGE IN THIS ISSUE raises the whole question of the function of a liberal journal. Mr. Broun tells us that he is "getting a little sick of *The Nation's* policy of fair play." This is an amazing statement. We had assumed it was a passion for fair play that underlay his fight in behalf of the Newspaper Guild and his many other battles in the liberal cause. It is a strange and new theory that fair play should be required only of reactionary employers and not of us—or, for that matter, of him. We conceive of our task as a double one—on the one hand, to map out a clear and firm line of policy; on the other, in the phrase of Justice Holmes, never to forget that we are not God. Heywood Broun should know that *The Nation* has this task, just as he knows that it will not attempt to censor what he may choose to write on his own page.



STANLEY BALDWIN, BY HIS DECISION NOT TO call Franco's bluff on the food blockade of Bilbao, has done his best to bring victory to the fascists. He has not only thereby abandoned the British principle of freedom of the seas; he has also set a precedent whereby Britain, so precariously dependent on outside sources for its food, may, in an emergency of its own like that of Bilbao, be subjected to similar treatment.

★

THE 1937 STUDENT PEACE STRIKE PROMISES to be a far more impressive demonstration against war than any of those which have preceded it. Thirteen national organizations having student programs are cooperating as sponsors. Among them are groups as dissimilar as the National Council of Methodist Youth, the National Student Federation of America, the American Youth Congress, and the War Resisters' League. As might be expected with a cooperative undertaking of this kind, the program of the strike, as outlined in the call, leaves much to be desired. No recognition is taken of the basic issues presented by the Spanish conflict or of the necessity of building a political structure to enforce peace. Nevertheless, it is encouraging to notice that for the first time the strike is part of a long-range peace program primarily educational in character.

★

HENRY FORD OF DETROIT AND PREMIER Mitchell Hepburn of Toronto are sitting, as we go to press, at the end of the same limb of an old-fashioned tree called the open shop. Mr. Lewis has already labeled as "quaint" Mr. Ford's idea that he will never recognize any union—and the Wagner Act decision makes the fall of Ford seem imminent. Since Premier Hepburn has the Canadian Mounted Police at his disposal he may be able to hold out a little longer in his gallant fight for General Motors of Canada, Ltd. He will not deal, he says, with "foreign agitators" from Detroit! The union maintains that the Detroit agreement to bargain collectively applies to all G. M. C. plants. In any case it can tolerate a cut-rate labor market in Canada only at the cost of undermining its hard-won victories in the United States. Hepburn, like Ford, must fall. The danger lies in his apparent determination to sacrifice workers' lives as well as their living standards in order to make Canada safe for that good old native-born industry, General Motors.

★

ONCE MORE A PATERNALISTIC EMPLOYER HAS discovered that his workers are not entirely happy. The workers in the Hershey chocolate factory in the model Pennsylvania town of that name recently started a sitdown strike. A few days later they were forcibly thrown out by a crowd of 3,000 or 4,000 people sentimentally described as old-fashioned, outraged, patriotic Mennonite farmers who were angry because a new-fangled sitdown strike had closed down their market for milk. The raid, which was bloody, was preceded by a mass-meeting, and the crowd dispersed at once after it

had completed its work. What remains unexplained is the sudden solidarity among the stolid individualistic farm population, the lynching spirit that seized the peaceful town, and the extraordinary efficiency of the impromptu assault. There is evidence that the crowd was not limited to farmers, and that the attack came after the strikers had agreed to leave the plant; there is also evidence that the hall where the mass-meeting was held was well stocked with sticks and clubs. Incitement of farmers to attacks upon town workers is an old and dangerous device. If the outbreak in Hershey was a vigilante affair, those responsible for it are guilty of high crime. Meanwhile the strike has been settled by an agreement to hold an election under the Wagner Act.

★

THE STOCK MARKET SUFFERED A NERVOUS collapse last week on a rumor that the dollar would be revalued upward in terms of gold. While the law would only permit the President to raise the gold value of the dollar from 59.04 to 60 per cent of its old value, the Secretary of the Treasury is allowed full freedom in fixing the buying rate of gold—which is really what determines the dollar's worth in terms of foreign currencies. Lowering the buying price of gold at this time would strike at the root of the inflationary danger. The problems inhering in eleven billion dollars of idle gold and more than a billion dollars in excess bank reserves have arisen because of the severity of the devaluation of the dollar. Economists are rather generally agreed that even now the dollar is still undervalued in terms of the world's currencies. The present high prices of copper, lead, zinc, and other metals are at least partly the result of the previously established, artificially high prices of gold and silver. While a sudden return to the pre-depression value of the dollar would precipitate a deflationary process comparable in degree to the inflationary boom of June-July, 1933, a small change, not greater than 5 per cent, would exercise a healthy corrective influence. Once such a change is made, it would be wise to make it clear that the period for tinkering with the exchange is past, and to arrange a permanent basis for international stabilization.

★

WE FEEL HONORED AGAIN IN PUBLISHING in this issue Thomas Mann's article on the meaning of the struggle in Spain and his own stand with relation to it. It is the analysis of an artist who does not ordinarily think in political terms, but who has been forced by the compulsions of the age to take account of political realities and to reorient his thinking to them. Thomas Mann's growth into political consciousness since the triumph of Hitlerism will, we feel certain, go down as an important chapter in literary history. He is now in America for a brief visit. And it is characteristic of him that his purpose in coming should be to speak at the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the "University in Exile"—the graduate faculty of German and Italian émigrés founded by Alvin Johnson at the New School in New York City.

PROPOSALS MADE AT THE WORLD TEXTILE Conference for a forty-hour week throughout the industry have met with firm opposition from the employers' delegates of Japan and England, the two chief exporting nations. They contend that as long as the United States and other countries maintain high tariff barriers, they must keep long hours in order to hold their markets. To this the American representatives have replied that the tariff barriers must be preserved in order to keep out the products of "sweated" labor. The reply is not, however, wholly convincing. The Japanese have a legitimate grievance when they point out that in addition to importing all of their raw materials they have to combat all manner of discrimination in the markets of the world, particularly in this country. As long as we maintain a holier-than-thou attitude, the basic problem will remain unsolved, and textile workers the world over will continue to be subjected to merciless exploitation. If an agreement on a short week is to be reached, the more favored countries must be prepared to make sweeping tariff concessions on a quid pro quo basis. As one of the serious offenders, the United States should lead the way.

★

THE JENNINGS CASE, WHICH SMELLED SO strongly of frame-up that the district attorney refused to prosecute it, has again become Pennsylvania's *cause célèbre*, thanks to a curious decision by Judge Samuel E. Shull. Emerson Jennings, it will be recalled, was the printer for the rebel hard-coal union which has since made its peace with the United Mine Workers of America. He was also a thorn in the side of the coal barons and their friends of the public utilities; he printed the handbills and newspapers which attacked them, and he led the demand for the impeachment of Judge W. Alfred Valentine in the anthracite strike of 1935. During the strike Judge Valentine's car was blown up. Several months later Jennings was arrested, and after he had been denied trial for a year was finally found guilty. Meanwhile, however, as we pointed out in our issue of January 30, the entire case against him had collapsed, and the witnesses against him were under arrest for perjury. In spite of this, Judge Shull refused to grant a new trial to Jennings and sentenced him to a five-to-ten-year prison term. It is a sufficient commentary on the decision that the prosecution, as well as the defense, was amazed at Judge Shull's action. The case will of course be appealed.

★

THE APPOINTMENT OF KARL LLEWELLYN TO the Industrial Advisory Board of New York City by Mayor LaGuardia is an excellent one. But our approval is tempered by the fact that it will deprive our readers of Professor Llewellyn's projected articles on Law and Sit-down which we had scheduled for publication beginning with this issue. The judicial character of the board makes it obviously inadvisable for a member of it publicly to express his opinion in advance on the issues that will come before him.

The Wagner Decisions

WHAT happened in the Wagner decisions was nothing short of a miracle. The trend of the court in the last two years had left little hope for so crucial a regulation of capitalist enterprise as the Wagner Act represents. The act was bitterly fought before its passage by big enterprise and its allies; it was systematically sabotaged after its passage in the name of the Higher Law of property rights and freedom of contract; the work of the Labor Board was obstructed at every step and its decisions jettisoned with an insolent indifference. And yet the court has now sustained the entire act. Given the split personality of the capitalist democratic state, the decisions are a triumph of democracy in its series of tilts with an irresponsible capitalism.

The cases fall into four groups. In the first is the motor-bus case, where the fact that the bus company was an instrument of interstate commerce was unchallenged, and where Justice Roberts wrote the unanimous opinion of the court: this decision occasioned no surprise. In the second is the Associated Press case. It was fought out not so much on the interstate-commerce issue, for it would have been fantastic to assert that news pays homage to state lines, but rather on the issue of freedom of press. The case was crucial, for without it the Newspaper Guild would collapse and the big newspaper owners become a law to themselves. In the third group is the Jones and Laughlin Steel case, where the major battle between the two camps within the court was fought. Chief Justice Hughes, speaking for the same majority of five as in the A. P. case, marshaled his best precedents and made this one of the key decisions of constitutional law for the future; Justice McReynolds, speaking for the same court minority, fought back stubbornly and—especially in the impromptu oral opinion which he has now made classically his own—bitterly. It is in this case that manufacturing was subjected to federal regulation; it is here that "the plainest facts of our national life" arranged themselves in a pattern of economic realism to confront reasoning "in an intellectual vacuum." In the fourth group are the Fruehauf Trailer case and the Friedman-Marks Clothing case, again five-to-four decisions; following the same reasoning as the Jones-Laughlin decision, these cases in a sense go even farther, for the firms involved here are relatively small, and their interstate character is not immediately clear as the far-flung activities of a huge steel company, employing hundreds of thousands of men, drawing its raw material from the four corners of the nation, sending its products back to the same four corners, and dominating our prosperity and industrial peace.

In short, the victory of the federal government was as sweeping as anything in constitutional history since John Marshall's day. To write as he did, Chief Justice Hughes had to ignore the decision on the Guffey Act in the Carter Coal case and play ducks and drakes with his own opinion in the Schechter case. Leaping quite blithely over the last two years of judicial reasoning, he went back to the more liberal interstate-commerce reason-

ing of the court in an earlier period—to *Stafford vs. Wallace* and *Chicago Board of Trade vs. Olsen*.

But while the victory of the federal power was expressed in legalistic terms through the traditional conceptual juggling and verbal mumbo-jumbo of the court, the dynamics of the victory were political and its substance was economic. Even his opponents must now credit Mr. Roosevelt with having been the immediate cause of the court's new liberalism. We may all recognize now the strategy involved in making his proposal *before* and not *after* the Wagner decisions. For it presented the court majority with the bitter alternative of upholding the Wagner Act or giving the final fillip needed for passing the reorganization measure. But even more important than the threat involved was the fact that the President's proposal stirred up a vast amount of discussion of the nature of the judicial process. The common man now sees more clearly than ever that the decisions of the court are decisions of *social policy*.

In one respect at least the effects of the decisions are clear. They will give an enormous impetus to the task of labor organization now being carried on primarily by the C. I. O.; they constitute the final validation of collective bargaining as a social reality, coming from the group that is always the last to recognize social realities; they furnish the effective answer to the primitivist bravado of Henry Ford. Undoubtedly they will spur also the movement for outlawing the sitdown, incorporating labor unions, and other repressive legislation. But the same labor strength and labor restraint which in the last analysis were responsible for these decisions should operate also to defeat counter-legislation.

The effects of the decisions on the President's court proposal are not so clear. By decreasing the bitterness against the court, they weaken the proposal; they have the same effect, moreover, by revealing that the court *is* responsive to popular opinion when expressed with sufficient force. Our own guess, however, is that these effects will be balanced by others. Once more it has become clear that our national destiny hangs on the slender thread of a single justice's vote. And once more it has become clear that the court is a political agency like any other in the government.

The Nation's concern has been a dual one. We have favored removing the obstructions which the court as constituted interposes to the important social legislation of today and the immediate future; we have favored also loosening the hold of the judicial power upon our social policy in general. From the beginning, therefore, *The Nation* has stood for the President's proposal plus an amendment. The first of our objectives is now on the way to being accomplished. We still feel that something like the President's proposal should be passed. But since the court can be counted on to continue its present trend, Mr. Roosevelt would do well to agree to a measure that does not defeat his essential aim and then proceed to channel the strongest energies of the country into more fundamental judicial reform. Even the conservatives have spoken for an amendment. It is time to test their good faith.

Showdown in Rome

THE visit of Juan March and the rumored second visit of General Göring have made Rome once more the focal point in European developments. It may be assumed that Señor March, who is the principal financial backer of the Spanish rebels, is asking Mussolini for even more extensive aid than has been given in the past. It may likewise be assumed that Mussolini will ask Göring for a pledge of more active intervention by the Reich. But there can be no certainty regarding the decision to be reached. The series of accusations in the semi-official *Giornale d'Italia* against France and the Soviet Union have prepared the way for repudiation of the non-intervention pact if such a step is decided upon. Similarly, the announced construction of a four-million-dollar naval base at Assab indicates that Mussolini has by no means given up his imperial ambitions. But there is nothing to suggest that an irrevocable decision has yet been reached with regard to Spain. It is likely that such a decision will not be made until it is possible to get a clearer idea of the outcome of the present battles on the Cordoba, Bilbao, and Madrid fronts. Il Duce cannot be accused of entertaining a desire for martyrdom.

An important reason for believing that he may draw back before committing Italy to an adventure from which there could be no retreat may be found in the increasing strength of French policy. For the first time since the beginning of the Spanish conflict last July, the Blum government appears to be energetically attempting to check fascist aid to the insurgents. The French reply to the Italian accusations was blunt and direct. From Mussolini's standpoint France has definitely abandoned the type of passive neutrality which has played so completely into his hands in previous months.

The British government's acceptance of the rebels' illegal blockade of Bilbao, on the other hand, suggests that it is not yet ready to abandon its tacit support of Franco. While there are obviously some things which cannot be proved, we have it on good authority that the British government entered into a "gentlemen's agreement" with Italy sometime in January whereby Britain agreed to permit Mussolini to go ahead with his intervention provided it was carried out as unobtrusively as possible and he agreed to use his influence to obtain the withdrawal of German troops from Spain. The Italian defeat at Guadalajara appears to have shaken British confidence in the ultimate victory of the rebels, but it has not induced a change in policy.

Yet England and France dare not work at cross-purposes on a matter as important as the ultimate policy toward Spain. At the beginning of the war Blum yielded somewhat unwillingly to British pressure for an illegal non-intervention policy. The very fact that he is now openly seeking to bring pressure to bear on Italy suggests that this time Britain will have to accommodate itself to French policy if it wishes to escape isolation. With the Socialist congress to be held at Marseilles next Sunday, it is evident that Blum dare not give way. Moreover,

the success of President Benes's visit to Yugoslavia greatly strengthens the diplomatic position of the democratic countries with respect to Italy. Mussolini will undoubtedly utilize every available device to delay the enforcement of the non-intervention agreement. In this he will have the advantage of the powers' long-established traditions of procrastination and delay.

But the time has passed when secret aid will save the rebels. Mussolini will have to send his regular army or stay out altogether. And it is difficult to believe that he will risk plunging his none-too-effective forces into a first-class war merely to restore his tarnished prestige.

Economics at Harvard

THE recent action of Harvard University in warning two members of its Economics Department that their appointments would be terminated in two years was more than the routine matter which the university wishes it to appear. "Their cases present no unusual features," says an official university statement. We prefer to think otherwise for the honor and good name of Harvard and for the future of social-science instruction in American universities.

What are the facts? On March 31 Dr. Alan Sweezy, instructor in the Economics Department, was called in by Dean Birkhoff and handed a letter stating baldly that the department had recommended his reappointment for three years but that the President's office had cut the appointment to two years and recommended that he use the intervening time to get placed elsewhere. On April 7 Dr. J. Raymond Walsh, of the same department, received a similar call from the Dean. First, however, he was called in by Professor H. H. Burbank, the department head, who sought to break the news to him gently and with great sympathy. Professor Burbank expressed the high admiration of the department for the teaching of both men, and the distress that everyone felt over the action of the Dean and President. He went on, however, to talk of budgetary difficulties and ended with, "We just can't do a thing. Our hands are tied." The interview with the Dean followed. At first he said that the grounds for terminating the appointment were budgetary. When challenged on this, however, he shifted to new ground. "Of course," he said, "it is the judgment of one's peers that is important." Dr. Walsh pointed out that the recommendation for the regular three-year appointment for both Dr. Sweezy and himself had been made by their peers—their associates in the department. With this the Dean again hurriedly left the subject. "You are a brilliant teacher, Mr. Walsh," he said, "a very brilliant teacher indeed. The university does not wish to keep you from taking advantage of the excellent opportunities that are available for you elsewhere." And with that he looked at his watch and terminated the conference.

When on Monday, April 5, the *Boston Traveler* published an account of the incident, the university issued a statement with President Conant's approval saying that the decisions had been made "solely on the grounds of

teaching capacity and scholarly ability." Since then there has been a storm of alumni and labor protest.

The issues cannot be reduced to a simple and clear-cut question of academic freedom. The Harvard tradition of freedom is a long and honorable one. Both the instructors involved are liberals, and both have been active in the formation of the Cambridge local of the Teachers' Union. Dr. Walsh came out vigorously in support of the child-labor amendment at the hearings by the Massachusetts legislature. Nevertheless, we cannot believe that Harvard is seeking to govern by "gag rule."

The real issues are more indirect and subtle but just as far-reaching. The first has to do with teaching tenure at Harvard and what criteria should be used in judging a teacher's competence. If the decision on Walsh and Sweezy is not reconsidered, no Harvard teacher can possibly feel safe in the future. For the university has, in the total handling of this matter, shown a shocking degree of irresponsibility. The department, knowing that an earlier decision had been made to send only two men up for promotion, and having chosen the two, nevertheless recommends keeping Walsh and Sweezy. It thus puts the burden of overruling it on the Dean and President. They, in turn, point to the earlier decision and to the budget. Thus the department and the administration pass the buck to each other. All we can fall back upon, therefore, is the last formal statement issued, which bases the decision "solely on the grounds of teaching capacity and scholarly ability." But everyone, including the department, seems to agree that in teaching capacity the men are more than satisfactory—they are brilliant. In the Confidential Guides to Freshmen, in which students express their opinion of the teaching capacity of the faculty, Drs. Walsh and Sweezy have always stood at the top. As for scholarly ability, the fact that Dr. Sweezy had been given two traveling fellowships by the university and that Dr. Walsh only last year was awarded the Wertheim fellowship in labor relations must stand as an earnest of the expectations of their peers. The only safe criteria for judging a teacher's competence lie in the opinion of his fellow-teachers and students.

The second issue is even more important. Harvard is after all a center of learning and teaching. What kind of economics shall be learned and taught there? The two men involved were among the few in the department who stood for a realistic approach to economics in terms of an awareness of the struggles of the day and a desire to analyze our property institutions. These deviations from the accepted neo-classical and Austrian schools of economic theory are now on the way to being eliminated. Admiration for the ability of these two men on the part of the members of the department is evidently not incompatible with a sense of discomfort at the direction of their thought. The final responsibility for the decision taken must rest with the department. The final responsibility for reconsidering the decision must rest with the administration. A university in which only one brand of economics is taught may present the appearance of unity and consistency. But it offers no prospect of growth and no assurance of fulfilling its function in our culture.

Teacher's Pet

THE General Motors strike marked the beginning of a new era. In the old days it was customary for the New York *Times* to send Louis Stark to the scene of first-string "labor trouble" to cover the major aspects of both sides. One could be sure then of a cool, objective, even scholarly account, since Mr. Stark is by common agreement one of the two or three best labor reporters in the country. In the General Motors strike Louis Stark was on hand; but Mr. Russell B. Porter was there too, apparently working the employers' side of the street.

His dispatches must have pleased the public-relations counsel of General Motors, and his glowing stories of that monster in newspaper mache, the Flint Alliance, deserve to rank with some of the creations of Dexter Fellowes. In view of the speed with which the alliance folded up, those dispatches should have earned for Mr. Porter early retirement as a strike reporter for the world's most reliable newspaper. They did lead to his being boycotted by the strikers in Flint. Whereupon Mr. Porter became the hero of a front-page story of the perils of a reporter among the wild men of the C. I. O.—which probably had its effect upon readers who did not recognize the pathetic victim as teacher's pet.

Mr. Porter was not demoted. Instead he went to the head of the class. When the Chrysler strike was called, Stark was missing and Porter emerged as star reporter. His stories seemed to show some improvement in the direction of objectivity. Two weeks ago, however, what seemed to be a pent-up resentment toward the sitdown, the strikers, and the C. I. O. burst out in two stories which must have warmed the hearts of the Chrysler executives then in conference with Mr. Lewis.

On April 2 a "staff correspondent" in Lansing—he was nameless—reported that the union was seeking "desperately tonight to regain control" of the strike situation—referring to a series of small sitdowns which had occurred since the General Motors settlement; and predicted a "red purge" by union leaders. On April 3 a dispatch from Lansing signed by Mr. Porter began with an alarming paragraph:

Walter P. Chrysler and John L. Lewis resumed their conference . . . in an atmosphere charged with the remembrance of the "quickie" sitdown strikes in General Motors plants this week, the union's drive to "purge" Communist and other trouble-makers from the ranks, and the state elections to be held on Monday.

A little farther on he wrote that "Mr. Lewis and other union leaders *are pictured* [our italics] as stressing their current purge of Communist and other radical elements." Boiling over on to a back page, Mr. Porter insisted that "the union insists that it is doing everything it can to drive out subversive elements"; and then gathering his forces, he rolled together a paragraph which was a masterpiece of Lewis-baiting.

In this connection [he said] *it was reported on the best of authority* [he gave none] that Mr. Lewis, as chairman

of the Committee for Industrial Organization, *might* soon send some "flying squadrons" of "strong-arm men" from his own United Mine Workers to Flint and possibly to Detroit . . . to keep the trouble-makers in line [*italics ours*].

Toward the end of a long tale full of alarms and excursions, Mr. Porter revealed that Governor Murphy, at least, was far less disturbed by a few spontaneous sitdowns than was the reporter for the New York *Times*. He even quoted the Governor's very sensible and soothing statement which urged the public to bear in mind that "new labor relationships are being worked out here in Michigan. . . . This process is attended by minor difficulties, but that is all." But Mr. Porter's temperature did not fall. Farther on he made as if to cover the labor side by saying that union leaders, who ought to know, emphasized that their "purge" (Mr. Porter's word) was not directed against Communists as such; he immediately overruled them, however, by asserting that the "purge" was directed against the inciters of "unauthorized sitdowns for the sake of ultimate revolutionary objectives"—Porter speaking. In his very last paragraph he did manage to state the union's point of view, namely, that while some difficulties are to be expected of a young and rapidly growing organization, it has sound leadership and is entirely responsible. But these twelve lines could hardly be expected to counteract the red scare that had run rampant through three columns.

On the same day, in the Sunday magazine section, Mr. Porter, writing of "The Broad Challenge of the Sitdown," developed further the thesis of its "revolutionary objectives." The sitdown, like the general strike, is, to be sure, a possible revolutionary technique. So far the automobile workers have used it only to force employers to confer with their union representatives. But this obvious and simple fact did not prevent Mr. Porter from intoning portentously that the workers have employed it to "correct the abuses of the old economic order." And he gave full play to those "critics" who see the sitdown leading to "chaos, anarchy, mob rule, and dictatorship in successive steps."

It is a token of Mr. Porter's good intentions perhaps that within a week he had arrived at a more sober view—when the strike had been settled and sobriety was less essential. In another Sunday story he indicated that the "wildcat" sitdowns had been mainly the result of an excess of enthusiasm and a new sense of freedom rather than attempts at revolution; he seemed confident that the union would be able to control its men, the union "purge" was presented in its true light as being mainly directed at stool pigeons and provocateurs; and the raids by "flying squadrons" of "strong-arm" men from the United Mine Workers appeared only as the dispatching of veteran union campaigners to give their fellow-unionists in automobiles the benefit of long experience.

Mr. Porter is an inferior sociologist, which might be forgiven in a newspaperman; his own hindsight shows that he is also a careless and highly excitable observer under fire—which is inexcusable.

We want Stark!

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Will Roosevelt Hold Down Prices?

Washington, April 11

A FEW weeks ago there appeared in this space a dispatch entitled Planning the Next Depression. It reported that important federal economists and other members of the real Brain Trust were privately fearful that in little more than a year the nation was going to be plunged into a depression more severe than the last and one for which it would find itself even less well prepared. Since then those hidden fears have forced their way to the surface. First, Secretary Wallace sounded off on the dangers inherent in the current boom in prices. Then the Federal Reserve Board's chairman, Marriner Eccles, set up an alibi in anticipation of an impending crash by subtly inserting in the record a notation that the New Deal's monetary and fiscal controls, previously touted as depression preventives, could not be counted on to check suicidal price rises produced by monopolistic devices. Meanwhile, Henry Morgenthau, already harassed by prospects that federal tax receipts this year will fall half a billion below the total he had counted on, faced the prospect that price increases will reduce the effectiveness of federal expenditures for the next fiscal year and thus throw his beloved budget farther out of gear; he held some very secret conferences on the matter but kept his mouth shut so far as the public was concerned. Harry Hopkins, busy fighting for a relief appropriation that must be much bigger than Roosevelt is willing to allow, got even busier when he was persuaded that the lumber which cost the WPA \$40,000,000 this year will cost it \$50,000,000 next year, or, in short, that the meager relief appropriation he can count on will not even go as far as he had expected.

Finally, the President himself took a hand, or so it seemed to many a week ago, and at a press conference on April 2 let go with both barrels at the skyrocketing tendency of prices in the durable-goods industries, particularly steel and copper. It was plain he had at last been persuaded that the crash-provoking conditions of 1929 were returning despite his repeated pledge to banish them for all eternity and at any cost. For a few minutes on April 2 it looked as if the President was ready to fight to prevent a recurrence of that awful disparity between profits and purchasing power which produced the last depression, but now there is large room for doubt.

The case for doubt as yet is purely circumstantial. There is space here to set down only a few of its salient points, including the sudden appearance of Donald Richberg in the picture a few days ago; and that space must be further reduced to make room for a brief review of the price picture itself and the effect upon it of the President's

recent utterances. The picture frames itself in the statement that, as figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics show, the wholesale price level is now within easy jumping distance of the 1929 average and is soaring so fast that the wholesale index shows an increase of 11.5 per cent in the last twelve months. More important still is the fact that there has been an increase of 10 per cent in prices since last September and of 2.6 per cent within the past month. The more important types of steel have jumped 22 per cent in price in a year and are now 10 to 13 per cent above their 1929 levels. Cement prices also are above 1929 levels. Copper prices have jumped nearly 100 per cent in a year, while lumber, rubber, zinc, and lead prices have been climbing 20 to 60 per cent. Nearly all these dizzy price rises in vital, basic commodities have been produced by monopolistic devices, nearly all of them have occurred in industries tied up with international cartels, and nearly all of them have followed a planned reduction in stocks on hand which the New Deal has helped these industries to achieve at the public's expense. In none of these industries, with the possible exception of steel, has there been a rise in production to match the rise in prices, and in none is there a condition approximating scarcity except of the kind that monopoly devises for profit's sake.

John T. Flynn has suggested what these price increases mean in human terms by pointing out that canceling the annual pay rolls of the steel, automobile, and rubber industries and throwing out of work their hundreds of thousands of employees would take no more out of the national till than the price increases since September have done. The human side of the thing also is reflected in the finding of Louis H. Bean, AAA economic adviser, that "the various processes of recovery" have increased the average industrial worker's income from \$933 in 1933 to \$1,180 in 1936, and that the increase in food prices alone has gobbled up \$69 out of this \$187 increase, leaving the average worker \$118 with which to meet price increases in other items. The recent price increases so alarmingly recorded by the Bureau of Labor Statistics wholesale index are only beginning to make themselves felt in retail channels, where the average worker spends most of his \$1,180 a year. Their full force will not be felt there until next fall. All that the President's thundering at the price-boosters has accomplished to date has been a slight sagging of rubber, cotton, copper, hides, silk, and cocoa quotations, and since these are all highly speculative commodities, the slight recession in their prices this past week may be nothing more than a passing tendency to wince when the President cracks his rhetorical whip. The steel magnates did not wince, but thundered back with a defense of present prices,

which some of the economists here thought contained a threat of further price boosts.

It was at steel prices that the President directed most of his attack, and in the attack itself we find most of the circumstantial evidence for doubt of the validity of his intentions. He had before him a host of concrete recommendations as to what the government might do to halt the mad rush of prices and prevent impending chaos. But overlooking a series of recommendations for frontal attacks on the devices of monopoly, including the tariff wall and the patent laws, he elected to use publicity, namely, his own voice, combined with a threat to halt government purchases of steel, copper, and other durable goods if their prices kept on skyrocketing. He was trying by the device of publicity to subject to the pressure of public opinion that group of industries farthest removed from public influence and best armored against it by the devices of corporate ownership. And by talk of a shift in federal spending policies he was trying to threaten that group of industrialists which is least impressed by threats from the White House. The steel industry, for example, has tangled with Mr. Roosevelt on no less than six major occasions since the New Deal began, and each time has made him bend the knee. Not even the receipt in December, 1934, of reports from the NRA and the Federal Trade Commission which agreed, in effect, that the steel industry was more powerful than the government could move him to attempt disproof of that insulting thesis. On the contrary, he assigned Mr. Richberg to the task of trying to get it erased from the reports before they were made public and, more particularly, of getting the FTC to temper its finding that the industry's pricing practices, to which Roosevelt had given his blessing in the steel code, were a violation of the anti-trust laws and inimical to the public welfare. Even the NRA report, with which Richberg was more successful, contained evidences of the steel industry's arrogance; it noted that the NRA had been unable to obtain through the code authority certain essential information about the industry.

One of the reasons that the steel magnates knew they had no reason to fear the President's bluster of April 2 was that just a week earlier Attorney General Cummings had let it be known that the Justice Department, after nearly a year of intensive investigation, had been unable to find evidence justifying prosecution of the industry under the anti-trust laws. A few months ago John Dickinson had told a House committee the same thing in executive session. Dickinson was then head of the Justice Department's anti-trust division, and he was the same Dickinson who, before entering federal service, had helped prepare the Sugar Institute's defense to an anti-trust prosecution, finally lost by the institute in the Supreme Court. The investigation to which Cummings referred and which Dickinson had directed was ordered by the President more than a year ago, after Ickes had raised a row about collusive bids on PWA steel contracts and had sent to the White House the whole mess of identical bids on contract after contract. Having passed the buck to the Justice Department, Roosevelt promptly forgot the

matter, or so he indicated when at a press conference four days after his initial attack on steel prices he was asked what had come of the investigation he had ordered. He thanked the inquirer for reminding him of it and directed a secretary further to refresh his memory by asking the Justice Department about the probe. That inquiry had this apparent result: at a press conference three days later, when asked again about the fate of the investigation, he announced that he had asked Cummings and Richberg to make an investigation and report to him on pricing practices in the durable-goods industries. Richberg, no longer a federal employee, is the same Richberg who in April, 1935, as acting chairman of the NRA, censored and suppressed the NRA's report of an investigation the President had ordered nearly a year earlier of the effect of an executive order of June, 1934, aimed at restoring competitive bidding for public contracts by removing the excuse which would-be contractors were advancing for the predominance of identical bids. In the version of the report which Richberg sent to the White House and permitted to be made public he held that the available data did not justify definite conclusions of any kind. He also held that identical bids were a symbol of perfect competition. The report, before Richberg censored and abbreviated it, said the President's order had "not served to loosen at all the grip of strongly organized industries upon the prices and upon the consumers of their products." It found that, if anything, the incidence of identical bids had increased after the President's order was issued, and it drew the supporting data—which Richberg had belittled as insufficient evidence—from weekly reports from 102 federal, state, and municipal purchasing agents, plus a survey of practically all bids received by federal purchasing agents since January 1, 1933.

Another reason that the steel magnates must have known that Roosevelt's threat to divert federal spending away from steel and other durable-goods industries and into consumers' goods was not serious is that the great federal expenditures for steel and allied products have been made in the last year or more not as a part of the WPA and PWA programs to which he referred but through the Navy and War departments as part of the New Deal's record-breaking armaments program. Roosevelt gave no sign of planning to curb that program.

The chief effect of Mr. Roosevelt's little speech was to provide a form of justification for his intention of cutting relief outlays to the bone. And it seems to have escaped attention in most places that Mr. Roosevelt's price outburst served the additional purpose of sounding the death knell of low-cost housing legislation. He was asked about that and replied that though housing legislation might be passed at this session, any real attempt to put it into operation through a program of actual construction would have to be deferred for a year or more. With those words he pigeonholed another one of the recommendations he had received for snatching the body politic back from the rim of chaos; the experts had suggested that a real housing program was one way to do the trick.

I Stand with the Spanish People

BY THOMAS MANN

Küsnacht, Switzerland

I WAS not born a political man, that is to say, a partisan whose will exercises restraints and limitations upon his intellect. Nor is it interest that bids me speak, but only my suffering and indignant conscience. It is interest that commits all the great rascalities in the world. As now in Spain. Then whose affair is it, if not the creative artist's—the man's whose emotions are free—to assert the human conscience against the baseness of interest, at once so presumptuous and so petty; to protest against the stultifying, all-embracing confusion made in our time between politics and villainy?

There is no lower kind of scorn than that visited upon the artist who "descends into the arena." And the ground of that scorn is interest—interest which prefers to gain its ends in darkness and silence, unchecked by the forces of the intellect or the spirit. Interest would confine artists to their proper domain of the cultural by telling them that politics is beneath their dignity. The result is that the cultural becomes the slave of interest, its accessory and accomplice, all for the false coin of a little dignity in return. The artist must not see that in this stately retreat to his ivory tower he is committing an act of anachronistic folly—must not see, yet today can hardly fail to see.

Democracy is a realized and intrinsic fact today to the extent that politics is everybody's business. Nobody can deny this; it stares us in the face with an immediacy never known before. Sometimes we hear somebody say, "I take no interest in politics." The words strike us as absurd, and not only absurd but egotistical and anti-social, a stupid self-deception, a piece of folly. But they are more; they betray an ignorance not only intellectual but ethical. For the politico-social field is an undeniable and inalienable part of the all-embracing human; it is one section of the human problem, the human task, which the non-political man thinks to set off, as the decisive and actual, against the political sphere. The decisive and the actual: it is indeed that, for in the guise of the political the problem of the human being, man himself, is put to us today with a final, life-and-death seriousness unknown before. Then shall the artist—he who by nature and destiny ever occupies humanity's farthest outposts—shall he alone be allowed to shirk a decision?

Life-and-death seriousness. I use these words to express the conviction that a man's—and how much more an artist's—opinions are today bound up with the salvation of his soul. I deliberately use a religious terminology; so convinced am I that an artist who in our time avoids the issue, shirks the human problem when politically presented, and betrays to interest the things of the spirit is a lost soul. He must be stunted; not only because he sacrifices his existence as an artist, his "talent," and pro-

duces nothing more which is available for life, but because even his earlier work, not created under the pressure of such guilt and once good, will cease to be good and crumble to dust before humanity's eyes. That is my conviction. I have instances in mind as I write.

I shall be asked what I mean by spirit and what by interest. Well, then, the spiritual, seen from the politico-social angle, is the longing of the people for better, juster, happier conditions of life, more adequate to the developed human consciousness. And interest—interest is all that which seeks to thwart this consummation because it would thereby be cut off from certain advantages and privileges. In Spain interest rages. Rages with a shamelessness such as the world has seldom seen. What has been happening there for many months is one of the most scandalous and mortifying pages which history has to show. Does the world see it, feel it? Only very partially. For murderous interest understands only too well how to besot the world and throw dust in its eyes.

Have we then no hearts? No understanding? Shall we let ourselves be unresistingly deprived of our last remnant of free human judgment by interest, which unfailingly appeals to the worst instincts, though it clothe itself in lying names such as order, culture, God, and native land? A people held down and exploited with all the instruments of the most obsolete reaction strives toward a brighter existence more compatible with human dignity, a social order more creditable to the face of civilization. There freedom and progress are conceptions not yet vitiated by philosophical irony and skepticism. For these people they are conditions of national honor, values to be striven for to the utmost. The government, with all the caution prescribed by the special circumstances, undertakes to remove the grossest abuses, to carry out the most imperative reforms. What happens? An insurrection of generals, occurring in the interest of the old exploiters and oppressors, concocted with the help of hopeful foreign interest, blazes up and misfires. When it is already as good as beaten, it is propped up by foreign governments inimical to freedom in return for promises of strategic and economic advantage in case of victory. It is supported by money, men, and material, fostered and prolonged, until there seems no end to the bloodshed, the tragic, ruthless, obstinate carnage. Against a people desperately fighting for its freedom and its human rights the troops of its own colony are led into battle. Its cities are demolished by foreign bombing planes, women and children are butchered; and all this is called a national movement; this villainy crying out to heaven is called God, Order, and Beauty. If the interested European press could have its way, the capital would have fallen long since; the triumph of Order and Beauty

over the Marxist rabble would long since have been consummated. But the half-demolished capital is not yet conquered, and the "red mob," as the interested press puts it in referring to the Spanish people, is defending its life, its higher life, with a lion-like courage which must make even the most besotted slave of interest pause and consider the moral forces here engaged.

The right of peoples to self-determination enjoys high official honor throughout the world today. Even our dictators and our totalitarian states lay stress upon it, finding it important to show that they have 90 to 98 per cent of their people behind them. Well, so much is clear: the revolting military have not got the Spanish people behind them and cannot pretend that they have. They must do their best with Moors and foreign troops. It may not be

quite settled what the Spanish people want. But what they do not want is abundantly clear—General Franco. Those European governments which are interested in the strangulation of freedom have recognized as legal the rebel junta, in the midst of a furious struggle which they support even if they did not connive at its inception. At home they betray a considerable degree of sensitiveness in the matter of high treason. In Spain they support a man who delivers up his country to the foreigner. At home they call themselves nationalists. In Spain they enforce the power of a man to whom his country's independence is naught if he can do to death freedom and the rights of humanity, who declares that rather shall two-thirds of the Spanish people die than that Marxism—that is to say, a better, juster, more humane order—shall triumph.

Who Owns the Air?

BY RUTH BRINDZE

CONGRESS is again discussing the broadcasting monopoly, and in preparation for the investigation which appears to be indicated, the radio industry is assuming the role of injured innocence.

The facts, as the broadcasters present them, are these. On January 1, 1937, the National Broadcasting Company owned only ten stations and operated five others. An even less impressive number of stations is owned and operated by the Columbia Broadcasting System: in all there are ten, eight owned by the system and two operated under leases. The Mutual Broadcasting System, the third national network, is a cooperative enterprise and owns no stations.

Of the 685 radio stations in the United States, then, the two major chains have absolute control over only 25. Even if all stations affiliated with the networks were included, the total would be by no means overwhelming. In the blue and red networks of the National Broadcasting Company there are 111, in the Columbia System 99. In other words, only 29 per cent of the radio stations in the country are members of one of the Big Two.

But in the radio world it is not numbers that count but transmitting power and the desirability of the wave length. The major networks and the Mutual System control every high-powered station in the country and every clear channel. Their stations are so strategically located that the network programs are transmitted from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, from Mexico to Canada. Of the 22,869,000 "radio homes" in the United States, the National Broadcasting Company estimates that it reaches approximately 22,500,000. The circulation claimed by the Columbia network is even greater.

But the dominant position of the chains is even more clearly illustrated by the power of their transmitting apparatus. The total transmission power of all broadcasting stations in the United States is 2,634,200 watts. This is

divided among networks and independents as follows:

NBC Red and Blue Networks.....	1,686,100 watts
Columbia Broadcasting System.....	644,900 "
Mutual Broadcasting System.....	690,200 "
Total controlled by the chains...	2,447,600 "
Total controlled by all others....	186,600 "

(Allowance has been made for the duplication of membership of stations in Mutual and one of the other chains.)

In other words, the stations that comprise the two major networks have 88.4 per cent of the total transmitting power; the three leading networks have 92.9 per cent. Broadcasting in the United States is the networks' show. And the networks are operated by a few banker-dominated corporations.

The National Broadcasting Company, wholly owned subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America, controls the most powerful chain in the country. Its board of directors is chosen from the directorate of the R. C. A.; its president is named by men who are directors of the broadcasting subsidiary as well as of the parent company. Although it is frequently asserted that the broadcasting unit is operated independently of the Radio Corporation, its management is directly responsible to the 'men who direct the affairs of the radio trust. Who are these men and what interests do they represent?

The chairman of the board is General James G. Harbord, a Morgan man. The retired general is also a director of the Bankers' Trust Company (which loaned \$20,000 to the Liberty League), of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, and of the American Legion Publishing Corporation. The members of the board are Newton D. Baker, legal adviser to Morgan utilities; Cornelius Bliss, a member of the investment firm of Bliss, Fabyan and Company and a director of the Bankers' Trust Company; Arthur E. Braun of Pittsburgh, president of the Mellon-dominated Farmers' Deposit National Bank;

Bertram Cutler, described in Poor's "Register of Directors" as "with John D. Rockefeller"; John Hays Hammond, Jr., consulting engineer both for R. C. A. and its two former affiliates, General Electric and Westinghouse; Edward J. Nally, a septuagenarian who retired from active service in 1925; Edward Harden, DeWitt Millhauser, and Frederick Strauss, representatives of the brokerage houses and underwriters which have helped to raise funds for the R. C. A.; James R. Sheffield, corporation lawyer, former president of the Union League Club and the National Republican Club; and David Sarnoff, whose rise to fame and fortune is on the Horatio Alger model except that his dominant position in the industry is due largely to his ability to negotiate with bankers. He is chairman of the board of the National Broadcasting Company.

Not only the financial affiliations of the Radio Corporation's directors but their personal sentiments on such important matters as war and peace are significant. Controlling as they do one of the largest networks in the country—and the world—they are in an almost unsurpassed position to mold the public mind. Newton D. Baker was, of course, President Wilson's Secretary of War. General Harbord is a retired army man who believes that "war represents a permanent factor in human life and a very noble one. It is the school of heroism from which a nation's noblest sons graduate into highest manhood." Colonel Manton Davis, general attorney for the Radio Corporation, testified at a Congressional hearing a few years ago that the trust was "an organization whose every important official and technician is a reserve officer of the army or navy." John Hays Hammond, Jr., although not a munitions manufacturer, is through his inventions closely allied to the murder-for-profit industry; Major Lenox R. Lohr, who succeeded Merlin H. Aylesworth as president of the N. B. C., came to his post from the army via the Chicago World's Fair. Altogether, a jingoistic crew to intrust with the control of public opinion.

Unlike its competitor, the Columbia Broadcasting System is not affiliated with any manufacturer of radio equipment. Since 1932, when it bought back the 50 per cent interest in the network which had been sold to Paramount-Famous-Players-Lasky corporation four years before, the Columbia Broadcasting System has been controlled by the Paley family—and by the bankers who supplied the cash needed to repurchase the stock from Paramount.

When the network was founded in 1927 as the United Independent Broadcasters, Inc., the captains of the electrical-equipment business, who were steadily losing money on the National Broadcasting Company, were tremendously amused at the idea of a profit from broadcasting. The founders of the new organization—Major J. Andrew White, one of the old-timers of commercial broadcasting and formerly a vice-president of the R. C. A. subsidiary; Wireless Press, Inc.; Arthur Judson, manager of concert stars; and George A. Coats, a promoter—were soon in a bad hole. In the nick of time a good angel appeared in the form of the Columbia Phonograph Company, which bought the operating rights of United Inde-

pendent because it was worried by the premature announcement that its rival, the Victor Talking Machine Company, was about to be gathered in by the acquisitive Mr. Sarnoff. But after three months of broadcasting at a loss reputed to have been \$100,000 a month, the phonograph company was ready to retire. United Independent bought back the operating company, then known as the Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting System, for \$10,000.

Dr. Leon Levy, a former dentist and the owner of WCAU, one of the original stations in the network, produced the next angel, Jerome H. Louchheim, owner of a racing stable, friend of the late W. W. Atterbury, and a member of Philadelphia's inner financial circle. In 1928 Dr. Levy's brother-in-law, William Samuel Paley, appeared on the scene. Affairs at Columbia were in fairly good order, but the National Broadcasting Company still had no cause to worry about competition. It had prestige, a treasury which the General Electric and the Westinghouse companies kept full, a preferential contract with the Bell System, and the stations with the best wave lengths. Columbia was poor, and it had to take the stations that N. B. C. did not want. Mr. Paley's triumph is a success story of the millionaire who made good. The original sum by which he became the dominant stockholder is estimated to have been \$300,000, and his total investment to date is said to be over a million and a half. Except for the representatives of the bankers, Mr. Louchheim, and Herbert B. Swope, the board of directors of C. B. S. is a family affair. Besides William S. there are Samuel and Jacob Paley, Isaac D. Levy, and Dr. Leon Levy.

Dr. Levy supplies an interesting link between Columbia and its chief rival, the National Broadcasting Company. Dr. Levy is the managing director of station WCAU, Columbia's Philadelphia outlet; in 1936 he was also the managing director of KYW, a Westinghouse station which is the Philadelphia unit of the National Broadcasting Company's red network. This was carrying to an extreme Philadelphia's reputation for brotherly love. Apparently Dr. Levy was not troubled by a situation which forced him to compete with himself for business and to further the interests of N. B. C. while a major stockholder and a member of the board of its chief rival.

There is another indirect tie-up between the two networks. Herbert B. Swope is a director of the Columbia Broadcasting System and a member of its executive committee. His brother, Gerard Swope, is head of the General Electric Company, one of the corporations which originally organized the R. C. A. Until the spring of 1936 Herbert Swope was also chairman of the board of Keith-Albee-Orpheum, a subsidiary of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, in which the R. C. A. had substantial financial interests.

The bankers' representatives were added to the Columbia Broadcasting System's board after the financiers had put up the cash required to buy back control of the network from Paramount. The firms which helped with this and subsequent financing, and which for their efforts were given approximately 50 per cent of the C. B. S. Class A stock, are Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company,

W. E. Hutton and Company, and Lehman Brothers. Their representatives on the board are Prescott S. Bush, partner in Brown Brothers; Joseph A. W. Iglehart, partner in Hutton and Company; and Dorsey Richardson of the Lehman firm. Except that Brown Brothers was on Morgan's preferred list, there appears to be no tie-up with the house of Morgan.

The history of Columbia illustrates the danger of treating a great radio chain merely as a profit-making venture. It has been bartered back and forth, first to the Columbia Phonograph Company, then to Louchheim, then to Paramount, and finally to the bankers. A minor item like the social significance of control of the air can of course play no part in finance. So far the bankers and the other members of the board have been well satisfied with President Paley and his policies. "Mr. Paley, as a business man," writes *Fortune*, "is a theme that practically brings tears to the eyes of his directors—never in all their lives, they say, have they been associated with anybody so clever at business. Not only is he a master

advertiser and feeler of the public pulse, but these gentlemen say that he is the greatest organizer, the best executive, the quickest thinker, the coolest negotiator they have ever seen."

President Paley has always understood the value of political connections. To head the department of station relations he selected Sam Pickard, described by *Fortune* as "the brightest commissioner." Pickard resigned as a federal radio commissioner to take the Columbia job. In 1933 Mr. Paley added to his executive personnel Henry Adams Bellows, also a former radio commissioner and a classmate at Harvard of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Vice-President Bellows was placed in charge of Columbia's Washington station WJSV and proved a most useful ambassador of C. B. S. in Washington during the first days of the New Deal. Both Bellows and Pickard have now resigned. But even though the two former radio commissioners are no longer on active duty, the network stands in well with the Federal Communications Commission and has received many favors from it.

Slow Death in Illinois

BY MILTON S. MAYER

Peoria, Illinois, March 31

LAST September the 1,400 foundry workers at the Caterpillar Tractor Company here were given a complete physical examination. They weren't told why; Caterpillar wasn't in the habit of discussing anything, except how to vote, with its "earthworms," as they called themselves. Every employee had been examined at the time he was hired; this had been customary ever since the company moved from California, seven years before, in the face of "labor trouble" there. But this mass examination was different: it included an X-ray of the chest.

The men were never told the results of the examination. But on November 13 the foundry was shut down for the installation of "new machinery," protective devices to comply with the new Illinois Occupational Diseases Act. On November 19 the men received their pay checks for the week ending the thirteenth. The envelopes of 179 men contained a slip of paper. It was not another of President Heacock's encyclicals against the New Deal. It was an order to appear at the company's personnel office the following morning.

The 179 men were led into the presence of the personnel manager in groups of 20. Some 80 to 100 were told they were first-class silicotics. The rest were second and third class. The company was sorry, very sorry, but its insurers had refused to carry the risk on these men. There was nothing to be done about it. The men's work—many of them had been there since the plant opened—was satisfactory. But the company had no choice.

Ten days later the new Occupational Diseases Act went into effect, providing decent, if not liberal, compensation

for silicotics, and holding the last employer of a silicotic fully liable. A year and a half before, the old act, which had been in operation since 1911, had been held unconstitutional in a series of decisions notorious even for the Illinois Supreme Court. "Boys," said one of the condemned earthworms, as they stood outside the "sunshine" plant talking it over, "it looks like we haven't got a lung to stand on." The boys laughed, but some of them suddenly had to sit down, because the exertion of laughing left them winded.

The earthworms at Caterpillar work for one of the most profitable monopolies in the country. Holding basic patents, the company is the largest manufacturer of track-type tractors in the world. Whenever there is a war anywhere, the company's exports of unassembled "tractors" jump. Sales in 1936 amounted to \$54,000,000, a 48 per cent increase over 1935. Net income for 1936 was \$9,850,000, compared with \$5,949,000 for 1935. Increase in volume of 1936 operations, Standard Statistics points out, "more than absorbed advancing wages and higher material costs." The company's 1937 income to date is far above that for the corresponding period of 1936.

The 179 discharged men knew that under the laws—actually, under the absence of laws—of the state of Illinois the company was in the clear. They knew that they were dying of an incurable disease, contracted in making machinery "to be used," as President Heacock puts it, "to advance the welfare of mankind." They knew that they would never get work anywhere else, because no employer would be fool enough to trap himself un-

der the "last-employer" liability clause of the new act.

Caterpillar paid its foundry workers a base rate of 52½ cents an hour, since raised to 62½ cents following similar raises in steel. The company "voluntarily" operated on a forty-hour week—without, however, a minimum weekly wage—and provided its 12,000 employees with all the furbelows of paternalism—girls' club, baseball league, and the like. The biggest industry in Peoria, Caterpillar exemplified the city's vaunted open-shop traditions. Half a dozen impotent A. F. of L. unions had a few members apiece in the Caterpillar plant. The molders' union struck the foundry in 1934, and when the strike was broken, its membership fell to twenty-five or thirty.

The silica dust in the Caterpillar foundry was so thick that the men operating hand trucks collided in the main gangway. There were no masks at all, except for the two men operating the pressure hoses in the sand-blast, and no partitions separating the blasting and cleaning rooms from the rest of the foundry. The swing-grinders carried the carborundum dust directly into the face of the man ahead. The sand used for cleaning, instead of being drawn off, rose to the ceiling and floated through the foundry, hanging in a cloud everywhere. Floors were not swept between shifts. Men assigned to sprinkling were transferred to "useful" jobs. Broken doors hung open for a month, creating a draft that kept the dust from settling. Cranemen working twenty feet above the men on the floor couldn't see the floorman's signal to raise or lower.

The company has never denied the existence of these conditions in the foundry—which President Heacock describes as "a pretty good place in which to work"—nor, since silicosis was inevitable under the circumstances, has it denied that the men contracted it there. The turnover was very high. Men quit after a few days because they couldn't breathe or keep their eyes open. But farm boys, whom the company preferred to the wiser denizens of the city, were plentiful. Workers didn't know they had silicosis until long after they had quit, and some of them never knew it. One Caterpillar silicotic who died last month at the age of thirty-one was never able to work again after nine months in the foundry in 1932. His widow and three small children live in a shanty outside Peoria. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in which all Caterpillar workers carry a group policy, paid him \$10 a week for the first year of his disability, then \$36 a month until his death, and then a \$2,000 death benefit, most of which will go to the doctor, the undertaker, and the lawyer.

The brazenness of the Caterpillar Company is perhaps unique in the long story of industrial murder. To understand it you have to understand Peoria. Peoria has grown rich on boom industries and the American Way. Its population of industrial serfs has increased from 75,000 in 1920 to 150,000 today. The law and the press are the errand boys of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. The slot-machine syndicate operates even in grocery stores. Prostitution displays the red lights of a long gone era. The baseball pool, which amounts to

\$5,000 on Saturdays, has its headquarters in an all-day, wide-open gambling joint on a main-floor front in the heart of the city. The employees in such factories as the Peoria Cordage Company may live in piano boxes on Cinder Point, but the mansions on Grand View Drive are evidence that the open shop pays, even if operating expenses include the politicians.

A successful general strike in Pekin, ten miles away, last February taught the Peoria industrialists nothing. The 1936 election, in which the Democrats swept Peoria County for the first time, taught the Peoria industrialists nothing. The coming of the C. I. O. last summer taught them nothing. Their espionage system, operating at maximum efficiency in plants like the Caterpillar, would take care of the workers, and the company-owned city police, old hands at mauling "agitators," would take care of the John L. Lewises. The Caterpillar Company was sorry, very sorry, that its negligence had pitted the lungs of 179 men, but this was Peoria.

When the silicotics asked the company for claim blanks furnished by the Metropolitan, Caterpillar's Mr. Carlson refused them. "You aren't sick," he said, "and you aren't disabled." Last month the Metropolitan sent an agent to Peoria to investigate. The agent told the men that the company's report to the Metropolitan stated that the wholesale discharge was due to "a reduction in the force." Meanwhile the victims sent a committee to see President Heacock. President Heacock was sorry, but he didn't see what he could do for them. "Labor seems to control the state government," he told the committee. "Maybe somebody in Springfield can help you." The men pointed out that the new act permitted incipient silicotics to remain on the job if they waived 50 per cent of all future compensation. "A small firm might be able to accept such waivers in a few cases," said President Heacock, "but a big firm can't be bothered."

Some of the men were members of the molders' union. Surely they would get help from the Peoria Trades and Labor Assembly, which had just described Heacock in his capacity of president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association as "corrupter-in-chief of the Illinois General Assembly." But the A. F. of L. could do nothing for them; its unions had fewer than a thousand members altogether in the Caterpillar plant. The men nobody wanted began filing suits against the Caterpillar Company, charging negligence. The Illinois Industrial Commission "persuaded" the company to underwrite its own occupational-disease risk and rehire the less seriously afflicted men, thereby reducing the suits.

From forty-five to fifty cases are awaiting the outcome of the \$75,000 test suit now in federal court. The company has moved to dismiss the suit on the ground that silicotics have no remedy under the common law of Illinois—the last appeal of these condemned men and of hundreds of other Illinois workers discharged between the collapse of the old Occupational Diseases Act and the effective date of the new one. In its brief for dismissal the company called upon the federal court to defer to the unanimous opinion of the Illinois Supreme Court of May 12, 1936, in which Justice Shaw stated: "One

searches in vain for any precedent at common law establishing any duties as to healthfulness or sanitation." Silicotics having been deprived of health by due process of law, in accordance with both federal and state constitutions, it is likely that the federal court, like the Caterpillar Company, will have to confine its relief to being sorry for the plaintiffs.

But industry's lepers want something more. In the C. I. O. they have found a protagonist. With the automobile and steel victories behind it and the Peoria A. F. of L. mislaying Green's order to turn the rascals out, the C. I. O. is getting under way at Caterpillar, its first Peoria objective. The silicotics—those who are still able to get around—have joined the C. I. O. organizing staff.

A few weeks ago the C. I. O. committee walked into President Heacock's office for a preliminary conference. At President Heacock's invitation more than a hundred Caterpillar "employees," including company executives and craft-union officials, were present. President Heacock read a twenty-minute prepared speech in the course of which he said: "... Next let us discuss the most misrepresented group, the owners. ... About 15,000 common ordinary people did refrain from spending all their income, did save up a few hundred dollars, and did pool their savings to place these buildings and tools here. ... We believe that every 'Caterpillar' man has

a perfect right to discuss his employment with the management any way he pleases. ... If I want some dirty, stinking Negro or Communist to represent me, I shall not thank the company for signing away my right. ..."

President Heacock then asked the committee just what their demands were. The committee outlined the United States Steel contract. When they got to the impartial-umpire clause, President Heacock interrupted: "Now, gentlemen, you had just as well withdraw that request. Your ideas of having committees is O. K. You can have all the committees you want. ... But when you ask that neither you nor we have the authority to manage the business, that can't be, because there wouldn't be any business two years from now if such a ridiculous thing were made operative. That is all an impartial umpire is. ... *The point is, when there is a disagreement, management opinion goes.*"

[Shortly after this article was written, the C. I. O., which has a clear majority of Caterpillar's 12,000 earthworms, sent a committee to wait on President Heacock. He agreed to negotiate but refused to sign the agreement. Thereupon the union closed down the plant in a combination of sitdown and walkout. After forty-eight hours the plant reopened with the understanding that collective bargaining is to begin at once.]

Heart Balm and Seduction

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

MANY of our state legislatures, in the last few years, have been making tremendous concessions to sex liberalism. Bills abolishing in one swoop all actions for breach of promise, alienation of affection, criminal conversation, and seduction have been introduced into the legislatures of a number of states, and in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, and Indiana they have been enacted into law. Naturally the champions of sex freedom have rejoiced. The great victory in New York received honorable mention at literary cocktail parties. But bankers and brokers, captains of industry, matinee idols, and radio crooners had even more reason to heave sighs of relief.

The rich are the natural victims of the heart-balm racket. As long as money was easy, the payment of heart balm was simply one of the inconveniences of living a fast life. But with the market gone to smash the situation became quite different. That extra twenty-five or fifty thousand was needed to cushion a margin. The charming blackmailer became a genuine menace. Soon the great moguls of the bar began to hear from their wealthy clients, and the lawmakers were advised of their duty.

The Solons were willing. They were, however, guilty of a curious inconsistency. While they abolished the heart-balm actions, they left standing the criminal pen-

alties for seduction. To remove all doubt it was expressly provided in the acts of abolition that they should not be construed as repealing any of the provisions of the penal codes. The discrimination in favor of the rich resulting from this preservation of the criminal penalties is apparent. Since heart-balm actions are civil suits for damages, there is no point in bringing them against any male who is only a few jumps ahead of the WPA. As a practical matter vengeance can be wreaked on the proletarian Don Juan only by invoking the pains and penalties of the criminal law against seduction.

This is the heyday of the New Deal, and it is high time that someone spoke in the interest of the little fellow who has had his fling. The seduction statutes operate in a very precise manner to railroad the importunate but impecunious swain to the altar. They make it a crime to seduce under promise of marriage a "virtuous female" or a "female of previous reputation for chastity." The gravamen of the offense is thus that the woman was induced to surrender her virtue under promise of marriage. Only thirteen states have no provisions for the punishment of seduction as such.

The age of the woman who charges that she has been seduced makes no difference except in a few states, where it must be below either eighteen or twenty-one, in other

words, intermediary between the age of consent and the age of majority. This is the case in both Illinois and Indiana. But in New York there is no age limit, and the same is true in twenty-one other states. The woman may be sweet sixteen or over forty. Moreover, many courts have held that she may be a widow or a divorcee, and a few courts have even extended the protection of the seduction statutes to a "fallen" woman who has "reformed"!

The punishments under the seduction statutes are obviously calculated to make any careless male "do the right thing by the girl." The maximum penalty is usually five years but in several Southern states it is ten. Of course prosecution usually abates if the seducer offers to marry his victim, but this is only to say that seduction is the one crime for which the penalty is marriage. Moreover, in Georgia, Iowa, Oklahoma, Texas, and Washington, prosecution revives or more stringent penalties are applied if the woman is subsequently abandoned within a period ranging from two to five years without such cause as constitutes a valid ground for divorce, and in Georgia if such abandonment occurs at any time after the forced marriage! It is little wonder that many a woman who has been jilted is ready to admit a lapse of virtue to her lawyer and subsequently to the district attorney.

It is a fundamental axiom of the law of domestic relations that it is against public policy to decree the specific performance of a marriage contract. The reason for this highly salutary rule is obvious: the law should not compel a couple to marry who have already demonstrated their incompatibility. But the seduction statutes tend to accomplish the specific performance of promises to marry when the incompatibility of the parties has been demonstrated beyond a doubt. This is legal shotgun marriage with a vengeance.

The greatest paradox of the seduction statutes is that, like most laws which are intended to bolster morality, they actually encourage immorality. In effect the law says to a woman: "If your fiance has jilted you, and you have had no pre-marital experience, you are practically without a remedy. If, however, you have not been virtuous, you can, at the cost perhaps of a little unpleasant publicity, force the man to marry you."

The seduction statutes bespeak the *mores* of the lower classes when the church did not bother too greatly to combat the rather informal habit of common-law marriage. In all parts of the world primitive folk have tended to treat betrothal as practically tantamount to marriage, and old customs often survive in curious forms. It is no wonder that the promise to marry is the essence of the crime of seduction. But when the social level is low, the breach of the promise may be disregarded entirely. Thus in the deep South prosecutions of Negroes for seduction have been practically unknown.

Seduction has never been recognized as a crime by the English common law. In the eighteenth century in England the seduction of wenches of the lower classes by gentlemen was considered almost a privilege of rank. In France and other Latin countries there has, of course, never been recognized any such crime as the seduction



of a mature woman under promise of marriage. Indeed, Germany appears to be the only country in the world except the United States in which this is a major crime.

Since seduction was not a crime at common law, American states had to make it such by statute. Nevertheless the first statutes were long in coming. To the credit of the early Puritans it must be said that they were too realistic to believe in the virtue of a woman who could not resist temptation. To this day almost none of the original New England states has made seduction a crime.

The rapid multiplication of the seduction statutes undoubtedly had some connection with the constant shifting of the frontier. In a frontier community the unattached male is welcome, but because of his unknown past he is also a danger to the all-too-trusting woman. He may have a wife in the East. Indeed in a few states it was made a special crime for a *married* man to seduce a woman under promise of marriage. The later waves of immigration reinforced the argument for seduction statutes. The forgotten wife might now be in Italy, or Russia, or Germany. Moreover, the eighties and nineties were also the heyday of Comstockery, and the idea of the helpless female occupied a prominent place in life and literature. There was still to be popularized the Shavian paradox that it is the woman who seduces the male.

The seduction statutes, however, are far from being dead letters. It is safe to say that several thousand prosecutions for seduction are instituted every year. In New York City in the last decade there have been approximately sixty arrests a year for seduction. In North Carolina in the last three years the annual number of prosecutions has been near the one hundred mark. In Alabama, in the decade from 1922 to 1932, there was an average of fifty-two prosecutions a year.

The chances are that prosecutions for seduction may now increase. The abolition of the civil actions may lead some of the more unscrupulous gold-diggers to attempt to jail even bankers and captains of industry out of a spirit of pure revenge. The heart-balm actions may be *legally* outlawed, but attempts to levy blackmail do not depend so much upon the availability of the legal remedies as on the fear of exposure. The evil has probably only been driven underground. With this thought the little fellows may comfort themselves.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The War—Twenty Years After

THESE lines are being formulated on the twentieth anniversary of America's entrance into the World War. In 1917 I was a member of the board of directors of the Associated Press. I sat alone in one of its offices as they brought me the "flash" that Woodrow Wilson had appeared before Congress to demand the declaration of war; of all those Associated Press directors I was the only one to oppose this national action. As I read that dispatch and knew that the end of the fight to keep the United States out of the war had come, I confess I could hardly keep back the tears. It seemed to me as if I were witnessing the death of the American Republic. I knew it was the end of Woodrow Wilson as a liberal leader and of his "New Freedom"—we had to wait twenty years for the New Deal, its successor. I knew that it meant the retarding, if not the destruction, of every liberal and progressive movement and the triumph of black reaction. I was not wrong, for the prosecution of the war was promptly turned over to the very big-business men whom Wilson had inveighed against as the "masters of America" who had stolen the government.

Just one week later, on April 13, 1917, in the midst of the first hysteria of the war, I wrote to my good friend, Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson. Here are some extracts from my letter:

You have had my sincerest sympathy during these trying days, and I am glad to learn from your message through Dave Lawrence that you have not altogether forgotten me in this crisis. I know how you must have been suffering mentally and morally, and I can, I am sure, wholly enter into the feelings that must have been yours. To see your beloved chief congratulated by Henry Cabot Lodge, warmly indorsed and called upon by Theodore Roosevelt, and acclaimed with joy by every munitions maker, every agent of big business, and all the evil forces combined, against whom he has fought for American democracy until recently—all this, I know, must have caused you profound concern and unhappiness.

As for the conscription proposal, of course you were good enough to prepare me for that. Do you remember our ride with Dave down to Mr. Burleson's office, when you assured me that the President would never, never sign such a bill? And do you remember my saying that you two [the President and Tumulty] were the "weakest links in the chain"? Remembering certain similar incidents in the past, I came back from Washington feeling convinced that the President would be won over to universal service before very long; and my reputation as a prophet has been enhanced.

Believe me I am ready for any concentration camp, or conscription camp, or prison, but I am *not* at war and no

one can put me into war—not the President of the United States with all his power. My loyalty to American traditions and ideals renders that impossible.

We shall see what we shall see, but what I should like to know now is, what shall we newspapermen say who loyally supported the President's speech of January 22, in which he said: "It must be a peace without victory. . . . Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest not permanently but only as upon quicksand"?

Well, the years have brought their compensations. This prophecy of Wilson's which I have just quoted has been triumphantly upheld; his war speeches, with all their fustian, false sentiment, vindictiveness, and, often, falsehood, have perished or are vanishing. I never dreamed that I should live to see an Institute of Public Opinion take a poll in which 70 per cent registered their deliberate opinion that our entry into war was a horrible mistake. Never did I think that I should live to see the twentieth anniversary of the war marked by the most widespread acclaim and recognition of the six Senators and fifty Representatives who stood by their convictions and voted against the war resolution. Senator Norris, the dispatches report, "has never been so sought after for interviews as in the last day or two." Yet I remember how John Sharp Williams, Senator from Mississippi, denounced Norris in the Senate as a disgrace to the United States, "a pro-German, a pro-Goth, a pro-Vandal." Williams is dead and forgotten. In his extraordinary record of achievement, in the majesty of his patriotism, in the glory of his consistent fidelity to conscience, George Norris stands out today as the greatest figure in our Congress. And here is Congressman W. A. Ashbrook, of Ohio, who voted for the war and is still Congressman, admitting what I wrote at the time, that if "the members of the war Congress had voted their honest convictions . . . that great blunder of twenty years ago would not have been made." He does not hesitate to express humiliation and shame that he voted for it.

I am sorry that Woodrow Wilson is not alive, and Robert Lansing, and some of the others who put us into that war. This is not vindictiveness, but only the wish that they might have lived to be convinced of the utter folly, now so completely demonstrated by Adolf Hitler, of their theory that you could shoot democracy into the Germans and militarism out of them. And *are* the foundations of our Republic as safe and sound as when we entered the war? Is the future secure? I seem to recall some words about "All they that take up the sword . . ."

BROUN'S PAGE

Is There a *Nation*?

THESE has been a good deal of discussion in the pages of this magazine recently as to what is wrong with *The Nation*. What isn't? To my mind the place has become all cluttered up with liberals who have been springing out of odd corners. First it was Oswald Garrison Villard, and now it is Maurice Wertheim who has come forward to urge this weekly to stand with the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* in the fight for human freedom.

Mr. Villard says that when I get my teeth in the neck of an unfortunate I shake him until all the disgraceful facts about his grandfather, his father, and his predecessor in his present job come tumbling out. I have no recollection of having mentioned anybody's progenitors, since there are enough disgraceful facts in the present generation to occupy the time of even the most industrious columnist. But since Mr. Villard raises the point I think there may be some pertinence in appealing from Oswald Garrison to William Lloyd. The elder Garrison was not one to mince words and in his own polemics he had small patience with liberals and others in the caravan which travels along the middle of the road. He was rude and violent and he intended to be when, in his fight against slavery, he stigmatized the Constitution, after the Taney decision, as "a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell."

For the sake of his conscience Oswald Garrison Villard is arguing that nothing but an amendment will do and therefore he opposes the plan of Franklin Roosevelt. According to the news reports of Mr. Villard's testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee, he advanced as the ideal amendment one which would clarify and amplify the "general-welfare" clause. And Mr. Villard, according to the press, went on to state with pride that he had been fighting forty years for just such an amendment. And knowing the high character and tenacity of Oswald Garrison Villard I have no doubt that he would be delighted to keep his record clean by continuing the fight for a liberal court through another forty years.

But American industrial and agricultural workers are not content to wait so long. Not even for the sake of maintaining the conscientious scruples of Mr. Villard. Like many liberals I suspect that my confrere enjoys the battle so much that he hates to see an opportunity arise by which the enemy's line may be breached and broken. Much should be said of the gallantry and even the wisdom of those who devote their lives to lost causes, but it does not follow that it becomes vicious to win.

Since Mr. Villard has brought up the interesting problem of ancestry I may admit that I, too, take some fugitive interest in blood lines. Oswald Garrison Villard is the product of an interesting experiment. His grandfather

was an abolitionist and his father a railroad magnate. As far as the researches of science have gone, the rule seems to be that when you cross abolition blood with railroad stock you get a liberal.

The case of Maurice Wertheim is a little more simple. Mr. Wertheim is a Wall Street progressive. A Wall Street progressive is a man who has just left the room when the fight begins. If Mr. Wertheim were arguing about a financial matter he would go to the best authorities before making any dogmatic statement. He repeats the familiar assertion that at the present time a constitutional amendment could easily be passed. He throws the child-labor amendment rather blithely out of the picture. You can't do that. The record of that particular amendment shows that at the present time one religious body in the United States has the power to block any change whatsoever in the Constitution. And the present temper of the Catholic church quite evidently is that it wishes to preserve the status quo. Before Mr. Wertheim hits upon an amendment which he feels sure can be passed, let him first go to Cardinal Hayes and get an enabling letter.

And Maurice Wertheim can make another simple test if he cares to go to the best sources of information. In my opinion the correspondents in Washington are extremely well informed as to the political state of the nation. I have put a hypothetical question to at least fifty reporters in the capital and have had an unvarying reply. The question goes like this: "Regardless of your personal opinion as to whether the President's proposals are good or evil, tell me what chance you think any amendment at all would have if Mr. Roosevelt is defeated?" Without exception every single reporter has replied in effect as follows: "If Roosevelt is licked, all the amendment boys can take their several and separate amendments up an alley and throw them in the garbage can. The judgment of the Congress and the country will be that the court and the Constitution are dynamite and that the only safe rule is hands off. If Roosevelt is licked there will be no change whatsoever in the judicial set-up for at least another generation."

I do not know whether I will come again to this pasture. I'm getting a little sick of *The Nation's* policy of fair play, and everybody must be heard whether or not he has anything to say. This isn't an amateur tennis match. It's a fight, and the well-being of masses of men and women depends upon the result. So I am not for the principle of bowing to your adversary and remarking, "After you, sir." Even an open mind needs to pull down the windows at certain times or it becomes less a mind than a cave of the winds. And speaking of open minds, before I put up the shutters I am curious to know just who it is who owns *The Nation*. All I can say is that the pottage isn't very hot and the service is something terrible.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WHAT IS A GOOD REVIEW?

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

OF ALL literary forms the book review is the one most widely cultivated and least often esteemed. To many the very phrase "literary form" may smack of pretense when applied to a kind of writing which is usually so casual; and formlessness may, indeed, be the only form of many commentaries on books. Book reviewing can, nevertheless, become an art in itself and would be such more often if the ambitious reviewer would only devote himself to the cultivation of its particular excellences instead of attempting, as he so often does, to demonstrate his capacities by producing something "more than a mere review." The best review is not the one which is trying to be something else. It is not an independent essay on the subject of the book in hand and not an aesthetic discourse upon one of the literary genres. The best book review is the best review of the book in question, and the better it is the closer it sticks to its ostensible subject.

To say this is not to say that a good review is easy to write; in certain technical respects it is, indeed, the most difficult of all forms of literary criticism for the simple reason that in no other is the writer called upon to do so many things in so short a space. The critical essay, no matter how extended it may be, is not compelled to aim at any particular degree of completeness. It may—in fact it usually does—assume that the reader is sufficiently familiar with the work under discussion to make description unnecessary and it may also confine itself to whatever aspects of the subject the critic may choose.

But the book review as a literary form implies completeness; it has not really performed its function unless, to begin with, it puts the reader in possession of the facts upon which the criticism is based, and unless—no matter upon how small a scale—its consideration is complete. However penetrating a piece of writing may be, it is not a good review if it leaves the reader wondering what the book itself is like as a whole or if it is concerned with only some aspects of the book's quality.

I shall not pretend to say how large a proportion of the so-called reviews published in *The Nation* or anywhere else actually achieve the distinguishing characteristics of the book-review form, but a certain number of them do, and the sense of satisfactoriness which they give can always be traced to the fact that, whatever other qualities they may have, they accomplish the three minimum tasks of the book reviewer. They describe the book, they communicate something of its quality, and they pass a judgment upon it.

Each of these things is quite different from the others, but only the last is usually considered as carefully as it

ought to be by either reader or writer. Adequate description implies a simple account of the scope and contents of the book; its presence guarantees that the reader will not be left wondering what, in the simplest terms, the book is about. "Communication of quality" implies, on the other hand, a miniature specimen of what is commonly called "impressionistic criticism"; it means that the reviewer must somehow manage to recreate in the mind of the reader some approximation of the reaction produced in his own mind by the book itself. And in however low esteem this form of criticism may be held as a be-all and end-all (Mr. Eliot calls it the result of a weak creative instinct rather than of a critical impulse), it is indispensable in a book review if that review is to perform the function it is supposed to perform, and if it is to become what it is supposed to be—namely, not merely an account of a book on the one hand or an independent piece of criticism on the other, but a brief critical essay which includes within itself all that is necessary to make the criticism comprehensible and significant.

Your "reviewer" often envies the more lofty "critic" because the critic is supposed to be read for his own sake while the reviewer must assume that the reader is attracted more by his interest in the book discussed than by the reviewer himself. For that very reason he is likely either to treat reviewing as a casual affair or to seek for an opportunity to write something else under the guise of a review. He might be happier himself and make his readers happier also if he would, instead, take the trouble to ask what a review ought to be and if he would examine his own work in the light of his conclusions. It is not easy to do within the space of a thousand words or less the three things enumerated. It is less easy still to combine the description, the impression, and the judgment into a whole which seems to be, not three things at least, but one.

How many reviewers of novels, for instance, seem to know how much of a particular story has to be told in order to provide a solid basis for the impression they intend to convey? And if it is decided that some part of the story must be told, how many know, as a story-teller must, whether the incidents are striking enough to come first or must be introduced with some comment which creates the interest? Yet a first-rate review, despite its miniature scale, raises precisely the same problems as long narratives or expositions raise, and each must be solved as artfully if the review is to have such beauty of form as it is capable of. Doubtless the finest reviewer can hardly hope to have his art fully appreciated by the public. But there is every reason why he should respect it himself.

BOOKS

Our Peculiar Institution

THE PRIVATE MANUFACTURE OF ARMAMENTS.

By Philip Noel-Baker, M.P. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

THE "wise money" of the world is back in munitions stocks. Happy days are here again for the producers of very ultimate consumer goods. We have even given diplomatic recognition to the belligerent status of our present prosperity, and with it to the possibility of its sudden death. Now comes Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, with ten years of study behind him, to put 560 pages before us to the effect that the private manufacture of arms should be abolished forthwith.

Apparently only the People's Front government in France is following his advice. It is correcting a situation where this peculiar institution has not only grown powerful and arrogant but sufficiently suspect, by reason of its own domestic and international diplomacy, to make a realistic people's government wonder how much of production and how much of sabotage could be expected from it in the course of a war against civil factions or foreign governments devoted to the sanctity of this and other private institutions.

Noel-Baker makes a convincing case on most of the matters usually considered in connection with private manufacture of armaments, and promises a second volume to cover the rest. Formerly professor of international relations in the University of London, fellow at Cambridge, assistant to the president of the Disarmament Conference, 1932-33, he was aided in his study by the Rockefeller Foundation and by James J. Forstall of Chicago. He goes at the subject with calm curiosity, without any attempt to find wicked men lusting for blood, and scrupulously cites the defense of the munitions manufacturers at every turn. Until that day when someone on the inside of the big munitions companies of the world decides that he wants to do something for the peace of the world and tells the full story from the inside, this book is likely to be the most complete work on the subject.

Those who believe that there can be peaceful change in the world will find themselves sharply challenged by his story. Probably no other single institution has been the center of so much fear and so much interference with peace as this one, and yet it survives, hardy and husky. President Wilson tried to abolish it at Versailles, but his attempt was quickly and skillfully diverted. Perhaps the least satisfactory part of this book is the failure to meet the question of the unwillingness of the various governments to abolish private manufacture in the immediate post-war period when everybody was oversupplied with munitions and lean years loomed for the companies.

The author lays the responsibility for private manufacture at the doors of the governments. They encourage the system. Why? Laziness? Social aversion of military men to engaging in trade? The desire of armies and navies to have widespread business support for growing militarisms? The desire of the governments not to let the foreigners get the business? Honest belief that private manufacture is cheaper? High diplomacy, which holds that a foreign army using our material becomes militarily allied to us? Simply interest in more work for local workmen? Mr. Baker does not weight the answers to the major question, but leaves the alliance between governments and private manufacturers standing as a challenge.

The two are tied together and speak almost the same language in defense of themselves and each other. His analysis of the manufacturers almost becomes the analysis of the governments. When the chairman of Vickers says that the prejudice against private manufacture "is the expression of an honorable but perhaps mistaken ideal respecting the sanctity of life and the iniquity of war" he is using less discreet words but not different ideas than governments use.

Noel-Baker points out the paradox of arming potential enemies, a practice which involves increased arming at home—what Admiral Wemyss called a "subterranean conspiracy against peace." England, France, and the United States have all helped arm Hitler. By instances he proves that the munitions firms have been active in fomenting war scares to increase armaments, have bribed and corrupted government officials, have influenced public opinion, have helped destroy peace and disarmament efforts, have, together with self-styled "patriotic" societies, helped guide the thinking of the world to the happy place where people feel certain that big guns and ships and armies are their only protection.

How they go about doing these things is something which can be established only from their own records, and very little is available outside the Senate Munitions Committee hearings in this country. The author credits the British Air League as well as the French munitions interests with an assist in blowing up the Disarmament Conference of 1932-33 and thinks the British air officers were largely responsible for the failure of air-disarmament proposals there. Going back a little he holds that a real Franco-German rapprochement was "prevented by the clamor of the purchased press, by all the propaganda which the armament interests conducted in both countries against the policies of peace." He credits a large share of the failure of the League in the Manchurian affair to the traders in arms. Japanese munitions purchases in France and England and "a frenzied defense of Japanese aggression by the Paris armament press" are cited as cause and effect. The other stories are here, too—of Skoda in Rumania, of Krupp's, of the Poutiloff scandal, the St. Gotthard shipments, Shearer, the Chemical Defense Association, the Mulliner panic, and the others, more or less well known.

Mr. Noel-Baker's book should be required reading for those who believe in international cooperation and are unwilling to help make it possible by cleaning up the one international nuisance they are obviously in a position to do something about.

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

Rugby and the Tragic Muse

THE ASCENT OF F6. By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House. \$1.50.

ACCORDING to the title-page, the authors of "The Ascent of F6" reckon their newest offering a "tragedy in two acts." Its stock of choruses, corpses, and soliloquies is consequently impressive, and there is abundant talk concerning "the destructive element of the will"; yet the play is essentially of a piece with its satirical predecessor, "The Dog Beneath the Skin." It offers, again, polite "revolutionary" farce for the salon rather than the open market, conceived on the principle of the rugby match, wherein a symbol serves the function of a football, in contest of endurance between the actors, the authors, and a handful of selected visitors including Shakespeare, Noel Coward, W. S. Gilbert, and T. S. Eliot.

The symbol, in the present case, is a haunted mountain

(F6) strategically situated on the boundary between British and Ostnian Sudoland, and presided over by a demon and a legend. At the opening of the play British colonial investors have been apprised of the latter, the general import of which is that the Sudolands shall become the property of the first white man to make a successful ascent of F6. Accordingly, an expedition of five has been deputized to attempt the climb in the name of England and progressive enlightenment, at the same time that a rival party of climbers is dispatched on a similar mission by the Ostnians. The remainder of the play concerns the race to the summit, with satirical flashbacks which lampoon propagandic hypocrisy and the technique by which power and "benevolence" combine to produce an imperialist errand of mercy.

The unpardonable sin of the satirist is perhaps mere silliness, which defeats not only the author but the critic as well; and "The Ascent of F6" is a continuous offender. The most useful comment which suggests itself is that the protagonists, in a moment of stress during which they are rapidly turning into symbols and helping themselves to Eliot's epilogue to "Murder in the Cathedral," are instructed to "behave, in general, like the Marx brothers." Similarly, the performance as a whole is executed in the temper of a comic strip fallen by some odd chance among homilies. Even "tragic" protagonists like Lamp, the botanist, with his chatter of "*Stagnium meningitis*," "*frustrax abominum*," and other "rare specimens" are cartoons which border upon the infantile. It is less than astonishing under the circumstances that the play should eventually stiffen under its own paltriness and expire in a clutter of allegorical visitations. Auden and Isherwood are not the first of their calling who have omitted to go to school to the playwright before sitting down to their poetic tragedy; but few have further encumbered themselves with the baggage of a symbol so spurious and noncommittal that it overturns the vehicle it is intended to propel. The final word, perhaps, must be reserved for Walter de la Mare, who in a lecture before the British Academy suggested not long ago that "satire and poetry, the one destructive, the other creative, in intent, are unusually uneasy bedfellows." Certainly "The Ascent of F6" is one of their bad dreams.

BEN BELITT

The "New" Anthropology at Work

COMPETITION AND COOPERATION AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLES. Edited by Margaret Mead. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$4.

THIS book is recommended in the highest terms by the reviewer for two large groups of readers: for all professionals in the social sciences, and for non-professional readers who are interested in adding extra dimensions to the flat-surface view of human nature and of culture that most of us are wont to carry about as our equipment for analyzing current problems.

Dr. Mead is something of a storm center in anthropology. The old guard, those whose problems were defined by the safe orthodoxies of this field and also, be it added, those who seek scrupulously never to generalize beyond their data, criticize her penchant for generalizing brilliantly at the fragile edge of her data. On the other hand, there is a widening group of alert workers in her own and in related fields who regard Dr. Mead's as one of the most fertile and stimulating minds at work in the social sciences today.

The present volume is important both for its specific con-

tent and for its methodology. Every science tends to become "pot-bound" by its familiar structure of problems and procedures. In the case of anthropology this has tended to mean that, when the rest of us have taken our problems to the monographic studies of the ethnologists in the hope of testing the range of cultural adaptation about the problem in question, we have found that our problems as students of contemporary society are not the problems of ethnology. Perhaps one should not expect the ethnologist to go into the field with any concern to help answer the urgent questions of non-primitive societies.

Dr. Mead asks in the present volume questions that are crucial to an individualistic, competitive culture such as our own: How do whole societies of people get patterned—as does our own—around the competitive pursuit of the carrot of personal "success"? Is this restless competitiveness due, as many assume, to the stark "nature" of the human critter or to other factors? And to what extent is cooperativeness where it exists merely an enforced expedient, the result, for example, of the crowding pressure of enemies or of the scarcity of basic necessities such as food? Presumably the answers to such questions lie in the close scrutiny of the patterning of personality and culture as regards competition and cooperation over the face of the earth. Dr. Mead has worked through thirteen diverse types of primitive cultures with a group of associates. In more than half the cases existing printed materials have been supplemented by vital additional material from persons familiar at first hand with the culture in question. The end product here presented represents that all too rare bird in the social sciences, a genuinely cooperative piece of analysis which asks fresh, cross-cutting questions of conventional materials.

The conclusions stress the great variability of the personality emphases which different cultures select and stress through their respective institutionalized processes of character formation: "There is no correlation at all between major emphases [upon competition and cooperation] and a classification of cultures into food-gathering, hunting, agricultural, or pastoral peoples." "Whether a group has a minimum or a plentiful subsistence level is not directly relevant to the question of how cooperative or competitive in emphasis a culture will be." Structurally, cooperative societies contain well-defined and integrated closed groups, defining status and giving security to their members; while competitive societies are not closed—status can be lost and must constantly be won and rewon by the individual's own initiative. Cooperative societies do not necessarily involve the muting of the individual ego, for "strong ego development can occur in individualistic, competitive, or cooperative societies." "The social conception of success and the structural framework into which the individual success is fitted are more determinative than the state of technology or the plentifulness of food." "There is a correspondence between: a major emphasis upon competition, a social structure which depends upon the initiative of the individual, a valuation of property for individual ends, a single scale of success, and a strong development of the ego." "There is a correspondence between: a major emphasis upon cooperation, a social structure which does not depend upon individual initiative or the exercise of power over persons, a faith in an ordered universe, weak emphasis upon rising in status, and a high degree of security for the individual."

The introduction and concluding interpretative statement by Dr. Mead contain brilliant, conceptually fresh analysis. Here one sees the new social research grappling with its problems.

ROBERT S. LYND

Buck Mulligan's Memoirs

AS I WAS GOING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.50.

FOR no clear reason Dr. Gogarty opens his memoirs with an account of an itinerant eccentric named Endymion, one of those "naturals" that abound in the streets of Dublin and are treated by the populace with mingled ridicule and affection. But it soon becomes apparent that this is by way of a preparation for the impression that the celebrated doctor is desirous of building up of himself—a "natural" well supplied with Latin quotations, Rolls Royces, castles in Connemara, and epigrams at the expense of his country. Dr. Gogarty is the professional man become professional "natural"; and so contented does he seem with the role that we cannot but take him at his word. When he protests that he is a figment in the mind of a city gone mad, we are able to make the necessary deductions. Undoubtedly, the city would put the matter in a different way.

In an equivocal preface Francis Hackett ascribes the equivocal character of his friend to the circumstances of his having been christened Oliver St. John. This is a penetrating observation that explains, if it does not quite condone, much in this book. It explains how the doctor had been able to give shelter to Michael Collins, veteran enemy of the British Empire, only a few months before he matched platitudes with the Duke of Connaught in a London drawing-room. It explains how he can contribute so richly to the playboy tradition in almost the same breath that he denounces his countrymen as a race of poltroons. And it explains also that peculiarly opaque and childlike humor which caused Joyce to represent him as the type of the unfeeling man. (While there is nothing here comparable to the remark that Buck Mulligan made to Stephen in the opening episode of "Ulysses," the reader is referred to the story of George Moore's eczema as an instance of the cruelty to which the doctor's fondness for practical jokes can lead him.) The dichotomy that Mr. Hackett finds symbolized in his name is never resolved; it is dissolved in a spattering humor that falls on friend and enemy alike. The Catholic Irishman looks at the Anglo-Irish gentleman with an inveterate distrust of his pretensions; and the alien looks down upon the native with a self-protective scorn. These are the psychological ingredients of a Swift, a Congreve, or a Shaw. But somehow the present brew does not quite attain to the strength of a Wilde.

The best portions of the book are those relating the conversation with Yeats, the meeting between Michael Collins and AE, and the death of Arthur Griffith. These give evidence of powers that have been sacrificed on the altar of professional wit. Dr. Gogarty's politics are those of the merchant and land-owning class, for whom De Valera has become an incarnation of the Inquisition. For this reason many of the passionately expressed opinions will have a tiresome remoteness for the American reader. They are more likely to appeal to the tory section of the English audience, who will also be gratified by what Dr. Gogarty has to say of Austen Chamberlain, Birkenhead, and other ornaments of the Empire. "What do you think of Buck Mulligan?" Mr. Joyce asked Frank Budgen, to whom he had shown one of the later episodes of his work. The latter replied that he was as witty and entertaining as ever. "He should begin to pall on the reader the day goes on," Mr. Joyce remarked; and it is hardly possible to improve on the description.

WILLIAM TROY

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NEW YORK

John Donne and Others

JOHN DONNE AND THE NEW PHILOSOPHY. By Charles Monroe Coffin. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

THE METAPHYSICAL POETS. A STUDY IN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By Helen C. White. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THESE two volumes are ample evidence in support of Miss White's own statement that certain English poets of the seventeenth century have ceased to "enjoy the immunities of the remote and happily irrelevant." The nineteenth century rediscovered them and thought them quaint; or, if it thought them more than that, it did not suppose that their peculiar power could be explained. The twentieth century has been explaining them in a fairly systematic fashion; so that now two books can come out of American universities equipped with every known sort of apparatus tending to indicate that the mystery has been measured. For as time has gone on an affinity has been found between the "situations" of Donne, for instance, and any modern poet. In either situation there is the problem for the poet of reconciling the symbols he has inherited from the past with new symbols thrust upon him by the science of his time—the same science in both cases, as it happens, since Bacon and Copernicus and Newton are still in the ascendant despite occasional alarms (or hymns) to the contrary. It was not surprising in 1934 to discover that Basil Willey's excellent book, "The Seventeenth-Century Background," was written under the influence of I. A. Richards's "Science and Poetry." Nor is it surprising to discover that Mr. Coffin is interested in Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Modern Temper," the classic expression for our time of the terror which imagination can experience when the climate of knowledge changes.

How much Mr. Coffin and Miss White have explained, however, remains a question. They know the lives of their poets; they know the astronomy, the physics, the psychology, and the theology of the century; they have the advantage of building upon earlier researches in literary and philosophical history; and yet I cannot escape the impression that a certain step which Mr. Coffin at least would like to take has not been taken and cannot be taken. He proves beyond a doubt that Donne was in immediate contact with "the new philosophy," or as we should say with the new science. And he asserts what can be as little doubted, namely, that Donne was influenced by it. But exactly how is another matter. Miss White, who to be sure treats also of Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Traherne, and who is especially interested in mystical poetry, begins one of her paragraphs with this sentence: "The metaphysical poetry of Donne is, then, what might reasonably be expected at such a juncture from such a man." Reasonably? Yes, provided the juncture and the man are not variables, and provided we know at any time what to expect from poets. Given the juncture and the man, and assuming that Donne's poetry had never been published, could Miss White predict what it would be like? I doubt it; and so I doubt that either she or Mr. Coffin actually provides us with much in the way of explanation. Mr. Coffin seems always to be preparing to do so; the next chapter promises to clear up questions which the last one has merely raised. But when we get to it we are put off with metaphors. The new philosophy "sharpened the contours" of Donne's thought, or something like that. It has always been known that the sharpness was there. It still is not known, I think, what the whetstone was.

Not that our authors should be accused of pride. They

advance no claims to omniscience, and both of them write with grace no less than with learning. It is simply that they have demonstrated—and for this we may be grateful—the limits of our knowledge.

MARK VAN DOREN

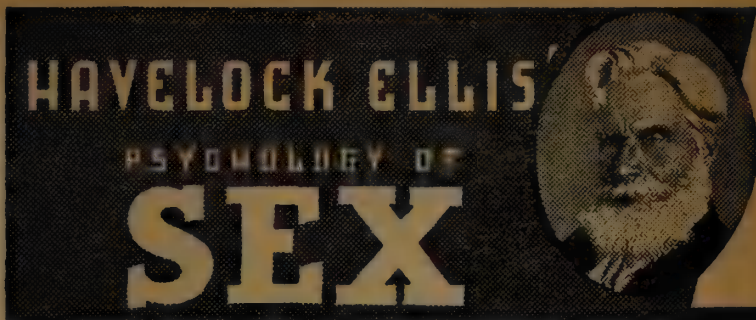
Marshal Ney in America?

MARSHAL NEY: A DUAL LIFE. By LeGette Blythe. Stackpole Sons. \$3.50.

THE Ney legend in America is a tantalizing example of what James Joyce once called the leaning of sophists toward apocrypha. For a century the tradition has persisted that Peter Stuart Ney, whilom school teacher of the Carolinas who died in 1846, was in reality Michel Ney, bravest of Napoleon's marshals, supposedly executed after the return of the Bourbons in 1815. It is now over forty years since the Reverend James A. Weston defended this inviting thesis by sifting the gossip and collating the evidence in a conscientious study, "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney." It is nearly ten years since Dr. J. E. Smoot added further embellishments to the story by publishing a disarming tribute to Southern hospitality and lost causes which he entitled "Marshal Ney Before and After His Execution." Now comes Mr. LeGette Blythe, literary critic on the *Charlotte Observer*, to refurbish the legend in an entertaining biography, "Marshal Ney: A Dual Life."

Satisfactory lives of Ney, the historic Ney, already exist in French and English. The main justification for Mr. Blythe's contribution depends, therefore, on the validity of its central thesis that Michel Ney and P. S. Ney were the same person. Yet Mr. Blythe offers little that is new and nothing that can be considered definitive to prove this thesis. He has drawn his arguments, with due acknowledgment, from the books of Smoot and Weston, and his outline of Ney's military career from A. H. Atteridge's "Marshal Ney, the Bravest of the Brave." His bibliography, which makes no claim to be exhaustive, is restricted almost exclusively to works available in English.

This latter limitation is the more to be regretted because it has led Mr. Blythe to overlook the criticism leveled at the legend by M. René Arnaud in *Les annales politiques et littéraires* for 1935 and 1936. With Gallic tact and Gallic logic M. Arnaud has pointed out that Marshal Ney's death is amply attested by the archival records in Paris; that a hardy soldier who knew no English at forty-seven could not plausibly have written fluent Byronic verses in that language a few years later; and that P. S. Ney's information regarding Napoleon's campaigns, which so astonished his Carolina neighbors, might easily have been derived from books already in print. The corrections which the erudite school teacher scribbled in the margins of several such books, books which are now offered as proof that he was indeed the Duke of Elchingen, convict him of a dozen errors of fact which the Marshal could not reasonably have committed, and his recorded comments on the Spanish and Waterloo campaigns suggest that if he really viewed the fighting it was from the English lines. It is not easy to believe that a Frenchman, and a Prince of the Moskowa, would refer to the battle in which he won his title as Borodino, or that he would write *cinque* for *cinq* and *Louis* for *Louis*. Furthermore, M. Arnaud calls attention to the fact that Michel Ney was born at Sarre Louis in 1769, whereas Peter Stuart Ney, when receiving American citizenship in 1820, affirmed that he was born in Stirlingshire in 1787. It would not be easy for a Frenchmen of fifty-two



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to pass himself off as an Englishman of thirty-three. Even the coincidence of the unusual name becomes less impressive when it is realized that there were Neys in Great Britain, and for that matter in North Carolina, before the enigmatic Peter Stuart appeared.

There remains, to offset these negative arguments, the troublesome testimony of two handwriting experts, cited by Mr. Blythe, that alleged holographs of Marshal Ney and P. S. Ney were almost certainly written by the same hand. There remains, too, a gravestone in Rowan County, North Carolina, erected to Peter Stuart Ney, a soldier of France who served under Napoleon and died in 1846 at the age of seventy-seven. All evidence considered, there would seem to be little doubt that P. S. Ney allowed his American neighbors to believe, and perhaps came to believe himself, that he was the Marshal. But there would seem to be far less doubt that Michel Ney, Duke of Elchingen and Prince of the Moskowa, died in the Luxembourg Gardens on December 7, 1815, with eleven bullets through his body, while his wife pleaded in vain for an audience with Louis XVIII.

GEOFFREY BRUN

Shorter Notices

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

Men are judged by their success, according to the maxim, but must they also be condemned? Although Mr. Priestley is the author of a jolly and popular novel, he has written more important books before and after "The Good Companions," and he is not only good, he is growing. "The English Comic Characters," for example, though an engaging literary study, suffered from a certain mellifluousness of tone. In his "English Journey" Mr. Priestley advanced from smaller human problems to larger ones, but in gathering an astounding quantity of rather melancholy material the author was somewhat overpowered by his own efforts: the volume, though rich and solid, is amorphous. In his latest work, however, Mr. Priestley has succeeded in uniting the more attractive qualities of these earlier studies. Meditating at midnight in the Arizona desert on the fantastic and fecund American scene, on prize fights and politics and the desolation of our hinterland, on cowboys, Harpo Marx, and the strain of being an American woman, on Boulder Dam and our anonymous artists in steel and concrete, he has produced, in the form of a witty, vivid, and highly personalized reverie, a most discerning study of our American culture—it is almost as if, as it were, Virginia Woolf had written a chapter of "Middle-town."

MAXWELL GEISMAR

MAJOR NOAH: AMERICAN-JEWISH PIONEER. By Isaac Goldberg. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

Mordecai Manuel Noah was the most energetic and versatile American Jew of the post-revolutionary epoch. Though he achieved nothing of really first-rate importance, his life (1785-1851) was fastened to the life of his time at so many significant points that his name has provided an indispensable footnote to the historians of our early drama, journalism, and politics. The dual motif of Noah's career, as his biographer demonstrates, was patriotism for Israel and for America. In politics he was a Jeffersonian. Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall at a time when this was a libertarian organization, he held political posts ranging from that of consul at Tunis to sheriff of New York. Dr. Goldberg aptly

comments that Noah was theatrical in his politics and political in his theatricals; his flag-waving melodramas were extremely popular on the New York and Philadelphia stage, and one of them in particular, "She Would Be a Soldier," survives as a model of our early patriotic drama. As the most influential newspaper editor in New York for a time, he engaged in feuds with two young upstarts, James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley. Shrewd, opportunistic, ambitious, he nevertheless had a streak of the visionary in him which is especially reflected in his pioneer attempt to form an American Zion. Dr. Goldberg's biography is compact, firmly documented, and written with his usual freshness of style. He has rescued Noah's interesting personality from the distorted perspective of footnotes. SAMUEL SILLEN

YOU MUST BREAK OUT—SOMETIMES. By T. O. Beachcroft. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

England's recent discovery of the proletariat as material for fiction has so far produced only competent writing, an objective but limited approach to characters and situations, and a style refreshingly free of the flourishes and diffidences of the Bloomsbury school. Mr. Beachcroft's volume of short stories dealing with lower-class life is no exception to the rule. He writes a clean, candid prose; he can deal sympathetically with certain emotional states on the part of his characters; he has his facts well in hand, and he presents them intelligently. But the tragedy implicit in these facts, the dilemma of his people and its inevitable relation to a social system at large, never get to the reader's consciousness. In addition, the ideas behind a great many of these stories are distressingly trivial. A young lorry-driver, forced by meager pay to do a bit of poaching on the side, successfully outwits the police. A furniture-maker loses his job and after a dreary period of unemployment lands another in a munitions factory: this situation (the business of the factory is never disclosed until the last sentence) obviously exists for the sole purpose of creating suspense and a surprise ending. The quotation from "The Waste Land" at the beginning of the book—"My people humble people who expect Nothing"—is unfortunate, for it merely serves to remind us how Eliot the royalist, in a few sentences in a highly imaginative work, was able to portray the horror and hopelessness of lower-class English life far better than Mr. Beachcroft has been able to do in a whole volume of short stories which are frankly aimed at such a portrayal. HELEN NEVILLE

THE PERSIAN JOURNEY OF THE REVEREND ASHLEY WISHARD AND HIS SERVANT FATHI. By Elgin Groseclose. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Groseclose's novel has something to say, and says it on every page. We have here a machine which turns out two hundred forms of the proposition that the West doesn't know much about the East as it thinks it does. Mr. Groseclose has invented an American missionary and set him down in Persia with designs against the religion of Islam, which it seems is different from the religion of the New World in that it is less dynamic (this word drops out of a special chute perhaps eighty-seven times); but Ashley Wishard discovers that the daily ways of the Orient are at the worst no ungodlier than ours, and he even advances to the point of suspecting that the essential truth of Christianity is more at home there than here. The reader should make no mistake, however. It is Mr. Groseclose who is speaking rather than Mr. Wishard, and it is his machine out of which the sentiments hop so uniformly



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M. V. D.

RECORDS

WE ARE told that what has bored us until now has been not Bruckner but his editors. The editors' alterations have been removed; and I am now bored by Bruckner as he is presented in a performance of the Fourth Symphony by the Saxon State Orchestra under Karl Böhm which is said to follow the original manuscript (eight records, \$16). For one thing the man lacks the constructive power and the capacity for sustained thinking that are necessary to produce integrated large-scale form. Though a movement of a Haydn or a Mozart symphony is sectional, I feel in it an impulse that gives a single unswerving direction to the succession of details, that makes one follow logically after the other, and that gives them coherence despite their diversity. But with Bruckner there is no connection between details

and sections other than the one he imposes arbitrarily of succession in time. The defect appears even in the construction of the single phrase: rarely can he get to the end of it without an awkward modulation. After that a few bald sequences with further awkward modulations, and he has gone as far with this line of thought as he can go; and he drops it and begins another. In the end the movement, as a piece of large-scale construction, is a series of bits of things held together by safety-pins. A movement could be that, and yet be interesting because of its individual ideas; what makes Bruckner impossible for me is the banality of his thinking.

The Adolf Busch Chamber Players' performances of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos on Columbia records were something of a sensation last year; and Victor now offers their performances of Bach's Suite No. 1 in C major and Suite No. 2 in B minor (six records, \$9). The playing is again breath-taking, the recording excellent. As for the music, perhaps you have wondered why it was always the Suite No. 2 that was played, and not the others. When you hear these records you will know why. The Suite No. 2 is delightful; the Suite No. 1 is one of the worst examples of the aridity that resulted when Bach's craftsmanship ground out music without the prompting or participation of feeling.

I prefer Stokowski's early set of Franck's Symphony to the one that Victor has just issued (six records, \$12). The new one staggers you with its sheer magnificence of sound; but I have mentioned before the amazing excellence of Stokowski's early recordings—the volume, the fidelity of timbre, the unfailing distinctness even where there is poor balance. And the early set of the Franck gives Stokowski's performance before it became afflicted with elephantiasis. For this reason I hope that Victor will continue to list it.

The business of subscription recording has been questionable and confused from the start, and remains so today. Thus, Victor has only now given the first Sibelius Society album a listing in its catalogue, which will make some people aware for the first time that they can have something which has been available for four years. It contains the Fifth Symphony, which I consider one of Sibelius's best and most characteristic works in ideas and construction, the tone-poem "Tapiola," which I consider one of the worst, and the tone-poem "Pohjola's Daughter," which I find enjoyable. The performances by the London Symphony under Kajanus are, I realize now, excellent; it is the recording that lacks clarity and balance occasionally, but not enough to make the set less than good (seven records, \$10.50). The accompanying booklet by Ernest Newman offers valuable analyses of the works, and a foreword which deals penetratingly with the Sibelius who is, and fantastically with the Sibelius who is not.

Musicraft has issued two works, each on a single record (\$1.50), which I find only mildly charming: Buxtehude's Easter Cantata "O fröhliche Stunden," performed by Ethel Luening, soprano, Joseph Reilich and Ralph Hersh, violins, Sterling Hunkins, 'cello, and Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord; and Händel's secular cantata "Nell dolce dell' oblio," performed by Miss Luening, Otto Luening, flute, and Mr. Wolff. Performances and recording are excellent, and surfaces are extraordinarily quiet. On other single records are two works which merely satisfy an interest: a sonata by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, and another sonata by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach which I find the most interesting of all these works. They are well played on the piano by Mr. Wolff, and well recorded. Less good in all respects is the record of a string quartet by Johann Christoph Friedrich Bach, played by the Perole Quartet.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Hugh Johnson vs. Paul Ward

Dear Sirs: Your letter inclosing advanced proof of Paul Ward's article on me was received a week late. In the meantime, I saw its publication and also another by Mr. Ward in the *Baltimore Sun*.

I don't know why I should make any statement about the almost completely false reporting, by a personal enemy, whom you have permitted to use your columns in attempted character assassination by a bunch of assertions of which almost the only completely true one is that I was employed by R. C. A.—which everybody knew at the time—and that I received \$40,000 fee.

Such statements as that I assumed the role of *amicus curiae* until Chairman Madden put a blunt question is completely refuted by the fact that my name was signed as counsel to all important documents in the case.

This is merely one example of repeated false reporting throughout the document.

If anybody on the side of labor has occasion to be dissatisfied about my conduct of the case, it should be Mr. John L. Lewis. He has expressed himself to the contrary and when he heard of this attack voluntarily offered to go before the La Follette committee and straighten the record. I begged him not to do so because there is nothing there that needs straightening so far as I am concerned—except in Mr. Ward's scurrilous perversion of the record—and that is too insignificant and obscure to merit any attention from either Mr. Lewis or myself.

HUGH S. JOHNSON

Washington, March 25

Dear Sirs: The General completely evades the issue. Does he deny that while he served as labor counsel to R. C. A., the company employed virtually every known form of union-busting and strike-breaking? Does he deny that it employed as guards approximately 300 thugs supplied by a notorious strike-breaking agency whose head still is dodging the La Follette committee's subpoenas? Does he deny that it took on as permanent additions to its labor-relations department while he still was labor counsel one Manning "noble" and five or six Manning "finks"? Does he deny that in argument

before the NLRB he took cognizance of the terroristic campaign of the company's union to force a boycott of the collective-bargaining election which was part of the peace pact he had engineered and that he defended that campaign at least to the point of arguing that it had no bearing upon how the board should rule? Does he deny that he pestered an individual board member, John M. Carmody, at his home and at his office, trying to induce him to give the R. C. A. a "break" such had been denied other companies? And does he deny that he publicly advised R. C. A. to defy the NLRB when the "break" he sought was not forthcoming and that the company followed and still follows his advice?

Of course he doesn't deny these things for they are all matters of public record. The General says I distort that record, but he takes great care not to present a bill of particulars. I challenge him to do so, knowing full well that he cannot, for the record is clear beyond possibility of distortion.

What the General does, instead, is to present a sort of character testimony in his defense. First, he calls me "a personal enemy." I don't mind being so regarded by the General, but for the record I should like to say that I have always been fond of the General as a person—his is a magnetic and likable old carcass—but I have never been able to respect his intellect. He is the most unstable and undependable figure to occupy an important role in American public life in recent years.

Secondly, the General calls upon John L. Lewis to testify in his behalf. Frankly, I do not believe what he says of Lewis's willingness to defend him before the La Follette committee and will not believe it until I hear it from Lewis himself. As Lewis is far from Washington at the moment and engaged in much more important affairs than this matter, I cannot satisfy myself on this point at present.

There is only one other point in the General's letter that deserves notice. He denies—by indirection—that he bespoke for himself the role of *amicus curiae* when he stepped up to argue before the NLRB. As my piece noted, the fact is not recorded in the record but members of the board recall the episode clearly.

It is Johnson's word against theirs, and I'll take theirs, especially since the transcript does record his arguing that he was called into the case by "both sides" and as an "impartial arbiter." It is perhaps needless to add that impartial arbiters draw their pay, if any at all, from both sides.

PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 31

Puerto Rico Harvest

Dear Sirs: I was amazed to read in *The Nation* the following declaration: "It is significant that the strength of popular feeling against the United States should have increased rather than diminished under the supposed beneficence of New Deal administration." This statement was made in connection with the deplorable slaughter in Ponce, Puerto Rico, when eighteen persons were wounded, ten of them fatally.

One would infer from such a statement that the people of Puerto Rico are ungrateful to the United States government for the benefits received under the New Deal; in reality, nothing could be farther from the truth. The great majority of the people of Puerto Rico have been extremely grateful and loyal to the New Deal. Occurrences like the Ponce incident happened in the years before the New Deal, the difference being that the police used to be blissfully blind and deaf to the Nationalists' threats against others.

The people of Puerto Rico are now harvesting a crop from seeds of violent propaganda which have been permitted to germinate and spread over a period of at least ten years.

SANTIAGO IGLESIAS

Washington, March 29

Malraux Was Worth It

Dear Sirs: I have just renewed my subscription to *The Nation* for one year. Now, five dollars means much to a teacher—even to a teacher in the sit-down region of Michigan. I have also just finished reading *Forging Man's Fate* in Spain, by André Malraux, in your issue of March 20. I consider that I have already had my money's worth. The story was splendid.

HENRY F. BETZING

Dearborn, Mich., April 2

The Jefferson Memorial

Dear Sirs: I want to register an emphatic protest against the construction of the proposed Jefferson Memorial in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., for the following reasons:

1. The building is completely inappropriate in that (a) it is an "adaptation" of a second-rate imperial Roman building—the so-called Pantheon; (b) it in no way reflects the character, life, or accomplishment of Jefferson, who abhorred everything imperial and whose University of Virginia is one of the most beautiful and deeply felt creations in the country; (c) it will make America ridiculous in the eyes of other nations, where architecture is a serious contemporary art, not an exercise in archaeology; (d) it will mar the beauty of the Tidal Basin and its cherry trees.

2. The basis for the selection of the architect is unknown. The building was awarded without competition, an incredible and high-handed procedure for a public monument of such importance.

3. The building will be a useless structure and, if published reports of foundation conditions are true, will cost for foundations alone almost as much as the present appropriation of \$3,000,000. A memorial to Jefferson should be something for use and enjoyment by the people; it should be democratic architecture of today, not imperial pomp.

Why not substitute a planetarium?

JOSIAH P. MARVEL

HENRY S. CHURCHILL

New York, April 3

[Similar protests against the Jefferson Memorial have been made by the Designers of Shelter in America, the American Sculptors' Society, and the staff of the School of Architecture of Columbia University.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Tune in on Madrid

Dear Sirs: The following data on a series of broadcasts in English from the new Madrid station (EAQ No. 2—31.65 meters) were obtained from an-

nouncements made during their transmission this evening. As the station can be heard with exceptional clarity you may wish to pass this information along to your readers.

A group of English-speaking correspondents now in Madrid will be heard Tuesdays and Fridays at 9 p. m., eastern standard time, and Mondays at 8 p. m., reporting their experiences and events of interest in the Spanish War.

New York, March 29 J. MAGUIRE

Help Southern Labor!

Dear Sirs: American liberals may well be proud of their aid to the cause of the people of Spain, which is of course the cause of anti-fascists everywhere. However, fascist tendencies in our own South remain undefeated, and we must carry on the fight for democracy there.

Recent news from Washington indicates that party politics will prevent any attempt by Congress at solving the problems of the South. Even the woefully inadequate Tenant Farmer and Share-Cropper bill was thrown out of committee as "socialistic."

The only hope for an improvement of conditions which Secretary Wallace describes as worse than those which exist "among any peasantry of Europe" is in Southern labor and liberal forces. Two schools, Highlander Folk School at Monteagle, Tennessee, and Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas, have been fighting heroically against the intolerable Southern conditions. Faculties of both schools work without compensation. In addition to their resident work at the colleges, the faculties also conduct extension work in labor centers of the South. Both teachers and students help organize strikes when needed and serve on the picket lines, thus combining front-line experience with study.

These two schools form centers of liberalizing thought in this most difficult section of our country. We believe readers of *The Nation* will realize this and will help to make it possible for

them to carry on. The address of the Committee for Southern Resident Labor Colleges is 18 East Forty-eighth Street, New York.

IRENE THOMAS

New York, April 5 Executive Secretary

CONTRIBUTORS

THOMAS MANN is now in New York and will deliver a series of lectures at the New School. A letter clarifying his attitude toward the Hitler regime appeared in *The Nation* for March 6.

RUTH BRINDZE has just published a new book, "Not to Be Broadcast. The Truth About the Radio."

MILTON S. MAYER is a free-lance journalist. Another of his articles, Chicago Goes Broke, appeared in our issue of February 13.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is the author of "There Ought to Be a Law" and is at present working on a new book tracing the history of the law for the layman.

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH was in charge of preparing the material for the Senate Munitions Investigating Committee and acted as counsel for the committee during the hearings.

ROBERT S. LYND is coauthor with Helen Merrell Lynd of "Middletown in Transition."

WILLIAM TROY, formerly film critic for *The Nation*, is now a member of the English Department of Bennington College.

GEOFFREY BRUUN is on the faculty of New York University.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

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PREMIER HEPBURN OF ONTARIO HAS TANGLED with a whole series of windmills since we last went to press. He fired two of his Cabinet ministers when they refused to stand firm in defense of General Motors of Canada; he quarreled with the Ottawa government when the Minister of Justice refused to send additional troops to Oshawa; and he rebuked Ian Mackenzie, Dominion Minister of National Defense, when that official denied that he had promised Mr. Hepburn the full support of the federal government in the strike situation. He prepared to fight another windmill when he swore in 200 special police in the name of a Communist "menace." His refusal to deal with a "foreign" representative of the U. A. W. reached a ridiculous climax when he broke up a conference with local union representatives because they conferred by telephone with Homer Martin. At the moment the Premier, with the eager support of Canadian employers (including J. S. Bache of New York!), is crusading for laws to license international unions and keep out the C. I. O. The Oshawa strikers, however, are standing firm for recognition of the U. A. W.

★

MEANWHILE THE TALK OF A SYMPATHETIC strike in the United States has wisely been scotched by Homer Martin, though the U. A. W. has assured the Oshawa strikers of financial support. The sources of this talk and the persistence with which it was being promoted aroused suspicion that it was not entirely union made. The Federated Press pointed out, for instance, that Mayor Hall of Oshawa is not the friend of labor he pretends to be—he is a member of the Conservative Party and maneuvering for political position. His "ultimatum" of April 14, in which he said that unless Homer Martin called the strike in all General Motors plants in the United States by the following Monday he, the Mayor, would call a mass-meeting of strikers and advise them to drop their demand for recognition, looked like a strike-breaking move, and his hysterical and unsuccessful attempt to sell a settlement to the strikers that did not include union recognition confirmed the suspicion. Certainly a strike in the United States at this juncture would do the union more harm both here and in Canada than Mr. Hepburn's blustering. It is a tribute to the responsibility of the C. I. O. and the U. A. W. that the leaders of both have kept their heads in the face of intense provocation.

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THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES HAS PASSED, in 1937, a law to end the lynching of Negroes by making peace officers responsible for the safe conduct of their prisoners into a duly constituted court of justice. The law also permits an injured person to institute suit against the guilty peace officer for personal damages. The safeguards provided are of the most elementary sort; yet the storm of sectional debate that preceded its passage was a civil war in miniature. The solid South, with the honorable exception of Maury Maverick, fought as one man against the invasion of the "states' rights" to "take care" of their colored citizens in their own way. "The color line in the South is a permanent institution," said Cox of Georgia, who charged that the measure would "mongrelize the white race." "When you talk about equality for niggers in theaters and restaurants," shouted Ford of Mississippi, "every man with a wife and daughter will arm himself to the teeth . . ." More enlightened members insisted that the South was working out its problem and pointed to the decrease in murder by mobs. The bill was passed on April 15 by a vote of 277 to 119—and the final argument was a particularly brutal lynching of two Negroes at Duck Hill, Mississippi, two days before. It now goes to the Senate. The passage of the Gavagan bill is a hopeful event. But the very simplicity of its provisions and the passions it roused throw a lurid light on the long road the Negro must yet travel before he reaches genuine social and economic emancipation in the republic that set him "free" three-quarters of a century ago.

★

OPPOSITION TO BLUM'S NON-INTERVENTION policies flared up at the meeting of the National Council of the Socialist Party of France last week-end and threatened to disrupt the party. It has been evident for many months that Blum's policy toward Spain is highly unpopular with the rank and file of the party membership, particularly in working-class districts. The same groups have shown increasing impatience with the government's slow progress in carrying out its social program. The issues at stake are those which are bound to arise in any effort at collaboration between revolutionary and reformist parties. Although Blum has shown great skill in handling domestic policies, the average worker finds himself little better off than a year ago. The gains won by the sitdown strikes of last June have largely been offset by the increased cost of living resulting from the devaluation of the franc. Yet the Radical Socialists have made it clear that they will not support any further concessions to labor at this time. Only in his suppression of the armed fascist bands has Blum received full support from the Popular Front parties. Since he is unable to offer tangible concessions in domestic policy, Blum's best chance of saving his government and the unity of his party would seem to be action in the international field. A vigilant policy to compel the fascist powers to conform to the non-intervention pact would go far toward restoring France's prestige and at the same time save the French democracy from internal corrosion.

THE CHECKING OF THE REBEL DRIVE ON Bilbao and Italy's sudden capitulation on the non-intervention agreement have aroused hope that the end of the Spanish conflict is not so far off as appeared a few months ago. For the first time since the outbreak of the war the government is carrying out a series of offensives on widely scattered fronts. At Madrid a large rebel detachment has been isolated in the University City sector; the offensive which was launched late last week against the rebel salient at Teruel appears to be completely successful; and further progress has been made in the vicinity of Cordoba. Perhaps the most hopeful sign that all is not going well with the rebel cause has been the appearance of seemingly inspired reports of a possible armistice. It is significant that no such rumors arose as long as the rebels seemed to have a chance of winning. The duration of the conflict would now seem to depend on the faithfulness with which the non-intervention pact is carried through. Unfortunately, great loopholes exist in the arrangements for enforcement. No measures have been taken to prevent direct transportation into Spain by air; many of the British observers on the Portuguese border are men whose sympathies are, to say the least, dubious; and the Valencia government is justifiably skeptical of the part German and Italian warships will play. A few more victories for the Loyalists, however, should discourage still further any ambitions Mussolini may have in the Iberian Peninsula.

★

GÖTTINGEN UNIVERSITY WILL BE THE SCENE this summer, as Heidelberg was last year, of a grotesque spectacle in which the misshapen *Kultur* of the Third Reich will appear disguised in the flowing gown of the higher learning in honor of the university's two-hundredth anniversary. Seven American universities have already consented to be accessories to this fraud; eleven others will send representatives if possible. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are still considering invitations. Meanwhile official apologists are doing their best to make it easier for the world's universities to condone the intellectual pogrom that has been in operation now for four years, but their statistics contradict them. The Göttingen rectorate "asserts categorically" that no member of the university's faculty has been dismissed or forced to resign because of his political opinions; yet by some strange coincidence forty-five out of ninety full professors have left since 1932—a record which almost matches that of Heidelberg; thirteen of the forty-five were Jewish professors cut down by the "racial ruling"—which of course had nothing to do with politics! It is further stated that these "non-politicals" are receiving pensions *unless exchange laws interfere.* We are glad to see that Cambridge University, at least, has maintained its academic and moral standing by curtly refusing to be a party to the Göttingen farce; eleven American colleges have also refused. Perhaps they will join us in the commemoration on the appointed day of another incident in the history of Göttingen which occurred just a hundred years ago. In 1837 seven professors were expelled from

April 24, 1937

Göttingen for protesting against the revocation of the liberal constitution of 1833. These events, says the Encyclopedia Britannica, "reduced the prosperity of the university." History repeats itself.

★

THE NAMING OF PAI CHUNG-HSI AS CHINA'S new War Minister seems to indicate a final victory for the Chinese "popular-front" groups in conflict with the pro-Japanese elements in the Nanking government. Less than a year ago Pai Chung-hsi, one of the leaders of the old left wing of the Kuomintang, came out in open armed revolt against Chiang Kai-shek because of the latter's weakness in the face of Japanese aggression. While the struggle apparently ended in a stalemate, Pai and his associate, Li Tsung-jen, emerged with heightened prestige as the men best fitted to lead the growing anti-Japanese movement. On the proposed new Supreme War Council Pai will have the support of Marshal Feng Yuxiang to balance the pro-Japanese sympathies of the retiring War Minister, General Ho Ying-ching, another member of the council. Chiang Kai-shek, as commander-in-chief of the army, will be chairman, but the bitterness with which the pro-Japanese clique has fought Chiang since his release from Sian precludes the possibility that he will side with General Ho. Meanwhile in Japan the repudiation of the Hayashi government by the Kokumin Domei, one of the few political groups which had supported it, foreshadows a decisive victory for the civilian parties in the coming election which may lead to an even more moderate policy toward China. Barring some wholly unexpected development, the prospects for peace in the East are greater than at any time since 1931.

★

THE ISSUES BEHIND THE DISMISSAL FROM Harvard of the two economics instructors, J. Raymond Walsh and Alan R. Sweezy, are profound, and the agitation shows no signs of subsiding. On the contrary, criticism of the university is developing in new quarters every day. We have an idea that the authorities, who from the start have shown signs of a protesting conscience, must feel increasingly uneasy behind their smooth barricade of technical justification. The Teachers' Union has issued a long statement reviewing the case, pointing out the irresponsible and disingenuous acts of the administration, and asking President Conant for a retraction and an apology. The union has also adopted unanimously a proposal made by Professor Henry Hart of the Law School calling for an investigation of the whole affair by a group of senior professors. The proposal carries the signatures of almost a hundred faculty members outside the union. It carries no hint of coercion but rather promises a serious analysis of the problems of administration and the educational policy underlying an apparent unimportant incident. President Conant would demonstrate genuine statesmanship if he were to pull down the barricades, admit the gravity of the issues involved, and encourage the formation of this special professorial grand jury.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S ATTACK ON THE BILL passed by the New York Assembly to end the third degree may have endeared him to the police; it was a blow to those who feel that confessions forced by torture do not serve the ends of justice. The crucial provision in the bill is that a prisoner shall be taken before a magistrate immediately, and if this is not possible, that he shall be held for the next court session not by the police department but by some other detention agency. The purpose is not to deprive the police of the opportunity to question a prisoner between the time of his arrest and his arraignment—when the third degree is brought into play—but to make that questioning subject to the safeguards consonant with the principle that a man is to be held innocent until he is proved guilty. Other provisions require that records be kept of the beginning and end of all questioning periods and that questionings take place in the presence of a duly authorized official of the agency of detention. The bill has been strongly opposed by police departments on the ground that the third degree does not exist. The Wickersham report alone disposes of that contention, and there is no other valid argument against it; it has been indorsed by the New York City Bar Association as well as by the American Civil Liberties Union and many welfare agencies. Mayor LaGuardia's outburst, along with the statewide opposition of police departments, will go far toward killing the bill in the Senate, but well-placed protests may yet save it.

Judges Are Human

HISTORY has a way of weeding out the essential from the familiar. When future historians try to sum up the results of the 1937 controversy over the Supreme Court, they will pass by the arguments and slogans that have been staled by repetition—the talk either of packing or of unpacking the court, the charges of dictatorship leveled against the President or the judges. And they will find the most lasting result in the mind of the ordinary citizen is his increasing awareness, as a result of the Great Debate of 1937, that judges are after all human.

In that sense, whether the vote in the Senate on the reorganization proposal goes for or against Mr. Roosevelt, he has already won. There was a vast area in which the American people were politically untaught—the area of the judicial power; just as there was a vast area—that of federal regulation and labor bargaining—in which they were economically untaught. It has been Mr. Roosevelt's historic fate to serve, more or less consciously, as the instrument for these tasks of national education. Under him the New Deal has accustomed us to regard federal action as a necessary part of the modern economy. Under him Lewis and the C. I. O. have accustomed us to accept the trade union as part of the industrial scheme of things. Under him the judges of the Supreme Court have accustomed us to regard them as interested in social policy and capable of changing their minds.

The Wagner decisions are historic because they gather up the threads of all three trends. They open the door to federal regulation within the commerce clause; they are a response to the immense strength of labor organization, and place legal sanction upon it for the future; and they complete our education on how the judicial power works. They have shown us that in America the real political sovereignty resides in the odd man on the Supreme Court—today in Justice Roberts. But they have shown us also that the odd man on the court cannot remain an isolated globule of individual desires and convictions but must respond finally to the desires and convictions of the people and the facts of the national life. For what we have thus learned we have had to sweat mightily, but a democracy can in the long run proceed only by education.

We have learned other things in the past few months, among them the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is not the strategist we thought he was. Like judges, Presidents also are human, and we needed this reminder that even the smartest President can err. Mr. Roosevelt's strength lies in dramatic surprise; but he underrates his capacity to carry through reforms more slowly by preparing the public mind for them. The area of the judicial power was **not** the right area in which to use the technique of **surprise**. The myths of judicial independence and judicial divinity were still too deeply imbedded in the American mind—even in the minds of Congressmen—to permit a prompt success to follow a swift move. Overnight swiftness was indispensable in the bank crisis of 1933: it was a blunder in the constitutional crisis of 1937. Only now, after months of discussion, is the country beginning to understand the inwardness of Mr. Roosevelt's desire for judicial reform. The President should have laid the ground first by speeches, public hearings, consultations with the key men.

The mistake was a tactical one, and should not prejudice us on the proposal itself, which has merits and defects of its own. But it was a mistake that seemed to lend credence to the charges that Mr. Roosevelt was seeking to grasp dictatorial power by "packing" the court. We have never had the slightest belief in these charges. But the argument, less crudely stated, that a whittling away of the judicial power may lead toward dictatorship is one that must be seriously faced.

The Wagner decisions themselves have sharpened the issue. The Labor Relations Act, from the standpoint of progressives, is the most important single piece of legislation of the whole New Deal. It had been so bitterly fought and sabotaged by big enterprise that it was almost a dead letter. Yet when five out of nine justices of the court placed their imprimatur upon it, big enterprise accepted it. Thus we have the Supreme Court acting as a stabilizing force in our national life—as a way of giving finality to the settlement of social conflict. On the other hand—so the argument would run—if you once create a precedent for packing the court, you undermine the belief in the judges and thus undermine the finality of any settlement. The result is to open the road through social conflict and reactionary repression to dictatorship.

The argument bears thinking through. But we do not

find it finally persuasive. It turns on the belief that any break in the formal fabric of legality leads to dictatorship. But what brought dictatorship in Germany was the paralysis of the Reichstag and the resulting disbelief in party action and pressure for government by decree. What is likely to lead to dictatorship in any capitalist democracy is a similar paralysis of parliamentary institutions, and their consequent inability to deal with the crises of a capitalism in decline.

It is in this basic belief that we have from the beginning wanted a constitutional amendment to break the deadlock in our democratic system. It is in this basic belief also that we support the President's proposal to get new blood into the court and make it more responsive to the popular will and to popular needs. We deplore the way in which the proposal was made. We regret that the President did not advance his plan as part of a larger program of constitutional change. We regret that he does not now see fit to support actively the movement for a constitutional amendment. We urge him to strike an agreement with the Congressional leaders which will, by adding several new justices, insure a liberal court majority and yet allow the opposition to feel that reasonable concessions have been made. Obviously it would be catastrophic for him to abandon the essence of his proposal: it would be construed immediately as a vindication of the judicial power and as proof that the American people want no tampering with court or Constitution, whatever the stakes. And if that happened, whatever chance we have at present to put through an amendment would be lost.

But the President can now afford to reach a compromise agreement, and move on to other governmental business. For the real victory has been won. The people have been educated to the idea that the judicial power is no more sacred in our governmental scheme than any other power. And they have learned from the decisions themselves that judges are human.

The Budget Deficit

OWING to an unexpected shrinkage in federal revenues, it now appears that the deficit for the present fiscal year will be more than \$3,000,000,000 instead of the \$2,652,000,000 predicted in the President's budget message of last January. While this is considerably better than the \$4,763,000,000 deficit incurred last year or the \$3,500,000,000 deficit of 1934-35, it is serious enough to cause concern. What is more serious is the fact that the estimates for the 1938 fiscal year are likely to be equally inaccurate. Although part of the shortage in revenues appears to be due to the postponement of income, social-security, and "windfall" tax payments, the larger part of the gap is to be accounted for by an over-optimistic estimate of the effects of recovery on federal revenues. It is not to be supposed that there has been an actual falling off in federal income. On the contrary, the total receipts by the federal govern-

ment from all sources during the first nine and a half months were more than \$700,000,000, or 22 per cent above those for the corresponding period of last year. Income taxes alone rose nearly \$500,000,000, or 50 per cent, in this period, though they were still some \$100,000,000 less than had been anticipated. But the expenditures of the regular government departments are running nearly \$600,000,000 higher than last year, and the outlay for emergency purposes is only \$350,000,000 less.

During the past six years *The Nation* has refused to join the cohorts who were prophesying an early doom for the American government because it was running a deficit of from two to five billion dollars a year. We have repeatedly pointed out that in proportion to its income and real wealth, the United States government was less burdened by debt than any other great power. The danger of financial collapse is certainly no worse today than it was seven years ago, when the federal debt had been reduced to \$16,000,000,000. Doubtless the government could go on for another six years piling up deficits without placing an intolerable burden on future generations. On the other hand, it should be evident that if the government is ever to put its finances on a sound basis it must do so during periods of transitory prosperity. If the budget cannot be balanced in 1937-38, there is good reason to doubt whether it can ever be balanced. The urgency is the greater because an unbalanced budget in a period of rapidly rising prices is the surest path to an uncontrolled inflation. Since taxes are always collected on the previous year's income, an inflation could only be headed off by a fundamental change in our tax structure.

While no one questions the desirability of balancing the budget and, if possible, reducing the national indebtedness at this time, there is the widest divergence of opinion regarding the method. Most newspapers and not a few Administration leaders in Congress are urging greater economies. The President has indicated that he will propose a cut of \$250,000,000 in expenditures as compared with his previous budget message. While the full details of his message have not yet been disclosed, it is reported that \$150,000,000 of this amount will be slashed from the appropriations for the regular governmental departments, and \$100,000,000 will be cut from the proposed outlay for relief. What departments will bear the brunt of the \$150,000,000 slash we do not know. But we strongly suspect that it will not be the departments that are guilty of the most flagrant waste. The greatest rise in expenditures, for example, has been in the field of "national defense," where the budget entry has risen from \$535,000,000 in 1933-34 to an estimated \$980,000,000 for the coming fiscal year. Presumably all of this vast increase could be eliminated without injury to the legitimate defenses of the United States; but this is not what is usually regarded as economy. "Economy," as defined by common usage, means the elimination of aid for the unemployed and the drought-scourged farmers. That there are almost as many families in need of aid today as in the depths of the depression is regarded as irrelevant. The relief figures are the one item

in the budget which is capable of compression without an outcry from highly organized and politically powerful minorities. If it cannot save here, the Administration will have to turn its attention to the unpopular task of raising taxes.

With a knowledge that some rise in taxes is almost inevitable, conservative elements have started their usual campaign for a reduction in the exemption from income taxes and an increase in the tax on the lower brackets. In justification of this proposal it is urged that everyone should be made conscious of the obligation of tax-paying. Were this reduction in the exemption accompanied by the repeal of all sales taxes and chain-store taxes, as proposed by the Twentieth Century Fund, the effect would be salutary. But the chances of such action are unfortunately very slight. The sales taxes have been imposed by city and state governments and would not be repealed in the event of a change in the exemption in the federal income levy. Nor is it necessary to descend to families with incomes of less than \$2,500 in order to find sufficient revenue to balance the budget. In 1929 no less than one-half of the national income went to the 13 per cent of the population receiving more than \$4,000 a year. Despite increases in recent years, income taxes paid by our millions of families enjoying over \$3,000 a year do not yet approach those levied on Britishers of the same income. It may ultimately be desirable to extend the principle of progressive taxation to the lower brackets, but let us first make sure that the well-to-do are bearing their full share of the nation's fiscal burden.

World View of Textiles

THE international textile conference in Washington was a considerable success for the very reason that its aims were modest. It was not called for the purpose of concluding international agreements to reduce the work week to forty hours or to level tariff barriers. The conference was rather a preliminary exchange of views on the various factors, economic and social, which affect the application of major labor reforms in the world textile industry.

Not until this summer will it be possible to judge the concrete results of the discussions. At that time the annual conference at Geneva of the International Labor Organization will consider the proposed draft convention on the forty-hour work week in the industry, and the ensuing decisions will determine how far, if at all, the preliminary exchange of views just ended has been effective in improving conditions of labor for the world's 14,000,000 textile workers.

Within the narrow limits of its terms of reference, the proceedings of the textile conference were impressive. Above the roar of oratory, the voice of reason made itself heard more often than might have been expected at a meeting in which national economic rivalries played so large a part. True, the conference came to no final agreement on its principal preoccupation, the forty-hour week; but the debates made it clear that the fight for this

Al Smith, Red-Baiter

reform has a better chance than most observers supposed of reaching a successful issue at Geneva in June. With the United States and France taking the lead, a surprisingly large bloc of delegates supported the measure. Even the Japanese hinted that they were ready to consider shortening the textile work week if it could be accomplished without wiping out entirely the present differential in working hours between Eastern and Western countries. Substantial support for the forty-hour week proposal came even from the side of the employers, particularly the French and the American. Of course, support of this kind is not altogether disinterested; there is no national group of mill-owners which would not welcome a heightening of its competitors' labor costs. But the solid wall of employer resistance is perceptibly crumbling.

Other significant results emerged. From a variety of sources came strong hints that the time was ripe to consider bartering lower trade barriers for a universal leveling up of labor standards. This argument was put positively and forcefully by the United States spokesmen. The French delegates urged that stiff tariff sanctions be applied specifically against the textile goods of countries with excessively low labor standards. The Japanese, against whom the American feint and the French thrust were obviously directed, expressed their readiness to consider higher wages and shorter hours in return for lower tariff rates. Unfortunately no position was taken by Great Britain; and India gave a negative response.

The conference issued resounding pronouncements in favor of collective bargaining and minimum-wage machinery. Even the owners of Southern mill villages joined the general chorus of approval for collective bargaining. Skeptics will remain unconvinced that the owners of textile plants in the Piedmont industrial crescent have undergone a true change of heart. But these are new and strange times; the Supreme Court has recognized that the economic system not only exists but also changes, and America's textile workers are being prepared by the C. I. O. to win the same victories as have been won by their fellows in steel and automobiles.

Equally important was the emphasis given to the abysmally low levels of textile consumption in all countries. The textile industry, like most others, has been rife with cure-all schemes for curtailing production. The occasions have been few when attention has been directed to the blunt fact that the laboring masses of the world are not only underfed but underclothed. To stage a full-dress repetition of this fundamental truth was alone worth the trouble and expense of the conference. It was also useful that the spokesmen for China had a chance to demonstrate to the world the iniquities of the extra-territorial system which permits foreign mills in the concessions to avoid factory-law regulation.

In sum, the textile conference was notable mainly for the attitudes it brought to light and the problems it posed. International gatherings of this kind can do little or nothing to transform attitudes into directed action. To persuade governments to adopt and enforce appropriate measures is a task for the organized workers, farmers, and consumers in all countries.

"LET us look," said Al Smith, "at the record." Time was when that familiar and provocative phrase was the prelude to a keen, colloquial dissection of the claims of the "interests" against the welfare of the "people." But the "people" have become more radical and a little bad-tempered; and Al Smith has moved to the top of the Empire State Building, eighty-six stories above the noisy street. Last week his famous phrase rang out again, at the Hippodrome in New York, but the house was only two-thirds full and the phrase introduced a summons to a red hunt and served to advertise the political ambitions of a Republican martinet from Queens, George U. Harvey. Al Smith spoke from a platform banked high with reaction. Matthew Woll, formerly of the Civic Federation, was there to represent the worst in American organized labor; Father Edward Lodge Curran, founder of the two red-baiting organizations which sponsored the meeting, spoke in secular accents of "giving it" to the Communists, and cited Spain as an example. Raoul Desvernines, representing the American Liberty League, sat at Al's side.

Among them the speakers at the Hippodrome spectacle whipped up the audience to a "wildly cheering" frenzy of intolerance, in the name of religion and liberty, that reached a climax in the ravings of Mr. Harvey, vest-pocket dictator of Queens, who wants to be Mayor of Greater New York.

The New York police [he said] are the finest body of men in the world, but the poorest directed body of men in the world. I'd like to have charge of them for about two weeks and I'd guarantee to you that there wouldn't be a single Communist left in New York. I wouldn't need any fancy orders. I'd just say, "Boys, get about three feet of rubber hose, and don't bring any of them back to the station house."

We hardly regret Mr. Harvey's exhibition. Our disapproval of public executions melts before the spectacle of a cheap politician hanging himself; and unless we are a poor judge of timing, Mr. Harvey has done just that. His red-baiting, falling, so to speak, between two depressions, should put him out of the running before the real fight starts.

But for old times' sake we wish Al Smith would stay in his steel mooring mast and lick his wounds in private. He is doomed to function publicly only as the tool of reaction. And since he has forfeited his popular appeal, his usefulness, even as a tool, will become more and more limited. Two years ago, at the bidding of the church, he was waging a mighty battle against nudism. At the bidding of the Liberty League he took the stump for Alf Landon; but that was probably his last big assignment for the simple reason that he helped to roll up a colossal Republican defeat. With his most recent appearance, as a crusader for Harveyism and the religious bigotry he once sincerely despised, he fell to a new low. If he has any regard for his own record, Al Smith will close the books now.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Scandal in the Air

Washington, April 18

IT looked a few days ago as if we were going to have that badly needed thing, a Congressional investigation of the radio industry. But now it seems that the Roosevelt Administration is out to head it off because it will be impossible to investigate the radio industry without investigating the Federal Communications Commission, which is supposed to regulate it, and the Administration does not want the smells emanating from that New Deal agency traced to their source. As a result, Representative Connery's investigation resolution still lies dormant in the House Rules Committee.

Congress owes both itself and the public an investigation such as Connery proposes. It owes it to itself because of the FCC's complete and insolent disregard of its instructions from Congress as written into the law governing its operations with respect to broadcasting. It owes it to the public because such an investigation will show that the FCC has steadily and lawlessly been frittering away the public's "last great resource," as that remarkable person, Commissioner George Henry Payne, has dubbed the air. It owes it to the public especially because, as another commissioner, Irvin Stewart, recently said, "the person who has the largest stake in American broadcasting is the listener. . . . In theory, broadcasting is for the benefit of the listener. It should be, for its heart is an uncompensated use of public property, and the listener is the man who foots the bill for broadcasting when he pays the cost of governmental regulation and when he buys the advertised product."

The rumors about the FCC which swirl about Washington these days are so numerous and so libelous that I shall not attempt to deal with them here beyond noting that if even half of them are true, the commission, which the Roosevelt Administration brought into being, is one of the most corrupt federal agencies in history. What follows here will be confined to matters of public record, to Senator White's recent and persuasive indictment of the FCC in the Senate, and to two recent speeches by Commissioners Stewart and Payne. Payne and Stewart, incidentally, are not members of the commission's broadcast division. Its chairman is Eugene O. Sykes, a holdover from the old Radio Commission and a protege of Mississippi's Senator Harrison. Its other members are the FCC chairman, Anning S. Prall, a former Congressman who at least poses as a protege of Senator Wagner, and Norman S. Case, former Governor of Rhode Island, the division's Republican member. Case, Payne, Stewart, and Paul A. Walker comprise what is regarded as the progressive wing of the seven-man commission, but only

Payne to date has shown a determination to fight for the public interest. Unfortunately for the public, the most vigorous fighting has taken the form of squabbles between Sykes and Prall over what looks very much like the spoils. This squabbling has gone to such lengths that some months ago Prall reported to the FCC that he had heard Sykes was to receive a \$25,000 bribe for handling a license application for a Schenectady outfit. When the Department of Justice investigated and the G-men reported that no evidence had been found, Prall did his best to keep their report off the record. Payne has called attention to the disgraceful antics of the lobby that operates around the FCC, and the *Congressional Record* is dotted with references to reports that to do business with the broadcast division one must first pay tribute to any one of three political law firms here. Senator White has charged that the division violates its own rules and standards, and there are on record innumerable cases of favoritism shown certain license applicants.

The basic case against the broadcast division is much less stealthy and more simple than the matters just mentioned. It hinges chiefly upon the fact that the division has completely disregarded the fundamental principle of the act under which it operates. First enacted in 1927 and reenacted in 1934 when the FCC was set up and the old Federal Radio Commission abolished, that measure provides as its fundamental tenet that the ether belongs to the public and that the radio industry shall not be allowed to acquire or develop a vested interest in the air which may in time take this "last great resource" away from the public or interfere with its recapture and public development. Referring to radio frequencies, it directs the commission to "provide for the use of such channels but not the ownership thereof," and to that end the law stipulates that a broadcasting license is a privilege which the commission is under no compulsion to grant, that licenses shall be granted only for limited periods, and that before receiving a license an applicant must waive in writing any claim to use of the frequency or ether because of previous use. Furthermore, it specifically directs the commission to guard against the development of a radio monopoly or monopolies and empowers it to regulate broadcasting chains. In addition, the commission is charged with seeing that broadcasting licenses are distributed on the basis of "public convenience or interest or public necessity."

Far from obeying its orders, the commission has set itself up as the guardian angel and aid of those who are exploiting the last great resource in much the same fashion that our water, timber, land, oil, and mineral resources have been exploited and despoiled. It has functioned chiefly to smooth out competition in the industry.

Without the FCC policing of the air waves to keep the various stations from raiding each other's territories and frequencies, the industry would be in chaos, but for this policing, which costs the taxpayers \$1,500,000 a year, the industry pays nothing. Nor does it pay for broadcasting licenses, of which there are 696 outstanding covering the ninety channels or frequencies available to broadcasters. That virtually all the clear channels have been allotted to the chains and that they own or control 249 of the licensed stations only begins to tell the story of the monopolistic picture the FCC has allowed to develop. It is better told by the fact that out of a total of 2,500,000 watts in licensed broadcasting power, only 60,000 watts belong to independent stations. The monopoly trend does not stop there. Only recently certain members of the FCC moved to take away from the navy two out of five short-wave frequencies allotted this government by international agreement and turn them over to Columbia for private exploitation, just as the naval oil reserves were turned over to Fall, Doheny, and the rest in the Teapot Dome case; a cry of "Teapot Dome again" within the commission itself broke up the play for the time being.

If the monopoly trend which the FCC is permitting, if not fostering, is not soon abated, the public will inevitably be faced with as hard a fight to recapture its stake in the air as it has been having to recapture its stake in the nation's power resources. Historians have noted that the government could have bought the basic patents of the telegraph industry for \$100,000 at the outset and that, when Congress twenty-five years later awoke to their desirability, the price had jumped to \$50,000,000. The radio industry in its brief existence has gone way beyond that. Although it represents an investment of only \$40,000,000 at the outside, its 1936 gross was \$107,550,000 and is expected to reach \$135,000,000 this year. The significance of these startling profit in-

dicators will be brought home with devastating force when, as must happen, Congress declares the radio industry a public utility and subjects its rates to regulation.

The most incredible aspect of the FCC's performance to date has yet to be mentioned. It involves the trafficking in licenses and station leases which the commission has allowed to develop until it is now little more than a brokerage house or a trading post for the traffickers. As a step toward carrying out the Congressional mandate that a license to use a frequency is merely a license for use and not a symbol of ownership, the commission has established the practice of granting licenses for only six months at a time. A new application must be made by the licensee every half-year. That, however, has not stopped the industry from treating these licenses as long-term, negotiable contracts for exclusive use and ownership of frequencies. Licensed stations are being bought and sold for ten and twenty times the value of their physical assets, which would be only so much junk without a frequency on which to employ them. Columbia last year, for example, paid \$1,250,000 for a California station, and by any system of reckoning at least \$1,000,000 out of that price was for the frequency on which the station had a license. Similarly, under a new practice, stations are being leased for periods ranging from one to fifteen years at annual rentals nearly equal to the cost of the station itself. Worse still, stock-jobbing is going on; station securities are being sold to the public at prices which recover for the promoters their full investment in the station and still leave them in control of it, and the asset which the investors get for their money is an interest in a license which is good for only six months and, so Congress has ruled, can never be construed as representing ownership of anything. All these transfers, leases, and assignments have to be and are approved by the FCC, which doesn't believe Congress meant what it said any more than do the radio barons.

The War for Raw Materials in Spain

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

NO ONE takes seriously the claims of Hitler and Mussolini that they are fighting in Spain only to defeat "communism." Nor can any detached observer believe that the two fascist powers have any real hope of cutting the life lines of British and French imperialisms—the routes to India and French North Africa. The British Admiralty and the French General Staff know how to take care of their life lines. Dispatches in the *New York Times* on March 26 and 27 stating that the Italians had started a big drive in the south to capture rich mining territory in the vicinity of the Almaden mercury mine suggested that the foreign invaders of Spain have other, more concrete aims. Is the Spanish war an extension of the world-wide struggle for

raw materials? Are the two mineral-poor dictators making a little war in Spain to provide themselves with the sinews of a big war?

Spain constitutes a far richer preserve of the basic mineral elements which nourish industry than either Ethiopia or the former German colonies. Iron, the principal staple in munitions making, which both Germany and Italy lack, exists in abundance near Oviedo and in the Basque provinces. The best copper mine in Europe lies in Huelva. Not far from the mercury of Almaden the famous Peñarroya mine produces high-grade lead. Other essential minerals—tin, tungsten, zinc, silver, molybdenum, salt, phosphates, sulphur, pyrites, coal, and graphite—are scattered throughout the peninsula, while

Spanish Morocco across the Straits of Gibraltar contains iron, lead, and manganese. Under the monarchy and republic foreign and domestic interests developed only part of these resources. When the republic faced serious civil strife, it was natural that the two most predatory powers in Europe should look hungrily at the region.

The first move of Italy and Germany came late in 1934, when an Italo-German consortium of business interests was formed to exploit the Spanish mineral wealth. The Federation of Italian Industrialists made up the Italian half of the deal. On the German side the Metallgesellschaft led a group of firms which included I. G. Farbenindustrie, Krupp, Rheinmetall, Kloeene, and Siemens and Halske. They chose as technical adviser M. George Dubnikov, a White Russian engineer, who had worked as a tungsten expert for Metallgesellschaft interests. M. Dubnikov arrived in Spain late in 1934.

The time of his arrival is important. In this year the right parties won the elections and in October suppressed the revolt of the Asturian miners. Lerroux, friend of big business, dominated politics with the cooperation of Gil Robles, fascist aspirant for dictator and friend of German and Italian fascism. The time seemed ripe for Germany and Italy to gain a foothold in Spain. The consortium, according to Charles Reber, writing in *L'Oeuvre*, February 11, 1937, was formed with the avowed object of rendering "Germany and Italy absolutely independent of London, France, and Sweden" for all minerals, especially iron. (M. Reber writes with authority, for he was the first to expose the part which the Alpin Montan Gesellschaft, an iron company, played in the overthrow of the Austrian Socialists and the murder of Dollfuss.)

M. Dubnikov established headquarters in Barcelona and set up a testing laboratory. He made a thorough survey of Spanish territory. Among other matters, he became particularly interested in the lignite deposits in Isabena, Aragon, and sent samples to the Metallgesellschaft. He reported that these deposits amounted to 20,000,000 tons and that the lignite could be distilled on the ground into synthetic motor fuel. As a result of his report a military memorandum went into the dossiers of the consortium stressing the importance of distilling synthetic fuel in Spain so that German submarines and airplanes could be supplied there. Toward the end of his stay in Spain M. Dubnikov appeared to throw most of his allegiance to the Italian wing of the consortium, and it was to Italy that he went when he closed his Barcelona headquarters in April, 1936, just two months after the victory of the Popular Front, which put an end to the power of Lerroux and Gil Robles, and three months before the revolt.

In these critical intervening months the rebellion, as everyone knows, was hatched with the complicity of Germany and Italy. What bargain was made between the Spanish rebels and these two powers remains unknown. But the arrival of both German and Italian planes, followed by the virtual invasion of Spain by troops of both nations, certainly sealed whatever deal existed. M. Dubnikoff's researches simply provided a blueprint.

One section covered by the blueprint, the rich mineral

region of Spanish Morocco, was the first to get into the news. The Germans trod familiar ground here, for before the World War the activities of the German mining firm of Mannesmann in both Spanish and French Morocco resulted in the famous Agadir incident. (Driven out by the war, Mannesmann returned later and, according to a *New York Times* dispatch from Berlin, January 11, 1937, got a mining concession there.) But on August 27, 1936, Franco seized the Riff mines, German concessions and all, and set up a company in Seville called Hisma Limitado, Carranza y Bernhardt, with a monopoly on all raw materials from Moroccan mines. All for España and the Burgos government, of course.

As details of the deal leaked out, the real power behind Hisma became manifest. Curiously enough, Carranza and Bernhardt had long served as special representatives of German mining firms in Spain, and their new creation produced a branch in Berlin called Rowak. All existing contracts were canceled and new ones, it seems, had to be approved by Rowak. The deal contained a clause providing that the transport of minerals should be carried out at the risk of German consignees and that the latter would put German ships at the disposal of Hisma-Rowak *under the protection of German warships*. German payments for these minerals should be made by deducting the sums from the debt which Franco owed Germany (rumored to be approximately 320,000,000 pesetas). There could be no doubt who would get the inside track on the purchase of the ores. *Reynolds' News*, the organ of the British cooperatives, summed up the deal as follows: "In reality, Hisma is a German organization with a Spanish name."

Germany lost little time in obtaining shipments of the 800,000 tons due it under the terms of the contract. The SS. Procida of 2,600 tons, the Garganti of 2,225 tons, the Pasajes of 3,200 tons, the Capri of 2,753 tons, and many more set out for Germany loaded with iron ore. On December 22 Edgar Ansel Mowrer, who reported the deal in the *Chicago Daily News*, cabled, "An entire fleet of ships is engaged in bringing arms to Spain, returning loaded with iron ore for Germany."

As a matter of fact, Germany had no time to lose. The iron-ore situation had become acute. Great Britain, itself in the throes of an armament boom, was now competing for Swedish ore. The French Socialists, in power in France, had long been talking of an embargo on the ores in Lorraine. Spanish iron ore for the past year had been virtually unavailable because Spanish importers could not obtain German import licenses owing to the German currency shortage. Dr. Schacht, who had rationed butter, now began to talk of rationing the material which makes cannon.

The Italians, for reasons not yet clear, became most active on the side of Franco later than the Germans and after German military aid fell off; possibly because the Italian armament program was farther advanced than the German and the need for minerals less urgent. At any rate, the Italians now entered the race for raw materials and in a rather dramatic way beat the Germans to it. The latter, in December, had obtained concessions for iron in

Galicia and for iron near Vigo, and were inspecting vanadium and tungsten deposits in Estramadura. At this juncture some of the surprisingly large Italian detachments which were landed at Cadiz late in December proceeded not to the battle front but to the sites of the tungsten and vanadium deposits far behind the lines. Their apparent object was to prevent German occupation.

In January the Italians, now the most numerous of the foreign forces, started their drive on Malaga, which they captured a month later. Another push up the coast on this front would bring them to Cartagena, where lie some of the best iron, lead, copper, and sulphur mines in Spain. In December the Germans had attempted a drive for the Almaden mercury mine north of Cordoba in Ciudad Real province, but apparently dropped it, possibly for lack of troops. More recently Italian troops resumed the drive. Spain, the largest, and Italy, the next largest producer of mercury in the world, formerly had a cartel which fixed prices and controlled production. (Former Austrian territory, ceded to Italy after the World War, contains a large part of Italy's mercury mines.) The Loyalist government in October broke up the cartel, "for political reasons" as the Italians complained, and is rumored to have given an exclusive sales agency to the British firm, Alexander Pickering and Company. Since the Almaden mine, if fully exploited, could probably dominate the world market, Italy seemingly launched this military drive to take this commanding trade position from the Loyalist government. Meanwhile, Messrs. Pickering may prove to be a valuable friend to Madrid—perhaps the only friend—in the very unsympathetic City.

Elsewhere other battles rage. Rebels and loyalists still fiercely dispute the mining center of Oviedo. Farther to the east the Basque government defends rich iron mines. In Aragon German troops have appeared, oddly enough, not far from those lignite deposits which, as we have seen, might provide fuel for German submarines and airplanes in a World War. Down in Rio de Oro, a Spanish colony in tropical Africa, Loyalists have scored a victory over the rebels. Rio de Oro contains large rubber plantations for which Germany has acquired concessions to meet her serious lack of this vital raw material.

While Germany and Italy quite openly fight for raw materials, international capital takes a stand which can only be construed as cooperation with these powers. In the Riff, for instance, British and French mines receive no payment for their ore which goes to Germany; all payments, as it has been shown, are applied to Franco's armament debt. Yet these companies show a strange diffidence about the matter. Not only have they and their governments filed no protest, but the newspapers in London and Paris which usually voice their opinions have come out quite openly on the side of Franco.

Again the Rio Tinto mines in the province of Huelva, British owned, produce most of the copper in Europe. Renowned for its ruthless labor policy and the scandalous deal with the monarchy by which it obtained the concession for a song, Rio Tinto naturally feared that the Popular Front victory would bring retaliation. Shares dropped following the elections from a high of twenty-

two to thirteen in August. They recovered sharply after the rebels took Huelva in August and lately touched a high of thirty. Yet, while Sir Andrew McFadyean, commercial director, vociferously proclaims his sympathy for the rebels, the Manchester *Guardian* reports that the output of Rio Tinto is being requisitioned and sold to Germany at a price of forty-two pesetas to the pound sterling, whereas the current peseta's level is from eighty to ninety to the pound. Has an international capitalist "understanding" been reached with Franco and his German and Italian backers?

Viewed from this angle, the puzzling farce of non-intervention, probably the strongest element on Franco's side, becomes a little clearer. Consider how intricately French, British, German, and Italian capital—and American, too—is interwoven in the Spanish economy. That highly cosmopolitan family, the Rothschilds, besides holding an interest in the Almaden mercury mine, is said to own the famous lead mine of Peñarroya, now held by the rebels. (Remember Peñarroya's brilliant exploit during the World War? This company, in alliance with the Metallgesellschaft, Dubnikov's late employer, sent 150,000 tons of lead to Germany via Switzerland.) Today the Peñarroya's board of directors includes some interesting personalities: Frederic Ledoux, who sits on the board of the Spanish company Union Española de Explosivos in profitable proximity to Dr. Aufschlager, prominent in the German munitions industry; M. Humbert de Wendel, whose munitions interests straddle the Rhine; and the Italian Count Henrico San Martino de Valperga. The late Sir Basil Zaharoff, whose interests knew no frontiers, held (presumably his estate still does) a large share in the Logrosan mines, and his activities in the Spanish armament industry became justly celebrated as a result of the Nye investigation. These same Spanish armament factories, in which Vickers has heavy interests, at present carry on quite actively in Ferrol and Cadiz, which are held by the rebels. Rio Tinto works hand in hand with Metallgesellschaft in European Pyrites, Ltd., jointly owned by these two firms, and interlocks in some of its holdings with the interests of the house of Morgan. The Morgans have their finger in the Spanish situation through the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, which has a monopoly in Spain, and Catalonian power plants. Meanwhile Deterding and Standard Oil, still smarting from the rebuff which Primo de Rivera administered to them during his oil-monopoly adventure, are said to be standing by. But British capital dominates foreign interests in Spain, and it would take a long article to do justice to the extraordinary way in which British capital, often in conjunction with Spanish, French, Belgian, and German interests, has exploited the country.

In view of this situation, it is not hard to perceive at least one reason why the Baldwin government, representative as it is of finance capital, has stubbornly kept the non-intervention agreement going, against the sentiments of Léon Blum and to the detriment of the Loyalist cause. Apparently the knowing ones who insist that Britain could "control" a victorious Franco speak with authority.

Rhetoric—or Life

BY IGNAZIO SILONE

(Translated from the Italian by Eric Mosbacher)

A YOUNG Fascist writer who served voluntarily in the Abyssinian War has made a really important confession. In some correspondence which appeared in *Italia Letteraria* of April 19 last (Testimonianze dell Guerra, by Indro Montanelli), he wrote:

In this war there are already a number of dead who died for the sake of conformity; I might almost say a number of artificial dead, dead who did not wish to live, or were not able to live; as if they thought, or rather felt, that death was the only way of paying off the moral debt contracted before the war.

"In one sense," one of these men said to me a few days before he fell, "in one sense we pledged ourselves not to return. In reality we started pledging ourselves at the age of fourteen or fifteen. It was a crescendo of words."

Then he fell silent, bored by words; and the silence seemed to clinch the pledges. We made no attempt to hide that we were awaiting the test of deeds.

This war will bring many to maturity in the sense that in the future it will impel them to keep a more severe check on their words; many who, having pledged themselves not to return, will return. . . .

This war would be infinitely easier if there were not behind us that signed promissory note which we shall never in any way be able to meet. . . .

I think that this war will turn out to have offered to those who have taken part in it a gift more precious than oil wells; namely, the gift of a check on the written word, and still more on the printed word; a vigilant sense of responsibility for words. . . .

Many Italians who are here to fight proclaim that they are here in order to demonstrate their conformity to all the world. I have rarely found any who have had the "formal" courage to state that they are here because their conscience demanded it. Conscience is a word that is beginning to disappear from ordinary language. Whether it be an effect of collectivism or whatever it may be, the aim today is to justify oneself in the eyes of society. It is a fashion. I myself have cooperated, within the modest limits of my modest authority, in launching this fashion of "depersonalization." I do this or that because I have to justify myself in the eyes of public opinion. I project myself without. There are things that I ought not to do, but how should I justify myself in the eyes of others if I did not do them? I have to do them all the same. There no longer exists my, thy, his duty. There exists Duty; a standardized imperative, which is the same for everybody; and diversity of interpretation is taboo. It is judgment made easy, as easy as the application of an article in the penal code. This is an impoverishment. . . .

It would not be so if everyone confined his words to communion with himself. The habit of self-interrogation has been lost.

The quotation has been a rather long one, but it was worth bringing to your attention. This young author's

confession has an importance that goes far beyond the field of literature, for it reveals a distortion typical of Italian society, which is tainted to the core with the ancient disease of rhetoric. Amid the superficial changes of regimes and governments, the most prominent figure in the life of our country has always been that of the orator, and the supreme political art has been that of eloquence. When the ecclesiastical preacher or the government propagandist has proved inadequate, violence has invariably intervened on their behalf; invariably, even before the days of Fascism, in the so-called liberal epoch. If you examine our cultural history you will find that at bottom it is a picturesque tissue of magnificent but empty rhetoric and of refined brutality; from the time of the Jesuit *quaresimalisti* and the spies of the Inquisition up to Etcetera Etcetera with his blackshirts and their castor oil. Socialist eloquence was defeated and eliminated from our public life because at the decisive moment it was not backed up with force. The Socialists had many eloquent charlatans, many Don Circostanzas and Don Zabagliones,* but no fighters armed with daggers and bombs. Our socialism, particularly our parliamentary socialism, consisted predominantly of unarmed rhetoric enlisted in the service of a humanitarian mythology. Our Socialists were a mob of poverty-stricken workers and *cafoni* organized by innumerable lawyers, barbers, and commercial travelers; three types who are unquestionably eloquent but cowardly. Could our Socialist movement have come to any other end? It could not.

Our country is a country of rhetoric, but of armed rhetoric. The conditions in which the workers and peasants have lived their lives have always been so appalling that in self-defense the country's whole political and social superstructure has always had to resort to a great deal of ranting about culture, patriotism, religion, and order. Situations arise, however, when words no longer suffice, and then it becomes necessary to use force to save culture and all those other fine things.

It is well known that Etcetera Etcetera has assigned to the intellectuals of the government party the motto of "Book and Rifle," which is to be seen reproduced in the form of a vignette on many Italian Youth publications at the present time. A rifle is shown resting on a book. In reality it is the book that rests on the rifle. Nevertheless, Italian literature is in a state of acute depression, in spite of the rifle's support.

The depression is of a kind different from that afflicting other countries; it has a specifically Italian stamp. Italians read fewer and fewer books, and when they do read they avoid the books supported by rifles and pick out translations of foreign books. They turn from choice

* Don Circostanza and Don Zabaglione are characters in "Fontamara" and "Bread and Wine," respectively.

to pre-revolutionary Russian books. In 1927 the Minister of the Interior notified booksellers and publishers that in future it would be an offense to display pre-revolutionary Russian books in the window, and ordered that they be sold at a much higher price than Italian novels. Thus since 1927 Italian novels have been supported not only by rifles but by a considerable price advantage. Even this, however, has availed them nothing.

Every two or three years the awkward problem of why Italians do not read the authors of their own country but prefer foreign authors is discussed at length in the Italian literary press. It has actually become a classic subject for debate, and a whole literature has sprung up about it. Giuseppe Prezzolini, now a Fascist propagandist in North America, states in his book "La Cultura Italiana":

Bonghi raised the question of why literature is not popular in Italy. The answer is easy; it is that Italian literature does not come from the people but has always been an upper-class product. Italian literature has been a literature of nobles, courtiers, priests, monks, and, in our century, professors. It was originally developed at the Sicilian court and it is still an appanage of the Middle School or of the Academy.

The literary dilettante who has nothing to say but has to imagine feelings that he does not experience is a feature of every century. . . . The doctrine of "pure art" that ran its course in the time of futurism, or the "pure literature" advocated with a certain dignity by *La Ronda*, which left behind it the memory of its name if of nothing else, exemplified the same flaw in the national character. Many Italians of the nineteenth century, particularly De Sanctis, dedicated themselves to the task of destroying this type of literature, root and branch; one of the last efforts in this direction was that made by *La Voce* and allied journals. But all these efforts were quixotic, because it would be necessary to make a desert of Italy to make sure of exterminating the weed, so luxuriously does it flourish in every nook and cranny of the country.

Bonghi lived at the end of the nineteenth century. Thus, as I have already mentioned, the evil is not one of recent growth; there is no question of its having been introduced by the dictatorship. The dictatorship was not responsible for the disease of rhetoric; on the contrary, it was one of its results. It is true that quixotic attempts have been made to liberate the cultural life of Italy from the sway of the rhetoricians, but all of them failed, as Prezzolini said. The literary history of modern Italy is nothing but the history of these abortive attempts.

During the years in which the generation to which I belong was being brought face to face with life the shining star in the heaven of our national rhetoric was D'Annunzio. This is what Croce says of him:

He borrowed first from Carducci and the realists, then from the pre-Raphaelites, then from the Russian mystics, then from Nietzsche; and later a belligerent Garibaldian influence made itself felt. But whatever he touched he transformed, to make of it an object of sensuous delectation, for the pleasure of eye, ear, touch, smell, of all the senses; and his ideal, if he had an ideal that was his very own, seems to have been a totally new sense, different from any already possessed by the human animal.

The contagion was in the air. Another typical example is provided by Pascoli, who, though his poetical inspiration seemed of a very different order from D'Annunzio's, was also a victim of the disease of rhetoric.

As a disciple of Carducci and a painter of idyllic, rustic scenes in a style derived from old popular poetry [Croce writes] his [Pascoli's] aim was to elevate himself to the status of a heroic, mystical bard, and dissolve his dryness and calm into a fluid impressionism, in which humanism and patriotism and mysticism remained his aims, while over all of them there reigned a tearful, sighing voluptuousness that did not take long to turn into a mannerism.

Contemporary with Pascoli great public buildings were being put up in Italy entirely for show, and government *palazzi*, lyric theaters, and expensive, ugly, and cumbersome monuments were erected even in places where facilities for the most elementary hygiene were lacking.

There were men who reacted against this method of hiding the meanness and hardness of real life behind a façade of marble and sonorous verse, but their revolt was always ineffective, because they lacked comprehension of the social forces underlying all the rhetoric. They were certainly able to criticize its effects but not its causes. In reaction against D'Annunzio, such men as Soffici, Boine, Jahier, Slataper proclaimed the necessity of an art that should be serious and moral, addressed to the inner conscience. The group of writers associated with *La Voce* of Florence—Papini, Prezzolini, Amendola—reacted against the influence of D'Annunzio by demanding a literature of ideas. The *crepuscolari*—Gaeta, Gozzano, Corazzini, Palazzeschi—wanted to escape from the aesthetic of false magnificence by returning to that of the provinces in the nineteenth century. It may be said that no literary paper was founded by Italian young men without raising the flag of revolt against D'Annunzianism and all its affinities and derivatives. The revolt against D'Annunzianism was only victorious, however, controversially and intellectually; as regards artistic creation, its results were inferior to its premises; they were not entirely immune from the contagion of rhetoric themselves. *La Ronda* petered out into sensuous, descriptive, autobiographical fragmentarism, in which calligraphic preciousness was called in to hide the interior void. *La Voce* passed from the control of Prezzolini to that of De Robertis, lost Salvemini, Amendola, and other who went over to politics, and also tailed off into refined aestheticism.

In 1920, after all these failures, the critic Russo proposed making a fresh start by proclaiming the necessity of a return to Verga. Borgese announced his "return to classic, humanistic construction, to inquiry into the problems of the soul, to an essential style stripped of all ornament." The drive in this new direction had matured during the war. Its greatest fruit was Borgese's novel "Rubè," which was a merciless self-criticism and a condemnation of the moral insufficiency of the Italian petty bourgeoisie. Apart from "Rubè" there were the isolated, marginal comments of Tozzi, Linati, Stuparich, Svevo, Betti, and others, in each of whom in turn the critics

discovered native echoes of great foreign writers or anticipation and promise of an originality that failed to materialize. The exigencies of the novel remained unfulfilled. An attempt was even made to rationalize this impotence and present it as ■ characteristic of the Italian mind. Papini wrote:

Being, as he generally is, a subjectivist, the Italian of genius can do many things; he can express his own feelings, dreams, desires (lyric poetry); try to convince others, to his own advantage or that of his ideas (eloquence); artistically present his ideas on man, society, or other general themes (theoretical works); describe great deeds of the past, looking to the political causes and external events rather than to the inner mind of the protagonists (history); or, finally, attack these in order to ridicule them, criticize them, or defend himself (satire and controversy). But he cannot create creatures of the imagination who talk and act as living beings; or can only do so badly. In short, he is no novelist or dramatist.

But that is an arbitrary statement, confuted by the history of Italian literature itself, which can boast of great story-sellers, such as Boccaccio, Manzoni, and Verga. A far more profound study of the relationship between race and narrative genius would be required before it would be possible to accept it. On one point, however, there is general agreement, namely, that real novels are lacking in modern Italian literature, which is devoid of real, creative, profound, original, living works, show-

ing great cross-sections of society. And the gap has not been filled by Moravia, who, after the quixotic and abortive efforts described above, has made one more. His purpose has been described as that of pure narration. The pure narration of the author of "Le Ambizioni Sbagliate" is a last echo of the aesthetic of pure intuition. Moravia instructs a world of his own, the sole coherence of which is that of narrative, in contrast to the effective and human truth, hence also the moral and historical truth, of the great *impure* story-tellers. With Moravia art dissolves once more into technique and aestheticism; it may arouse the admiration of his colleagues but not that of his compatriots, who continue to prefer Gogol and Tolstoy. Moravia has penetrated to the very last frontier permitted to an Italian author, the frontier between rhetoric and living art. In our country that frontier coincides with that placed by the state between legality and illegality, between that which is permitted and favored and that which is banned and persecuted. That frontier looks even more prodigious and insurmountable if one remembers what Bonghi and Prezzolini have said of the social position of Italian literary men; the frontier, that is to say, is a class frontier. It is impossible to paint ■ true picture of any society without judging it. For an Italian writer that means going to prison or into exile. It means something else: breaking the courtly, cap-and-motley tradition of Italian literature; changing class.

Save the Food and Drug Bill!

BY HENRY LEWIS

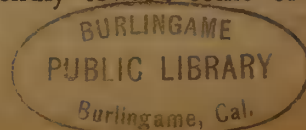
WITHIN the next few days Congress will decide whether consumers are to get a new food-and-drug bill embodying the few minimum safeguards that have survived the attack of industrial lobbies or a pitifully inept measure that will destroy the hope of any effective action for another generation. The choice is sharp and distinct.

More than a month ago the Senate passed the Copeland measure, which is the legitimate, though pathetically emasculated, heir of the original food-and-drug bill. At present that bill is neatly pigeonholed in Representative Lea's House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Meanwhile Chairman Lea is pushing ardently for the passage of a bill of his own which would enlarge the powers of the Federal Trade Commission. A companion measure, sponsored by Senator Wheeler, has passed the Senate, but House action has been fortunately delayed.

There is no quarrel with the general purpose of this bill—to increase the power of the Federal Trade Commission by giving it authority to regulate all "unfair or deceptive acts or practices in commerce" instead of just those which represent "unfair competition." But there are vital objections to the exact provisions of the Lea bill

which would reserve to the Federal Trade Commission exclusive powers to regulate food-and-drug advertising. If Mr. Lea gets his bill through the House, if he prevails on the Senate conferees to favor his bill rather than the Wheeler measure, which contains no such provisions, and if the bill has clear sailing from that time on—all of which appears to be in the cards—the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture will lose all chance of gaining the one new and essential weapon it has been fighting for—control over advertising. The sections in the pending Copeland bill which would give the Food and Drug Administration that authority would be nullified by passage of the Lea bill.

Why should that control be vested with the Food and Drug Administration rather than with the Federal Trade Commission? Briefly, because the function of the administration is to protect the consumer; and because it is the only agency which has the information, the laboratory equipment, and the technical personnel necessary for regulating advertising. On the other hand, the Federal Trade Commission was set up to be an umpire in business disputes, and its record over a period of years shows an attitude more than friendly toward some of those



very manufacturers whose advertising is most objectionable.

Just how effectively the commission might be expected to crack down can be surmised from the story of its tender dealings with Dr. C. A. Constantine. The commission apparently was not aware of Dr. Constantine's activities, for it did nothing to put an end to them. It was the Post Office Department which finally stepped in and issued a fraud order requiring Constantine to cease operation of his mail-order business. But that is not the whole story. In the course of the inquiry the good doctor introduced a testimonial letter as evidence of his own stalwart character and of the sterling worth of his cure for pyorrhea. The letter appears below:

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

Washington, D. C., April 28, 1931

Dear Dr. Constantine: The pyorrhea treatment was duly received, and I very much appreciate your kindness in sending it with your compliments. However, as the members of the Special Board have made a rule for themselves not to accept gifts from a party while his matter is still pending before them, I am returning the check herewith.

I have delayed writing for a few days until I should have time to try out and report upon your treatment. I have been using it, as per directions, and find it really wonderful. I have never seen anything like it. My gums stopped bleeding overnight, and began at once to improve noticeably in the matter of soreness and sponginess. While my case is not bad, I would go to the dentist, in Seattle, about every six months, for a few weeks of treatment, using common table salt between times, as that seemed more efficacious than any of the varied and sundry dentifrices tried and discarded in their turn.

I have noted another effect upon me, although it may be my imagination: that is, that your treatment so penetrates the gums and makes them feel so fine—with an agreeable taste moreover—that I do not crave for tobacco or a cigar as I had been doing. I am pleasantly surprised at times to find I have gone several hours without even thinking about tobacco, something quite unusual. I am wondering if my gums, saturated with nicotine, have not been calling for more.

I'll drop you a line when I've completed the course of treatment, and we'll see then how it holds up.

Again thanking you for your courtesy, and with best wishes, I am,

CLYDE M. HADLEY

Mr. Hadley is a member of the Federal Trade Commission's Special Board of Investigation. His letter reveals a susceptibility to the claims of patent-medicine dispensers hardly fitting in a presumably scientific investigator; aside from that, his solicitude for Dr. Constantine is all too revealing an indication of the tenderness with which the commission handles, for example, a big drug manufacturer like the Bayer Company.

Back in 1934, when Bayer was no longer enjoying its monopoly of the aspirin business because of patent expirations, the company was straining desperately to preserve its exclusive market and to protect its ridiculously high prices. Bayer aspirin, the company advertised, was the one and only original aspirin—or words to that effect.

It did not depress the heart, it did not upset the stomach, it was "perfectly harmless, one tablet would put you to sleep. "Anyone can take Bayer Aspirin," the ads boasted, the implication being that if you took any other kind of aspirin you did so at your own risk.

Other manufacturers who were struggling to get a foothold in the market complained, and the Federal Trade Commission had to do something about it. But no one could have asked for more thoughtful consideration. Sparing the company the embarrassment of a public trial and dispensing entirely with evidence and findings of facts, the FTC issued a "consent" cease-and-desist order against the Bayer Company which was a model of restraint and indirection. The commission ordered the company to stop making such representations as have already been noted "unless properly qualified, limited, or explained." A most helpful suggestion. But the commission went even further; it stipulated that "nothing in this order shall be construed as preventing the respondent from making proper therapeutic claims or recommendations which are based on reputable medical opinion or recognized medical or pharmaceutical literature."

The attorney who negotiated this remarkable contract for the Bayer Company was Edward S. Rogers of the New York law firm of Rogers, Ramsay, and Hoge. His partner, "Jimmy" Hoge, is counsel for the Proprietary Association, which is generally credited with having done the most effective work in knifing the food-and-drug bill during the past four years. (For example, needled into Senator Copeland's measure as it passed the upper house last month is one provision singularly reminiscent of the Bayer stipulation. That provision exempts from the ban on false advertising and misbranding all such representations as are "supported by persons who, by reason of scientific training and experience, are qualified as experts on the subject.")

It is the same star collaborators, the patent-medicine men and the Federal Trade Commission, which now threaten the food-and-drug bill. The nostrum makers covet for the commission and the commission covets for itself control over all food-and-drug advertising. Last year their strength was sufficient to block passage of the Copeland measure in the House. This year history threatens to repeat itself.

In this connection it is significant that even various business groups, anxious to preserve the dwindling confidence of their customers, feel that the Copeland bill as it now stands is inadequate. It definitely weakens the seizure provisions of the 1906 law; it provides no civil or criminal penalties for false advertising; and it is full of dangerous loopholes. To hand over control of advertising to the Federal Trade Commission would be to yield the last hope of protection for the consumer. On this point the record of the FTC is all too clear.

For example, take the case of three nostrums presented as cures for rheumatism—Renton's Hydrocin Tablets, Allenru Capsules, and Sisson's Formula Tablets, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The commission simply instructed the manufacturers to qualify their advertising claims by limiting them exclusively to cases of rheumatism caused by excessive

uric acid. This order, misleading as it is to the consumer who doesn't know whether his rheumatism is caused by uric acid or sunspots, would be bad enough if the theory that rheumatism is caused by excess uric acid had been established. On the contrary, the causative role of uric acid is today more obscure than ever.

When Renton's Hydrocin Tablets came on the market in 1929, the Food and Drug Administration clamped down on them immediately, for in common with Sisson's Tablets they contained cinchophen, a drug which dangerously affects the liver. The manufacturer had to revise his labels, but was required only to restrict his advertising claims to those conditions caused by uric acid.

The Food and Drug Administration has repeatedly pointed out that "it is the consensus of present-day med-

ical opinion that none of these conditions, with the exception of gout, is due to excessive uric acid." The commission knew the administration's stand.

What has been the inevitable result of such forbearance? The American Medical Association reports that in 1932 Renton's Hydrocin Tablets caused at least six deaths. And in a "Letter to Periodical Publishers," dated December 27, 1933, the National Better Business Bureau reports that when information concerning the A. M. A.'s investigation of this death-dealing product was conveyed to the manufacturer, "the company replied that it was conducting its advertising in accordance with a stipulation executed with the Federal Trade Commission."

It is this commission that is now asking for more power "for the consumer's sake."

Who Owns the Philippines?

BY JAMES S. ALLEN

THE Philippine question is being shifted almost entirely at present to economic grounds because of the forthcoming trade conference between the United States and the Philippine Commonwealth. The dispute between the two countries now centers around the economic clauses of the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Act, which grants a greater degree of self-government to the Philippines and promises independence in 1946, at the close of the ten-year "transition period."

The act was passed through the combined efforts of the Cuban sugar lobby and the Philippine independence missions, and as a result of this curious alliance contained compromises which are satisfactory to neither group. The Cuban sugar lobby is dominated by the National City Bank of New York and the Bank of Nova Scotia. These institutions represent the American investment in the Cuban sugar industry, the largest supplier of the American market. Their motive in favoring Philippine independence is to deprive the Islands of the American free market, which they have enjoyed since 1908, and thus remove the differential which permits Philippine sugar to compete successfully with Cuban. To assure this result they succeeded in writing into the Tydings-McDuffie Act a clause which provides that after the fifth year of the commonwealth an export tax amounting to 5 per cent of the United States duty is to be levied on Philippine sugar and other products and that this tax is to be increased from year to year until it reaches 25 per cent of the American duty in 1945. During this period American products are to be admitted to the Islands duty free.

As the result of protests from the Philippines, President Roosevelt, before signing the measure, promised President Quezon that a conference would be held to reconsider these clauses. Further pressure from the Philippine sugar industry and political developments in the Far East which render stability in the Islands impera-

tive for the United States have hastened the conference. The diplomatic spokesmen of the Philippine sugar interests have played up this need for stability.

Sugar, it is held, is the life blood of the Philippine economy. In 1934 about 60 per cent of the value of all Philippine exports was in sugar going to the American free market. Figures have been produced to show that 2,000,000 Filipinos are directly dependent upon the sugar industry, which is said to be responsible for a "high standard of living" (wages on the sugar plantations are about 20 cents a day), and that direct and indirect taxes paid by the sugar industry amount to about 40 per cent of the insular government's revenues. Frank Murphy, while he was Governor-General, in a cable to the Secretary of War (September 9, 1934) produced additional data to prove that the whole country faced economic disintegration: thirteen financial institutions had made 47 per cent of their total advances of \$72,500,000 on sugar; the Philippine National Bank alone, government owned (the Philippine government bonds are held in the United States), advanced 77 per cent of all its outstanding funds on sugar; the government railways derived 40 per cent of their freight revenues from sugar.

The Cuban sugar lobby has a number of allies, of which the most important are the refiners of American beet sugar and the National Dairy Union. More later about the beet-sugar men. If one excludes gold production, coconut products constitute the second Philippine export. A. M. Loomis, secretary of the Dairy Union, has been fighting for the last fifteen years against the admittance of coconut products from the Philippines duty free, holding that they compete directly with our domestic fats. A tax of three cents a pound has already been levied on Philippine coconut oil, and an effort is now being made to raise the tax to five cents. Mr. Loomis believes that "the one solution to the competition is Philippine Independence."

It is presumed that independence would mean the end of trade preference for all Philippine exports. This is the great moral argument which has won over an important sector of American big business for independence. But the prospect of losing the free market and possibly even a preferential market in the United States has caused the dominant Filipinos to view with alarm the possibility of independence.

The United States may have been more liberal than other powers in dealing with its colonial subjects after armed conquest, but it has not been less thorough in dominating the economy of its colonies. In twenty-five years the United States was able to transform the Philippines into an appendage of its own economy. In the years 1903-08, when the Philippines enjoyed a duty preference, average yearly exports to the United States were valued at \$12,000,000 and to other countries at \$20,000,000. Since 1909 free trade has prevailed. In 1929, the high mark in foreign trade, exports to the United States reached \$124,500,000, while all other countries received only \$40,000,000 worth of Philippine products. By 1934 the value of exports to countries outside the United States was less than the 1903-08 average. The Philippines thus gained a favorable American market at the price of losing all their other important markets. Under the impetus of the World War demand, sugar became by far the most important Philippine crop.

The Philippines have had to pay an even greater price for the favor of the American market. The American market could be obtained only on American terms, and these were, above all else, a monopoly of the Philippine market. In 1909 imports of American goods amounted to 17 per cent of total imports; in 1934, 64 per cent, despite heavy Japanese competition in textiles. A list of the chief imports demonstrates the industrial poverty of the Philippines: textiles, iron and steel and their manufactures, mineral oils, tobacco products, paper, wheat flour, automobiles and trucks, dairy products, chemicals, and silks.

The favorable United States market for agricultural products has tended to maintain and bolster the colonial agrarian economy which has made the Philippines a classic land of peonage. At the same time the American monopoly of the Philippine market has effectively hindered the development of native industry. Even the old-established tobacco industry of the Islands is suffering from the preferences established for American products, which are admitted duty and tax free. While Philippine tobacco products are taxed in the United States, American cigarettes selling at from 12½ to 15 cents in New York may be bought for 7½ cents in Manila. Philippine textiles and the iron and steel industry have hardly a chance of development. Although the necessary raw materials can be produced or are to be found in the Islands, Philippine industry is doomed as long as American products dominate the market and are not threatened by a tariff wall. The backward agrarian economy to which the Filipinos are thus sentenced has placed the imported American standards of democracy and of living teasingly

out of reach of the masses. Tragic, one might say, but also a powerful ferment in the caldron of social change.

To know who owns the Philippines is to understand the politics of Filipino-American economics. The United States Bureau of Insular Affairs in 1932 drew up a chart of capital investments in the Islands on the basis of data supplied by the Governor-General's office. It shows that 50 per cent of all capital investments in the Philippines, exclusive of real estate and farm lands, is American. Investments of American citizens totaled about \$275,000,000, of which \$150,000,000 was in government and railroad bonds. The next largest investors were the Chinese, who held 17 per cent of the investments, and the Filipinos, who came third with 15 per cent.

The American economic stake in the Islands is much larger than these figures indicate. Capital investments in themselves do not tell the whole story. Trade is a major item, but fixed capital investment is necessarily small. In addition, the chief attraction for capitalists is the exceedingly high rate of profit on a relatively small investment. The sugar centrals, for example, make a yearly profit of at least 50 per cent, and gold mines have been paying dividends of 100 per cent and 125 per cent.

The export industries, that is, the industries directly involved in the trade dispute, are predominantly owned or controlled by Americans. The dispute, therefore, is not primarily between Filipinos seeking an autonomous economy and American monopoly interests, but between one group of American capitalists whose principal interests are in the Philippines and another group interested in Cuba and in competitive industries in the United States. The principal exports, in order of importance, are sugar, gold, cocoanut products, abaca and cordage, tobacco products, embroideries, and timber and lumber. Sugar is the main lump of contention. Although most of the sugar is grown by Filipino planters, the industry is controlled by the owners of the sugar centrals. Of the total capacity of the centrals, 33.4 per cent is owned by Americans, 31.5 per cent by Spaniards, and 31.4 per cent by Filipinos. The remainder is in the hands of the Catholic archbishop, the Dominican friars, and a small Danish company. As Governor Murphy was kind enough to point out, the railroads and the banks are up to their necks in sugar.

In the American and Spanish groups control is more highly concentrated than in the Filipino group. In the Spanish group control is divided between the Tabacalera Company, the old Spanish tobacco monopoly, and the Elizaldes, a powerful industrial family. Among the Americans there are two principal groups: the largest comprises the American-Hawaiian interests, chiefly the Bishop estate, but the most compact is made up of the Alfred Ehrman-Spreckles interests of San Francisco, whose associates also have large holdings in the Dollar Line, the Pacific Commercial Company (largest import and export house in the Philippines), and other interests in the Islands. The American group, having the benefit of powerful allies, determines the policy of the Philippine Sugar Association. It is interesting to note that Alfred Ehrman is also the owner of the Great Western

Sugar Refinery, the largest beet-sugar producer in the United States. It is not improbable, therefore, that he participates in the sugar lobby at Washington which has been demanding tariffs against Philippine sugar and, incidentally, favoring independence. The Filipino-owned centrals are divided among a number of wealthy families, one of the largest being the Montilla family. Gil Montilla is speaker of the National Assembly.

The Filipinos have an important, although indecisive, stake in the industry, and here their misfortunes begin. The question of independence has been transformed into a question of dollars and cents. The Filipino sugar men, and these have the greatest influence in the commonwealth government, are now quite openly demanding that the Philippines be forever retained as a possession of the United States. They are asking for "continued commonwealth status" or some form of protectorate under the United States. In this they are repeating the demands of the leading American interests in the Islands, which want the assurance of United States protection against internal and external foes and the benefits of a free or preferential market. Other factors also enter into the situation, such as the menace of Japanese aggression. But the fact remains that a growing group of influential Filipinos are now finding sugar sweeter than liberty.

Although the gold-mining industry is not directly involved in the trade dispute, it has important bearings upon the situation since it is being hailed as the "new hope" of the Philippines, just as sugar was hailed a score of years ago. The industry is new and is being spoken of as a great factor making for the economic self-sufficiency of the country to the extent even of creating a prosperity independent of the fortunes of sugar. But these expectations are largely illusory. While Filipinos are investing their capital in highly speculative stock companies, dreaming of sudden wealth, foreigners have their hands on the actual gold resources. The American "gold king," Judge John W. Haussermann, controls 60 per cent of the gold production, which in 1936 rose to more than \$20,000,000. The Spanish Soriano group controls 17 per cent; another European-American group 15 per cent; the remainder is distributed among small Filipino and American companies. Other mineral resources have suffered the same fate. The Zambales chromite deposits, said to be the largest in the world, were transformed mysteriously from a United States government reservation into the private property of Judge Haussermann, who recently visited the United States to negotiate the sale of the mineral. The only large-scale producer and exporter of iron ore, practically all of which goes to Japan, is an American company. The Haussermann gold mines, with a paid-up capital of \$5,600,000 reported net profits of \$6,850,000 for 1935. Far from tending to make the Islands self-sufficient, the growth of the industry is increasing the American stake.

Copra and its products are important export items, but even more than sugar they are in the hands of Americans. The entire cocoanut-oil production is controlled by American and some British capital; the dessicated-cocoanut sector of the industry is also entirely in foreign

hands. There is not a single Filipino company in the entire cocoanut-processing industry.

Even the production of Manila hemp, the next most important export, is hardly controlled by Filipinos. The middlemen in the industry are mostly Chinese, while the large exporters are American, British, Chinese, and Japanese. In the cordage industry half of the total investment is American, while the other half is Elizalde (Spanish). In the tobacco industry 65 per cent of the investment is Spanish (most of it Tabacalera), while the American share is 8 per cent. Embroidery is a cottage industry, but it is done entirely on American cotton textiles (20 per cent of American cotton-cloth imports is for use in this industry). In timber and lumber 45 per cent of the total investment is American, 18 per cent Filipino, and 16 per cent Chinese. Nor do Filipinos have any stake to speak of in overseas shipping.

American investments in other than export industries will be indirectly affected by the trade conference. The most important of these is the Manila Electric Company, a subsidiary of J. G. White and Company of New York, which enjoys a virtual monopoly of electric power, and the Philippine Long Distance Telephone Company, a subsidiary of the Bell Telephone; of the two railroads one is owned by an American group and the other by the government. Of the total bank resources in the Islands amounting to \$140,000,000, 40 per cent is owned by the government, another 10 per cent by private Americans, 20 per cent by the Archbishop and the friar orders, and an equal amount by the British.

Even in the less important branches of the Islands' economy non-Filipinos dominate. The Chinese and, with growing persistency, the Japanese control 70 per cent of the retail trade. Filipino peasants grow the rice, but generally Chinese middlemen and wholesalers distribute the crop and collect a heavy tribute. Americans and a few old Spanish families control inter-island shipping. In bus transportation the Filipinos have made some headway, but the larger companies are in the hands of the power monopoly and other American interests. Of the two airlines, one is owned by Americans, the other by a wealthy Filipino sugar family. The largest owners of farm lands and city real estate are the Catholic church—originally a Spanish hierarchy, now largely American, Irish, and Spanish—and the Spanish friar corporations. Filipinos have grown rich only as *hacienderos*, sugar barons, and, a few, as government employees.

At the coming trade conference Washington will find among the Filipinos a disposition to continue trading away their national patrimony for preferential treatment of Philippine products in the American market. Prior to and during his present visit to the United States President Quezon has indicated that he favors retaining the American naval bases in the Islands while opposing any immediate steps for political neutralization of the country. The maintenance in essence of the economic status quo—either under formal independence in the style of Cuba or under commonwealth status—can be only a preliminary to the ultimate complete dependence of the Philippines upon the United States.

Aliquippa Celebrates

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, April 12

"WHEN I hear Wagner bill went constitutional I happy like anything. I say, good, now Aliquippa become part of United States." The speaker, Pete C——, was fired from his job in the Jones and Laughlin steel mill in Aliquippa last June. Pete figured there was something un-American about his dismissal after twenty-six years of steady and apparently satisfactory service. He thought it un-American, too, when stool pigeons turned his wife and son against him, and when company police threatened him with bodily harm if he did not quit signing up the "hunkies" for the union. He did not quit. "Hell, no!" He flashed a bunch of signed application cards in proof as he climbed into an automobile to join the parade in celebration of the Supreme Court's decision in the Jones and Laughlin case. "Joke on stool pigeon all right. Even Supreme Court say to workingman, go ahead and organize, ho, ho, ho." He laughed till the tears came.

A line of cars covered with bright signs and blowing their horns moved along Franklin Avenue, the main street of Aliquippa, whose 30,000 inhabitants are solely dependent for their livelihood upon the Jones and Laughlin mills. The traffic police gave them right of way; company police were nowhere to be seen. The first two cars bore signs reading, "We Are the Ten Men Fired for Union Activity by J. & L. We Are Ordered Back to Work by the Supreme Court." Aliquippa's business community poked heads out of doors and windows, looked, smiled, occasionally waved. There was obvious restraint. Even a phenomenal court decision cannot overnight instill courage and enthusiasm into a community accustomed to walking the chalk line. But when the cars began their climb up to the hills where the 12,000 steel workers live, they were greeted with cheers and applause. No sign of fear there, no hesitancy, no restraint. All welcomed Aliquippa's ten heroes, all greeted with enthusiasm the sign on one of the cars, "The Workers of Aliquippa Are Now Free Men."

The heroes of Aliquippa, and the number of years they worked for Jones and Laughlin before they were fired, are Royal Boyer, eleven years; Eli Bozich, eight years; Domenic Brandy, twenty-five years; Ronald Cox, fifteen years; Martin Dunn, five years; Martin Gerstner, fourteen years; George Marell, fourteen years; Harry Phillips had worked for the company off and on since before the war and had been steadily employed for three years; Angelo Razanno, eight years; Angelo Volpe, twenty-one years. All were members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers at the time of their dismissal. All joined that union as soon as it was organized in the fall of 1934. Phillips, Volpe, and Gerstner were officers. The others were active in recruiting members, especially Domenic Brandy among Italians, Eli Bozich

among Serbians, Royal Boyer among Negroes. All defied the management's request to vote in the 1935 company-union election. All were warned that the company "would close the plant and throw the key in the river before it would recognize an outside union," that the union was "no damned good," and that the active unionists were "on the spot." All were shadowed twenty-four hours a day. All had their homes watched. Some were beaten up.

Neither the warnings nor the terrorism were of any avail, and when the inevitable dismissals came, they were accepted with a fortitude rarely known to white-collar workers. Most of the men found work now and again on WPA jobs. One of them, Harry Phillips, became an S.W.O.C. organizer when that committee began to function last June. None earned anywhere near what their jobs in the mill had paid them. Since the board's decision calls for payment to them by the company "of a sum equal to that which each would normally have earned as wages," less amounts earned during that period on other jobs, the ten men are scheduled to receive by way of back pay what to them is equivalent to a fortune. In some instances it will amount to more than \$1,000.

Behind the comparatively simple story of the ten men who lost their jobs for union activity, and who are now celebrating their restoration with back pay, lies a long chain of circumstances the significance of which cannot be fully measured or even realized. There are at least seventy more discharged men in the Jones and Laughlin plants alone whose claims have either been filed with the Labor Board and held in abeyance pending the court's decision or are being filed now. There are several hundred such cases throughout the steel industry. In all industry the cases will probably run into thousands. The restoration of each job gives labor a sense of power, dignity, and self-importance. With but few exceptions the fired men became the most active union workers. Twenty-five became full-time organizers. Most of the fired men will go back to their mill jobs if given the opportunity. They will go back with a great deal of experience in labor organization, and it is safe to predict that before long they will become union officers and grievance-committee representatives. Unwittingly industry helped the union drive by sending some of the best workers into it.

Managers and straw bosses who did the firing will find it very difficult to negotiate grievances with these men, and since promiscuous firing is now forbidden, some of the bosses will have to go. Something in the nature of an exodus has already begun, and bosses of a more liberal turn of mind are being installed. One of Jones and Laughlin's vice-presidents in charge of the terroristic activities in Aliquippa has lost his job. He did not make good. Rumor has it that others will follow, including the heads of the company's private police force. All this was brought about by the Wagner bill, mused Pete as he settled himself in the back seat of the car. "Wagner bill sure gonna do lots for workingman. Maybe you can send me Wagner bill?" he asked. "I wanna see what him like."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TO TELL the truth about Henry Ford one has to be a bit brutal. It is not a rare phenomenon in American life for tremendous financial and business success to come to a man because of a single discovery, or because of knowledge along a single line. Plenty have struck it rich by an invention, or by finding a mine, or by genuine talent in making money through one operation or in one kind of enterprise. I have met many such, only to find that when one got them out of their field they were among the stupidest and worst-informed of men—narrow, intolerant, utterly prejudiced. Henry Ford is one of them. His chief trouble is lack of education. He is perhaps the richest man in the United States, and therefore the press constantly quotes him as if his opinions were worth while, and business men gape at him because of his success in piling up millions.

Now I have met Mr. Ford on a very few occasions, but when I have, as in connection with his peace ship, I have been struck by the incredible limitations of his mind. I knew he was of humble origin, just as I knew he had had the genius and inspiration to see that the man who utilized the gas engine to displace the horse and buggy would render a great service to his countrymen. I don't believe he did else than stumble into mass production, and it will always remain a question how much of his success was due to the late Senator James Couzens and the Dodge brothers and his other early associates. But I have met plenty of other men in various walks of life who started where Ford did and became good mechanics and shop foremen and somewhat successful, out of whose society I have got a great deal. They had a certain homely wisdom and understanding which was, I have always felt, the basis for Lincoln's faith in the plain people. I have found them shrewd and often able to go to the roots of some national or international problem much more quickly and directly than many highly educated, sophisticated people. I have learned from them, admired them, and been happy to be with them.

Mr. Ford's colossal ignorance and cocksureness on so many questions have always deeply repelled me. I was with him when he coined the slogan: "We'll get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." As he first enunciated this it read: "Get the boys *home* by Christmas!" I pointed out to him that he had chartered one of the slowest liners on the ocean, that he would not sail until December 9 or arrive until December 20, and that if he got the nations to agree to peace the day he arrived, the ten million in the trenches could not possibly be sent home under weeks and weeks. So he changed the slogan to the historic line. But his reaction showed that he had in such matters only the mind of an immature child.

Years afterwards I interviewed him for a press association on the tariff and other issues and found myself utterly baffled by his basic ignorance, which, however, never prevented his expressing his childish views.

I have retold this story because it seems to me essential that the public should not be misled by the stuff and nonsense Ford is now talking in regard to labor. The public ought to know how untrustworthy, because ignorant and quite unworldly, are his views on anything outside of automobile production. "But is not the handling of labor one of the great successes of his life?" I hear someone ask. By no means. Despite the five-dollar-a-day wage, he has been one of the worst and most unsocial of our great employers. His factory "belts" have often been belts of torture—read in the April *Atlantic* what one worker has to tell of this dreadful slavery. He has done extremely cruel things not only to his labor but even to his executives. If you doubt that, read the Reverend Samuel S. Marquis's amazing book, "Henry Ford, an Interpretation" (Little, Brown and Company, 1923). After you have put that down you will understand why his plants are protected by barbed (some say electrified) wire; why he has an all-dominating private police ready to shoot, as in 1931, and spies to betray his laboring men. Dr. Marquis was for years Ford's personal adviser in religious and philanthropic matters. While he gives Ford credit for doing a lot for the welfare of his employees, he convicts him in specific cases of absolute injustice, failure to keep his word, and almost sadistic conduct toward men he has decided to hate and discharge.

It is a sorry subject, but here are the facts and they are vital to an understanding of the man in view of the gravity of the problems which his recalcitrance poses. Well, perhaps the Supreme Court's making the Wagner Labor Act the law of the land may have hit him between the eyes sufficiently hard to enable him to understand that when he says he will have no union in his factories he is going counter to the power and the authority of the United States government. Probably when he told the press he would never, never recognize any union, he had never heard of the Wagner Act; or if he had heard, his mind had not registered the fact. Now we shall see whether he is going to be a loyal American and accept the law of the land, or whether, from conscientious scruples or stubbornness of mind, he is going to violate it and pay the penalty the courts will demand. The answer will come in due course. Surely his son and his lawyers will prevail upon this untrained mind, which so often seems as destitute of reasoning power as of factual knowledge, to do the right thing and end the shameful servitude of his workers to his own arbitrary will.

BROUN'S PAGE

A Morris Dance

EVERYBODY told Morris he'd get fired. Years ago, that is, at least three or four, when the Newspaper Guild had its first convention in Washington, all the correspondents said, "No wire service will stand for a man who organizes." I remember that at that convention we had invited General Johnson to come around to a luncheon and make a speech. Morris Watson insisted that he wanted to hand the General a petition just as he got up to make his address. He was going to ask the chief keeper of the Blue Eagle to do something about wire-service men. They didn't get any benefits from the code such as it was. Nobody had much concern for them except Morris Watson. And he was almost a nuisance at times with his petitions and what not.

"General Johnson's our guest," I said, "and you want to stick a petition in front of him the minute he sits down to eat his lunch."

"To hell with his lunch," said Morris Watson; "we've got to do something about the press associations."

"Well," I argued with him, "in addition to everything else you'll get fired. All the Washington reporters say you'll get fired. And they're always right about things."

"So what?" asked Morris Watson.

"Just this. They don't say you'll get fired today or tomorrow. The guess is that it will happen presently, and quietly of course. But if you stand up there in front of the whole crowd and badger General Johnson with that petition you've been carrying around all morning, then you'll certainly get in trouble. You'll be sticking your neck out."

"Don't be silly," said Morris. "I've got my neck out part of the way already. I figure that if you're going to stick your neck out you might as well stick it out all the way. Then if you do get the ax, it won't just rip the top of your head off. It will do the trick more quickly and painlessly."

And so Morris Watson thrust his petition under the nose of General Johnson, and that got written up in all the newspapers, and eventually Watson did get fired. His head was chopped off and now it's been glued back again. And as I see it Watson is a happier man. I can't say he's wiser, because he was wise from the beginning. Naturally he had courage, but it wasn't in any sense that crazy kind of courage which makes a man want to go out and martyrize himself for the thrill and the excitement. All the time Watson was thinking of what would be good for the Guild. And he was right in his assumption that if he made his position as an organizer perfectly plain he was really in a stronger spot than acting under cover. It took them quite a while to fire him. The whole thing was very well timed as far as the Guild was concerned.

I'm not recommending legal action as anything like the perfect remedy for a labor organization. It took eighteen months between the original incident and the favorable decision in the Supreme Court. And in addition there was the risk. After all, the final score was five to four. A year and a half is a long chunk to take out of the career of a newspaperman. Morris Watson did get a job which was interesting, and that was a break. At the time he got fired he didn't have the slightest notion of what he was going to do next. He knew and we all knew that no newspaper would find him "available."

During the long interval we used to talk sometimes and reminisce. We had both been at one of the very early preliminary meetings of the Guild when nine or ten gathered together in the living-room of a little flat. "My golly, Morris," I used to say. "Back in those days I never dreamed that you were going to be Dred Scott and that the Newspaper Guild would be right up there in the big marble barn on top of the hill where the nine men sit. But there we are and even more there you are. And may God have mercy on your soul."

It looks as though He did, but Morris Ernst helped a lot. The Lord may have supplied the good intent, but it was Ernst who attended to the legal details. You see a case before the Supreme Court of the United States is a little like winning a heavy-weight boxing championship. You may be managing a promising contender but you can't chuck him into the big ring right away. He must go out and lick a whole lot of guys on the way up before he gets his crack at the championship. Some of these heavy-weights in the lower courts may be palookas, but any judge at all can ruin your man if he happens to swing from the floor and land a right hand on the point of the jaw. There certainly were occasions on the way up when both the Morrisses had reason to worry. There was one federal judge, for instance, who said that economics had no place in a court of law.

And then at the very end there was John W. Davis, rich in reputation and prestige, standing before nine men not all of whom are liberal. And he raised that old wolf cry of the freedom of the press. He did it with dramatic gestures. He shook his silver thatch and said in the tones of one about to play Hamlet rather badly, "And now we come to the freedom of the press."

John W. Davis was just coming to it and from the outside at that. Morris Watson had been looking for that freedom all his life. His search had taken him right out of his job. And the Guild and he were making the battle to give reporters the right to be free men in a free craft. And so Morris Watson becomes the man who came back and not on his shield but with it. They've been good fighters, the two Morrisses, and I don't see how anybody can deny that they deserve their victory.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"COMMUNION WITH HER VISIBLE FORMS"

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WHAT has interested me most in the books of Donald Culross Peattie is an attitude toward the world of nature recognizably individual and unmistakably modern. No pantheist ever had a completer sense of oneness with all created things, but that sense is accompanied by a detailed knowledge of the actual ways of life which many pantheists have actively avoided for the simple reason that it so obviously put them out. The Wordsworthian has a horror of those who "peep and botanize." He feels closer to mountains and sunsets than to elephants or salamanders because what he really feels close to is himself and his own sensibility as it is projected upon insensate things. He is, indeed, even likely to fear that the red claw—and cloven hoof—which the Victorian was horrified to discover put an end to all that; and he is prone to take refuge in something pleasantly innocuous like the mathematical God of certain modern physicists, which enables him once again to get away from actual nature in the paradoxical sense that Wordsworth may be said to have got away from it when he mistook his aesthetic pleasure in setting suns for a mystical penetration into ultimate reality.

But the oneness which Mr. Peattie celebrates is, if I may put it this way, protoplasmic rather than spiritual. All living things are literally and materially one by virtue of that colloidal aggregate out of which all are built up. Theirs is the fellowship of a great common adventure which began no one knows when or how and will end no one knows when or in what.

It is precisely because his latest book* has less of the trained naturalist's knowledge in it that it seems to me the weakest of the series. "Green Laurels" was ostensibly a history of the great naturalists and of the different aspects of natural knowledge to which different epochs devoted attention. "An Almanac for Moderns"—to which "A Book of Hours" is a kind of pendant—was based pretty closely upon mental and emotional reactions to specific scientific facts about living things. But the new book is far less continuously the book of a naturalist. It is a series of meditations, one for each hour of the twenty-four, and there are references, of course, to natural phenomena. But the tone and substance seem to me far more conventionally literary and to that extent far less original or individual. Some of the passages are fine, but there is a tendency to the cultivation of the purple patch, and it is a relatively rare phrase which stands out of a generally too mellifluous context. A reference to girl workers hurrying to lunch and "clothed in all their

salaries" is one. Another good passage is a little dissertation on pockets from which I shall quote:

Men rejoice in pockets, and by what a man fills them with before he sets out on the day's adventure shall you know him. The doctor slips his stethoscope into his coat. The thief drops his skeleton key into his trousers. The man with the failing heart puts strychnine in his vest. . . . Knives from caveman days have pointed what emergencies a fellow expects to meet. Various they betray the clerk with the forest of pencils to be sharpened, the hunter, the angler, the idle whittler, the nobleman, the king's assassin. The naturalist pockets a lens, or binoculars. Last, almost all of us put in something to barter or give away. Tobacco is social money inherited from savages. A horseman stows sugar about him. You may carry beads for the natives or seeds for the birds. I take bribes for children, that they will go away and let me pretend to work.

But all too often things seem pumped up, and the author is obviously in need of a subject.

Having said that much, I am going to be impudent enough to suggest one. What I should like to see Mr. Peattie attempt is a sort of history of the love of nature, which has been, I am sure, as complicated as the history of sex love and characterized by its own romantic and mystical and common-sense epochs. There exist of course treatises on the philosophical idea of nature as well as studies of the attitudes of various poets. There is even a Columbia dissertation on the attitude toward animals in the seventeenth century. But I know of nothing very close to what I have in mind, and perhaps I can suggest what that is by comparing quotations.

Take, for example, two sentences attributed to Augustine: "He created Angels in Heaven and worms in the Earth; and he did not show himself superior in the one nor inferior in the other. For if no other hand could have created Angels, neither could any other create worms." In a way that sounds quaint and remote, but if one allows for the theological language and considers only the attitude, it is actually much closer to the feeling of Peattie than the complacency of another bit from the once fabulously popular clerical naturalist, the Reverend John Wood: "The Study of Entymology is one of the most fascinating of pursuits. . . . It lays open before us another world of which we have been hitherto unconscious and shows us that the tiniest insect . . . has its work to do in the world and does it." That is not merely priggishly moralistic where Augustine is ecstatic, and utilitarian where he is reverent. It is also grossly homocentric; so that a whole volume of history lies between Augustine and the Reverend John Wood and another whole

* "A Book of Hours." By Donald Culross Peattie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

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volume between the Reverend Mr. Wood and something in Mr. Peattie much closer to the attitude of Augustine.

Or take the case of Dr. Thomas Arnold, who, so Lytton Strachey informs me, found Wordsworth's susceptibility to the meanest flower that blows "morbid." "Life," he said, "is not long enough to take such intense interest in objects in themselves so little"; and the objection would doubtless have held, a fortiori, against Augustine's concern with worms, if not, indeed, against God's waste of His time in creating them. But this was not all. "The whole subject of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery that I dare not approach it." Presumably what shocked Dr. Arnold was the absence in brutes of that "sense of moral evil" to which he attached so much importance. They could sin without suffering even the pangs of conscience by way of retribution. But is not that exactly the fact which moved Whitman to such envious admiration for the animals, who did not make him sick "discussing their duty to God"? "Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth." I doubt if men have loved or hated women for more different reasons or in more different ways.

Happenings After Death

BY ROSS PIERCE

I

We have spent years in ruling and scribing and painting
a page
To catch a glimmer of divine rage
And carved green peaks and strange lotus flowers on
pieces of moonlight jade
Far drawn by ponderous caravans serpentining out in
long parade
Back into and across the infinite snows of the lands
beyond Scheherezade
And leaped to brawny toil to song and to spade
And have seen those who produced copy by the cart,
To their own and everybody's hurt,
And stood by tables in factories till our bones would
crack
And behind counters in stores till our spirits were
stretched on the rack
Of time seeing the permanent display in the counters'
track
Day after day, stack after stack
Till we have run where the guns boom back
And tripped on the wrecked roads over remnants of
bodies whose incrusts flesh burned black.
And seen the unicorn
When the broad moon rides level with the morn
And all the glistening country side reechoed to the echo-
ing horn
And then the ribbon of concrete the seam of steel warms,
Down which pass the disaster and damnation of the
zooming locust swarms:
The blustering engines shriek out and the mills blast
their iron yields—
The decorations of the fields.

And the mahogany and the ebony and the ferny solitudes
Where only the snowy silent summit obtrudes
And the stab of chimney stack and howling sign bloods,
Sordid smudge factory suffocating hoods—
The graveyards of the woods.

II

And we have lifted our heads even as the lilies of the
fields and praised the Almighty until of Him we were
a part,
Found Him even in the high heaven of the human heart
And have come to look on God as an old heirloom to be
got out and handed around on stark wintry nights
When it is too cold to go out and see the sights.
We have scorned the spirit that was to be
And the bright garment of immortality
And let lechery tingle to the tips of our fingers and our
toes
And gloried in all that goes.
Shouted after saints
Down streets of yellow noon when the spirit faints
And mocked with ministers who thought themselves on
a perch
Because they went to church—
And we know how the tiger goes
And the cormorant slows
Before the long white silence of the snows.

III

We have known lands where princes were able
To go away for years and come back and find things as
credible
And lands where the legislature could not turn out laws
fast enough
As if the legislature were afraid by next year the people
would say they were old stuff,
And by next year the people did say they were old stuff.
We have partaken of such voluminous viands
On the purple-veined sands
By the blue sea strands
And we have snatched for the rank seaweed that strews
the shore where floated and bobbed up and down the
wreck
And seen ourselves as the nightmare with streaming black
hair and the ghost that walked.
Been swift as the winds, tall as the sky, broad as earth
and deep as the sea
Towering to infinity
And we have been small as a rat's hole and lacked control
and gone into ulterior parts
And considered the hurts.

IV

We have seen one borne off the stage as a soldier to the
cannon's boom
And the wealthy on the stage and the rabble in the pit
were amazed and sat hushed—
and rose up and stamped and clapped and shouted
for the glory of it long after in the purpling gloom
In one small north arc of the planet that shall sound till
the trumpet of doom

And we have seen one vanish into the house of hell forever
 And with everything outside communication sever
 To rot and rust
 In the bitter sweet of despair and tart licorice lust—
 And departure of all sense of the fine and the fair and the just.
 And we have seen a philosopher standing out on the horizon whose face shone like a star
 afar

V

And we have seen Phosphor holding aloft his azure taper
 in the still misty eastern sky, for sailors to steer by
 And we have seen Hesperus put up her silver candle in
 the wide window of the west
 And none none at all came home to their rest
 And none none at all found aught on their quest,
 Only the ocean sweeps in and recedes, sweeps in and
 recedes again down the long dark curving beaches in
 a perpetual unrest.
 And we have sped the white horses of the dawn far out
 over the gleaming heavenly vault,
 In titanic tumult
 Out where the broad bright clouds do glorious exult
 And we have stood in the subway to see it vanishing down
 the long, staked tunnel flinging its flickering red spark
 Rocketing through the unresponsive dark . . .

And shall I speak of happenings after death
 Of the stricken breath
 Of the unseen power
 Casual at the breaking of a flower
 Of the wind that blows
 Holding the secret of a world beyond the snows?

BOOKS

The Lower Depths

RAINBOW FISH. By Ralph Bates. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

THE prologue of Mr. Bates's new novel offers us three washed-up bodies carried in from the breakwater rocks of the Greek island of Skarpa. Captain Wells, whose ship has just been honestly wrecked on that coast with the loss of four men, fails to identify them. But the Greek harbor master presently recognizes them as part of a sponge-diving gang of seven: "rascals, misters, no good, dear officers, one of them has be stabbed, oh, very bad rascals, thieves, murderers!" The captain, the harbor master, the pilot, the consul, and the other officials thereupon turn indifferently from the bodies to the more important business of manifests, bills of lading, and insurance claims.

Rascals they were, by any of the usual standards, this gang of sponge divers, whose stories, up to the disaster in which they were drowned, are told in the following pages. By

crooked ways each of the seven had come to this last job of the socially outcast—diving for sponges for which the company paid them one-fifteenth of the wholesale price on Skarpa market. One of them is an English captain, Skinner, who had been engaged in a wrecking racket to swindle insurance companies, which finally brought him to grief. Another, Freeth, ex-soldier, ex-mechanic, ex-member of a touring theatrical company, has behind him the memory of a sudden murder in a dingy bedroom at Marseille. A third, Legge, an English writer tormented by failure, has had several unfortunate experiences with his mistresses, who have a way of dying on his hands and leaving him socially discredited and conscience-stricken, though not criminally liable. O'Phelan, the Irishman, is full of tales of his exploits as a member of the Irish Republican Army, but is suspected by his mates of having never been nearer Ireland than the slums of Liverpool. Weisendonck, the London Jew, has succumbed too often to the temptation of dubious get-rich-quick schemes. Malatesta, member of the Mafia, has had to escape from Sicily, abandoning violence to the organized government monopoly. And of Phil, the little Albanian, we know nothing except that he is always packing up to go home to his mountains, but never goes. Within the gang are sympathies and antagonisms: a reluctant cooperation between Freeth and Skinner, who know all about each other; a more friendly understanding between Legge and Weisendonck, for Legge is capable of honest thinking and the Jew of honest feeling. Whose were the three washed-up bodies? It really doesn't matter, though we have learned who the stabbed one is by the time we have finished the book. All were undoubtedly lost in the storm that made the battered yacht, taking them to a new diving field, spring a whole line of rivets on the port bow.

Why should we care whether such "rascals, no good," were drowned or not? They remind one of the derelicts in Gorki's "Lower Depths"; even the dreams two or three of them cherish of a new life have become as hopelessly unrealizable as those of Gorki's outcasts in the night lodging-house. Had they ever been worth saving? The answer is clear enough in the case of Freeth, whose story is the most complete. It is a biography developed by brevities of statement, flash-backs, glimpses; but it compasses boyhood, family relationships, emotional and intellectual growth, pressure of the economic and social system. It puts into our hands all the clues to the understanding of temperament and molding circumstance that we need—if we are willing to work a little. We must pause over an image, a half-told incident, a fragmentary scene, a repeated reverie pattern, and search out the implications and connections. If we do, we see precisely where Freeth was thwarted, how innocently his neurotic escape technique of a double life began, how stealthily his habit of violence grew upon him, which were the decisive moments when adjustment and fulfilment might have taken place. In presenting only the essentials this is as fine a character study as any in recent fiction. It is one of the richest harvests of the new techniques and the new understandings we ascribe roughly to the pioneer work of Joyce and Freud. Fifteen years ago Virginia Woolf, convinced that the old tools no longer did the work of the novelist, urged us as readers, while experimentation with new tools was going on, to tolerate the spasmodic, the obscure, the fragmentary, the failure in a good cause. With such work as this of Ralph Bates before us, we no longer need to tolerate. We can rejoice in an achieved mastery.

It is the early promise of Bobby Freeth, the boy in the organ loft and the library, which convinces us that he had

been worth saving. It is the final achievement of Captain Skinner that makes us regret his death. In his long struggle to hold the ship against the storm in the treacherous channels among the rocky islands, he wins back his integrity as a seaman. These two are the striking examples. But in his concern to understand these outcasts, stressing in each one certain traits, certain ways of thought and feeling, certain balked possibilities, never sinking into conventional and sentimental interpretation, Bates is making as striking a revolutionary affirmation of human values as Gorki did—though he is not explicit (and oratorical) about it, as Gorki often was. Like Gorki, Bates, as "Lean Men," "The Olive Field," and this novel all demonstrate, knows his proletarian, his peasant, his ex-men. Like Gorki, in the ways suitable to the contemporary phase of a long struggle, he brings his faith to the test of action on the revolutionary front, and offers us the exciting spectacle of the integrated activity of man and artist. The nearest approach to explicit statement of revolutionary faith is placed in the mouth of Legge, who once dives very deep and almost dies of it, but is led by that experience to face the fears that have made him timid, evasive, insincere. He faces less personal fears as well. "I used to feel how miserable human life is. We've come all the way, yes, that's it, out of the first idiocy or out of matter, out of the depths of the sea if you like, and all we can do is to quarrel and scratch in the dirt . . . knock together tables like that or sweat grease and drink a bottle empty and light a penny candle against the darkness. . . . Yet I feel we could be *anything* because we have got out of the depths." "I understand what you mean," replies Weisendonck, "about life being all canteen tables and candle stumps, but we *could* make something of life. . . . We've got to plan for it, make a new social order." Irony—in the mouth of Weisendonck, the outcast? No more than in the mouth of Satine, the tramp, in Gorki's play. Rather a challenge and a faith.

"The rainbow fish swam across the reef . . . the school streamed over in arrow formation, blue and red and yellow and silver, flashing between their legs and arms; they slid between Freeth's fingers as he grasped at a sponge. He saw them stream down O'Phelan's back, right in the center, over his spine; then the arrow burst into a cloud of flashing prisms." Later O'Phelan ponders: "Say, Bob, do you know what them bloody fish was like? I had a bag of glass marbles when I was a kid, with colored stripes in 'em."

Men: creatures who may become as diversely beautiful, as swift and sure and harmonious as rainbow fish in the corner of the universe that is their element? Or marbles, counters in some purposeless game of chance in the gutter?

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Variations on a Theme

THE YEARS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

BY THIS time so little that is fundamental remains to be said of the merits or limitations of Mrs. Woolf's narrative method that a review of her new novel, which is a reshuffling of elements already familiar to all readers of her work, is doomed to the same sort of repetitiousness from which that work itself has for some time suffered. Her admirers, writing in a style too suspiciously like her own to be altogether convincing, will revive the phrases about the beauty and the distinction and the ultimate truth to life of everything that Mrs. Woolf has written. And a few others, still

disturbed by the persistence of these claims, will take the trouble to point out that each of them is capable of a little more exact definition—particularly the reference to the truth about life. They will doubtless protest that what we probably get in these distinguished novels is not so much life as a special vision of a special kind of life—a vision, moreover, that has been largely created, nurtured, and corroborated by the conditions of this life. "We receive but what we give," in Coleridge's well-known formula; and if Mrs. Woolf's impression of the years is what it is, it may be only because she has superimposed on them an impression that was, in the first place, the kind of impression that the Ramsays, the Pargiters, and the rest were forced to draw from their own experience. From this maddening shuttle of cause and effect, this rankest of determinisms, we are never released through that vigorous act of imagination by which the writer attempts to transcend the limiting conditions of his materials: the deep voice of Coleridge mumbling of the fusion of "*sum*ject" and "*oom*ject" is stilled like everything else by the resounding waters of time. So also in the set pieces of beautiful writing—precisely distributed here at the beginning of each of those divisions by which the immeasurable is arbitrarily measured—what we get thrown back at us, in this charming evocation of a summer day, this clever impersonation of a March wind, are images and words and phrases so hoarily incrusting in the characters' collective consciousness that nothing really fresh is added to our perception. And it is undoubtedly the total effect of language of this sort that is referred to by the somewhat vague term distinction. It is now apparent that final evaluation of Mrs. Woolf's work must revolve monotonously around the question of the experience and the attitude toward experience of her typical characters. This is a standard imposed by her faithful refusal to oppose any attitude of her own by which we can measure them within the perspective of her work. And it is, needless to say, a standard that cannot be very successfully applied beyond a certain point. Either these people will be found to glow with a still potent charm of well-bred sensitivity or they will emit a most unpleasant smell as of something already quite dead and decayed.

All that is perhaps necessary in this review, therefore, is to consider the reshuffling that has taken place in the light of its possible consequences on the theme. For the book is of course another celebration of the flux, another slow passage down the most traversed river in modern fiction, another extended prose gloss on *Eheu fugaces, anni labuntur*. But where in "Jacob's Room" and "Orlando" the theme was rendered in terms of a single individual, and where in "Mrs. Dalloway" and "To the Lighthouse" the period covered was relatively short, we have here a chronicle of a whole typical middle-class English family, with their accumulating host of relatives and friends, from 1880 to the present. Such distinctions should not, however, be stressed too much; for in "The Waves" also Mrs. Woolf was concerned with tracing the destinies of a group of people over the whole course of their lives. The great difference would be that for the first time she is trying to maintain something like a balance between the outer and the inner reality, between the public and the personal, between the mechanical ticking of Big Ben and the sound of time's passing in the mind's ear. In this effort she has returned somewhat to the form and style of her very earliest novels; she has adopted a simple chronological order; and she has practically put a stop to the direction which reached its climax in "The Waves."

The most immediate changes to be observed will be in fact the reduction of those prolonged subjective improvisa-

tions that have been so much admired in all Mrs. Woolf's more recent novels. From another point of view of course, this shift to a neater, more rapid, less mannered style will be welcomed. It promises, at least at the beginning, a corresponding modification of other important things—most notably the conception of human character as little more than a highly sensitized instrument for registering impressions. But this is unfortunately a promise that recedes in exact proportion to the characters' uniform failure, through the unfolding years, to exhibit anything resembling moral progress. Time goes on and on, but the Edwards, the Delias, the Eleanors, and the Kittys retain the same niceties, the same frustrations, the same terror of existence with which they began. All suffer from a malady of will that makes them as inappropriate to the purposes of fiction as to the bustle and dirt of the London street.

Of all the symbolical scenes in the book none is more symbolical than the one in which a member of the Pargiter clan, looking out from the tastefully furnished room in the slums which she shares with her sister, is made to exclaim: "In time to come . . . people, looking into this room—this cave, this little antre, scooped out of mud and dung, will hold their fingers to their noses"—she held her fingers to her nose—"and say, 'Pah! They stink!'" With characters possessing such a view of themselves, Mrs. Woolf is hardly able to do very much that she has not already done, with consummate perfection, in the past. The present book merely throws into new relief the fact that no expansion of scale, no experimentation with method can lend meaning and significance where neither is implicit in the experience. It seems more than ever unlikely that Mrs. Woolf's talents, which are considerable in so many different departments of fiction, will develop to their full measure while she persists in limiting herself to purely formal variations on the same old dirge-like tune.

WILLIAM TROY

American Microcosm

MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION. By Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

EVERY student of man seeks those "laboratory situations" which, through some quirk of history, resemble to a degree the finely drawn controls of his fellows who work with the lower animals, plants, or inanimate matter. Such situations are found only occasionally; even more seldom is one permitted to reexamine his own materials after a lapse of time to see what has occurred in the interim. Ivanovsky, a Russian student of human physical form who measured White Russians before the Great War and later through subsequent measurements was able to record the shocking effects of starvation resulting from the *cordon sanitaire* drawn about Russia after the peace of Versailles, was one of these; Boas, retesting his hypothesis of the effect of their new environment on immigrants to the United States a generation after he had made his original investigation, is another. The Lynds have been placed in a similar fortunate position and, like these others, have made the most of their opportunity.

Their new description of life in Middletown, though it stands on its own feet and can be read without too much reference to its predecessor, must inevitably be compared with their earlier work. The striking difference between the two books is the sureness of this later attack. In their earlier

volume, which was perhaps handicapped by too much preliminary acclaim because of its supposed application to an American city of the techniques developed in the study of primitive cultures, one was impressed with the thesis-like nature of the treatment, with which went an attempt at "impartiality" often made by those whose experience in research has not been sufficient to teach them that the surest impartiality is found in the work of one who knows his biases and faces them openly. These objections do not apply to the present volume, which shows a tremendous growth on the part of the authors. Their material is not so heavily weighted with irrelevant statistical data; there is a greater realization and a much finer treatment of the subtleties of culture; and there is assurance in departing from well-trodden paths that only comes with maturity and tested control of technique.

The preface and first chapter tell how Mr. Lynd with his five assistants went back to "Middletown" in June, 1935, for a "brief . . . restudy" of his original material, and how "what was to have been an exciting summer interlude . . . turned into an intensive analysis of more than a year" and resulted in a book larger than its predecessor. After this introduction the authors move at once to their data with a chapter on the economic background. Here is told what happened to the businesses of Middletown, its manufacturing enterprises, and its workers in the years of boom and depression; in what terms the consumer was assessed, how the business group controlled the labor situation, and what happened to that universal opportunity to "get on" that is acclaimed as the American heritage. The next chapter, a case-study of the powerful "X" family, shows, far better than more extended and elaborate researches can perhaps show, how the concentration of wealth affects the lives of the members of a community as this octopus steadily extends its tentacles.

Next we come to various other segments of Middletown life. The chapter on relief, both in its placing and length, demonstrates how important "caring for the unable" has become in recent years. The chapter on the changes that have taken place in home life includes a classification of occupations followed by Middletown women of the "business class," and the relative degree of acceptance of these occupations by the members of that class, that is one of the shrewdest appraisals of the "social" aspects of American small-city life to be found anywhere. Other chapters deal with education, religion (of pathetic shortness, as befits religion's place in Middletown's real interests), government, the press, and sanitation. In these chapters can be seen the patterns of use and abuse we find in most American cities. If the degree to which behavior associated with the "flapper age" characterizes Middletown's younger set of today comes as a surprise, the venality of government and the courts, and the distaste of the medical profession for whatever might tend to invade its vested interests are anything but startling.

The book ends with two revealing chapters and as many statistical tables as are needed adequately to document the text. The chapter entitled *The Middletown Spirit* is noteworthy for its freshness of approach in summarizing a social setting; the final discussion, *Middletown Faces Both Ways*, analyzes with unusual keenness the motivations underlying the life that has been objectively recorded. Especially important here are the account of how socio-economic classes are in process of formation in this midland city where democracy is a fundamental tenet, and the discussion of Middletown's attitude toward fascism and communism.

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"Middletown in Transition" is thus a work that should stimulate us to do the very thing that is most difficult for us or for any people to do—objectify our own existence. For the life described so well here by the Lynds is not the life of Middletown alone, it is the life of the United States; and whatever of significance there is in the story of Middletown's past ten years—the changes that have occurred, and the patterns that have withstood the onslaughts of the depression—must hold significance for an understanding of American life viewed in its wider perspective.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

"A Long and Foolish Life"

FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET. By William Allen White. Compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon from the Columns of the *Emporia Gazette*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

OF ALL the American liberals Bill White of Emporia is the most pernicky, perverse, pernicious, and periodic. He is the most often mistaken, inconstant, inconsistent, unwise, short-sighted, percipient, emotional, banal, self-righteous, self-critical, partisan and independent, generally maddening, and altogether lovable conservative in the entire country. If anyone doesn't believe me, let him read this book, in which William Allen White will prove to him the correctness of every adjective that I have used about him and many more besides. "A long and foolish life," he terms his existence, heaven bless him! But it has been a foolishness for which men and women innumerable have loved him; which has made him an American institution, as variable as a weather vane but as serene and happy as the leadenest rooster perched on any Kansas barn; a source of infinite betting as to which side he will jump to whenever an issue comes up; a joy forever.

This very book is born, I venture to wager, out of the love of the men who work for him. He, I am sure, never suggested it. They just came to him, now the granddaddy of them all, and said: "Here, Bill, here is something we are going to do to you. Better come aboard." So come aboard he did and then redeemed this book and made it something far more worth while than a mere chronicle of his own chronicling of Main Street by adding in footnotes his own deliciously frank comments on that editorial slush of his which Mr. Fitzgibbon has picked out. Yes, slush—a lot of it, and any amount of local tittle-tattle, and then, every now and then, something to make you want to go to the nearest street corner and whoop with joy. What pride he takes in his own mistaken judgments! What other editor would have written of his editorial on "The Gaiety of War," "This is terrible, and the editorial on the next page is about as bad. I don't believe in a thing in either of them now"? What other editor would stand such a gaff (may little I be dead before anybody deadly parallels any of my miles of error!) and disarm the reader by the frankness of his confessions of guilt?

When I entered journalism as a cub reporter just out of Harvard I got called down one night by the managing editor of the *Philadelphia Press* for being too highfalutin. "Write it over again," he said, "in a corner-grocery style." Well, Bill White would never have earned that rebuke. He knows not only the corner grocery but the morgue, the saloon, the Y. W. C. A., the D. A. R., and all other low forms of life in Emporia and Kansas—and all the best, too. But who else could do an editorial like this?

Dr. Hiram Evans, the Imperial Wizard of the kluxes, is bringing his consecrated shirt tail to Kansas this spring, and from five gloomy klaverns will make five Kansas speeches. We welcome him. Enter the Wizard—sound the bull roarers and hewgags. Beat the tom-toms. He will see what was once a thriving and profitable hate-factory and bigotorium now laughed into a busted community; where the cock-eyed he-dragon wails for its first-born and the nightshirts of a once salubrious pageantry sag in the spring breezes and at the wobbly knees. The kluxers in Kansas are as dejected and sad as a last year's bird-nest, afflicted with general debility, dizziness on going up stairs, and general aversion to female society!

Or this utterly frank and truthful characterization of Frank Munsey:

Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead.

Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talents of a meat packer, the morals of a money changer, and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an 11 per cent security.

May he rest in trust!

Well, when the World War came, this liberal editor was just about as wrong as he possibly could be, as he freely confesses when he writes today that, as he looks back on the war, it "seems to be meaningless." He was carried away by Woodrow Wilson, describing him on May 1, 1917, as a "wonderful man," "a great man," of "splendid stewardship," "because of his last great note . . . mankind is considering seriously whether or not there is a God in Israel." Now he says, "How the pious wishful thinking of Woodrow Wilson did mess up the world." On February 8, 1917, Bernstorff had done "great work to preserve peace between the German and American people." Three weeks later Bernstorff "should have been put in jail for incendiary conduct"—an ambassador! Similarly he was wrong on the men who voted against the war, wrong on Debs, wrong on Sacco and Vanzetti (whom he now declares not guilty), wrong on Harding, wrong on Coolidge, and he admits all these sins. He clings only to his personal love of Theodore Roosevelt, the biggest political faker of them all, and he is the only brainy man I know of who still says a good word for Herbert Hoover, whose nomination this great liberal editor seconded; if I hadn't heard him with my own ears I couldn't have believed it.

All right. The book is well worth while if only as a hair shirt for all editors. And if I live long enough I will vote to have Bill White's bust placed in the Hall of Fame. That will be pretty tough on him, I admit, but there will be something the matter with Kansas if it doesn't have one Kansan in that mortuary. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Sweat Shops and Cherry Blossoms

JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY. By Freda Uteley. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.75.

LIVING IN TOKYO. By Katharine Sansom. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

HERE are two books, both written at the same time, both by Englishwomen, both about Japan. Yet one might be about the Middle Ages and the other about the moon for all that they have in common. The country seen through the pages of "Living in Tokyo" is fresh and gay, a color-print background for gentle lives among the rice fields and the temples. But Job afflicted by boils suffered little compared to the country of "Japan's Feet of Clay," racked by

every social and economic ill the state is heir to. Lady Sansom, walking among the Japanese, understands; Dr. Utley, peering at them through an economist's microscope, judges. The former loves the land and the people, while the latter is consumed with a fierce hatred for the nation and all its works.

Dr. Utley's thesis is that Japan, for all its mail-clad exterior, is being rotted away inside by poverty, starvation, cruelty, corruption, ignorance, injustice, and repression. Knowing the country's inherent instability, the author is angry that the Western world should allow itself to be intimidated by the swagger Japan puts up. So with merciless scalpel she sets out to dissect the economic and social organism of the country and demonstrate its inner decay. She analyzes the precarious and tottering balance of Japan's foreign trade, the top-heavy industrial structure, the dangerously bloated financial structure, the corrupt political system, and, worst of all, the agrarian structure which imposes on half Japan's population an existence of scraping poverty under submarginal conditions. She digs into problems of malnutrition, disease, sweated labor, denial of civil liberties, the fierce struggle for education, the burden of military service, oppression of women, police brutality, crime, torture, suicides, prostitution—nothing bad about Japan escapes her eye. It is a grim indictment, terribly true in its particulars, and supported by a stern mass of evidence.

The material Dr. Utley has gathered is much of it new and all of it important. But where she deserts facts for interpretation she weakens her case. Repeatedly she asserts as her solution for the problem of Japan that if Great Britain and the United States would agree not to trade with it, they could "destroy Japan at a stroke." Here the author goes off on a wild-goose chase. Given their present policies and economic systems, it is hardly likely that England and America would out of the blue impose what would amount to economic sanctions on Japan when they did not so much as hold up a single shipment during the Manchurian war. Apparently the author believes that the "collapse" of Japan which would be brought about by such sanctions would be followed by the cure-all of revolution. But it seems astonishingly naive of Dr. Utley, particularly in view of her orthodox Marxism, seriously to suggest that capitalist England and America should sacrifice a valuable trade for the sake of a revolution in Japan.

Again she goes astray in arguing that because the Japanese are hungry and repressed they are *ipso facto* "seething" with "social hatreds, revengeful passions." The rigidity with which Dr. Utley applies her economic interpretation prevents her from opening her eyes to the human side of Japan. Thus she has overlooked an inescapable fact about the Japanese which no other foreigner who has lived among them could fail to notice: that they are a happy people, happier than those of any Western nation where the so-called standard of living is higher. Hunger—which we may take as a symbol of all the miseries Dr. Utley ascribes to Japan—is a relative thing. The Japanese diet of rice, tea, soya-bean soup, and an occasional dab of fish means hunger and malnutrition to Dr. Utley, who is accustomed to bread, meat, and vegetables. But to the Japanese it means simply an everyday fact of everyday existence and no cause for "seething."

It is here that Lady Sansom's book is such a valuable corrective. Through more than twenty years' residence in Japan and the ability to speak Japanese she has come to know the Japanese people as Japanese people and not as bricks with which to build a dialectic. She captures just that quality about

This book **IS** "molding public opinion" . . .

WHEN THE ULTIMATE POWER — published, a few weeks ago, Ralph Thompson wrote in the *N. Y. Times*: "Of all the recent books dealing with the Constitution and the Supreme Court, none seems to me quite so persuasive and generally intelligible as *The Ultimate Power*. . . . It is the sort of book that can mold public opinion." And judging from the widespread praise and blame which the book has brought forth, it is apparent that Mr. Ernst's brilliant discussion **IS** influencing the American public. Here are a few representative comments:

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

the Japanese which Dr. Utley misses: their infinite capacity for joy in little things, without which, no doubt, they would have had a revolution long ago. She does not work herself into a rage like Dr. Utley at the sight of a Japanese woman walking decorously three feet behind her husband and carrying his bundles. She knows that for one Baroness Ishimoto there are ten million Japanese women who feel no indignity in their traditional subservience. She knows that the rigid regimentation of Japanese social and intellectual life is not the iron prison Dr. Utley's sturdy Western soul imagines it, but the source of that sense of security which the Japanese derives from fitting his life into customs and traditions tried, polished, and perfected through the centuries. She appreciates the elegance the Japanese infuse into the crannies of their daily life, the unquarrelsomeness of their intercourse among themselves, the stoicism that tradition demands of them in the face of misfortune. "Living in Tokyo" has about it a quality of humanity which is enhanced by the decisive and delicate illustrations of Marjorie Nishiwaki, as true as they are good.

No reader, however exasperated at Japan's swagger and bluff, however angry at Japan's ruthless carving up of China, could fail to relax a little under the spell of Lady Sansom's sympathetic and easy style or to warm a little to the Japanese people. She has given us the best of the Japanese character where Dr. Utley has given us the worst of the Japanese state. Both books are one-sided, and the real Japan lies somewhere in between them. No one should venture to read either without quickly taking the other as a chaser.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

Back Alleys of Language

A *DICTIONARY OF SLANG AND UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH*. By Eric Partridge. The Macmillan Company. \$12.50.

MR. PARTRIDGE'S dictionary occupies a large tract of the dark, brambly, uncivil linguistic territory that lies for the most part beyond the decent bounds of the unabridged. It is difficult terrain for any lexicographer to explore, but Mr. Partridge has been traversing it in this direction and that for many years and has finally incorporated his discoveries in a single volume, constructed on historical principles and comprehending the slang, cant, colloquialisms, catch-phrases, solecisms, catachreses, nicknames, and vulgarisms of every part of the British Empire that owns allegiance to the King's English. But no set of terms or random samplings will describe it adequately; one must read it through to realize the variety of matter, curious, informing, recondite, or merely tedious, that is to be found in its 999 quarto pages.

Comprehensiveness, however, is not its only merit. Besides making full, systematic use of his predecessors, Mr. Partridge has read widely and has observed the living speech for himself and has brought solid scholarship to bear on the interpretation of his collections. Wherever it was feasible to do so, he has dated his terms and has tried to indicate their ecology. Numerous quotations and citations, which might with advantage have been still more numerous, add greatly to the value and liveliness of the book, making it good to read as well as to refer to. Accurate, intelligent, and full, it is the only work on its subject that is any longer worth having, and it will probably remain the indispensable authority for years to come.

Mr. Partridge does not include non-standard Americanisms in his dictionary except as they have become naturalized somewhere within the British Empire. That does not mean, however, that his pages are not plentifully garnished with American slang. The British vogue of American books and talkies has inundated England with Yankee verbal notions. The Australians, who are adepts at concocting slang on their own account, are fairly infested with American slang, and so too are the New Zealanders and, as one would expect, the Canadians. Mr. Partridge evidently is not aware of the extent to which the various colonials have taken over American terms, for he frequently lists them without mentioning their origin in the United States. At least I, for one, find it hard to accept his ascription of "mad-money" to New Zealand soldiers of 1916-18, of "crow-bait" to Englishmen residing in South America, of "stick-up" to Australia, or of "Scandiwegian" and "Scandihoovian" to western Canada; and these are only a few instances. They are honest errors, however, and not the result of prejudice. They indicate plainly how much we need a dictionary of American slang and colloquialisms that can stand beside Mr. Partridge's work.

One of the features of the book is its admirably complete and judicious treatment of vulgarisms. Since he had to include many of them, Mr. Partridge has consistently included them all, even those ancient Indo-Germanic disreputables that must have their middle letters excised and replaced with asterisks. Some of them have never appeared in a published lexicon since the days of Cotgrave and Florio. Mr. Partridge, to use his own words, has dealt with them "as briefly, as astringently, as aseptically as was consistent with clarity and adequacy." Thereby he has done a real service to lexicography.

One cannot read far into the dictionary without wondering where the line should be drawn between genuine slang, which acquires a considerable degree of currency however transient, and those images or metaphors that, strictly speaking, remain the private property of their inventors. A few years ago, to take a random example, a vaudeville performer named Dunk was divorced by his wife, and *Variety* headlined the news with three terse words: "Dunk Gets Dunked." A foreign student of American speech, reading in the English seminar at Uppsala, Prague, or Dorpat, might thereupon enter in his card-index: "Dunk, verb, Am. theat. slang for to divorce." He would, of course, be wrong. Except in that particular context, "dunk" has never been put to that unwonted use; probably it never will be. Yet the older dictionaries of slang are crammed with such vigorous individual creations which have never got into general use, which, if repeated at all, have been used as quotations or allusions. Mr. Partridge, despite his usual keenness, has let some of them slip into his dictionary. Is it really possible that a term so pedantic as "Athanasian wench," alluding to the first words in the Latin text of the Athanasian Creed, *quicumque vult*, was ever much used, even by theological students, to designate "a forward girl, ready to oblige every man that shall ask her?" Surely, this is a lexical ghost. Is "confiscate the macaroon" worth recording as a variant of "take the cake"? Was "arrested by the bailiff of Marshland" for "stricken with ague" ever a genuine colloquialism? It hardly seems possible. One might as well stuff an American dictionary with George Ade's dreary coinages. If Mr. Partridge had scrutinized such impostors more closely, he could have found room for more quotations like the one from Clemenceau on page 634, which make his dictionary so rich and humane. But it seems almost petty to direct attention to a minor shortcoming in this excellent dictionary.

GEORGE BENZMER

Our National Defense Policy

THE TRAGIC FALLACY. By Mauritz A. Hallgren. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

THOUGH we hope for more, if Mauritz Hallgren never writes again he will have given us a work which should afford him a lasting place as an author. "The Tragic Fallacy" is much more than an ordinary study of America's war policies. It is a masterpiece in its especial field, and it is fair to guess that it is going to cause considerable uneasiness and stir, even though America's military leaders choose to ignore its very positive challenge, just as military leaders so often do when they encounter that which deflates and discounts their pet preachings. Every reader is bound to give it high rank as an authoritative, well-organized, thoughtful study of policies touching the purse and having to do with the welfare of every citizen of the land.

Scares intended to cause America to fear its national defense inadequate come annually. Those with whom we leave the shaping and executing of our war-preparation policies very seriously suggest, in their own ways, our lack of preparation for possible attack upon us. When it is undertaken to ascertain how many ships, guns, sailors, soldiers, and marines are counted necessary to make us feel secure in our defensive preparation, the answer is never direct or satisfying, but always this: "More, more, more." And now along comes Hallgren with most convincing and direct word that our policy makers are not concerned about the danger of an attack upon us at all, that they quite acknowledge that there is not the slightest danger of an invasion of our land by a foe or group of foes, that the thought of such invasion is "utterly absurd," and that our military policy is not one even intended to guard the country against invasion. More than that, and without reservation, "The Tragic Fallacy" insists that our policy is one of preparation to make possible a swift expedition to war abroad. Never was a finer job of debunking our so-called national-defense policy done than that undertaken and completed by the author of this work. Never have our policy makers in this field been so sharply challenged.

Boldly the author charges that our "military bureaucracy" is preparing for another mass war abroad, and then follows with findings which build a most powerful case. Disclosures of the kind Hallgren brings forth would, in other lands, be followed by resignations of governments. "The Tragic Fallacy" challenges Congress and the people and will keep admirals and generals at long hours of weaving words of explanation, if explanation is to be offered at all. The work translates our national-defense policy as a policy of preparation for a return engagement in Europe.

Hallgren tells well the story of our try at neutrality starting in 1914. "Freedom of the seas" was the challenger of neutrality then. The author sees it moving again, "a mantle of righteousness and justice" covering our selfishness. He notes our imperialistic tendencies at home and abroad and finds us moving warward once again in defense of trade.

In one breath "The Tragic Fallacy" has us mindful that the author is "trimming" and soft pedaling when he pictures our decision to enter the war as "coincidental" with Allied credit needs, but he moves on into the blunt declaration that "America did go to war for the sole purpose of protecting its war trade."

"The Tragic Fallacy" is well done. It is a splendidly recorded warning. And it is as timely as it is challenging.

GERALD P. NYE

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Portrait of Lenin

THE LETTERS OF LENIN. Translated and Edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

"IT WOULD be a difficult task to paint the portrait of Nicolai Lenin. His words were as much a part of his external appearance as scales are of fish. The simplicity and straightforwardness of everything he said were an essential part of his nature. The heroic deeds which he achieved are surrounded by no glittering halo. . . ." These words which Maxim Gorki wrote when his great friend and comrade died come back to us as we read the letters Lenin wrote. Truly, there can be no more fitting monument to the great Lenin than that which he himself created in these simple, unstudied self-portraits.

Many of the letters here presented were written to Lenin's relatives, friends, and associates during his long years of exile from Czarist Russia. Some of them deal with those trivial matters that go to make up the life of the party organizer and propagandist to whom the question of raising money to pay the printer's bill seems momentarily almost as important as the most profound theoretical discussion. But the man himself is never trivial. Bitter, yes, and ruthless in his criticism of the leaders and thinkers of the labor movement who disagreed with him, but never small or petty.

Vladimir Uljanow (Lenin) was twenty-five years old when he wrote the first of the letters in this noteworthy collection. The last was written twenty-six years later, in November, 1922, just about two months before he died in January, 1923. In the restless life of the Russian exile there was neither time nor chance for personal contacts, and letter-writing was an important part of his life and activity. But comparatively few of the thousands of letters he must have written are still extant. Many were written with chemical ink that vanishes after it was read. Many were lost and destroyed because those who received them were also restless wanderers on the face of the earth, who traveled light and could not afford the luxury of keeping letters. From those that were preserved, the collection which lies before us, the first collection of Lenin letters to be published in the English language, was carefully chosen.

I know of no man who played a leading part in the Russian Revolution who was as Russian as Lenin. His letters show a sensitive understanding of the soul of the Russian peasant. That and his intelligent grasp of the problems of Russia's industrial proletariat made him the great strategist of the revolution. But this intense Russianism was an element of weakness in his relations with the labor movement outside Russia. Lenin lived abroad for almost two decades, during which the problems of the European revolutionary movement were the subject of countless letters and notes to comrades all over the continent. As one reads these critical, often impatient, and sometimes indignant comments on labor politics in the various countries of Europe, one cannot help seeing how largely his opinions are a reflex of his preoccupation with Russian problems.

It was the Russian in Lenin who refused to recognize that the peasant in England, in Germany, and in France was of a different pattern from the downtrodden slave of Czarist medievalism. It was the Russian in him who disposed of democracy with a wave of the hand, because he had never consciously lived the life of a free man. His letters during the war period are full of vitriolic comments on the "mis-

takes" of the Socialist leaders. The last ten years of European history have proved that he was right when he condemned constitutional monarchy as reaction wearing the mask of democracy and demanded industrial democracy. But they have also shown how wrong it was to underestimate the democratic instincts of the European worker and to believe that Russian "war communism" and the "third period" could be superimposed on the life of Western Europe.

It is regrettable that so little remains of his correspondence with his wife Krupskaya. The letters he wrote to her in the early years of their marriage were all destroyed. They were mostly secret documents, full of conspiratorial instructions. The four that this collection contains give a vivid picture of the deep understanding on which this marriage was founded. Krupskaya was the one being in whom he had absolute trust.

The bulk of the correspondence contained in this volume consists of letters written to his mother. They are always short but of a surprising warmth, full of personal interest and anxiety for her well-being. The letters to his sister Ulianova breathe the same affectionate concern, but deal less with personal than with political questions, in which she too was actively interested. These letters are invaluable, for they show a humaneness and a depth of feeling that might otherwise have been lost to view.

It is unfortunate that such an important work should have been distorted by ulterior considerations. I refer to what was deliberately left out of this valuable collection. The material bears the Soviet stamp—it could hardly be otherwise since the editors were naturally dependent on government sources for most of their material. There is, in consequence, clearly discernible a studied evasion of those things which might react unfavorably on the present regime. The three letters to Stalin are full of political instructions and political opinion, with nothing that would indicate the personal relationship between the leader of the Russian Revolution and his latter-day successor. The one letter to Stalin which might have proved illuminating—it is reported to have been the last letter Lenin ever wrote—is not in the collection. One looks in vain, also, for the letters he wrote to Trotsky against the position taken by Sokolnikov, Sinoviev, and others on the agrarian question, industrial planning, and nationalities.

One appreciates, of course, that the question of Lenin's correspondence with Trotsky is a delicate one. Indeed, knowing that it was possible to write an official history of the Russian Revolution without mentioning the Red Army chief's name, one hardly expected to find the ties that bound these two together reflected here. But it is unfair, not only to Trotsky but to Lenin himself, to find that where Leon Trotsky is mentioned at all, it is in a sharply critical tone. Such comments as "Balalaikin Trotsky," "What a swine this Trotsky is!" "Trotsky's pamphlet ["Our Political Task"] is as rotten as himself," "Trotsky and the company of foreign lackeys of opportunism" belong in any true representation of the relations between these two men. But there is nothing in the book to indicate that Lenin knew a different Trotsky later, that their irreconcilable differences were fused in the fire of the great struggle of the proletariat.

This reviewer is not a Trotskyite. He believes that Trotsky's present policies are wrong and harmful to the interests of the international working class. But he resents, and so will any fair-minded person, an expurgated presentation of Lenin in what should have been an unbiased presentation of the man through his personal writings.

One can hardly blame the editors for this shortcoming. They

worked under insurmountable handicaps, and there is the justified suspicion that they are not too familiar with the story of the international labor movement. Would it have been possible otherwise to assemble so many misspelled names under a single cover—Hilkvit for Hillquit, Legin for Legien, Manilski for Manuiski, Pannekuk for Pannekoek, Scheiderman for Scheidemann, Trul'stra for Troelstra, Samba for Sembat, Longe for Longuet—to mention only a few of those which came to my notice.

LUDWIG LORE

Sunset at Grasmere

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. THE MIDDLE YEARS (1806-1820). Arranged and Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. \$14.

THESE two volumes are a sequel to the "Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth (1787-1805)" which Mr. de Selincourt edited in 1935, and they will be followed in another year or so by the letters written after 1820. The work when completed will be a necessary part of any Wordsworth library, as it will be an honorable part of the great series of English "Letters" which the Oxford University Press is in the slow process of publishing. Mr. de Selincourt already has printed nearly three hundred letters which were not to be found in the best collection before his; and he has been able to correct many errors both of date and of address by the editor of that collection, William Knight, as well as to supply full texts in many places where Knight deleted what he considered to be insignificant. Knight was correct enough in supposing much of this correspondence to be dull; Wordsworth was far inferior to his sister as a letter writer; but no one can be sure that anything by a great poet is without interest, and Mr. de Selincourt has wisely restored everything. The result as far as the present volumes are concerned is the fullest available record of the years during which the sun of Wordsworth's genius set over the Vale of Grasmere.

The rim of it was barely visible in 1806. By that time Wordsworth had completed the first and most important draft of his greatest poem, The Prelude; a poem which had proved, though Wordsworth did not know this, that he would never be able to do anything as good again. He had intended it merely as an earnest of the philosophical poem to come—and an introduction to it in the form of an inquiry into the nature both of his own mind and of the material available to him. During the next forty-five years he was to lament his incapacity for the exalted task he had set himself; not quite willing to recognize that The Prelude was his poem, and prevented by a certain lack of perspective from realizing that history had fated him to do only so much. The great poets who were his heroes had in some cases, notably Milton's, found it difficult to settle on their subjects; but they had done so, and they had written about those subjects. Wordsworth, ancestor of all modern poets in this respect as in many others, had only himself to write about. Subjects had disappeared along with mythologies and world-views. His recourse was to make poetry out of himself—out of what he thought had been his past, and out of that present mind over which he brooded as if he had been its creator. He did so, and magnificently; but the impulse was exhausted, and after that there was nothing of major importance for him to do.

Also by 1806 his friendship with Coleridge had ceased to

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In 1914 pacifists were met with this crushing argument. Today the argument runs that if Fascism wins in Spain then England and America will be devoured by the monster in due course."

WAR MONGERING ON THE LEFT

by ALFRED M. BINGHAM

... is an article that blows the lid off the current sentimentality and confusion on the left. It begins: "America is being prepared for another slaughter, and once more it will be 'to make the world safe for democracy.' This time, however, the public mind is being prepared, not by bankers anxious for their foreign loans, but by some of the most idealistic and intelligent leaders of thought in the country: liberals, radicals ... the same men and women who recanted most humbly after the last war are putting their very considerable brains and influence to work to spread the idea over America that we must fight again 'for democracy' and once more against the same enemy—though he is labelled 'Nazism' instead of 'Prussian militarism' and his moustache is one inch long instead of four ... " If you read this whole article you may lose your temper BUT—

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be fruitful. Professor Garrod has brilliantly argued that Wordsworth was a good poet only during the decade of this friendship, and indeed because of it. The present volumes show the friendship in a rapid and fatal decline from the day when Dorothy and William, hastening to meet "dearest Coleridge" upon his return from Malta, were shocked by the change in his appearance for the worse, through the difficult days of his separation from his wife and of the complaints he began to make of his treatment by his former friends, to the unfortunate but perhaps inescapable breach of 1811 when Montagu repeated to him what William had said concerning his personal habits. Professor Garrod's theory may not explain everything about Wordsworth's poetry; but there can be no doubt that Coleridge in these years, at least as he was seen from the latitude of the Lake Country, was unattractive. Wordsworth could learn nothing more from him; and he had already, as I have said, explored his own mind to the bottom.

The letters of the "middle years," then, are grown over with aftergrass. This does not mean that they are uninteresting, but it does mean that they are filled with family worries rather than with intellectual adventures. Children and money are incessantly discussed in them. The note of anxiety is always there, along with the sense of a world that is too much with Wordsworth, not to say for him. We learn very little about the poems William is writing. The best pieces of the period are *The Happy Warrior*, *Personal Talk*, *The World Is Too Much with Us*, and the great *Ode*, most of which is in fact earlier; but these receive scanty mention from a man who seems more concerned about the reviews he will get or has already got of "The Excursion" and of the "Poems" in 1807 and 1815. Jeffrey, of course, is constantly under his skin; he deserves to be "kicked" for his review of Southey, and as for his reviews of Wordsworth himself—well, Dorothy puts the case in various letters which call Jeffrey a "fool" and an "ignorant coxcomb."

There is one passage on "The Excursion," however, in which William unwittingly confesses its weakness. Since it lacks "incident," he writes to Thomas Poole, "it cannot be expected to make its way without difficulty, and it is therefore especially incumbent on those who value it to exert themselves in its behalf." A month before he had shown less personal zeal for a poem by his friend R. P. Gillies which had precisely the same defect: "in turning so much upon internal feelings, and those of a peculiar kind, without a sufficiency of incident or imagery to substantiate them." He had spent his own supply of symbols in his masterpiece about himself; and now was calling on his public to overlook the fact. He must almost have known how far desire had outlived performance. Almost, but never quite.

MARK VAN DOREN

Introduction to Music

A BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY. By B. H. Haggin. Oxford University Press. \$5.

MR. HAGGIN has done a unique thing: he has written on an old subject a work conceived on an entirely new pattern, and he has achieved with a minimum of means a maximum of much-needed enlightenment. Unlike all previous attempts to "explain" music, "A Book of the Symphony" actually bridges the gap between the untrained listener and the meaning of music, and this without loss of either accuracy or self-respect. How is it done? Simply by referring every statement concerning music to a particular

part of a particular composition as played on a gramophone record. The place on the record where the music may be heard is measured in inches from the outermost groove by means of a celluloid ruler furnished with every copy of the book. To use the book effectively one need only have curiosity, a little patience, and one of the standard sets of the standard compositions analyzed. To forestall the necessity of purchasing a special group of recordings, Mr. Haggin has worked out his directions so that for each symphony any of three or five or sometimes seven different recordings may be used. His patient collating of the score with so many playings of it would alone deserve thanks from a lay public eager to know the difference between a coda and a chaconne, but when one takes into account the author's unfailing ability to combine the musically significant elements of each piece with vivid and unsentimental indications in words, the conclusion forces itself on the mind that the present work marks an epoch in the use of grooved discs and letterpress for the cultural education of the country.

The words cultural education need not make the aesthetes shudder. It is a remarkable and praiseworthy fact that among all circles and at all levels of understanding there has been in this country for the past quarter-century a continuous, though often shamefaced, effort to become truly acquainted with the masterpieces of the several arts, particularly music. The large literature designed to introduce the untrained painlessly into the realm where sound makes sense apart from words is a witness to the persistence of the interest, but hitherto all such books have fallen into one of two lamentable errors. They have either provided word parallels for musical compositions and let it go at that or they have assumed the very thing they sought to remedy, namely, a knowledge of musical notation and musical form. Mr. Haggin makes a radical departure and, indeed, states a central point in criticism when he says: "A statement about music will mean nothing to the person who reads it unless he has heard the music or can hear it when he reads the statement."

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the author and his book support the notion that because music is not translatable into words therefore it means nothing, expresses only "pure form," and is a kind of diaphanous incense perceptible only to those who have a Mus.D. or can play an instrument. On the contrary, a good many so-called musicians would do well to read Mr. Haggin and to follow his examples with record and ruler, book in hand. They would discover that what they thought was a "formal" arrangement of things was also a thing-in-itself, with a meaning as precise—no more and no less—as a speech in a tragedy, and that its development, radically different in method from that of speech, is none the less the addition, amplification, or qualification of meaning, where meaning is not to be taken as information or story-telling but as a reference to life which makes sense when compared with it.

With these premises it follows that the point of Mr. Haggin's book is not merely to make would-be music lovers glib and correct in the use of the technical lingo relevant to the symphony; nor is it to enable them to spot themes in augmentation or the trio in a minuet. It is rather to teach them the meaning of music through an analysis of certain great symphonies. From a phrase which, in Haggin's words, "causes the person who has not studied music no difficulty" the listener can learn to recognize its development by modification and recurrence until the sense of the whole business—his sense of it, that is, within the framework of sound presented—is discoverable without further use of words. The process is very much like Poe's solution of the cipher in

"The Gold Bug," and it is idle to imagine that there is any other means of introduction to the arts than by just such self-teaching under the guidance of an analyst who neither solves the riddle himself nor seeks to impress you with its mystical impenetrability.

The symphonies so analyzed by Mr. Haggin include not only the best of Haydn's, Mozart's, and Schubert's, and all of Beethoven's, but also the favorites of the American public by Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Franck. To the analyses the author has added a short section on the orchestra and its conductor and an excellent chapter on eight of the classical forms. The lay reader as well as the critic will await his discussion and illustration of modern forms and works with pleasurable anticipation.

JACQUES BARZUN

History by a Lover

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND: AN ACCOUNT OF HER RISE TO PREEMINENCE AND HER PRESENT POSITION. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

THE miracle of England, for M. Maurois, is twofold. A small barbaric island, on the misty rim of the known world, becomes a great empire whose conquests cover one-fourth of the globe. In the process it invents new institutions which give rise to a new conception of freedom, and originates the only new form of human society since Greece. These institutions, this conception are the source of similar developments in America and France. England originated democracy and established the Pax Britannica, the only parallel to the Pax Romana.

In 500 pages M. Maurois "answers" the miracle, as he says, and in fact shows that it is not a miracle but a traceable development of geographic, economic, and social forces. He traces and explains the internal history of England, the growth of its political and civil institutions, its internal and external policies as they grew out of this complex of forces, the clashes and harmonies of group interests, and the actions of dominant historic personalities. There is no attempt to tell the history of Scotland, Ireland, or the British Empire except as they are related to this island epic.

Lucidity and lack of sensationalism are the outstanding virtues of this presentation, especially, roughly speaking, in the first two-thirds of the book. The origins of organized English life up to the Norman Conquest, the French kings, the developing struggles between king and nobles with their repercussions on the lower orders, the conflict between king and pope, the beginnings of towns, corporations, universities, and mendicant orders, the rationale of legal and administrative reform, the origin and growth of Parliament, the first capitalists, the first dissenters, the Hundred Years' War, the Black Death, the Peasants' Revolt, and the War of the Roses bring us to the peak and decline of feudalism and the end of the Middle Ages. Under the Tudors we see the triumph of the monarchy and the importance of the sea power which, with the liberal subsidizing of allies on the Continent, is to be England's great instrument of power and conquest. The struggle between Stuarts and Parliament, Cromwell as man and revolutionist, Puritans and Cavaliers, Parliament and the army, the dilemma that ended in the Restoration, and the significance of the struggles in political terms fill another division. M. Maurois is a skilful popularizer as far as readability and clarity go. When we come to the two last divisions, which cover from the eighteenth century to the present day,

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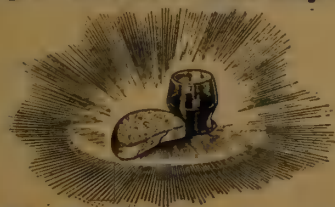
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the defects of his approach and method are more apparent.

The fundamental defect from which flow all others is that M. Maurois loves England, an abstraction. He writes out of a deep admiration and a personal knowledge of the country and its people. This adds to the warmth and charm of his narrative, and doubtless the fact that he is not an Englishman adds a freshness and piquancy to his observations. But in this book he writes like a lover, though like a lover who is determined to be impartial and record the faults as well as the virtues of the beloved. But can a lover do this? He obviously tries to leave out nothing essential, to show two or more sides of every controversy, and it is true that he mentions almost everything. He mentions everything, but some things he develops at greater or less length; others he merely mentions. A difference in emphasis often changes the main values of a picture. To give one of many instances: in his treatment of the South African War his emphasis is all on the "moderation" and "generosity" of the peace terms. To one who remembers, as I do, the furious opposition to this war in England and its effect on the younger generation of the time, this is little short of astonishing. True, there are a few vague sentences indicating that the war was unwise, that it aroused antagonisms and revealed weaknesses, but the final effect is a pervasive beamishness as to the true-to-type nobility of England's way.

In the last two centuries events and facts come thick and complex, selection becomes difficult, and M. Maurois thinks more and more officially. The Industrial Revolution and its results throughout the nineteenth century are astonishingly scamped and minimized, as is also the terroristic repression resulting from the French Revolution. There is just one paragraph on trade unions, a sentence or two on the woman movement, not a word about education from the Renaissance universities to the Forster Act in 1873. The Labor Party is barely mentioned and does not appear in the index.

The World War is represented as an almost spontaneous uprising in England; the profound world changes resulting are sketched with a somewhat roseate pencil. What will the future be? Air forces may soon be more important than navies. Can the English compromise between discipline and liberty prevail against the spread of totalitarianism? England suggested sanctions against Italy. Unfortunately they failed. England's part in the failure is not gone into, and the story stops before the war in Spain.

Crammed with information and pleasantly written until the massing of modern facts induces a catalogue-like style, this history lacks a critical spirit at least in the more recent parts. Perhaps lack of space is a contributing factor. All in all, it is a success story, an adolescent's History of England. Historians should not be lovers.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Bread and the Artist

BREAD AND A SWORD. By Evelyn Scott. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

IN A longish and sometimes clumsily written preface Mrs. Scott offers the prolegomena for her problem of the artist today and how he shall make a living. Mrs. Scott of course knows that the problem is not peculiar to our own time; Mozart and Rembrandt are conspicuous examples of it in the past. But today, she avers, the machine has accelerated our tempo of living and flattened out our values; if an artist is not a commercial success, he is thrown to the dogs, or more

specifically to the bread lines. If he has been so rash as to acquire a family, they, too, are not spared. When patronage is occasionally offered, it is either in the form of a grudging charity or it is capricious, vulgar, and irrelevant to the quality of the art that is being practiced. And the alternative, to get a job that will provide a living, is destructive to the art.

To illustrate this thesis, Mrs. Scott offers a novelist—husband of a woman who once thought of herself as a painter and poet, and father of two boys. He has written a couple of novels that have sold something like 15,000 copies each; but his royalty checks are diminishing steadily; he has taken the family to France, where living is cheaper and life is supposed to be simpler; he owes several thousand dollars; he is at work on another novel. And it doesn't work. Even in France bread costs money; poverty is too much for the wife's temper; the petty chores of primitive housekeeping interrupt the necessary typewriter; and the bourgeois French shopkeepers are suspicious and contemptuous of a man who writes and cannot make a decent living by it. When they go back home, there is a stupid father-in-law beginning to suffer from the depression, with whom the family tries to live while the novelist, thoroughly cowed, is looking for a white-collar job. But there are no such jobs. The alternative, to take a farm laborer's job while the wife works in the farm kitchen, doesn't work either. Publishers refuse advances on problematical novels. And patronage, when it comes, is offered by a wealthy woman who discovers that her assistant gardener is really a literary lion in a small way, and who gets an erotic kick out of that fact.

It is a bitter story. Nobody describes family bickering brought on by poverty more relentlessly than Mrs. Scott does. Nobody delineates stupidity and vulgarity more devastatingly. Her hero is damned by a world that will not tolerate artists unless it is forced to—a situation which contains enough hard truth to give any artist pause. But she fails to make her case sufficiently convincing, first by lightening the gloom and providing the contrast which the reader must have in order to be able to endure her story at all. There is not a person in her book who is unquestionably sympathetic, or simply intelligent, or fundamentally good. Conceive of the torments of a Lear unrelieved by an Edgar; conceive of a Hamlet without a friend like Horatio. If this is really a world in which the only law is that of tooth and claw, in which every man looks only to his own advantage, in which bread is the only reality, then it is a world damned by its own shortcomings and not worth writing about. But Mrs. Scott's second failure is more serious even than this: she does not convince the reader that her artist is worth saving. If Mozart was plagued by debt and illness, he kept on writing incomparable music just the same; and Rembrandt, at the end of a long life of bitter struggle, left a series of paintings by which an intolerant world was obliged to remember him.

All this is simply to say that Mrs. Scott is a novelist of power and much more than average intelligence, and that she has chosen a subject which is in itself powerful and worth attention. But having set herself a difficult and worth-while task, she would have solved it better by attacking it perhaps less directly. An oblique approach, which would have given her novelist a break or two—not necessarily by a happy ending—would have been more illuminating and more persuasive. It is permissible to harass and torment a reader, but he must be offered occasional balm, he must have time off to contemplate his scars. Otherwise the struggle has no meaning, and the end does not seem worth all the trouble.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

In Times of Realism

THREE COMRADES. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by A. W. Wheen. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

UNDERSTANDABLY enough, Erich Maria Remarque prefers to keep a distance of ten years between the theme of his books and the current of contemporary life. In 1928, ten years after the first World War, "All Quiet on the Western Front" succeeded, with all the force of its underscored irony and over-explicit symbolism, in capturing the mood of German defeat. It was cast as a *Bildungsroman*, a study in the formation of character, autobiographical in method and episodic in structure; but it broke this traditional mold of the German novel by conducting the education of its characters under circumstances of concentrated violence, and by terminating their apprenticeship with abrupt destruction. To gain his point, Remarque presented the immediate experience and concrete fact of the front-line trenches against a conceptual background supplied by schoolmaster and drill-sergeant, and thereby improvised a series of fresh variations upon the old theme of *Alles nicht was im Buche steht*.

Now, almost a decade later, Remarque is writing about 1928 and the Germany whose restless and distrustful atmosphere his book did so much to formulate. His schoolboy heroes, to the extent that they have survived at all, have struggled into their thirties living from hand to mouth, from moment to moment. The present instalment treats of the boy allies in the used-car business. Again the narrator is one of the great demobilized, a mechanic, who ekes out his existence by running a taxi and improves his leisure by playing the piano in a bawdy house. His thirtieth birthday finds him and his two comrades in arms busy salvaging automobiles, and introduces him to the girl who will be with them for the rest of a short life and a long book. The components of their story are fast driving and hard drinking, boarding-house pathos and tabloid adventure. "The thing has poetry and punch, eh?" exclaims one of them. "In times of realism be romantic, that's the trick."

In the interval between "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Three Comrades" Remarque, the contemporary of his characters, went to Switzerland for his health and found it wise to remain there for political reasons. Exile above the clouds does not seem to have clarified his perspective. He will not forge myths for the new Germany, but he is ill equipped to continue his exposures of the old. "All Quiet on the Western Front" derived its importance from the fact that its issues and outcome were known, and could lend their meaning to Remarque's kind of rank-and-file impressionism. "Three Comrades" is something less than historical fiction; National Socialism makes only a single, shadowy appearance, although that results in the characteristically pointless death of one of the three comrades. The incidents appear forced and unconvincing because they are not strung together with anything more relevant than a few vague axioms—war is hell, religion is a mockery, or, for a speculative flight: "Not to laugh at the twentieth century is to shoot yourself. But you can't laugh for long. It's too much a matter for tears."

Recently, in the figure of Charley Anderson, John Dos Passos created a more significant protagonist than Remarque's alcohol-obsessed, financially harassed, mechanically minded war veterans. The concluding pages of "Three Comrades" merely serve to remind the reader that it was Thomas Mann who turned the tuberculosis sanitarium into a symbol for post-war Europe. As a prophet, Erich Maria Remarque has

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lost his ardor because his millennium has already come and gone and because whatever happens afterward is to him uniformly trivial. He definitely resents having his chaos disturbed. Therefore, even after another ten years, it would be unwarranted to expect from him an incisive depiction of the country he no longer knows. In the meanwhile, "Three Comrades" has successfully appeared in a woman's magazine, and nobody is going to burn it.

HARRY LEVIN

Revolution's "Time Past"

PEACE IS WHERE THE TEMPESTS BLOW. By Valentine Kataev. Translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THE scene of this novel is Odessa and the time 1905—that in itself is, in a way, a definition of it. For Odessa, a Ukrainian city on the Black Sea, belongs among the halcyon place-names of the revolution's Remembrance of Things Past. It was there that the events of 1905 were foreshadowed in the mutiny on the armored cruiser Potemkin; and in the memory of bolshevism and Soviet literature alike, that prelude of insurrection has transmuted the city where it occurred into an image of beginnings, of spring thunder, and of that mood of solemn and intimate sadness that suggests the eve of a long-awaited holiday.

With this emotional tone suffusing his narrative, Kataev combines the themes of childhood and revolution in a fertile and meaningful exchange. In his plastic prose, lively with colors, sights, and sounds, the accepted Soviet symbols function efficiently and not without that effervescent humor inherent in objects and ideas so long cherished that they have begun to fit snugly. Thus the two boys whose adventures make up most of the episodes are each representative of a social class, and the friendship between them signifies the alliance of workers and intellectuals. Moreover, since the doctrine teaches that the workers lead in this union, it is Gavrik, the proletarian street urchin, who knows what to do, and Petya, the son of a schoolmaster, who helps him do it. Gavrik is so brave and resourceful that he emerges as a youthful Odysseus of the class struggle. And what a multitude of historical associations is evoked by the fact that it is precisely a sailor who is placed at the head of the fight, and whose marvelous escapes and feats of underground activity are aided by the two boys, forever distracted from their play by the greater excitement of overthrowing an oppressive regime! Terence, Gavrik's brother, is cool and determined, as befits a metal worker; Petya's father and aunt, however, are well-meaning but easily frightened. As revolutionists Terence and the sailor are typical Soviet literary figures, in that they are seldom worried by problems of consciousness. They are pure personifications of practice.

The story tells all the characteristic experiences of childhood, rendered pictorially and with comic elation, yet cunningly woven into a political texture. In a Western novel such a pattern would appear awkward, the politics imposed; with the Soviet writer, on the other hand, politics not only affects his beliefs but has entered into his very sensibility. The details of political struggle live not in historical works alone but in the creative imagination, crystallizing into a tradition nourishing to art. Hence even the horrors of Czarism are described by Kataev with that happy shudder peculiar to disasters recalled in the security of triumph. The Czarist detective is no longer the vicious character common to Western revolutionary fiction but as appealing in his villainy as

any bandit or pirate in a boys' adventure story. Thus what would seem strained and crude in our fiction strikes us as charming naivete as told by Kataev, for he has been able to weld an old and a new theme into a romantic work of inimitable mirth and tenderness. True, it is lacking in depth and somewhat smug in its underlying certainty that the problems of humanity have at last all been solved, but these seem to be the general limitations of much Soviet writing.

In the past Kataev has been known to indulge his flair for the grotesque and the satiric. "The Embezzlers" was written in that vein. In this work, however, the lyrical strain in him has evidently had full sway.

PHILIP RAHV

Four Winds

JORDANTOWN. By Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

MISS JOHNSON'S intentions are inadvertently revealed in the first pages of "Jordanstown." Peter Stefan, a baker, middle-aged, rosy-cheeked, and philosophic, engages some dough in casual contemplation. "Poor, pale, white things!" he says as he shuts the raw loaves in his oven, "I give you some color quick." The bread is subsequently baked and sold, and the stale remaining loaves are idealistically distributed to the Jordanstown unemployed in exchange for various services. Those same unemployed are the central characters of Jordanstown, and it might be noted that on Labor Day, as they march toward their newly built Workers' Center, they are rewarded with fresh rolls. No further mention is made of "color," but by that time the reader is sufficiently aware of the pigmentation of Miss Johnson's rhetoric to interpret Peter's speech as having more reference to the author's creative methods than to the baker's oven.

Miss Johnson's novel is rich in color; her poor pale characters are not characters at all but metaphors with an economic locus. As for the action, that is divided into four great winds. There is the "west wind of hate," "the arctic wind of necessity driving each new life before it," "the foul east wind of desire for power," and in the concluding paragraph "the south wind of love." Then there is the young hero, Allen Craig, a disenfranchised member of the landed gentry, who appears first as a grocer's clerk and then as the innovator of the town's class-conscious newspaper, "flourishing his pen like a sword." And Allen's friend, David ("a grand boy but born with a fever"), who with Allen organizes the unemployed in building a Workers' Center. Finally there is the workers' triumphal Labor Day parade, nipped in the bud by armed sheriffs. Allen's head is bashed in; David's injuries are fatal. On the next morning the disillusioned workers find their Center burned to the ground, and "Jordanstown" comes to an end on a note of defeat. It is true that Allen faces the future with plans for another Center, but Miss Johnson has in no way proved the future to hold less fire and more success for the workers than the past. The casual reader might readily conclude from her account that the proletarian cause is doomed to infinite repetitious failure. Considering the author's fervid approach throughout, that is a curious slip to make in conclusion.

The explanation lies not in Miss Johnson's attitude toward oppression but in her attitude toward words. In attempting to give her characters color Miss Johnson has exploited them verbally. They carry artificiality rather than conviction, are wrapped in a kind of poetry which springs neither from character nor situation but is imposed upon both as a pro-

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pective coloration against banality. Yet banality is the integument of "Jordanstown," and in making a *bête noire* of it rather than of the system she intended to expose, Miss Johnson defeats her own ends.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

"Henceforth from the Mind"

THE SLEEPING FURY. By Louise Bogan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THIS is Louise Bogan's first book of lyrics since the publication in 1929 of "Dark Summer," and it is unmistakably the poet's most mature and distinguished volume. Miss Bogan's admirable precision of language and expert craftsmanship remain unchanged, but the conflict between emotional intensity and an intellectual analysis almost equally violent—so characteristic of all her work—is in these poems resolved.

Betrayal has long been Miss Bogan's theme. At first it was the betrayal inevitable in love. Now this poet sees betrayal as common to all, as a betrayal by life itself. It is life itself which so changes body and spirit that they become their opposites. This is the ultimate, bitter truth. And whatever of personal bitterness there was in Miss Bogan's earlier lyrics becomes in these later poems either a deep impersonal hatred of human fate or an austere acceptance of that fate. In the long title poem, built upon a magnificent image, the Fury who has tortured the poet is faced at last and seen:

Beautiful now as a child whose hair, wet with rage and tears,
Clings to its face. And now I may look upon you,
Having once met your eyes. You lie asleep and forget me.
Alone and strong in my peace, I look upon you in yours.

Or, again, we find the main theme of this book in such a stanza as this:

Henceforth from the mind,
For your whole joy, must spring
Such joy as you may find
In any earthly thing,
And ever time and place
Will take your thought for grace.

Distinguished is the word one always thinks of in connection with Louise Bogan's poetry. Whatever form she tries, her art is sure, economical, and self-definitive. There is never in her poems a wasted adjective or phrase but always perfect clarity and a consistent mood precisely set down. She can write the completely artless lyric or the very subtle poem worked out through complex imagery. Sensuousness is here but it is always reined in by the strict mind. Poems like "Italian Morning" express perfectly the atmosphere of the old carved rooms and the sense of timelessness in contrast with personal time and loss. The sheer passion to create in words is behind much of this poetry and is the theme of one of the loveliest lyrics in the book "Roman Fountain." This passion, the poet believes, persists despite defeat in life. Another poem in Swiftian mood denounces Swift as a rare hypocrite in his letters to Stella. Miss Bogan is a good hater, but never allows hatred to become mere emotionalism:

With so much hatred still so close behind
The sterile shores before us must be faced
Again, against the body and the mind,
The hate that bruises, though the heart is braced.

And so, in the end, one is impressed by a kind of wisdom in these poems, the wisdom of profound intuition and of a rapier analysis turned inward rather than outward.

EDA LOU WALTON

FILMS

Boy of India

ROBERT FLAHERTY is generally and properly recognized as the best of those directors who go for material to faraway places and come back with this material in a pure state, or almost a pure state. It is the place that interests them, along with the human life lived there; and it is their assumption that we have similar tastes—that we shall not require, for instance, fiction on top of geography and ethnology. We shall not expect the Eskimo or the Bushman to behave as if he were on the banks of the Wabash, far away from himself but near enough home to take part in a plot surprisingly like those of Hollywood. The strangeness, the difference is what we want; and we know that the camera is the only thing which can give it to us. Mr. Flaherty's best films have been superior travelogues; superior because they stopped at a really interesting place and stayed there long enough for us to learn something about the life which we should never have known otherwise. Some manipulation, of course, has been resorted to; the family in "Man of Aran" was coached, even if the waves at the shore were not; and Nanook of the North never even pretended to be ignorant of Mr. Flaherty's camera as it turned before him. But so much manipulation was necessary if the films were to have unity; and only so much took place.

For the material of his new film, "Elephant Boy" (United Artists: Rialto) Mr. Flaherty has gone to India. And for good measure he has thrown in a story by Kipling; or rather he has used "Toomai of the Elephants" as a center around which to organize his data. The resulting mixture is both agreeable and disagreeable. Since the story employs the Cinderella theme it has a certain power in spite of everything, and we can well understand the tears of Toomai at the close when his unexpected recognition as a hunter by the grizzled elders of his race proves too much for him. For it is he, the despised youngster, who has seen the elephants dance, and there is nothing for the elders to do now except elect him as their leader. This, as I have said, is in spite of everything a good story. But Mr. Flaherty has not told it well, being without experience in fiction. His principals stand interminably while they say things that are perfectly obvious to us. Two men, for instance, come upon Toomai one night when he is sleeping by the corral. They look deliberately at him and at each other, and then one of them says: "He is asleep." Of course. And there is much more of the same thing; just as at the end there is the suspicion in our minds that the Indian elders would not have put on this rather British show for Toomai if they had not been directed to do it, and if they had been Indian in fact. They are Englishmen behind beads, as the program rather superfluously states; just as the elephants are from the herd of the Maharajah of Mysore, who lent them for the film.

Yet "Elephant Boy" is worth seeing for what remains in it of India and Robert Flaherty. One cannot after all doubt that this is India, whether the scene be a jungle or the streets of a city bestridden by towering stone gods. And Sabu, the twelve-year-old boy who plays Toomai, is not only Indian but immensely attractive and convincing in himself. He and his one great elephant are worth seeing if any two things are on the current screen.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

A Farmer Speaks

Dear Sirs: I am a Virginia farmer and I have just read the article in your issue of March 27 in which Paul W. Ward tells us what we have long suspected. The public-minded work for years to get a law through for the common folks. Then the reactionaries are put in control and they proceed to wreck its administration. The Rural Electrification Administration is another illustration of a now common experience. There's only one solution. Give them the white light of publicity and force public opinion to drive them out of office. Men who accept the private-utility view have no right to hold office and by their daily deeds kill cooperative laws, as in this instance.

As usual *The Nation* is always first to get these valuable facts to the people. Mr. Ward has certainly performed an invaluable public service for the farmers of America. This one article is worth a year's subscription. Unfortunately I can't afford it, but I know I speak the mind of thousands and thousands of farmers everywhere when I express my great appreciation for Mr. Ward's public service.

ZAN BARTEL
Perth Amboy, N. J., April 1

Hope for Kitty Smith

Dear Sirs: Score One for academic freedom for teachers. As a reader of *The Nation* I have become liberal in my views, and it makes my blood tingle when I read that teachers have been dismissed for merely trying to live and act like other citizens of the community in which they are teaching. During the past five or six years this community has been undergoing a gradual change, with the result that teachers have come to be regarded as real citizens. In the spring election E. Burr Sherwood, young junior-high instructor, ran for a seat on the city commission. He had a definite platform which stressed most of all the need for a municipal light plant. He not only won a seat on the commission but received the largest number of votes in a field of six candidates—some of them veterans in city politics.

This election and Mr. Sherwood's victory are significant for two reasons. Mr. Sherwood was not called "on the car-

pet" by his administrators or the school board; the election showed how a community normally very conservative has turned about and is taking a liberal attitude on municipal ownership.

I thought you might be interested in hearing about developments that in one town at least make life more livable.

LOUIS SWANSON

Stambaugh, Mich., April 7

Racial Lines on Shipboard

Dear Sirs: A recent cruise trip to the West Indies aboard the Kungsholm prompts me to relate my experience for the benefit of those of your readers who may object to the anti-Semitic policies of the Swedish American Line.

It is the usual practice of transatlantic liners to allow passengers to choose their own table companions for the duration of a trip. To my astonishment, however, I was given a table number prior to embarkation at the pier of the Swedish American Line. I was soon to discover the reason for such efficiency. My table companions, I found, were exclusively Jewish. A careful study of the dining-room seating plan revealed that similar groupings had been arranged for other Jews on the trip.

The Kungsholm, on its cruises, holds a cocktail hour every evening to which passengers are invited as guests of the liner. In due time I received an invitation. Here again, the cruise hostess carried out the unmistakable policy of the line. As soon as I had introduced myself I was segregated at the table in the lounge which had been set aside for the other representatives of my race.

Upon my return to New York a conference with an official of the Swedish American Line brought scant satisfaction. The man attempted to confuse issues by asking me why I objected to sitting with my own people! I was further informed that the Swedish American Line has a right to establish its policies, to which I replied that passengers as well should have the right to know definitely the policies of a line on which they travel.

I should like to urge a flood of letters to the Swedish American Line protesting against its policy of racial discrimination.

MARTHA K. FEINGOLD

New York, April 8

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What Is the National Lawyers' Guild?

Dear Sirs: The issue presented to the American lawyer by the recent organization of the National Lawyers' Guild is a simple one. One hundred and forty thousand lawyers do not now belong to any national bar group. We call upon these lawyers to assume that position of leadership in public life that was once theirs. This is not a struggle between the American Bar Association and the National Lawyers' Guild. It is a clash of principles. The National Lawyers' Guild stands for the child-labor amendment. It stands for the social-security laws, for minimum-wage laws, and for every law to promote human welfare. The opposing group stands against such laws.

The accumulation of distrust and prejudice against the lawyer and the courts has come from the fact that the only articulate group in America has always spoken against the interest of the ordinary citizen. More than 80 per cent of the lawyers are never heard from on issues of public interest. If the lawyer is to retain his place of leadership and power in the community, he must speak as the champion and friend of the less favored but larger groups. That is what the National Lawyers' Guild now undertakes to do on behalf of all who believe in the future of our profession.

JOHN P. DEVANEY,
President, National Lawyers' Guild
Minneapolis, March 15

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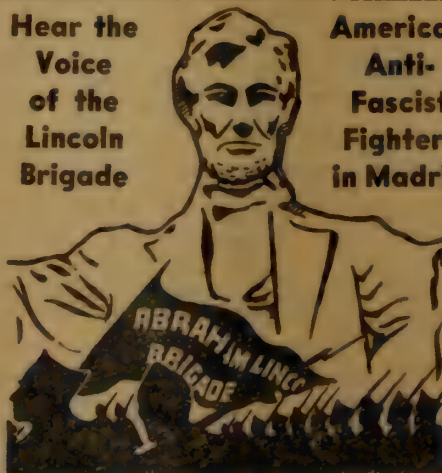
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THE *Nation*

VOLUME 144

NEW YORK • SATURDAY • MAY 1, 1937

NUMBER 18

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The Shape of Things

★

THE MOST SERIOUS ASPECT OF PRESIDENT Roosevelt's new-born passion for economy is the threatened shelving of a number of the most important bills now before Congress. If immediate pressure is not brought by progressive groups throughout the country, there is grave danger that the Wagner housing bill, discussed by Albert Mayer elsewhere in this issue, will be lost. Similarly threatened are the farm-tenancy bill, the national-education bill, and the proposed appropriation of \$25,000,000 to continue the Public Health Service's brilliant battle against venereal disease. After years of struggle these measures seemed on the verge of passage. All are of the utmost social importance. A 25 per cent cut in the military budget would go a long way toward providing the necessary funds for these projects. Should this be ruled out, Congress ought to face the necessity of raising taxes. As a country we can ill afford the luxury of low taxes when it means that workers are badly housed, that tenant farmers are denied the minimum essentials of a livelihood, that children are unable to obtain decent schooling, and that the unfortunate victims of venereal disease shall be allowed to die or spread infection for lack of medical care.

★

THE INCREASE IN THE BRITISH INCOME TAX should be a convincing answer to those who have contended that the American rates are unduly burdensome on business. During the coming year a Britisher with a wife and two children who earns \$10,000 a year will have to pay an income tax of no less than \$1,627.50. An American with the same income and the same obligations would pay only \$296. The discrepancy is even greater for those of more moderate incomes. Thus a \$4,000 man with the same dependents would pay \$312.50 in Britain—more than the \$10,000 man in this country—while a similar person earning \$4,000 in the United States would be assessed just \$12. It is true that for moderate incomes our state tax is frequently higher than the federal tax. In the case of the \$4,000 man the state tax would be \$21, making a total tax of \$33, or just about one-tenth the tax bill of his British cousin. Even more instructive than the increase in the British income levy is the projected reintroduction of the excess-profits tax, which will take up to one-third of the industrial profits attributable to the rearmament program.

BURLINGAME
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There is no question that the new tax will prove more burdensome than our recently enacted corporation levy. But the British Tories have a way of enacting legislation which puts to shame our so-called New Deal.

★

THE PRESSURE OF BAD LOGIC, OF SHIPPING men pursuing high profits, and of pro-Loyalist Liberals and Laborites has forced the Baldwin Cabinet to reverse its decision. The British navy is now protecting ships that are running the very weak rebel blockade of the northern coast of Spain. Bilbao is getting its food. Its resistance is thereby strengthened. The attackers appear to be approaching the city and unless there are negotiations for a peaceful surrender it is possible that one more Spanish city will be besieged. General Mola, reinforced, according to reports, by regular Italian troops, continues the offensive against the Basque capital on which the rebels have been expending an inordinate amount of energy. The government, with indeterminate success to date, has sought to take advantage of this circumstance by attacking on the Teruel and Madrid fronts. Meanwhile, after a dozen delays, the Non-Intervention Committee's international patrol—not blockade—has finally been instituted. It had not functioned a week before the Valencia government charged that an Italian destroyer on patrol had violated the London committee's rules. This entire system of patrol, so laboriously hatched to bring peace to Spain, may yet become a source of serious trouble. A little provocative act by either Germany or Italy could easily result in an intensification of intervention.

★

WHILE INDECISIVE FIGHTING PROCEEDS ON the battlefields, the Valencia government has demonstrated its enhanced power by reestablishing the civilian government of Madrid and ending the mandate of the junta which took over control of the capital when Franco's siege started on November 6. At the same time the Caballero government is bringing undisciplined political elements and military units under control. Franco, on the other hand, has replied to the recent mutinies and permanent disaffection in his territory by setting up a frankly advertised fascist dictatorship—which Mr. Carney, incidentally, has not yet mentioned in the *New York Times*. There is to be only one legal party, the fascist Phalangists, but in order to placate the Requettes, extreme Carlist monarchists, a vague promise is thrown out to them that some day maybe a king will rule in Madrid. The people of Spain have proved with their votes and their blood that they want neither a fascist nor a monarchist regime.

★

LABOR IS ASSUREDLY ON THE MARCH—NOT least in the capitalist press. In serried columns shoe workers in Maine, automobile workers in Canada, freight handlers on the New York docks, and agricultural slaves in California present their demands to industry, defile into picket lines, get fired or fired upon, or sign agree-

ments in spite of red scares, injunctions, back-to-work movements, yellow unions, and very special correspondents. To an old newspaperman like Elisha Hanson the very fact that labor takes up so much space these days must seem another attack on the freedom of the press. Item: The Oshawa strike was won. In three resolutions the Oshawa local reaffirmed its allegiance to the C. I. O., gave a vote of confidence to Hugh Thompson and Homer Martin (Premier Hepburn's "foreign agitators"), and spanked the "controlled press" for its attempt to deceive the public and defeat the strike. . . . Item: In Maine, Judge Harry Manser issued a sweeping injunction—in the name of the Wagner Act!—declaring a strike of shoe workers illegal. The judge and the employers have now had second thoughts and conferences are in progress. . . . Item: In California, the latest move to organize agricultural and cannery workers ran into deputy sheriffs and tear-gas bombs at Stockton. No settlement as yet. . . . Item: In the model town of Hershey, Pennsylvania, the chocolate soldiers of the Loyal Workers' Club carried the day in an N. L. R. B. election, defeating the C. I. O. union by a vote of 1,542 to 781. That for Mr. Hanson's sweet tooth.

★

ANGELO HERNDON HAS BEEN SET FREE AND another reactionary state law discredited by the Supreme Court in a five-to-four decision in favor of free speech. Under a Georgia statute going back to Reconstruction days Herndon had been convicted of insurrection and sentenced to eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang for being a member of the Communist Party. This happy decision is a companion piece to the court's invalidation of the Oregon criminal-syndicalism statute in January in the De Jonge case. Let the states look to their laws—especially those which tamper with the Bill of Rights—and they will save themselves both good money and bad publicity.

★

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TIGER SEEM TO BE making a united front at Albany in an attempt to keep the American Labor Party from playing a decisive role in the New York City mayoralty campaign this fall. The six Berg bills constitute an attack upon the spirit as well as the letter of democracy; yet four of them passed both houses of the legislature. One of the bills passed would make it necessary for the American Labor Party, which will probably back LaGuardia in New York City this fall, to name its slate of candidates five weeks before the primary election. The others would require an independent candidate to obtain 56,000 signatures to a petition instead of the present 7,500 and hedge such petitions about so as to make the independent nominations almost impossible. The bills deserve a resounding veto. . . . The bill to abolish the third degree, passed in the Assembly, was duly killed in the Senate by means of another united front composed of the police departments, the district attorneys, Mayor LaGuardia, and Senator McNaboe. . . . The Fischel minimum-wage bill became law—to take the place of the Wald Act which was killed by the

Supreme Court last spring. Gone today and here tomorrow. . . . The legislature is now struggling to fill a hole of \$20,000,000 in the budget. Republican bills to meet it by an increased inheritance tax, a stock-transfer tax, and a tax on gifts met with ■ sudden shyness on the part of wealthy Republican legislators. And favor has now shifted to Governor Lehman's plan for raising the tax on gasoline to four cents—which will pass the burden on to the ultimate flivver.

★

A REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT'S SON STOOD UP before the D. A. R. in annual convention assembled last week and told them without qualification that they could not get anywhere "by painting red networks of communism across every evening sky." Charles P. Taft, who gave the Daughters this shock, was one of the intimate advisers of Governor Landon in the last campaign and is respected and admired as a civic leader in Cincinnati, his home town. Hence he cannot be whistled down as a "red" or a bolshevik. But he did not stop there. He also informed the Daughters that "the one who shouts communism is always discounted as a fascist at heart and vice-versa." He next denounced the "current efforts to identify pacifism with socialism," a little game in which the D. A. R. has always led the way. "Young people hate war with a deep hatred," Mr. Taft went on, "and they should. They cannot see why 'defense' means protection of foreign trade and foreign investments." Then he told the Daughters a few sound truths about the revolution of which they are so proud—and so ignorant. He explained to them that the leaders of that revolution were "vigorous young men who were not afraid of being called 'subversive' influences," and he reminded them that a lot of the "best people" refused to side with the revolutionists and that Governor Hutchinson must have felt toward Samuel Adams and John Hancock "a good deal as some high automobile officials feel toward sit-down strikers." In short, Mr. Taft did an extremely good job. We wonder, though, if a good time was had by all who heard him.

★

WE AGREE WITH MR. VILLARD THAT OUR participation in another world war would mean the end of democracy in this country; and we feel that this is the strongest argument for *preventing* such a war. Mr. Villard believes that the neutrality bill guarantees that we will not get into war. We feel, on the contrary, that it offers no real protection to the United States, and that its inconsistency with the principle of collective security greatly increases the likelihood of war abroad. Moreover, any action by the United States at this time declaring a general embargo on war materials would be an open invitation to Hitler to launch an attack, since the latter knows full well the dependence of Britain and France on American supplies. The cash-and-carry policy, on the other hand, would set up precisely the same chain of events as that by which we became involved in the last war. In fact, any action that the United States takes with

respect to trade in war time is bound to injure one combatant and aid the other. In the world today there is no safe and easy road to peace. The duty of the realistic pacifist is to choose the course that offers the best chance of strengthening the forces of democracy in Europe on which peace depends.

Il Duce Pulls the Strings

IF Chancellor Schuschnigg entertained any illusion ■ to who was the real ruler of Austria, it must have been rudely shattered by his visit to Venice last week. Schuschnigg has developed a definite program for putting Austria on its own feet. He believes that the restoration of the monarchy would be ■ bulwark against absorption by the Third Reich. He has also toyed with the idea of an agreement with Czecho-Slovakia as a means of escaping Italian and German domination. And yet he apparently hoped in the interval to persuade Mussolini to continue guaranteeing Austrian independence. A few months ago Il Duce would have doubtless been ready enough to support Schuschnigg as an offset to Nazi influence. But fundamental changes have taken place since Mussolini last sent troops to the Brenner Pass, notably the formation of the new international fascist front. In return for Nazi concessions to Italy, ■ yet undisclosed, Mussolini has obviously agreed to support Germany's interests in Central Europe.

As a result Schuschnigg appears to have drawn a complete blank. Although the report that he will accept Nazis in his government may have been exaggerated, there can be no doubt that he was ordered to forget the possibility of Hapsburg restoration and to look to Germany ■ well ■ to Italy for future support. Effective pressure also seems to have been applied to cause him to postpone the projected agreement with Czecho-Slovakia.

The significance of the Austrian conversations, together with the almost endless meetings which are being held between Italian and German officials, can scarcely be overestimated. Following the setback to fascist aspirations in Spain, Hitler and Mussolini appear to have redoubled their efforts in Central Europe. Yugoslavia has already somewhat unwillingly been brought into the German-Italian orbit. A bitter struggle is now being waged in Rumania between the fascist Iron Guard and the democratic elements associated with former Premier Maniu and former Foreign Minister Titulescu. The position of Hungary was never in question. This gives the fascist powers virtually a free hand in Central Europe.

Under the circumstances, the Anglo-French declaration guaranteeing Belgium's independence and reaffirming the non-aggression agreement between the two countries takes on renewed importance. The pro-Nazi element in Belgium received a severe setback a fortnight ago. Thus for the first time since the rise of Hitler we are witnessing the division of Europe into two camps more or less evenly divided in strength. On both sides we may expect feverish jockeying for position in the coming months.

Blueprints for Fascism

HELL is said to be paved with good intentions. An illustration is provided by the various bills introduced into Congress to "take the profits out of war." All these measures contain phraseology which might readily be used for the establishment of a fascist dictatorship in the United States. The most threatening is the Sheppard-Hill bill, which is sponsored by the American Legion and is believed to have Administration support. Contrary to the impression which exists in some circles, the Sheppard-Hill bill does not go so far as to draft civilian labor or to muzzle the press. But neither does it conscript capital or eliminate war profits.

Apart from the provision empowering the President to draft all men between twenty-one and thirty-one for military service immediately on the declaration of war, its dangers are implicit rather than explicit. The President is given widespread control over business by means of licenses, priorities of shipments, price-fixing, and the registration of factory managers. He is also given power "to determine and publicly proclaim from time to time the material resources, industrial organizations, and public services over which government control . . . shall be necessary," and to determine "what classes of public service, real property, or right, or . . . manufacturers or producers . . . shall be required to operate under licenses." These clauses may not be consciously intended to serve as the legal foundation of fascism in this country, but their vagueness and their sweeping character make them admirably suited for just such a purpose. And it is not even necessary to await the outbreak of war to have these provisions invoked. The powers granted by the bill become effective either on the declaration of war or in a "national emergency" proclaimed by Congress.

While the Nye-Maverick bill is in many ways a better measure, it contains similar dangers. For example, it authorizes the registration of any person engaged in the "management or control of any technical, industrial, or manufacturing plant or establishment of any kind whatsoever." This might easily be twisted so as to apply to labor leaders, and would seem to imply complete control over newspaper owners and editors. Even more threatening is a provision authorizing the President to take over a factory in the event of a labor dispute "and operate it under such rules and regulations as he may deem proper . . . to best subserve the interests of the nation in the successful prosecution of war." The Nye-Maverick bill, however, shows no such solicitude for business as does the Sheppard-Hill bill, and is much more drastic in its taxation clauses. Moreover, the Nye bill does not come into effect until Congress declares that the existence of a state of war has created a national emergency.

It may be argued that since some degree of dictatorship is inevitable in time of war it is unrealistic to struggle against measures which are fairly free from anti-labor bias. We know that men will be drafted; why not see to it now that capital shall be penalized as much as possible? With the tax provisions of the bill we have

no quarrel. No action that could be taken at the present time is likely to be so conducive to peace as legislation which really threatens the elimination of war profits. But even the fear that a war-time dictatorship is inescapable does not justify Congress in adopting a measure in peace time giving sanction to that dictatorship. At best, the industrial-control clauses in the war-profits bills furnish—in the words of the War Department—a method of helping the country "to pass promptly and smoothly to a war footing." At worst, they may very readily serve the same purpose for a future American dictator, as the Brüning decrees did for Hitler in Germany. But whatever may be said regarding the ineffectiveness of German democracy in the face of Hitlerism, it cannot be said that it provided him with a complete advance blueprint of dictatorship such as is contained in both the Sheppard-Hill and the Nye-Maverick bills.

The Trotsky Commission

THE commission sent to Mexico to examine Leon Trotsky has come home laden with depositions, copies of letters, and verbatim testimony, but minus a member. Final judgment on the commission's findings must await its report, but from a knowledge of its membership and from the day-by-day newspaper stories of the hearings we have gained the inescapable impression that the whole performance so far has been a waste of time, effort, and money.

Leon Trotsky may be innocent or guilty of the crimes he was charged with by defendants and prosecution in the Moscow trials. He has not been tried; so no one knows. He cannot be tried, unless he goes back to Russia and submits to the dubious mercies of Soviet justice or unless he is subjected to extradition proceedings in some country with which the Soviet Union has diplomatic relations. Both courses are utterly unlikely. The first would be an act of suicide; the second would involve a legal struggle on foreign soil for which the Soviet government has shown no inclination. The alternative proposed and put into effect by the Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky was an examination of the available evidence by a subcommittee to be followed by hearings before a larger commission which presumably will hand down a final verdict on Trotsky's guilt. The whole procedure seems to us doomed to futility for the same reasons that the preliminary hearings in Coyoacan were futile.

There is no use pretending that the subcommittee which visited Trotsky had an impartial appearance. Three of its five members were members of the defense committee. One of these, John Dewey, is sufficiently removed from factional political concerns so that his personal detachment may be assumed, but his connection with the committee was a serious liability. Two of the other members, Suzanne LaFollette and Benjamin Stolberg, were known as warm admirers of Trotsky although not followers of his doctrine. Carleton Beals was gener-

ally considered free of bias. Otto Ruhle, the fifth member, had a record of long-standing opposition both to the Communist Party and to Trotsky. But the fact that he had been dropped from the party might have inclined him toward a fellow-victim of bureaucratic rule, no matter what their doctrinal differences.

Where a feller least needs a friend is on an impartial commission investigating his record. The Trotsky committee should ruthlessly have eliminated its own members and all friends of Trotsky from the commission. It is true that several Communists were asked to serve and refused; but this might have been expected. Rather than appoint persons who could even be accused of bias the committee should have combed the membership lists of liberal and labor and defense organizations—or even such aloof bodies as the bar associations—to find members who were free from both political and emotional commitments; but the committee failed to do so, and as a result its commission's verdict has been discounted in advance. The impression of bias was, of course, reinforced by the resignation and accusations of Carleton Beals.

Public suspicion is fatal to the defense technique chosen by the Trotsky committee. It is not necessary to accept without question Mr. Beals's charges as reported in the press or to throw doubt on the honesty of the commission's intentions. It is necessary only to emphasize the fact that its findings would have to look—as well as be—impartial in order to contribute anything to the defense of Trotsky or to the illumination of the dark corners in the Moscow trials. The only verdict which would be generally accepted from such a commission would be a verdict of guilt.

Even in the matter of evidence the commission was unlucky. At the start Trotsky revealed that he had few originals of the hundreds of letters by means of which he hopes to prove the innocent nature of his actions in exile. This discovery must have caused consternation among the investigators. They had to accept copies of important documents and take the existence of the originals, for the time being at least, on trust. The news stories were doubtless inadequate, but they gave no indication that the week's inquiry brought out important points which had not been made previously.

What the investigation did bring out, apparently, was documentary support for Trotsky's repeated assertion that he was visited neither by Piatakov nor Romm. These are crucial points, but by themselves are not sufficient, even if proved, to establish Trotsky's innocence, although they would seriously damage the case against him. But they cannot be proved because the evidence cannot be subjected to the scrutiny and attack that would be provided in any ordinary court of law. That, in fact, is the fatal flaw in the whole effort to solve this burning question through the amateur efforts of an unofficial commission, however well-meaning. Even after the final verdict has been rendered we shall still not know whether Trotsky is innocent or guilty. Skeptics who from the first have refused to accept without reservation testimony presented in *ex parte* proceedings will continue in their present state of uncomfortable agnosticism.

Food for Spain

THE response to *The Nation's* campaign to raise money among its readers for the purchase of food for noncombatants in Loyalist Spain has been warm, generous, and amazingly widespread; and though the primary purpose of the drive was to relieve suffering among the Spanish women and children in whose name it was launched, we cannot but think that its effect upon those who gave was also important. Every contributor must have experienced a sense of participation in the struggle of a great nation to be free, and a determination to be forever on guard, in his own country, against the dark forces which are attempting to overwhelm the Spanish people.

The following foodstuffs have gone forward—from *The Nation's* readers to Spanish noncombatants: 294,000 pounds of flour; 75,000 tins of sardines; 88,000 cans of evaporated milk; 24,000 tins of corned beef; and 25 tons of beans. The total amount of money raised was \$26,557.67, of which approximately \$1,000 was required for expenses in connection with shipping and insurance.

We have received from the Under Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture of the Spanish government a cabled acknowledgment of our notification that the first shipment of food had been sent. We pass it on to our readers, to whom in reality it is addressed.

We have received the letter announcing the splendid gift which readers of *The Nation* have sent to the non-combatant population of loyal Republican Spain. In their name I send this expression of profound gratitude not only for the foodstuffs bestowed but for this demonstration of the spiritual cohesion of all those who fight in defense of liberty and justice against fascism which enslaves peoples. A brotherly embrace to all the anti-fascists of the glorious American people.

In Spain our 294,000 pounds of flour will be baked into loaves of bread. To the women and children to whom it will be dispensed *The Nation* will perhaps mean little. But they will know that it is life-giving anti-fascist bread, just as they know that the bombs that rain upon them are death-dealing fascist bombs.

Because *The Nation* lacks the facilities to carry on "for the duration of the war" it has brought its campaign to an end. But we wish to impress upon our readers that the Spanish struggle, and the need for bread, continues. We shall be glad to receive further contributions, which will be earmarked for food for noncombatants and turned over to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Meanwhile we wish formally to express our gratitude to those volunteer workers who, by giving so freely of their time and talent, made it possible for us to devote to the purchase of food the impressive proportion of 97 cents out of every dollar raised. In particular we wish to thank Helen Woodward, who headed the drive, and Rebecca Reis, whose devotion to a self-assumed duty was unflagging.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

How to Prevent Depression

Washington, April 25

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT has started quarter-backing down again in a big way and so badly that Congress, exercising its prerogatives as coach, ought to bench him right away. The play he called in his relief and budget message a few days ago was a disgrace to the federal team.

If Roosevelt had been as honest and plain-spoken as his duty to the public requires him to be, that relief message, which somehow avoided any discussion of the relief and unemployment problems, would have read something like this:

"To the Congress of the United States: Last year I started the practice of omitting from my January budget message a request for funds for unemployment relief during the fiscal year beginning July 1. I said I'd ask for relief funds a little later when we could be more certain of what we'd need, and three months later I sent up such a message, asking for \$1,500,000,000. It wasn't enough, and I knew it wasn't enough, but the Supreme Court had just knocked out the AAA processing taxes and left us short \$1,017,000,000, and so I wanted to go a little light on the relief appropriation for the time being. I hinted in my message that I'd probably be back for more later, and, as you'll remember, in January this year I had to ask you for an additional \$790,000,000 to piece out the original \$1,500,000,000 until the end of June. At about the same time I sent up my 1938 budget message, again putting off a request for relief funds until I could tell more definitely what was needed. Now the time has come to tell you what we'll need and why.

"We'll need about \$4,000,000,000. I don't mean just for relief. I mean for a real attack on the unemployment problem. It's about time we were making such an attack. It's our biggest problem and our basic problem. Until it's solved, we'll get nowhere in this or any other country, and we've just been toying with the thing these last four years. I know I've said over and over again that we aren't going to let anybody starve in this country, and I've boasted that we've made good on that pledge. But you know as well as I do that all we've been doing is to keep several million Americans just above the starvation line. What's more, we've just been keeping them there as a big pool of surplus labor endangering the jobs of many more millions of Americans who, incidentally, haven't been doing so well; we've boosted their average wage to \$1,180 a year since 1933 and anybody knows you can't really live on that. Furthermore, the people with jobs won't be doing well at all if we ever pull the plug on the pool of surplus labor and force the millions on relief

to compete with them for jobs for whatever pennies are offered.

"In short, we just haven't been getting anywhere. It looks now as if we were going to have about 4,000,000 jobless on our hands year in and year out, and that's being conservative. We had 9,000,000 jobless on our hands at the end of 1936. We hoped to get that figure down to 6,500,000 or 7,000,000 this year, but that would require industry to make jobs for nearly 3,000,000, allowing for about 500,000 youngsters who will be coming of working age and demanding jobs. Just how much chance there is of industry making work for an additional 3,000,000 workers you can judge for yourself, for our figures show that industry in general has learned during the depression how to make four men do the work that five did in 1929, and will soon have three men doing the work of 1929's five.

"Besides, things don't look so good from several other angles. Industry can't hire more people unless it can sell their output, and it can't sell their output unless there are a lot of people waiting with money to pay for it, and under our system, as you know, the workers, who are almost the only customers industry has, never have been able to get enough money to buy back what they produce. During the late boom they were 14 per cent short on the wherewithal, and they made it up through instalment buying—that is, by borrowing against their future wages. These things produced the depression, and these things are worse now than they were eight years ago. I've got figures to show that workers' income a month or so back was only 81.5 per cent as high as in 1929, whereas the cost of living was 87 per cent as high and wholesale prices nearly 91 per cent. Furthermore, and this will surprise you, to keep their heads above water, people are mortgaging their future wages even more heavily than in 1929. The New York Trust Company's April Index notes that instalment credit is already 50 per cent higher than in 1929, and some of the economists have figured out that \$12,000,000,000 worth of instalment credit will be needed this year to carry a business volume like that of 1929, when there was between \$6,000,000,000 and \$7,000,000,000 worth of instalment buying. We've got to realize, too, that all these wage increases workers have been getting don't amount to much right now in view of the price trend, and that they'll amount to even less next fall when the present upward swoop of wholesale prices is transmitted to retail prices. If retail prices rise only 10 per cent \$4,000,000,000 will be taken out of consumers' pockets, and that's a lot more than these wage increases you've been reading about.

"At any rate, you can see that there is little chance

of our reducing our unemployment rolls much in the next twelve to fourteen months. And that brings us back to the question of what we should do about it. Harry Hopkins and his gang and a lot of other fellows, including the Workers' Alliance, which speaks for those actually on relief, have been after me with a lot of plans. They say the thing to do is look this problem in the face and get it over with before it's too late and we get caught in another big crash. They say we should abolish the means test—that is, stop providing relief jobs only for the destitute—and set up a system for making genuine, useful jobs for every able-bodied man or woman whom industry either doesn't employ or doesn't employ at decent wages. On top of that, they say, we should round out our agricultural program to reduce to a minimum unemployment and destitution in the rural areas; that means, of course, more rural rehabilitation, reforestation, flood-control, and soil-conservation work, including a real attack on the problem of farm tenancy, which must be solved before we can do anything effective in the field of soil conservation. They also think we ought to do something about child labor to reduce to a minimum the pressure of the youngsters on the labor market, and they would have us do something about minimum wages and maximum hours to raise the purchasing power of employed men and women and cause industry to employ more. In addition, they think we ought to amend and broaden the Social Security Act so that it will cover many more millions of workers than it now covers and so that the benefits it provides will become payable practically at once. This would further relieve pressure on the labor market by freeing a lot of our old workers from the necessity of clinging to their jobs. It also would take a lot of them off relief.

All these things put together wouldn't wholly solve our problem, of course. Though they'd go a long way in that direction, we'd still have a lot of persons on relief who, because they are past fifty or have been out of work for from two to five years, will never get jobs again and are by now so broken physically and morally that they're scarcely fit for jobs. We'd have to trust the states and municipalities to take care of them on a direct-relief basis. We've pushed over 1,000,000 relief people on to their hands, more than half of whom belong on WPA jobs if we're to keep our pledge to take care of the employables and let the localities handle the unemployables. About 600,000 of those on local direct-relief rolls are employables. Worse still from our point of view, they're concentrated in a few metropolitan areas that already are busted financially or haven't yet had time to recover from the depression, and therefore can't meet their relief bills.

"We ought to put into effect all those plans that Hopkins and the rest have laid out. If we don't, we'll soon be in a worse mess than the present one. But I've got to break down and confess that I'm not going to recommend any such thing. That would cost, as I've said, about \$4,000,000,000 and maybe a lot more. I'm not even going to ask you for enough to keep on doing what we have been doing. I'm going to ask you for \$1,500,000,000. That means we'll have to leave WPA wages

where they are—at about \$800 a year—despite the increase in living costs. It means we can't abolish the means test. It means we've got to stop thinking about doing something about housing, farm tenancy, rural rehabilitation, and the like. It means we've got to take a tuck in our agricultural program and drop our crop insurance and ever-normal granary plans. It also means that we can't help the states and cities, that we can't do anything substantial about federal aid to education, and that we'll just have to let the PWA die a natural death. Of course, letting the PWA die will increase our unemployment problem by several hundred thousand. But that's the least of it. Cutting down our relief appropriation will force us to squeeze from 200,000 to 500,000, and perhaps more, off the WPA rolls.

"I know I said in my January budget message that 'we must continue to spend substantial sums to provide work for those whom industry has not yet absorbed' and that 'this government does not propose next year, any more than during the past four years, to allow American families to starve.' I hope you'll be kind enough not to tax me with those statements. I've already had practically to stop talking to Hopkins; I can hardly face him any more. And I'm so confused I'll have to ask you just to vote me the \$1,500,000,000 and let me decide in June the details of how it shall be spent.

"I'm sorry things are that way, but it just can't be helped, as I see it, and I hope you'll see it my way, too. I hope you won't follow the lead of Maury Maverick and his group which wants you to pass the Voorhis bill, which would appropriate \$2,500,000,000 instead of the sum I recommend. I hope even more that you won't follow the lead of Boileau and his progressive bloc which is pushing the Workers' Alliance bill for \$3,000,000,000. I'd prefer that you trailed along behind Senator Byrnes, who wants to cut my proposal to \$1,000,000,000, and I hope there's something in the reports that you will cut it at least to \$1,200,000,000. Even if you vote the \$1,500,000,000 I recommend, that will give us only \$1,820,000,000 for recovery and relief this next year and out of that will have to come over \$300,000,000 for things like PWA administration, Boulder canyon, rivers and harbors, highways, and public buildings, so I may have to come back at you again in January and ask for a little more, especially since what we have now probably won't last us until the end of June and we may have to dip into next year's appropriation to finish out the current year. Especially, too, since I probably will have to make another speech about not letting anybody starve, and Hopkins, taking advantage of it, probably will go out and spend money as though I intended to be taken literally. But I'll really try not to come back for more. because I have on my hands what the fiscal boys call a budgetary dilemma.

"You see, we've got to start economizing. We've been spending billions of dollars that we didn't have, that we never earned. We've been borrowing the dough, and now the Treasury and fellows like Marriner Eccles tell me we're getting to the point where we won't be able to borrow any more. That means the banks, the people from

whom we borrow the money, don't think we'll be able to pay it back. They say, if we keep on going as we are, we'll have inflation, and that means that the flywheel of our economic machine—prices—will fly to pieces. I know it sounds kind of funny to hear that this big country with all its people, all its machines and resources, and all its energy and talent, can't produce enough things to pay off its debts, especially with all those millions unemployed and ready to work. But that's the shape of things, and it's getting no better. I thought we were going to spend only about \$2,250,000,000 more this year than we took in, and now I find that the taxes we've levied are going to net us \$604,000,000 less than we expected.

"I don't know just why my plans for balancing the budget have gone to pot. I thought that tax bill we fixed up last year would do the trick. I thought we'd soon fill the till with that corporate-surplus tax. I know darn well that corporate profits are busting all records, and maybe we were too hasty about knocking off the excess-profits tax; it might have been making us rich by now. The Treasury's statisticians insist that their calculations on what we could expect from the 1936 tax bill were sound. It looks as if it was the Treasury's legal division that slipped when they said they'd plugged every loophole in the law before it was passed. But the trouble is we can't do anything about that right now. By about next November the Treasury expects to have found what's wrong with our tax laws and recommend changes. Of course, we might do a little doctoring right now, but it might reverse the business trend and, besides, we've

got this court bill on our hands. So the only thing left to do is economize.

"Don't let that frighten you. I don't mean it too literally. For example, I indicated in my January message that we could go as high as \$1,537,123,000 for relief, but I'm going to cut that down to \$1,500,000,000. On the other hand, I'm going to suggest that, while you're trimming down the relief appropriation, you increase appropriations for other federal activities by \$63,546,659, so that our 1938 expenditures, instead of actually being smaller than I suggested in January, will be \$30,392,746 larger, despite the drop in income to which I've referred. I want most of the increase for the CCC. That's the agency I set up in 1933 as an emergency affair, saying that, of course, we were not going to allow a situation to continue that necessitated the existence of anything like the CCC. I've changed my mind about that, too. The CCC's to be permanent from now on. The cut we're making in our relief appropriation—and it's a substantial one, 31 per cent below that for the current fiscal year and 41 per cent below that for 1936—will help take care of some of the increase in appropriations for other agencies. And, by the way, we're not cutting the army and navy, except in their non-military branches; we'll go on spending about \$1,000,000,000 a year on preparations for war. I'm sure you'll be pleased to know, on the other hand, that we're cutting about \$1,000,000 off the appropriation for the department we maintain to keep us out of war. Yes, the State Department has been cut to \$16,707,000.

"FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

"Time" and Henry Luce

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

IN THE year 1920 Briton Hadden and Henry Robinson Luce were graduated from Yale. Their college careers had been glorious and cooperative. Together they had run the *Yale Daily News*, together they had become campus "big men." Their classmates voted Hadden "most likely to succeed" and Luce "most brilliant," a judgment which would have been sounder had it been precisely reversed. Two years after graduation they reunited forces and determined to go ahead with a project which they had been talking about ever since they went to Hotchkiss together. Their idea was to publish a magazine summarizing the news of the week. In Luce's words: "We reached the conclusion that most people were not well informed and that something should be done. . . ." To make a start, they raised \$86,000 from such people as E. Roland Harriman, H. P. Davison, the late Dwight Morrow, Harvey Firestone, and, above all, various members of the Harkness family. *Time* first appeared in 1923—a gawky, sketchy, amateurish job, lean for lack of advertising. For five discouraging years Luce and Hadden had an uphill fight. Net profits in 1927 were just \$3,860.

But in 1928, for no particular reason, *Time* began to "click": profits jumped to \$126,000. Luce had fairly begun his march to success. In the winter of 1929 Hadden died of a streptococcus infection. Luce marched on. As the national economy contracted, *Time*, Inc., expanded. (*Time*, Inc., is the corporation which, among other activities, publishes *Time*.) *Time*, Inc., founded *Fortune* in 1929, went on the air with the March of Time in 1931, bought the *Architectural Forum* in 1932, began producing the March of Time in the movies in 1935. Last fall *Time*, Inc., produced *Life*, a weekly picture magazine which already sells 1,300,000 copies a week. Last year *Time*, Inc., reported gross income of \$12,900,000 and net income of \$2,700,000.

This mighty army, conqueror of one rich journalistic province after another, bears on its banners proud boasts: "Factual"—"Objective"—"Impartial"—"Unbiased." In the words of President Luce in the 1936 annual report: "The business of *Time*, Inc., is the effective communication of information. . . ." Or as Managing Editor Martin of *Time* put it not long ago in an address before the

Audit Bureau of Circulation: "Within the confines of *Time's* rather rigid editorial formula, the editor's job is to make the reader feel he is enjoying each week a vital, essential service . . . which must always give the sense of having received 15 cents' worth of useful information from a source of known integrity." And so Time, Inc., is an enormous mechanism designed to give the American public the Real Dope, straight from the shoulder, without—in its own words—"windy bias," neither corrupted by radical dogma nor distorted by pressure from interested parties. Like all machines, it is vastly impersonal. Its products bear the name of no individual author, appearing as pronouncements *ex cathedra* with the whole weight of the organization behind them. The mechanism is unparalleled in journalism. A corps of researchers gather the raw material from newspapers, libraries, interviews, phone calls, learned and technical journals, cables and telegrams from special correspondents all over the world. A corps of writers strain this material clear of all editorial bias and fabricate it into articles, movie and radio scripts, picture captions. A corps of editors, headed by Luce in person, revise the finished product word by word, removing any last lingering odor of partisanship. After such triple-distilling the indescribably pure product is ready for the printer—who presumably wears antiseptic rubber gloves. Not since the Vatican Council of 1870 has the world witnessed such a heroic effort to arrive at the truth through the impersonal collaboration of many minds.*

It is a great, a superhuman conception. That it falls short of perfection is to be understood. But does it achieve a reasonable success? Is the human mind capable of functioning in a vacuum free from social and economic pressures? The answers to such questions become increasingly urgent as the public demonstrates an increasing confidence in Time, Inc., as a source of pure, unadulterated factual information. The 1,300,000 people who buy *Life* every week are the latest converts. To them add *Time's* 650,000 buyers. Add *Fortune's* 140,000 subscribers and the *Architectural Forum's* 30,000. Add the 8,000,000 people who are estimated to listen weekly to the radio March of Time, which has been repeatedly voted the most popular dramatic program on the air. Add the estimated 20,000,000 who in 9,000 theaters in this country and abroad every month see the newsreel March of Time. This adds up to some 30,120,000 people who are reached and, presumably, affected by the journalistic activities of Time, Inc. There is doubtless considerable duplication here, but on the other hand this calculation doesn't count in the millions of non-buying readers of Luce's magazines. *Fortune*, for example, once claimed twenty readers per copy, which would give it an audience of 3,000,000.

An organization which puts ideas into 30,000,000 heads is a powerful little gadget to be under the control of a single individual, even the most brilliant member of Yale '20. There can be little question of Luce's personal dominance at Time, Inc. He is the founder, the controlling stockholder, and the chief executive. His

* The Council of 1870, it may be recalled, produced the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

holdings of Time, Inc., common stock are estimated at 102,300 shares out of a total of 238,000. (For this and many other data see Wolcott Gibbs's excellent article in the *New Yorker* for November 28, 1936.) While Hadden was alive, he and Luce alternately acted as editor-in-chief and business manager, swapping jobs at the end of the year—a display of virtuosity they are said to have also practiced on the *Yale Daily News*. Since Hadden's death, Luce has filled both jobs himself. Nor is this authority merely titular. Luce actively directs editorial policy on all his magazines; on occasion he edits an issue of *Time* or *Fortune*; of late months he has taken direct charge of *Life*; he plans circulation drives and advertising promotion; he keeps a sharp eye on investments, salaries, printing costs, and even office management. *Advertising and Selling* recently called him "one of our fast-dwindling group of great men" and, to show it meant it, went on: "The poet Goethe (1749-1832) was called the last man of modern times who knew everything about everything. Luce won't die without being regarded as a coholder of that record. Oh, it isn't what men take in that makes greatness. It is what they give out. Goethe's output was gigantic; Luce's is already bigger. . . ." Goethe, one gathers, was quite a fellow, too.

Luce's personality is hard to define, not because it is subtle or complex—it is neither—but because it is an uneasy amalgam of two simple, but contradictory, forces. He is the impassioned idealist, impatient of fact and ever conscious of a "mission" to improve his fellow-men ("something should be done"). And he is the practical business man, suspicious of all idealism, pragmatic, lover of brass tacks, hater of "theories." A strong urge to power cements the halves of this split personality. Lacking pragmatism, Luce the idealist might have become a left-wing leader—or, perhaps more likely, an exceptionally earnest Y. M. C. A. secretary. But as a pragmatist he conceives of power in terms of success according to generally accepted standards; in short, as making money. His income for 1936 may be conservatively estimated at \$1,200,000.

Luce is the Poor Boy Who Made Good on a scale which might impress even his own *Fortune*. (In fact, the propriety of running an article on Time, Inc., and Luce was considered by Luce, as editor of *Fortune*, recently—apparently with an unfavorable decision.) This puts Luce, as a journalist, in a peculiarly vulnerable position so far as honest reporting is concerned. Ever since Luce the poor missionary's son became Luce the member of Skull and Bones—wealthiest, most sacrosanct, and most reactionary of Yale undergraduate societies—his relation to the ruling classes has been "we" and not "they." Every year he becomes more deeply entrenched in the industrial-financial plutocracy. Through such friends as Thomas W. Lamont, H. P. Davison, and the late Dwight Morrow, for example, he has long maintained close relations with the house of Morgan. Indeed, it is hardly any longer a question of Luce's connections with big business. By now Time, Inc., is big business itself, as he pointed out in the 1935 annual report. Naturally, Luce leads the same life as other great industrialists. He belongs to the Union

and Racquet clubs, has a box at the Metropolitan, a \$100,000 plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, with an air-conditioned manor house and streamlined guest houses, a fifteen-room duplex apartment in Manhattan, and Clare Boothe Brokaw for his wife (second).

These are powerful influences. A more powerful mind might have maintained some measure of independence. But Luce, as he himself is all too eager to admit, is no intellectual. His intelligence is active rather than acute, dynamic but disorganized. His is the simple creed of pragmatism. He worships facts, and has a touching faith that if only enough of them can be somehow amassed, the truth will manifest itself. He is deeply suspicious of all logical or theoretical abstractions and will have none of them—whence he concludes that his thinking is objective. But to achieve objectivity by the pragmatic route requires intellectual discipline and some sophistication. Luce lacks both in a superlative degree. He is the victim of prejudices all the more uncontrolled for being unconscious. If he has stormed the citadels of economic power, he himself has been an easy conquest for their guardians. His defenses against flattery, especially when applied by the rich and powerful, have never been strong. The objectivity which his editorial policy aims at is a superhuman goal, but Luce is no superman. He is, to continue the Nietzschean phrase, human, all too human.

Luce's magazines share their master's split personality. They are at once pragmatic and prejudiced. And, as in Luce, one finds that these qualities operate on different planes. The pragmatism is superficial and therefore apparent. The prejudices are deep-seated and therefore concealed.

As the most casual reader may perceive, the articles in *Time* and *Fortune* are ostentatiously devoid of any editorial slant. No opinions are expressed directly. Both sides of controversial issues are presented, labeled as such. Generalizations are usually backed up with a great show of factual data. But the devil driven out the door climbs back down the chimney. Denied any outlet for their normal urge to express opinions, Luce's editors and writers have developed certain indirect methods of editorializing, all the more effective because the reader—and often the author—doesn't realize what is going on. A fact is a fact, but obviously much depends on just which facts are selected to tell the story. This elementary proposition affords great relief to the repressed instincts of the well-disciplined journalists who write for Luce. Nor do they stop there. They have developed remarkable ingenuity in giving a healthy editorial slant to such facts as they select. Their own opinions are put into the mouths of dummies labeled "well-informed critics" or "unbiased observers"—stock characters as firmly established and well-beloved as the non-existent "Peter Matthews" who has always appeared on the roster of *Time's* editorial staff and who is periodically fired whenever a particularly embarrassing editorial slip calls for a scapegoat. A technique especially dear to *Fortune* writers is to pose great "problems" which cry out for solution, thus neatly implying there is something screwy in the first place. *Time* writers make great play with emotionally "loaded" ad-

jectives and verbs. The compression of *Time* style lends peculiar force to even a single such word if it is dropped in the right place. Until one has tried it, one would not believe how different the same story sounds depending on whether the hero is described as "firm-jawed" or "horse-faced." The same quotation sounds one way if it is "insinuated," another if it is "rapped out," another if it is "bellowed" or "screamed," and so on. This suggests another simple means of indirect editorializing, perhaps most popular of all with Luce's writers. When they are confronted with words and actions which are deficient in motivation, they are usually kind enough to supply the lack out of their heads without troubling their researchers. But space doesn't permit a full review of these techniques. They are as varied as the repressed instincts they relieve.

Luce and his editors are understandably sensitive on the score of objectivity, since their journalistic rationale is largely based on this great premise. Remove it and their magazines sink to the merely human level of such journals as, say, *The Nation*. Even lower, in fact, since the editorializing isn't open and honest. And so they are quick to point out that if certain articles arouse protest from liberals, certain others draw fire from conservatives. Sometimes (triumph!) the same article will be attacked by both the right and left. If that doesn't prove they're above the class struggle, what does? But this reasoning overlooks the difference in quality between the objections from the left and those from the right. The right object to Luce's journals because they indulge in "personalities," because they make fun of stuffed-shirt dignity, because they are often "sensational" and "in bad taste." In short, conservatives have much the same objections to Luce as they have to Hearst, despite their general approval of the editorial policies of both. The left, on the other hand, are little concerned about such personal pinpricks. What liberals object to is the habitual distortion or suppression of labor and radical news, the constant pooh-pooing of all movements for social progress. This policy will be discussed more fully in later articles. Here it should be noted that there are, of course, many exceptions. Even Hearst can't keep his papers on a 100 per cent anti-social line.

All this is not to imply that Luce and his editors are not reasonably sincere in their protestations of objectivity. Who, after all, is not sincere? Hypocrites are rarer than one supposes. The atrocities which Luce's magazines perpetrate on labor and radical news are simply the result of Luce's mental limitations. Outstanding ("potent") individuals fascinate him: he is as uncritical a hero-worshiper as any small boy who dreams of J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men. Social data bore him. Fascist Italy means anecdotes about Mussolini rather than wages-and-hours statistics. "People just aren't interesting in the mass," he once confessed. "It's only individuals who are exciting." As a pragmatist, furthermore, Luce has an almost oppressive respect for success. Even radicals, once they have achieved power, come in for their share of the twittering excitement with which Luce's journalists salute the successful. Thus *Time* makes great fun of the U. S. S. R.

but generally treats Stalin with consideration. And thus Time, Inc., oblivious as it is to labor as a social factor, was quite able to understand that by last spring John L. Lewis had become "potent." At once Lewis found himself the center of a journalistic whirlpool. The March of Time got him to speak and pose for its camera men, the embryonic *Life's* photographers shot him and his office from every coign of vantage, *Fortune* descended on him for a full-length biography, *Time* phoned inquiries almost daily. Lewis is reported to have finally inquired whether he was working for the C. I. O. or for Time, Inc.

Luce's mind is distinctly quirky, but such limitations as these aren't just mental quirks. They are evidence of that identification with business-class ideology which has made Luce the force he is in contemporary journalism. The American business man—and the millions of middle-class people who aspire to fill his shoes—is still individualistic enough to believe in heroes. Society as a whole puzzles and vaguely frightens him, and he'd rather not hear any more about it. His most deeply felt value is success. And so he finds Luce's magazines extremely comforting in these complicated times.

Thus in calculating the Lucian objectivity, it is necessary to consider Luce's point of view as the expression of a social class. Once this point of view is taken for granted as the "normal" one, as of course Luce and his editors do, then the Lucian pragmatism becomes entirely objective. In the columns of *Time*, for example, those who wish to effect social change have for years been labeled "rabble rousers"—a completely detached description if the point from which such persons are surveyed happens to be not far from 23 Wall Street. The Lucian journalists, of course, deny erecting their instruments on any such spot. Indeed, one gets the impression that they draw their angles of vision from somewhere in the neighborhood of Uranus. Their moral indignation over journals which are gross enough to confess to a specific point of view is amusing to witness; almost as funny as the righteous fury with which those earlier apostles of objectivity, the Manchester school of British economists, assailed such prejudiced persons as wanted to curtail the liberty of mill hands to work sixteen hours a day.

[*This is the first of three articles by Mr. Macdonald on Time, Inc. The second will appear next week.*]

The Battle of Oshawa

BY ROGER IRWIN

IF YOU run an automobile plant and your men strike, you compromise with them, raise their wages, and pass the extra cost right along to the consumer. If you run a gold mine and your men strike, you fight like blazes, because if your costs go up the money comes right out of your own pockets. Your customers have absolute control over prices.

That fact explains the recent strike phenomenon at Oshawa. Ontario is not large in population, and the automotive industry is important to it, but a walkout by 3,700 employees of General Motors of Canada was insufficient cause for an upheaval and an outcry which stole the continent's front pages at a time when more serious labor troubles were in progress nearer home. Perhaps Ontario is so closely associated with such oddities as quintuplets and stork derbies that the American public was ready to expect anything from it, but there must have been social students who wondered what all the fuss was about. The strike was finally settled on terms which had been found acceptable to both sides before the men walked out, but in the two-week interval a Cabinet has been disrupted, war on "Lewis and communism" formally declared by the province's chief executive, and hundreds of men recruited and drilled to combat "labor fascism"—a hitherto unheard of social movement.

The answer is gold. Mining is the biggest Ontario industry, and millionaire ex-prospectors are the biggest force in Ontario capital. Since every plumber and stenographer in the province owns a thousand or so shares of

some penny gold stock, there is a singular unanimity between capital and the masses when the prosperity of the northern camps is in question. And for a year Ontario mining men had watched American unionization apprehensively and had heard with anxiety their spies' reports on union interest among their own muckers and skip-men. The very fact of John L. Lewis's primary connection with mining strengthened their conviction that they were, if not next in line, at least well up on the C. I. O. lists. The obvious tactic was a showdown and a defeat of the Lewis organization before ever it established a real foothold in the industry. It is a lot easier to tie up a gold mine, with its tiny surface plant, than it is to tie up a factory.

General Motors and its 3,700 newly organized workers became the pawns in the larger game. Neither side wanted a strike. For the company, it was the busiest season in many years, with Canadian and Empire markets demanding the new models. The employees had no desire to interrupt their comparatively brief annual working period. Difficulties had already been straightened out and production resumed in the parent plants across the border. With pressure applied from powerful quarters the Canadian management went through the motions of refusing to negotiate with the C. I. O. organizer, but its relieved sigh joined that of the workers when the provincial Labor Minister peremptorily told them both to stop their stand-offish foolishness and report to his office so that negotiations might be opened on neutral ground.

There was a long list of demands but only one real

point at issue—recognition of the union. David Arnold Croll, as Minister of Labor and chief conciliator, told company executives frankly that if any progress was to be made they would have to sign a union agreement. To the labor side he made it clear that the presence of C. I. O. organizer Hugh Thompson was the chief stumbling-block and that with his removal the company could with dignity treat with its own employees—their national or international associations thereafter to be strictly their own business. The company agreed and the men agreed. Thompson left the field and stayed on the sidelines. The strike vote at Oshawa was postponed during negotiations. Minor points were rapidly eliminated. Any close observer would have laid his ultimate dollar on settlement of the dispute long before it reached strike proportions.

He would have, if he had not gauged the importance of powerful forces already stirring restively in the background—and it is safe to say that at this stage not General Motors nor its employees nor Conciliator Croll figured on mining influence. Had the three parties wakened in time, the chances are that there would have been no strike at Oshawa, no political upheaval, and no deepset fear in the minds of Canadian liberals.

Four days after negotiations began, the Labor Department was able to predict settlement before nightfall. Mitchell Frederick Hepburn, Prime Minister of Ontario, returned that day from a post-Parliament holiday in Miami and demonstrated an immediate interest in the situation. That night the government official on the Oshawa scene reported that an unexplainable monkey-wrench had been tossed into the settlement machine. General Motors was refusing to recognize the local. At midnight the employees voted to strike. Next morning they clocked in, reported at bench or assembly line, walked out of the factory, and commenced peaceful picketing. There had been no suggestion of a sitdown.

In the morning Premier Hepburn mobilized provincial police forces and maneuvered the dispatch of federal "mounties" from Ottawa to Toronto. Scrapping the traditional view of governmental non-partisanship in industrial disputes, he announced that the entire resources of the province would be thrown behind General Motors. Equally these resources would be used to fight "John L. Lewis and foreign agitators." It was the first time within this Canadian memory that Americans had been called foreigners by a Canadian; and spice was added by the fact that Hugh Thompson, the agitator concerned, was a British subject, while General Motors of Canada was admittedly an American-controlled corporation.

Next day a retired colonel of the British regular army, who happened also to be a member of the legislature, was commissioned by the Premier to recruit and drill 500 special officers, drawn largely from jobless university men and ex-soldiers. Mr. Hepburn and the colonel publicly differed on whether they were to be equipped with army pistols as well as batons. Certain it was, however, that some of them would be stationed at the Parliament buildings for emergency duty, while the others would be paid a retainer and left on call at their homes. Further, as chief movie censor, the Prime Minister banned news-

reels of the strike. Meanwhile the Oshawa police chief looked over the peaceful picket lines, announced his seventeen constables could handle any unexpected trouble, and appointed strikers as special police to prevent traffic jams. As it turned out, Oshawa rejoiced during the strike in a fifteen-year low in arrests for all causes.

The Toronto *Globe and Mail* led the press in approval of the Prime Minister's efforts to save Ontario from the foreigner. That important sheet is owned by a mining man and directed by an ex-broker. Most of the other provincial papers fell in line, leaving the Toronto *Star*, largest Ontario daily, to suggest there was something un-British, something dictatorial in the governmental policy. It gained fresh material when, without asking their views and indeed refusing audience to one of them, Mr. Hepburn dismissed the only two left-wing Ministers in his ten-man Cabinet. He outspokenly felt that they were not in accord with his opposition to "Lewis and communism," as he was by this time putting it. Labor Minister Croll and Attorney General Arthur Roebuck tendered their resignations in two declarations of liberalism that were masterpieces of understatement. Meanwhile, Hepburn himself took charge of strike negotiations, getting nowhere in particular but promoting the cause of labor relations by announcing measures to license all unions and terminate the fifty-year-old practice of transferring funds between United States and Canadian branches of international organizations—which move threatened the A. F. of L. just as much as the C. I. O.

Finally a clearer light was shed on these strange developments by a candid announcement that Lewis and communism were a menace to the northern Ontario mines. Organization in the camps was scarcely under way, but the presidents of two major companies announced they would shut down in the event of an entirely theoretic strike. The plumbers and stenographers wondered about the future of their own speculations, and asked themselves whether Hepburn hadn't been right after all.

Meanwhile General Motors and the strikers finally got the idea. Wires began to tauten and there was a marked diminution of employer-employee antagonism. Both began to perceive that they were being used. Pressure for a settlement increased, there was a notable decrease in the Prime Minister's truculence, and finally peace was signed—on the basis of recognition of the local union, a C. I. O. subsidiary, on precisely the same terms that Croll had proposed two weeks before. Everyone concerned broke into loud huzzas of victory.

At last reports automobile prices have not risen, nor has organization progressed much in the mines. But liberalism is defeated in Ontario, in its unpretentious home on this continent. The two men who added wage legislation to its far-advanced social statutes are gone. Liberalism for the time is defeated, and liberals are heartsick.

[Mr. Irwin was chief secretary to David A. Croll, Minister of Public Welfare, Municipal Affairs, and Labor in the Ontario government. He resigned when Mr. Croll was forced out of the Cabinet as a result of his refusal to support Premier Hepburn's campaign against the C. I. O.]

An Immediate Program for Housing

BY ALBERT MAYER

IN OUTLINING a policy for housing at this moment, one must bear in mind that the possible range within which it will be allowed to operate is terribly constricted. The Wagner-Steagall bill, probably the best obtainable now, provides for only a small amount of housing. It is important to recognize the limits, to push opinion into demanding the most possible within them, to avoid too markedly centrifugal counsels among the proponents of housing. Otherwise we shall be left without action or with only the semblance of it. My purpose in this article is simply to explore what we ought to agree upon and insist upon at the present juncture. Our next job will be to mobilize public opinion in support of a bolder program which we can propose with some belief that we are not merely indulging in fanciful essays.

The vast preponderance of new houses in the next few years will be built by private enterprise. Of the total volume we want to know how much will be public housing, and whether we can insure that it will be for persons of low income, will represent technical and social progress, and will demonstrate the advantages of large-scale community planning.

The public housing initiated as an emergency employment measure after 1933 encountered various difficulties. Housing was no one agency's exclusive business but a minor effort of many agencies. There were delays due to inner uncertainties and to legal obstacles—suits whose disposition has given public housing a somewhat securer basis in law. Costs were excessive for a variety of reasons, among them PWA's over-meticulous specifications and truculent attitude and the use of inefficient relief labor by the Resettlement Administration. But in spite of these difficulties, the exciting fact is that we are finally getting some actual housing, some living communities in place of blueprints, English photographs, and militant articles in radical publications. To see Greenbelt near Washington is a stimulating and heartening experience. People are actually living in some of the PWA groups. Children are actually playing in the playgrounds. Public housing has pointed the way to rational planning and living while private building in the same period has delivered the same old helter-skelter jobs.

In the present housing situation two things stand out—the shortage and the substandard character of living quarters. They are closely related. The shortage, it is stated by some, will amount to 9,000,000 dwellings in the next ten years; other estimates range up to 20,000,000 dwellings. The factors contributing to the shortage are well known: practical cessation of normal new construction for seven years; destruction of buildings by fire, flood, end of life, and by demolition to make way

for bridges, highways, and other public improvements; undoubling of families as unemployment is reduced; a higher normal marriage rate consequent on a higher birth rate during the past twenty years. The wide difference in estimates of the shortage is only partly due to the inaccuracy of statistics. Shortage has no absolute physical measure. Shortage in our economy is determined by effective economic demand. With roughly the same number of houses, there is now a shortage where there were vacancies two years ago.

Another factor contributing to the demand for housing is the number of substandard homes. The inhabitants of these are no doubt anxious to have homes with electric lights, bathrooms, and heat, with playgrounds near at hand for the children and parks for themselves. But it must be recognized that even in normal times the wages of most of our population are too low to make this desire an economically effective demand. To the degree that housing subsidies can be obtained to close the gap, this latent demand will become effective.

Thus the shortage is variable—according to decent standards almost limitless—and depends on what can be paid for by one means or another. If only private enterprise builds, the process will be this: Even before prices rise, the construction is for the upper third of the population. As building accelerates, prices of materials rise, houses become more expensive, fewer people can afford them; but the builders keep on building, unconscious of the fact that the market has become more and more restricted. Sales stop, the builders' small capital dependent on rapid turnover is exhausted, mortgagees foreclose, lending and building stop—all this without any relief for the shortage in any group but the top stratum, whose needs actually are oversupplied. Credit continues unavailable until years elapse and enough fires, enough floods, enough new marriages again cause demand from the upper stratum. All building cycles to date have run this course, and neither FHA nor bankers' conferences nor any other agency gives any sign of changing it. Private enterprise alone will never meet even the minimum shortage figure.

If the relatively small amount of public housing that can be expected makes the mistake of being simply a tail to this mad kite, or if it goes off in the various directions suggested by its advocates, it will have no importance. Some housing measure will be enacted in Washington, and housing bills will be passed in some of the states. A compact body of doctrine must be formulated with the aim of shaping those measures and of influencing the policies of their administrators.

What can we obtain from these bills, quantitatively and qualitatively? The Wagner bill now before the

Senate provides for a United States Housing Authority, appointed by the President, to assist local public-housing agencies and cooperative and other limited-dividend enterprises to build low-rent housing. To public agencies it may make loans for the project cost, and grant fixed annual subsidies to an annual maximum of \$10,000,000, which is supposed to bring rentals to less than \$6 per room. Over a four-year period the sum of \$1,000,000,000 is placed at its disposal. Union labor at the prevailing wage is to be employed on any project built or financed by the Authority.

The sum provided in the Wagner bill for the four-year period would permit erection of something under 50,000 units a year. Even if this sum were matched by local funds, the whole amount would not provide 10 per cent of the annual requirement. For the localities must devote some part of their funds to acquiring more land than is needed for immediate projects in order to insure cheap and advantageous purchase and a continuing planned program. These figures show the absurdity of the fear that government construction will put private enterprise out of business. Aside from the fact that private enterprise does not build for low rentals, aside from experience in England, where public housing and a private housing boom are occurring simultaneously, the need is so great that it is certain that every dwelling built by anyone will be occupied. The maximum number ever built in this country in any one year is some 600,000, or about 60 per cent of the minimum yearly requirement for the next ten years.

The contention that housing activity should be wholly decentralized and made the subject of state and local rather than national action is fallacious or insincere. We must have national legislation. In the first place, exclusively state or local action means delay because state and local mechanisms are not ready to function on the required scale without federal assistance. Even in New York State, which is farthest advanced in this respect, the bill providing for a \$100,000,000 bond issue to be voted on next November would mean at least a year's delay. In the second place, most localities are not yet in a position to raise the necessary funds. Finally, for the present at least, local funds come largely from real-estate taxes, which are in reality sales taxes. In other words, locally raised subsidies are paid for by the consumers themselves. Federal subsidies can tap the graduated income taxes. Of course we must insist on local participation in planning, construction, and operation. Where housing authorities do not exist they must be created. And we must see to it that their members are not just real-estate men but persons who will push for housing. Labor should be represented.

I want now to enumerate a minimum number of items which must be the basis of all sound housing action:

1. Passage of national, state, and local legislation, so that a complete public-housing framework will exist.
2. Appointment of a sympathetic and energetic personnel.
3. Subsidies and interest rates that will permit low-rental housing—about \$5 a room. This means that there

must be no housing on high-cost slum land and no jacked-up material costs or contractors' profits. The federal government can build in off seasons when prices are lower, thus incidentally leading private industry to make a nearly twelve-month industry out of a six-month seasonal industry, and can use its own labor as a threat against excessive contractors' profits. It can use a variety of alternative materials. Specifically, with the aid of Bureau of Standards tests, it might become a substantial user of prefabricated sections, thus advancing progress and increasing the capacity of the industry. The work must be so organized that high overhead does not destroy the economies accompanying large-scale operations. Standards must be studied and rationalized. While some instances of unnecessarily high standards can be cited, there is greater danger of our being dragooned into thinking that anything a little better is good enough.

4. Any form of rent subsidy must be avoided. This is a form of relief which brings no new construction; in fact it helps to continue the existing substandard pattern.

5. Income taxes, not real-estate taxes or any other form of consumers' taxes, must be the source of the subsidy. Housing based on consumers' taxes takes money from one pocket and puts it into another; available amenities are not increased.

6. Low-rental housing must not be confused with slum clearance. Assumption that the two are identical has raised costs, caused delays and litigation, and created general confusion. Low-rental housing is the primary issue, because it meets the needs of slum *people*, not of slum *land*. Aside from its other objections, building on slum land involves demolition and hence accentuates shortage instead of supplementing the supply. Moreover, street and utility patterns in slums are handicaps to rational planning that are difficult to change, and slum land may often be better put to new uses.* Sentimentalists and slum landlords simply must not be heeded.

7. Towns and cities should adopt long-run plans for land use and within them acquire quantities of land for future housing. Otherwise, the individual communities will remain isolated and their existence insecure. A by-product of this is the possibility of planning ahead so that building may be undertaken when costs are low.

8. An educational campaign should be an important function of the new Authority as well as of local bodies.

Here is, heaven knows, a sufficiently modest program, but considering the lack of positive strength and the divided doctrines of the housing movement, it is all that we are likely to be able to put through. To attain this much, we must unite public opinion behind it. Anything less is not worth getting, and the alternative is to acquire more strength among consumers and labor groups and then to seek a more adequate program. On the basis of this program public housing can start to accomplish two objectives: build low-rental communities, urban and suburban; guide our cities and our building industry to a large-scale rational development that will produce better housing at all income levels.

* For a different view of this problem, see the article by Langdon W. Post, chairman of the New York Housing Authority, in *The Nation* for March 27.
—EDITORS THE NATION.

Fascism Moves on Rumania

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

BEHIND the headlines that blare forth Rumanian court scandals, the activities of Madame Lupescu, and the Iron Guard's outrages, a sinister international political drama is being played. For the green-shirted mercenaries of the anti-Semitic, anti-democratic terrorist organizations are merely tools of ruthless politicians in Berlin and Rome. While boisterous Iron Guardsmen are shouting "Death to Lupescu!" the commotion is being used by Fascist chieftains in Germany and Italy to screen their machinations in Rumania. Hitler cares nothing about who King Carol's favorite may be, or whether Prince Nicholas loses his titles. But he is vitally interested in who controls Rumania's priceless oil reserves, and who is to eat the harvests of Rumania's wheat fields.

Germany's expanding army is highly mechanized. Tanks, planes, tractors, motor cycles—all require gasoline and oil. The Reich has coal but little oil. To convert coal into oil is a costly process. Without oil reserves the Nazi military juggernaut cannot roll across the Reich's "bleeding" frontiers. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Hitler could make war before he has acquired more oil than he has today. Rumania possesses ample oil for Germany's industry and army for decades to come, and the *Führer* is determined to get control of it.

The German food shortage would be solved if Dr. Schacht could exchange manufactured goods for Rumanian food and raw materials. The greater the Nazi influence in Rumania, the easier will it become for the Reich to force this barter of products.

Inasmuch as Rumania lies on the Reich's road to the Ukraine, Nazi control of this Balkan kingdom would give the German army its most effective base of operations for invasion of the Soviet Union. It is believed that the Reichswehr chiefs would prefer conducting military operations along the Dniester to fighting on the frozen terrain of the Baltic states or in the marshlands of eastern Poland. Furthermore, German hegemony in Rumania would increase the isolation of Czecho-Slovakia, prospective victim of the first move in the Nazi expansion program. And it would help block the passage of Soviet troops on their way to aid their beleaguered Czech allies.

Although not so vitally interested in Rumania as Hitler, Mussolini has his own reasons for supporting the green-, brown-, and blue-shirted fanatics who terrorize the democratic groups in Rumania. In addition to spreading Fascist ideology, the Fascist-Nazi forces in Bucharest are striving to weaken the bonds between the Little Entente nations. Their attacks on Czecho-Slovakia are hardly less virulent than those on the Soviet Union. And the crafty Caesar of the resurrected Roman Empire knows that the easier he makes Hitler's path toward the Ukraine, the less will be the pressure at the Brenner Pass.

Moreover, the Duce has certain personal reasons for supporting the Iron Guard leaders. These condottieri proved very useful to Signor Mussolini last August when they helped cause the fall of Rumania's able Foreign Minister, Nicholas Titulescu. The Rumanian statesman incurred the undying hatred of the Duce when he denounced as "barbarous" the behavior of the Italian journalists who at a meeting of the League of Nations booed the tragic Haile Selassie.

When a Rumanian military court sentences five Jews, two of them women, to ten years' imprisonment for having shouted "Down with fascism!" it is hardly necessary to present further evidence of the progress of reactionary forces in Rumania. But if more proof was needed to demonstrate the solidarity of the Fascist International, it was provided recently by the funeral of the Iron Guard officers, Marin and Motza, who were killed in the Franco ranks in Spain. At their funeral their bodies were followed by a long procession that included the Ministers of Italy, Germany, Portugal, and Japan.

Although Italian agents in Rumania do not stress the anti-Semitic aspects of fascism, German agents stir up pogroms and make anti-Jewish persecution the rallying cry for fanatical youths, ignorant peasants, and small shopkeepers. Last October Vice-Premier Ion Inculetz issued an ordinance forbidding instruction in the Jewish faith in Rumanian schools. Open threats to murder Titulescu by Cuza's and Goga's blue-shirted hoodlums and the green-shirted Iron Guardsmen bear witness to the self-assurance of the terrorists.

Pro-Nazi newspapers published in Bucharest, such as the *Tara Noastra* and the *Porunca Vremii*, openly flaunt the Nazi swastika. The headquarters of the so-called National Christian Party, its front plastered with the swastika, is located only a stone's throw from the great Calea Victoriei boulevard and the National Theater, the center of Bucharest. In Transylvania members of the German minority brazenly proclaim their allegiance to National Socialism and the Third Reich. One sees their swastikas in Cluj, Brashov, and other cities.

But it would be misleading not to point out that many Rumanians are unalterably opposed to the Fascist invaders. Former Premier Julius Maniu, Ion Mihalache, president of the National Peasant Party, former Foreign Minister Titulescu, and their followers are waging a courageous struggle against the threat of Fascist dictatorship. They are doing this in the face of repeated threats from the Iron Guard to deal with them as the terrorists dealt with the late Premier Ion Duca, whom they murdered. In spite of the sound and fury of the Iron Guard, Hitler and Mussolini have not yet won their offensive on the Rumanian front.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Another Word on Neutrality

BEFORE these lines reach their readers it may well be that the conference committees of House and Senate will have agreed upon a report on the neutrality bill and that this measure will have been signed by the President. But that does not mean that the fight will be over; already it is planned to put the "cash-and-carry" provision, which is likely to be struck out of the Senate bill, into a new measure. So I wish to take this opportunity to point out what seem to me fallacies in the editorial position of *The Nation* on this subject, and particularly in Vera Micheles Dean's article, in the February 6 issue, entitled *A Challenge to Pacifists*.

The chief point at issue is the question whether the United States should or should not pass a law which would cut it off from delivering supplies to the democracies in Europe if they should be attacked by the dictatorships. "Any policy," stated a *Nation* editorial, "which would arbitrarily cut off all American trade with belligerents in the event of war would react directly to the advantage of Hitler and to the disadvantage of England, France, and the other democratic states which are normally dependent on American supplies." Mrs. Dean went farther: "Pacifists and radicals who prefer the continuance of democratic methods of government to the ruthless techniques of fascism must be prepared to defend their choice. Democracy must not be left unarmed."

Well, I am prepared to accept the challenge. First let me point out that if this policy is to control, the United States will find itself again just where it was in 1914 to 1917. I am one of those who believe that of the several causes of our going to war a tremendously important one was the tying up of our great industrial plants and munitions factories to the Allied military machine, with a resultant rain of gold from the Allies. The same thing would happen again. We should again be told that we were making the world safe for democracy, and if the democracies had their backs to the wall, the argument might be even more effectively used than in 1914-17. And the outcome would be the same. We should be precipitated into the struggle, and the result, even if we did not send a soldier abroad, would be disastrous. If we do get into the next war, it will mean the disappearance of our democracy. The laws now on the statute books and those pending in Congress today guarantee that; neither the editors of *The Nation* nor Mrs. Dean can deny it.

My next point is: How do they know that we ought to be on the side of the democracies, that the cause of the democracies will be any juster than that of the Allies in 1914-17? Of course their war methods will not be any different. There is nothing to choose between a democ-

racy and an autocracy when they go to war. One murders just as inhumanly as the other. Democracies deprive the individual of the right to decide his own fate, abolish all personal liberties, and lock up or shoot dissenters just as readily as the dictatorships. Morally there was not one thing to choose between the Allies and the Central Powers in the last war. The excuse for England was Belgium, but we know very well now that the compelling reason was the desire of the controlling class in democratic England to smash the German navy and eliminate a dangerous economic competitor. Even Woodrow Wilson admitted that the origins of the war were purely commercial. Now I don't want to see the United States expending American money and, what is vastly more important, American lives, to insure the safety of British democracy of the Baldwin kind, or even the Ramsay MacDonald kind. I don't want to uphold a nation which holds down the natives of India and uses its airplanes to this very hour to bomb any subjugated native people who wish to govern themselves, however badly. The democracy of France looks more hopeful today, thanks to Blum and the People's Front. But even if it were the best democracy ever known I should do everything in my power to prevent the United States from being drawn into another war on the excuse that we must save that democracy. The way to save democracy for us is to keep it intact in the United States, prevent our democracy from turning into a war-time dictatorship, conserve its resources for the benefit not only of our own people but of all peoples after hostilities have ceased. I want the United States to remain a great reservoir of means and strength, especially moral strength, available to put the world on its feet after the next holy war.

Save the democracies? What editor, what Mrs. Dean can know whether the democracies may not be the aggressors for their own selfish ends? Have they forgotten the Crimean War waged by democratic England, the subjugation of Egypt in 1881, the wickedness of the Boer War? I can conceive of a situation arising where my moral judgment would put me on the side of the dictators—I mean as to the ethical merits of the struggle—just as I know that the misconduct of the Allies produced Hitler. Finally, I deny that it is the duty of the United States to sit in judgment, like Jehovah, and then sacrifice its sons for the side that it thinks right on the basis of such little or such biased information as is available in the hysteria and excitement leading up to a war and after the war censorships are clamped down. I know the charges of selfishness and all the rest that are brought against this attitude, but as a pacifist I accept Mrs. Dean's challenge and say I'll never countenance any war, or our selling supplies to one side or the other.

BROUN'S PAGE

Elisha Bares His Teeth

THE American Newspaper Publishers at their convention last week ran up the red flag and thumbed their noses at the Supreme Court of the United States. I have not always been in the first wave of those who rushed forward to castigate all groups engaging in such procedure, but it is curious conduct for newspaper owners. After all, a very large part of their news and editorial effort in the last few months has been devoted to fighting the President's proposals on the ground that they tended to diminish the dignity and impair the prestige of the court.

Of course, newspaper publishers have lived for many years in a little No Man's Land of their own, secure in the belief that while there might be law for others they were immune from any reform whatsoever. Justice Roberts in the majority opinion held that freedom of the press does not protect newspaper proprietors in anti-social conduct. If the Congress enacts legislation protecting workers in their right to organize, there is no reason why this should not apply to editorial workers.

But Elisha Hanson, counsel for the A. N. P. A., has boldly declared that the court was wrong. In an interview given to the press he said in referring to the opinion read by Justice Roberts, "Newspaper publishers flatly disagree with his statements that the newspaper business can be regulated by the government." And Mr. Hanson added that under certain circumstances publishers might prefer to go to jail rather than yield to the majority opinion of the court. In other words, the members of the A. N. P. A. are devoted to preserving our traditional form of government unless at any time it happens to impair their profits. Within the last four years the organized newspaper proprietors of America have defied all three coordinate branches of the government. During the life of the NRA the A. N. P. A., after grudgingly submitting itself to a code, twice threatened to walk out. The argument at that time was that the executive and legislative branches of the government had assumed illegal powers. When the NRA was swept away by Supreme Court decision, there was general editorial rejoicing. The court was the bulwark of human liberty and the protector of the poor proprietor. But now in the Watson case the High Bench has handed down a decision which the publishers do not like, and according to their spokesman they intend to sabotage the Wagner law. Where, then, does authority rest in this republic as far as newspaper owners are concerned? Seemingly they will bow to no will except their own, and the A. N. P. A. constitutes the first admittedly revolutionary cell in America.

If anybody thinks that I am stretching a point, let him listen to the language of Elisha Hanson in a carefully

prepared address which he delivered at the convention. Mr. Hanson said:

"In the event that a complaint is filed against any one of you on the ground that you have discharged a news or editorial employee because of his guild activities, it is imperative that you submit evidence to justify your act of discharge on whatever ground it was taken. If you did not discharge the man because of guild activities, you must make a record in which the actual reason for discharging him appears. If, on the other hand, you did discharge a man because of his guild activities, then you must show in the record the nature of those activities and demonstrate their injurious effect on your business."

Now the Wagner Act says specifically that no worker shall be fired because of organization activity. In the Watson case the Supreme Court held that the Congress had the power to pass such a provision. But Mr. Hanson is not prepared to yield. He seems to advise his clients that if organization hurts business—and I suppose a drive for higher wages would definitely constitute a hurt in the eyes of a proprietor—then they may fire one or more of their employees on the simple ground that they do not want to have a union. I hope that at the next convention of the American Newspaper Guild, to be held in St. Louis in June, some delegate will rise and ask the Guild to pledge itself to raise one regiment and offer its services to the President and the Supreme Court and the Congress of the United States in an effort to bring the embattled publishers back into the Union.

One of the obstacles to amity along the economic front is the lack of responsibility in employer associations. It is difficult for trade unions to make terms because employers so often treat agreements as mere scraps of paper. In Jamaica, Long Island, the management suggested that a Guild strike might be settled through an arbitration award of three local ministers. The Guild accepted this offer of the management and left its case wholly in the hands of the three clergymen. Indeed, both sides signed stipulations to abide by the result. But when the award was handed down, the proprietor didn't happen to like it and so he boldly announced that he would reject it.

Has the A. N. P. A. made any effort to discipline this proprietor in order to save the fair name of the publishing fraternity? Why should I ask silly questions? You know it has not. To the best of my recollection there has been no instance of any effort on the part of allied newspaper proprietors to police their own craft and insure fair dealings. And these are the men who write violent editorials about the C. I. O. It is evident now that the newspaper publishers of America may love the Supreme Court, but they have no intention of playing ball with it. Indeed, the only game the publishers are willing to play is that old familiar pastime of heads I win, tails you lose.

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Its circles into tangent guise.
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And strength of shoulder to the land;
And sees far weaker men deduct,
By legal super-usufruct,
All that he makes but half a grain
By muscle, dung, and sun, and rain.
One with the brown-eyed mule, his mate,
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But all the night he frets, and gropes
For clouded stars and hopeless hopes.
The blessed mule, from five to five,
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Behind the auspice of his gate,
Secure, immune, inviolate.

To America: with Love

A FOREIGNER LOOKS AT THE TVA. By Odette Keun.
Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.25.

IN A recent issue of *The Nation*, the editor of the literary section instructed his helots how to write book reviews. I hasten to put these instructions into practice. The master says that a good review, like the doctrine of the Trinity, should be erected upon a three-point support. It should (1) tell objectively what is in the book, (2) describe the manner or style in which the book is written, give something of its quality, and (3) appraise the value or importance of the book. I hereby feed Miss Keun through the mill. If she does not like it, or if the reader does not, I shall of course disclaim all responsibility.

1. The book is short. It is packed with information and can be read in a couple of hours. It tells the history of the TVA, beginning with the dam at Muscle Shoals as a war project in 1916. One catches one's breath as one realizes how slender was the thread which held the whole investment from being handed over to Mr. Ford or the power boys or some other private philanthropist at two cents on the dollar. The man who kept the thread unbroken, whitening his hair for a decade and more, was Senator Norris. When Roosevelt was elected, the Senator's dream came true. This investment, on which the public had spent 150 millions, was turned over to the public for its use and enjoyment, and as a basis for its

future prosperity. This seems reasonable, but you would be surprised how difficult it is for the public to get any comfort out of its own property. It seems that comfort is contrary to "due process" or "prudent investment" or "interstate commerce" or some other verbal spook, and the public has to take as many injunctions as an army take trenches to win a battle. (I am afraid I have broken a rule in the last two sentences.)

This compact little book goes on to set the TVA in its geographical and cultural background. The watershed is described and the people who inhabit it. Thus the plan receives physical content. The trouble with most economic plans is that they have no physical content. (There I go again!) It is made abundantly clear, as your reviewer has pointed out in *The Nation* before, that the TVA is not primarily a scheme to soak the power trust. It is primarily a plan for working with nature in a balanced use of land and water. Cheap electric power is only an important by-product of that use. The calamitous abuse of the soils, forests, and waters of the Tennessee Basin is described with passion and statistics. The passion is the author's; the statistics are official. The mission of the TVA is to turn abuse into use, to save the resources of the valley for the future health and prosperity of the valley. How does the TVA propose to do this? In incisive sections Miss Keun outlines Engineering Works, Flood Control, Erosion Control, Navigation, Power, Forestry, the New Agricultural Pattern, Local Industries. She shows how all these factors are yoked together in one great wheel, and how they are meaningless spokes without the total frame. She explains how the most important matter of all was accomplished—securing the consent of the people of the valley. In the back of the book are two series of photographs, the first showing the abuse of resources and its final result of death and destruction. The second shows the course of balanced use to social survival and comfort. Here is an idea for a dramatic silent movie of great educational importance.

2. Coming to Miss Keun's method and manner, I feel a little freer. Her method is original and charming. She is French, and she is a woman. She exploits both these characteristics to the limit. As a foreigner she can be more objective and more daring in her appraisal than an American can well be; as a woman she can scatter and put to rout more sacred cows of "sound" finance and business enterprise than any mere man can hope to do. If a thing is without sense from the point of view of common human decency, she says so, flatly and belligerently; and if the Supreme Court raises the crucifix in the road, she runs right over it. Observe: "The injunctions not only protect the companies as to their own properties in areas they now serve, but they hinder the people of other areas who own their own power and distribution systems from becoming purchasers of the TVA electricity. It really is unbelievable! . . . These Utilities snatch at everything. I wonder they don't pounce on the milk a kitten sucks from its mother!"

A nice point in this connection is that Miss Keun is the owner of a considerable block of holding-company stock. After burning up the utilities, she turns around and burns up the TVA from the utilities' point of view, but admits that Exhibit B is not so strong as Exhibit A. Then she burns up

the capitalists of the Northeast who have sucked dry the South and West. Then she burns up the farmers of the South as a shiftless, ignorant, barbarous breed, showing with justice how European peasants are more civilized because they love and conserve the land. Indeed, by the time she gets through, the whole Republic is in flames. But the book is indited "To America, with whom I have fallen in love," and somehow one believes her. Another curious thing is that, in the midst of all this heat and indignation, the facts and findings are clearly stated and substantially correct. When she lashes out at the crime of soil erosion, she gives the exact figures of the Soil Conservation Service; when she strikes at the lumber barons she gives the careful estimates of destruction prepared by the Forest Service. When she steams up on leaching and soil mining, she describes the all-important nitrogen cycle with scientific rigor.

3. Now for the appraisal. This book is a unique and valuable document on the most interesting social experiment in the United States. The descriptions of the various phases of the TVA show care, study, and fidelity to the facts so far as I know them. I think the author has overstated the case for navigation, but only time can decide this point. Above and beyond the TVA Miss Keun has been reaching for a concrete institution that will satisfy her requirements for a social form which is neither raw, anarchic capitalism nor the totalitarian state. As a good European she has a lively hatred of the latter, and as a decent, kindly human being she loathes both the behavior and the rationalizations of the former. She believes she has found in the TVA something upon which her faith may rest. I believe so too.

STUART CHASE

The New York Stage

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. Volume IX.
By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University Press. \$8.75.

THE ninth volume of Professor Odell's tremendous work appears close on the heels of the last preceding one. It covers the record for the years 1870-75 and continues to amaze the reader as a monument of labor and a miracle of completeness. Moreover, as one approaches closer and closer to the present day, the interest increases because of the gradual appearance of names familiar to the present generation. These years were part of the heyday of Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, and Lotta. But they also include the New York debut of John Drew, whom the *Post* thought "likely, with perseverance, to make a valuable acquisition," and the rising of one "little Minnie Maddern," of whom the *Herald* said, "If Minnie continues to progress from her present promise she will become what the American stage is at present sadly deficient of [*sic*]*—a good leading woman.*" Daly's and Wallack's were the leading theaters. In December, 1870, Daly brought out the first play of Bronson Howard, and the rise of that dramatist, together with the success of such plays as Daly's own adaptation "Divorce," indicated the approach of the day when the mainstay of the theaters would be, not Shakespeare and the old comedies, but contemporary plays.

It is hardly necessary to indicate again Professor Odell's method. "Annals" is precisely the word to describe his work. Here we have a season-by-season—almost a day-by-day—record of what went on in the amusement world of greater New York. Even changes in casts are noted, runs are indicated, and there are significant bits from the comments of

the press. There are, besides, more than three hundred photographs of players in the present volume alone, and Professor Odell's definition of "stage" is as inclusive as the *Billboard's* definition of the "show business." Even the suburbs are not forgotten, and he does not stop with circuses, concerts, or the like. One may, if one cares to, discover that on February 11, 1873, Anna Dickinson (whose questions, according to Professor Odell, "were always interesting because so impossible to answer") was asking a lecture audience in Steinway Hall "What's to Hinder?" or that, on February 25, 1875, a Punch and Judy show exhibited at Temperance Hall, Greenpoint. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the extent to which Professor Odell has assimilated this material, the extent to which even individual players are real persons to him. An odd bit of casting astonishes him, and he lives so vividly through each season that his spirits actually rise and fall with the success or failure of various enterprises.

Reviewing one of the earlier volumes I said that it contained more than anyone was ever likely to want to know about the New York stage. To say that is to indicate that the work possesses one of the greatest virtues anything of the kind can possess, since it means that any piece of information which scholar or layman may, for any reason, need will certainly be found. It is inconceivable that the particular job Professor Odell has done should ever be attempted again. But for generations to come his volumes will have to be at the elbow of everyone who writes anything about the history of the stage in America.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Gloried from Within"

THE NOTEBOOKS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. Edited with Notes and a Preface by Humphry House. Oxford University Press. \$8.50.

IT HAS been known that Hopkins's interests included music, architecture, drawing, science, and of course the philosophy and theology that went with his calling. But not until the publication of these journals has it been possible to appreciate how completely all these fields of interest were brought to a synthesis in his thought and feeling. It is now clear that as he believed everything in nature fell into that centripetal order or design which he called "inscape" he intended that everything in his personality should be "to one purpose wrought." If he possessed a sensibility that could only be matched by a Keats or a Wordsworth or a Whitman, he possessed also powers of observation and generalization that might have made him a great figure in the century of experimental science. Hopkins was not a Leonardo, but his mind was motivated by the same passion *ersi universale*, the same search for a common principle for man and nature. (It is not surprising to find him equally obsessed by the human skeleton—"the bones sleeved in flesh.") It is to make modest claims for these notebooks to say that they might have been written by a Keats with a better-developed intellect or by a Samuel Butler with an infinitively richer sensibility. And this is to say that they are continually taking us to the frontiers of our knowledge both of ourselves and our world.

The early notebooks belong to the eve of Hopkins's conversion to the Catholic church and include a number of hitherto unpublished poetic fragments as well as several undergraduate essays. The impact of the physical world on his senses during this period of spiritual and intellectual crisis may be judged from the following:

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Drops of rain hanging on rails, etc. seen with only the lower rim lighted like nails (of fingers). Screws of brooks and twines. Soft chalky look with more shadowy middles of the globes of cloud on a night with a moon faint or concealed. Mealy clouds with a not brilliant moon. Blunt buds of the ash. Pencil buds of the beech. Lobes of the trees. Cups of the eyes, gathering back the lightly hinged eyelids. Bows of the eyelids. Pencil of eyelashes. Juices of the eyeball. Eyelids like leaves, petals, caps, tufted hats, handkerchiefs, sleeves, gloves. . . . Juices of the sunrise. Joints and veins of the same.

The journal proper, begun in 1868 and continued almost up to his death, is made up of close analytical notations of natural phenomena. Some of these are accompanied by drawings, like the one on page 165, with the note: "The curves of the returning wave overlap, the angular space between is smooth but covered with a network of foam, etc." Most of them are instances of "inscape," like the flag flower from bud to bloom: "Each term you can distinguish is beautiful in itself and of course if the whole 'behavior' were gathered up and stalled it would have a beauty of all the higher degree." The design in natural objects is often related to the forms of art: the eyes of opened peacock feathers are likened to "the flowing cusped trefoil" of architectural decoration. Trees and pigeons, "trim and symmetrical and gloried from within," remind him of the lilies in the coat of arms of Eton College. Sometimes, though not often, the religious application is made explicit, as when the strength and grace of the bluebell is compared to "the beauty of the Lord." For Hopkins everything in nature, even the snow swept to one side of a path, assumed an inner pattern which corresponded to that principle of individuation in the human personality for which he found the philosophical explanation in the neglected Duns Scotus. It need hardly be pointed out how perfectly he made this view apply both to the theme and to the structure and style of his later verse. But it might be noted how closely it anticipated, except for the final theological parallel, the direction of the most recent biological research.

Hopkins kept, along with this record of his intellectual observations, another journal that traced his spiritual and psychological development through the same period. But this was either destroyed or has been lost. Part of the loss is compensated by the intensely confessional tone of the Comments on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola, which are invaluable to the future study of his poetry. First and last, Hopkins has suffered much from the devotion of his friends; and the present expensive and laboriously edited volume is another instance. It is to be regretted that the Oxford Press did not bring out this material in a form offering fewer obstacles to the general reading public.

WILLIAM TROY

Death on an Island

FROM *JORDAN'S DELIGHT*. By R. P. Blackmur. Arrow Editions. \$2.

THAT the poems in R. P. Blackmur's first collection are well made will not surprise those who have been instructed and delighted by his meticulous critical writings. There may have been less reason to anticipate the freshness of perception, the vigorous music, and the abundance of poetic resources which they display. They are the work of a poet who uses the medium because he has to, and not of a critic who is trying to prove that he can.

The initial assault of the poems consists in an excitement

primarily verbal, focusing awareness upon the words rather than through and beyond them: "What yelling, belling cry," "Gull bleat, hawk shriek, mouse and eagle screams," "His great moonface rumridden and windshot," and "Breathes in our ears sea rôle and moan." Other lines, equally stirring in auditory and kinesthetic quality, create an additional dimension through reinforcement of sound by less patent meanings. Consider, for example, "The shiver and shawling, yawing of doom," where the breathless plunging of the line is dominated not only by the suggestion of the undulatory movement of a shawl in the wind but also by the less direct visual analogy of the shredded waves with the shawl's tassels. Likewise, in "The heart throstrling the sweet-tormented brain," "throstrling" is a syncope of several relevant words, including perhaps "throttle," "throb," and "jostle," as well as the noun "throstrle" (in the sense of "thrush").

Such effects easily lend themselves to abuse, but with Mr. Blackmur this happens rarely. Instances of downright preciousness are few, and even these have their compensations, as in this description of the lobsterman clattering out in a row-boat to set his pots:

There comes the day's calthumpian, all afleer,
In his midwaste quotidian King Lear.

A calthumpian, I take it, is one who participates in a callthump, which, so I am pleased to learn from the unabridged dictionary, is an old American word for a boisterous parade or charivari. "Afleer" is exciting in itself, although unsubstantiated elsewhere in the poem. "King Lear," which is grammatically correlative with "calthumpian," is introduced, so far as I can tell, on the ground that the lobsterman is old, lonely, rather queer, an exile, and surrounded by the agitation of the elements (there is also perhaps a tenuous association with Gloucester's cliff). But neither here nor later in the poem is the reference to Lear what Mr. Blackmur likes to call a tautology, namely, an exact equivalent of its object: it seems to be an attempt to charge the incident with more significance than it is fitted to bear, and certainly with more than it bodies forth.

The principal defect of the verse, however, lies in a somewhat different type of disproportion. By itself, each poem appears to be a close exchange and rigid equilibrium between inner tension and outer image. This unity is artfully enhanced by the denseness of the texture and by the organizing bonds of consonance, repetition, and internal rhyme. Yet, in the whole body of the poems the emotion spills over its vessels. The general scheme of the book is the endeavor of the self to maintain its intactness against the weathering by experience. The self is equated with the bleak island off the Maine coast, not altogether ironically named Jordan's Delight, which is the setting of most of the poems. The sea represents all the agencies which seek to change and corrode the self, and these for Blackmur include friends, marriage, men in bread lines, the lure of action, and above all death. The bareness of the island betokens an "insuccorable inward beggary," "a new nothingness"; the self is shrunk to a doorless if not a windowless monad. Such urge to live as it has comes from a kind of aesthetic stoicism, the desire to be "a willed looker-on," in short, a craving for salvation by the word, which is all right as the first tenet in a poet's private ethic, but hardly a capacious matrix for creation.

So narrowed, the self is on the verge of disappearing, and death loses its terrors because it is already here. The poet in his prison does not even think of the key. Death, consequently, is not the villain in a tragedy but a morbid obsession:

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I think not of a living thing—
My wife my dog and most myself—
But that I think of it as dead.

The accompanying despair seems trivial, even sentimental, because it does not show its cause; unless, indeed, the wilful unreason of this whole conception of the self be taken as the cause. If this is the intention, these poems appear as a highly articulate expression of a fundamental inarticulate-ness.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Victorian Age

VICTORIAN ENGLAND: THE PORTRAIT OF AN AGE.

By G. M. Young. Oxford University Press. \$3.

JUST a century ago it became possible to know accurately the habits and resources of a nation. That this abundance of light should fall upon the first of industrial societies was an accident of inestimable advantage for those concerned with the present and future of civilization. From 1835 onward were published the investigations of the British Parliament, which, beginning with factory labor and sanitation, gradually threw light into almost every crack and cranny of the social structure. And what these Blue Books fail to reveal is sure to be found somewhere in the socially conscious Victorian literature. But the very fulness of the sources of knowledge was initially a handicap to the historian. The perspective of time, the sifting and evaluating of plethoric materials by such variously equipped pioneers as Halévy, Clapham, the Webbs, the Hammonds, Cazamian, and Kenneth Clark, cooperative enterprises such as the two-volume "Early Victorian England" of which Mr. Young was editor, were pre-requisite to Mr. Young's venture to compress into 287 pages the portrait of the Victorian Age. Only those who have spent years among his sources can appreciate the triumph of his achievement. He has the late Lytton Strachey's gift of brilliant and urbane summary with far more conscientious and disciplined allegiance to fact; a clause or phrase conveys with deceptive ease the essence of some specialized study. A mind curious, disinterested, ironic, and many-sided has drawn upon politics, economics, science, literature, and art to achieve what Mr. Young defines as the final and dominant object of historical study: "the origin, content, and articulation of that objective mind which controls the thinking and doing of an age and race."

The history of a culture woven of so many strands defies the compass of a review, but from the extraordinarily rich fabric one may detach a strand, the economic. The beginning of Victoria's reign finds a ruling class steeped in the traditions of agricultural feudalism faced with the problem of controlling the bewildering novelty of an industrialism astonishingly potent for evil as for good. The menaces to the national welfare from involuntary unemployment, slums, sweated labor, and threats of revolution oblige a modification of the philosophy dominant among the comfortable classes "that Christian responsibility was a duty everywhere except in economic life, and that strength and vigor, the control of nature by science, of events by prudence, are good things everywhere except in the hands of the state." The turning points Mr. Young finds in the Factory Act of 1847 and the Public Health Act of 1848. The establishment of the administrative efficiency of representative government provides a rise in the general standard of living in the mid-century, which encourages movements for the introduction among the

industrial and commercial classes of the amenities of living. But England does not long maintain the initial advantages she gained from being the cradle of the industrial and commercial revolutions. The quickening of communications draws her from "splendid isolation" into the cross-currents of the world; her industry is outstripped by organized German technology, her scientific agriculture by the broader lands of America. The partly democratized ruling classes fail to meet these challenges because of their contempt for the intellect and their exclusiveness, which precludes understanding of the psychology of other races. On the occasion of Victoria's death in 1901 the London *Times* predicts with astonishing clairvoyance the dangers ahead. Writing in the melancholy autumn of 1936, Mr. Young confesses that he has described "the waning of a great civilization."

To the American reader this remarkable book suggests arresting analogies. The United States is now psychologically and culturally in the earlier part of the period Mr. Young describes. England had a national child-labor law in 1833; her urban population outnumbered the agricultural by 1851; Parliament recognized in 1865 the right of collective bargaining. Bentham's phrase "judge-made law" and the formation of a "Private Enterprise Society" have a familiar ring. Will America, even if her industry becomes regulated by the federal government, follow England in an inevitable Spenglerian downward curve? is a reader's final question.

EMERY NEFF

An American Tribute

CENTENNIAL ESSAYS FOR PUSHKIN. Edited by Samuel H. Cross and Ernest J. Simmons. Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

THE papers which make up this scholarly symposium are chiefly exercises in exegesis and appreciation, and add nothing to the known facts. With the exception of Mrs. Radin's sensitive, though somewhat unintegrated, essay on "Eugene Onegin" and Professor Coleman's well-informed study on the contacts between Pushkin and his equally illustrious Polish contemporary, Mickiewicz, the essays deal with broad aspects of the subject. One finds here a biographical sketch of the poet; an authoritative and acute analysis, by George V. Vernadsky, of Pushkin's political philosophy, a topic which a good deal of recent commentary has only served to obscure; an admirable consideration, by Michael Karpovich, of the poet as a historian; a rather sophomoric survey of his prose writings; a competent discussion of his interest in folklore, by Victor de Gérard. Alexander Kaun offers a somewhat rambling survey of Pushkin's foreign indebtedness. The title of his essay, Pushkin's Sense of Measure, misleads one into thinking that he is dealing with what Professor Noyes so aptly calls the Russian's *curiosa felicitas*. Indeed, it is to George Rapall Noyes that we owe the most important essay in the book and one which is a genuine contribution to criticism. This attempt to ascertain Pushkin's place in world literature is marked by admirable discernment. While aware that the future must decide whether Pushkin is destined to remain the local figure that he has been until now, the author is inclined to deny the claim that he has the universality of a Shakespeare or the caliber of a Tolstoy. The final paper, by Professor Cross, offers a glimpse of the critical battles raging around the poet in Russia but fails to come to grips with the problem of what he signifies to this generation of his countrymen.

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Pushkin's celebrated but far from flawless lyric, *A Monument*, and of Lermontov's elegy on the poet's death. In the past, all too often Pushkin was traduced by amateur versifiers. One is glad to note that the task of Englishing him is at last being taken up by people of his own profession.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Shorter Notices

ANGELS IN UNDRRESS. By Mark Benney. Random House. \$2.50.

It is rather a pity that Mr. Benney's English publisher went to so much trouble to guarantee the authenticity of Mr. Benney's life story. Whether this London childhood among prostitutes, con-men, and criminals really happened or not; whether Mr. Benney, under another name, actually served a sentence for burglary in Borstal prison and another at Chelmsford are all pretty irrelevant. If it is a true story, then Mr. Benney's extraordinary literacy after a hit-or-miss common-school education is something to wonder at; his knowledge, at the age of thirteen or so, of Sèvres bowls, Bühl cabinets, and Louis Quatorze bureaux is even more strange. It might be better to forget the truth and admire the fiction. For Mr. Benney is a capital writer; his portraits of men and women are excellent; his prisons, whether he ever saw the inside of them or not, are tangible prisons, the more so because there is little of the ordinary violence that fictional prisons usually have. And the awkward attempts of a criminal to arrive at an understanding of life are touching and even profound. If, as seems unlikely, every word of this book were true, it would not be a better book than it now is. "*Angels in Undress*" is a work of art; which is to say that it is more true, as it is more ordered, more confined, and more elevated, than life.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

THE GOLDEN FLEECE OF CALIFORNIA. By Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

Mr. Masters has set out once again to combine his enthusiasm for a classic motif with his knowledge of the American setting, this time in a narrative poem. His Argonauts are a group of Forty-niners headed for California gold, and he has tried to concoct out of their experience an adventure story with a moral. But in spite of the exciting subject matter, the story fails of interest because the poetry does. The verse is slovenly, wavering between labored attempts at dignity and informal chatter, and the many opportunities for drama and tension are entirely missed. Instead of contributing reality the details remain prosy and commonplace; the phrasing is continually twisted into clumsy inversions; and the verse proceeds at an uninspired dog trot which is frequently broken by Mr. Masters's fondness for question-and-answer narration. When he pauses to speculate on the moral, he interrupts the story without giving it any more depth. The connection with the Golden Fleece legend is too crudely handled to be significant.

BURROUGHS MITCHELL

ESCAPE TO THE TROPICS. By Desmond Holdridge. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

The title of this book admirably describes it. Desmond and Bet Holdridge, a young couple who decided to amplify their honeymoon with a still further quest for adventure, shook the grime of our metropolitan area and sailed southward. They were fortunate in hearing about the island of St. John, most virginal of the American Virgin Islands—though lying

less than a mile across Pillsbury Sound from St. Thomas, whose capital, Charlotte Amalie, has been a port-of-call for centuries for the ships of the seven seas. St. John is a sparsely inhabited island—almost a Robinson Crusoe island. On it no wheel turns. One travels afoot or on horseback on jungle-shaded trails up the steep hills and down into deep valleys. The island is fringed with exquisite white beaches, and the sheltered waters are ultramarine, cobalt, and indigo over the varying depths of coral. The "lonely and lovely" beach at French Bay, back of which nestled "The Shoebox" where the Desmonds lived, was theirs exclusively "for months on end." In this region, where the trade winds unceasingly rustle the cocoanut palms, the author felt a keener "sense of out-of-the-worldness" than in the Amazonian jungles. "Escape" to a tropical isle has been the ultimate yearning of millions of people who weary of the clatter of our machine civilization. The Holdridges really did it! They were able to live comfortably on between sixty and seventy dollars a month. And the island of St. John still offers the same opportunities to those who love the undefiled oases of a shrinking world.

ERNEST GRUENING

AE'S LETTERS TO MINANLABAIN. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Between 1930 and 1935 AE, the Irish poet, wrote frequently to Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Porter. Their home was Glenveagh Castle, Ireland, the nearest post office was Minanlábáin—hence the title of this book. AE was very close to the Porters, and they in turn loved him. Mrs. Porter's delightful account of AE's visits to them introduces the book. AE's letters are warm, very human documents. Obviously he was well aware at this time of the economic crisis in England, Ireland, and America. Obviously, too, he kept a keen eye on Irish politics and literature and read with interest many American books. He was writing during this period his own book "*Avatars*." He comments on Edmund Wilson's "*Axel's Castle*" favorably, remarking that Joyce "gets away from life in the effort to get into it." He reads Wyndham Lewis and finds "*The Apes of God*" lacking in humanity. He speaks of Lady Gregory's death. He talks humorously of the Irish Academy of Letters and its members. He enjoys reading Van Wyck Brooks on Emerson and remarks that Emerson's life had little outward excitement. He thinks "Russia will be all right in twenty-five years when the younger generation of Communists begins to fill up the spiritual vacancy that nature abhors," and adds that the English have not imagination to find a way out, are too decent for bloodshed. He reads Eliot's criticism and finds it sound but dry save for the essay on Dante. He sends the Porters his new poems. Altogether these letters make AE seem much less the pure mystic and much more flesh and blood.

EDA LOU WALTON

PHINEAS FLETCHER, MAN OF LETTERS, SCIENCE, AND DIVINITY. By Abram Barnett Langdale. Columbia University Press. \$3.

More and more the byways of seventeenth-century literature and thought attract the attention of scholars and critics; increasingly, substantial and illuminating special studies have made the learned stumbling of Grosart and the pioneer appreciations of Gosse seem products of a remote and primitive day. Mr. Langdale gives striking evidence that all the massie ore of the Jacobean and Caroline deposit has not yet been transmuted into critical gold. Phineas Fletcher is, and always was, a minor poet; but this study of his career and accomplishment is genuinely significant. It integrates the sev-

eral earlier studies of Fletcher, adds a substantial quantity of new material, and corrects opinions widely though erroneously held. No effort is made by the author to build his subject to unjustifiable importance, but throughout the book Fletcher emerges from the dusk of incomplete understanding, and at the end he becomes truly significant. The volume bulges with new information. Its main value, however, lies in the author's exact statement of the relation between Fletcher and Spenser, and in his masterly analysis of Fletcher's knowledge of the new science and his use of that knowledge as background for "The Purple Island." The only serious omission in the book is the lack of a study of the influence of Fletcher on Milton as wise and thorough as the analysis of that of Spenser on Fletcher.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

KING JOHN. By William Shakespeare. Edited by John Dover Wilson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

With this volume Mr. Wilson's edition of Shakespeare, which up until "Hamlet" three years ago was his and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's, takes a plunge into the histories. Mr. Wilson's editing is as usual of great originality and interest, and his criticism is that of a man blessed with both imagination and sense. Those who in the past have watched him with horror among the texts of Shakespeare will be relieved to hear that he has not tried to establish a new relation between the play under scrutiny and the older "Troublesome Reign of King John." They might have feared, for instance, that he would assign the latter to the category of "bad" quartos and so maintain the thesis of its degeneracy from Shakespeare's manuscript. He is for once conventional, however, in that he assumes without serious question Shakespeare's dependence on the "Troublesome Reign"; though his study of the rewriting is shrewder than such studies usually are because he knows more about poetry than most editors do. Meanwhile the rest of the histories, not to speak of the rest of the tragedies, are awaited with eagerness by all admirers of Mr. Wilson's work. It has taken just sixteen years for sixteen volumes to appear, and there are perhaps twenty-one to come. May life be long at the University of Edinburgh, where one hopes that Mr. Wilson has nothing to do but edit Shakespeare.

MARK VAN DOREN

Love in Connecticut

ANY readers who may have missed the drama column during the last few weeks do not really know what they have been missing. The plays that bloom in the spring are usually somewhat less welcome than the flowers of the same season, and this year nearly all of them have been skunk-cabbages. I should probably not refer to the painful subject at all were it not for the fact that one little crocus called "Penny Wise" poked its head shyly above ground at the Morosco Theater, and deserves encouragement. The scene is a philandering playwright's summer home in Connecticut and the atmosphere is strictly vernal. Two of the playwright's ex-loves try to explain to a prospective third just how it is that plans to confess all to his flibbertigibbet wife and to run off to Brittany always come to naught, but she has to learn for herself. The play is concerned with the process of her learning, and though it might be paced a bit more briskly, it is neat as well as funny. Kenneth MacKenna is the philanderer and Linda Watkins the wife. There is another very pleasant performance by Irene Purcell as one of the exes.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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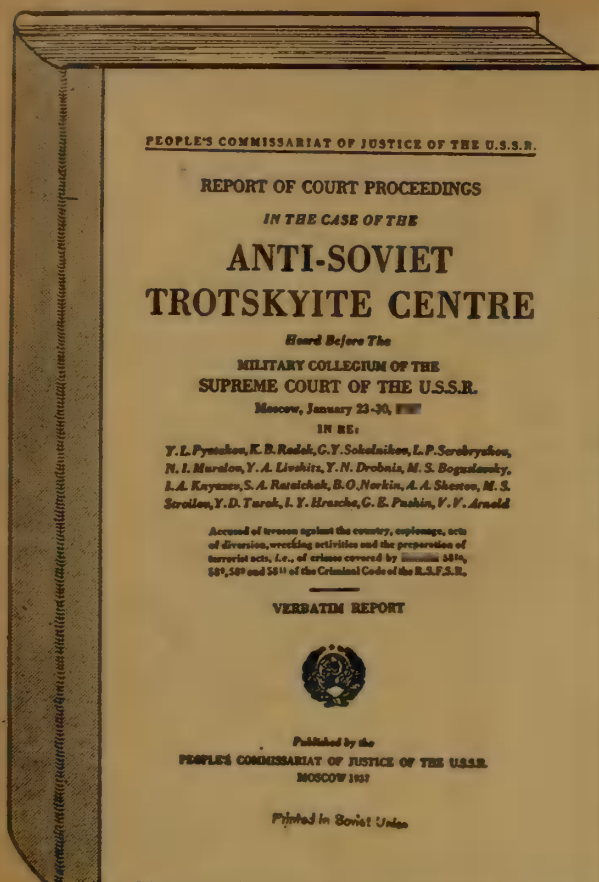
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COLUMBIA'S new set of Beethoven's Eroica Symphony (six records, \$9) is as great a disappointment as its Beethoven Ninth a year ago; and for the same reasons. In each case there was urgent need of a good new set; in each case such a result was promised by the participation of Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic; and in each case the promise was defeated by bad recording. I know what the orchestra sounds like; and the superb quality of its strings and brass can be heard in the "Rosenkavalier" set of four or five years back. In the Eroica the tone is coarse, the balance is bad (a series of repeated notes by the horn in an inner voice, at one point, is more prominent than the melody in the woodwinds), and the performance is enveloped in the noise of the worst reverberation I have heard on records thus far. I went back to the Mengelberg set of the Eroica (Victor) and found it excellent in these respects; it lacks only the volume and richness of present-day orchestral recording, and its bass is a little weak. The bass is even weaker in the Schillings version (Columbia and Decca), which I recall as offering the best performance of the work. As for Koussevitzky's (Victor), I like neither the performance nor the recording.

Columbia's new set of Beethoven's Eighth (three records, \$5), also made by Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic, has something of the same coarseness of tone and noisiness; and if you must have the latest thing in recording with this marvelous symphony, the new Victor set (three records, \$6.50) is to be preferred for its excellent reproduction of the beautiful playing of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. But the old Columbia set offers astonishingly good reproduction of a performance by Weingartner and the old Royal (London) Philharmonic which, in its justness of pace and feeling, its buoyancy and spirit, is superior not only to Koussevitzky's but to Weingartner's present performance. Boult's version (Victor) is pedestrian.

Columbia has issued another work of Beethoven that is even shorter, but wonderful in its own way—the Piano Sonata Opus 90 (two records, \$3). Egon Petri's performance of the first movement does not achieve the dramatic power and depth of Schnabel's, and his playing in the lovely second movement is flawed slightly by a sentimentality of which Schnabel's is completely free; but it is nevertheless the performance of an excellent musician, and excellently recorded. I have not been able to compare it with Kempff's on Polydor.

In Debussy's Sonata No. 3 for violin and piano we have his idiom and style carried to a high point of refinement and subtlety, but with content refined away to almost nothing. The performance by Alfred Dubois and Marcel Maas and the recording are very good (Columbia: two records, \$3).

Columbia might have better sets of Beethoven symphonies to sell if it used Beecham for them instead of employing his talents in a succession of things like Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" Suite No. 2 (one record, \$1.50) and groups of pieces by Händel under the titles "The Gods Go A-Begging" and "The Origin of Design" (one record, \$1.50). Performances and recording are good. On another Columbia single (\$1) are a number of small pieces by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, played on the harpsichord by Yella Pessel, which I find dull.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editor

Ewin L. Davis for the Defense

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to an article by Paul W. Ward which appeared in *The Nation* of February 27, in the concluding paragraph of which a grave injustice is done my brothers and me as well as the Federal Trade Commission.

The Ward article refers to an article by Edward R. Keyes in a recent issue of *Advertising and Selling*, and, drawing some wholly unjustified deductions therefrom, concludes:

He offers a series of cease-and-desist orders which the commission has handed down against fraudulent medicinal advertisements, and then from the files of the *Nashville Tennessean*, a daily paper, he takes current advertisements in which the same companies against which the commission's orders were issued two and three years ago are making the same fraudulent claims. Mr. Keyes does not explain why he used the *Nashville Tennessean*. Could it be because it is owned by Paul M. Davis, who is not only a brother of Roosevelt's ambassador-at-large, Norman H. Davis, but also a brother of Ewin L. Davis, who is chairman of the Federal Trade Commission lobbied so vigorously last year to keep advertising control in the commission's hands?

Paul M. Davis never owned the *Nashville Tennessean* nor any stock therein, nor had nor exercised any control whatever over the *Nashville Tennessean*, at the time any of the advertisements in question appeared or either the Keyes or the Ward article was published.

The *Nashville Tennessean* was placed in receivership four years ago under a general creditors' bill by order of the United States District Court and has been in complete charge of the receiver appointed by the court ever since. Finally, creditors petitioned the court to sell the paper for the benefit of creditors, and after a time the court entered an order directing the sale of the property at public auction on January 7, 1937. Paul M. Davis as agent was the highest bidder, and it was announced that the paper was sold to him subject to approval of the court. Under a rule of the court, anybody had the right to raise the bid within a period of twenty days. The sale was not confirmed to Mr. Davis until March 4, 1937. As stated, he had no voice whatever in the management or control of the paper prior thereto.

The animus back of the grossly misrepresentative and unfair Keyes article is indicated by the further fact that advertisements similar to those in question appeared in a large number of other newspapers and periodicals throughout the country.

A statement of the true facts would show that the Keyes article and the Ward article, in so far as it relates to the Federal Trade Commission, were based upon false premises and contain unjustified conclusions and false implications.

EWIN L. DAVIS

Washington, March 11

Cross-Examination by Ward

Dear Sirs: Mr. Davis in his letter commits one big and one little injustice. He does me a little injustice in suggesting I implied anything so elementary as that the few pennies accruing from the publication of quack nostrum advertisements would move his wealthy brother to bring pressure on him and the Federal Trade Commission to let those pennies keep rolling in.

He does himself a big injustice in asserting that his brother was not a major owner of the *Nashville Tennessean* at the time the advertisements in question were published last fall. I have before me an official statement by Jesse H. Jones, as chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which notes under date of October 31, 1935, that the RFC had some time before that date sold \$250,000 worth of the *Nashville Tennessean's* bonds to Mr. Paul Davis as president of the American National Bank, Nashville, and that this brought the bank's total holdings to \$460,000 out of the \$750,000 in bonds outstanding, the bank having previously owned \$210,000 worth. The paper, Mr. Jones's statement notes, was even then in receivership. The bonds were its senior security, secured by a first mortgage on the property. The man who owned a majority of the bonds was virtual owner of the paper. The majority interest was held by Mr. Davis's bank, and I think Mr. Davis himself would not consider it mere flattery to say that he is the American National Bank.

I think that settles the point as to who owned the *Nashville Tennessean* at the time the advertisements mentioned by Mr. Keyes appeared in its columns.

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COrtlandt 7-3330

But in case Mr. Ewin Davis wants to press the point farther, I am prepared to point out that all but one of those advertisements have appeared one or more times in the *Nashville Tennessean* since March 4 last, the date when Mr. Ewin Davis admits his brother Paul officially became the paper's proprietor. My examination of the *Nashville Tennessean's* current files also brought to light many equally offensive advertisements which Mr. Keyes might have mentioned.

Mr. Davis is disingenuous when he states that similar advertisements appeared in newspapers and periodicals throughout the country. The assertion is quantitatively but not qualitatively true. The advertisements in question and the others I found in current issues of the *Nashville Tennessean* are certainly to be found in a great many publications, but I venture to think they are the same publications that responded affirmatively to the letters sent out in 1935 by William P. Jacobs, of Jacobs' Religious Lists and the Institute of Medicine Manufacturers, urging "our business friends" to get after the newspapers and make them fight the Tugwell bill and fight, in particular, to keep control of advertising in the Federal Trade Commission. They definitely are not advertisements acceptable to such papers as the *New York Times* or the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

And since Mr. Davis has brought up the matter so protestantly, I should also like to note a few other products of the

research to which he has impelled me. I should like to note that among the directors or advisory board members of Mr. Paul Davis's bank are Bolling Warner, J. M. Gray, and F. M. Bass. Men of the same names and Tennessee addresses are active figures in the patent-medicine industry. One heads the Warner Drug Company, manufacturer of Renfrew Salts for gout and rheumatism. Another is the manufacturer of Gray's Ointment, the erstwhile cancer cure which occupies a prominent position in the Food and Drug Administration's Chamber of Horrors. Attorney Bass has represented patent-medicine companies, including the manufacturer of Gray's Ointment, in proceedings before federal agencies. It also is worth noting that, according to Poor's "Register," Mr. Paul Davis is a director and, I am told, a principal owner of the Welch Grape Juice Company, and I doubt that even his brother believes that the advertising claims the FTC permits this company to make for its product as a reducing agent could be repeated with impunity on its bottle labels, which are subject to Food and Drug Administration control.

It seems to me that Mr. Davis, instead of framing the protest he has written, would have done better to attempt to explain why FTC control of advertising has been a flop; why the worst frauds in the food-and-drug racket are fighting to keep advertising control vested in the FTC; and why, when Mr.

Jacobs urged his dependents and constituents to write letters to Congressmen to that same end, he urged that copies be sent to Mr. Ewin Davis, who was then FTC chairman.

Finally, I want to thank Mr. Davis for having compelled me to inquire much more deeply into FTC affairs, for it has awakened me to the complete and incredible incompetence of the FTC's advertising-control section. I hope to set down the evidence thereof in the near future. It will suffice here to say that I am now prepared to believe that the men who pass upon drug advertising for the FTC are Peruna addicts who think the remedy for tonsillitis is an old sock wrapped snugly about the neck.

PAUL W. WARD

Washington, April 17

Correction

[In our issue of February 13 we erroneously stated that Agnes Smedley had served as secretary to Mrs. Sun Yat-sen. We are informed by Mrs. Sun that Miss Smedley is not and never was her secretary.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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FOR RENT

SUNRISE

LAKE BUNGALOW COLONY

Now RENTING: Summer Bungalows, furnished overlooking private bathing beach; 800 ft.; Hr. N. Y. Easy shopping; Low Commutation; Free boating bathing, tennis, handball; Dancing, club house.

E. Abrams, Sunrise Lake, Mendham Rd., Morristown, N. J., or 110 Riverside Dr., N. Y.; TR. 7-5557.

FOR SALE

VACATION FUNDS Will Buy A Small COUNTRY PLACE

Year Round Pleasure—Enduring Value

G. RICK, Crompond Rd., Peekskill, N. Y. Tel. 2515-M

Beautiful, renovated house, electrically equipped throughout. Pine living room. Swimming, tennis; progressive school for children. Stonybrook, Westport, Conn. Call Halifax 5-3618.

FOR RENT—FOR SALE

Oscawana Lake. New Colonial home for sale. 4 miles north of Westchester. 3 large bedrooms, pine living room, modern kitchen, bath, dining terrace. Sports facilities, golf. Will rent furnished, \$600. Another beautiful home, \$850. Charles Waters, Maine 4-6663.

SUMMER PLACE WANTED

Few girls, high type, desire interesting summer place, good swimming, commuting, non-sectarian, price reasonable. Box No. 896, c/o The Nation.

ROOM WANTED

Gentleman of refinement desires furnished room, private bath, river view, between West 72-96th St., quiet surroundings. Box No. 899, c/o The Nation.

Gentleman. Large cheerful room (furnished or unfurnished), garage, possibly breakfast. Pelham Bay Park section. Box No. 901, c/o The Nation.

HOUSE WANTED

Secluded furnished house in Westchester County, 3 bedrooms, view, 1 hour or less commuting Grand Central, adults, to rent June to October, not over \$300. References. Write details. Box 900, c/o The Nation.

WANTED

Couple driving to MEXICO about June 4 want 1, 2 people share expenses. Month-6 wk. trip. Box No. 897, c/o The Nation.

Experienced house manager for music school settlement. Vacancy calls for cultured and socially conscious personality. Box No. 898, c/o The Nation.

Wanted to Lease by a Nation subscriber a well-bred Boxer bitch. Excellent facilities, good care. Not a breeder. Mrs. J. P. Taugher, Leonard St., Agawam, Mass.

ORANGES FOR SALE

Sweet, juicy, sun-ripened on trees. Delivered Express prepaid. \$4.00 bushel. Grapefruit \$3.25. No sprays used. A. H. Burket. Sebring, Florida.

POSITIONS WANTED

Young lady, 22, college graduate with Teacher's certificate, as traveling companion or tutor. Specialized training in French, Spanish, English. Attractive, cooperative. References exchanged. Write Box No. 890, c/o The Nation.

German student wants summer position. Chief fields: sociology and political science. Knowledge of sports, travel; talented personality. Box No. 893, c/o The Nation.

LANGUAGES

Language Phone Sets

Bought, sold, rented, exchanged. Language Service, 507-5th Ave. MUr. 2-4221.

DO YOU WANT—

A house in England—an apartment—a room—an office—a ranch—a secretary—a piano—a lecturer—a tutor—a telescope—a grandfather's clock—a bicycle.—

All of these have appeared in our Classified columns.

Call the Advertising Department, Cortlandt 7-3330 by Friday, so your advertisement may be in the next week's issue.

**RATES: 62 cents a line of 6 words
Minimum 3 lines**

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

★

MAY DAY IN EUROPE RAN A GAUNTLET OF guns. In Spain the day of working-class solidarity was filled with the roar of actual civil war as one segment of the world proletariat fought for its very life. In Moscow the Red Square and the sky overhead were black with machines for war against fascism, built with millions of Soviet rubles that might have gone into a higher standard of living. All over France, with the echo of Spain's struggle in their ears, hundreds of thousands of workers marched with impressive calm and orderliness: in the past year the French working class, in the face of great danger, has acquired a new sense of its responsibility and a new access of determination to keep the enemy back. In Berlin Hitler made a travesty of the day by turning it into a fascist festival. In Poland the celebration was not peaceful even though "several thousand" Communists had been arrested beforehand. Fascists distributed anti-Jewish leaflets and threw bombs at the Socialist parades. They succeeded in killing a five-year-old Jewish boy in the arms of his mother and in wounding several other persons.

★

IN AMERICA THE GUNS SEEMED FARTHER away—though the Spanish war marched in the parades—and May Day, which was first celebrated as a working-class holiday in this country, took on a new significance in the light of the great union victories in automobiles and steel. New York put on its largest and most orderly parade, and in the industrial towns the day must have seemed brighter for the thousands of new union buttons flashing in the sun. For the first time, perhaps, many an American worker consciously joined the procession of international labor. May Day, 1937, demonstrated that the morale and solidarity of those workers of the world who are still free stand at a high level. But that happy reflection must be tempered by the solemn realization that during the next years they will be called upon—perhaps before another May Day—to face crises which will test every ounce of their unity and strength.

★

MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of the United States obviously live in a sort of Noah's Ark stranded on high ground to which floods never rise; they also wear blinders over their eyes and cotton in their ears, and they never read the newspapers—if one is to

judge by the resolutions passed at their most recent conclave in Washington. Their most cutting words were of course, reserved for the Wagner Labor Relations Act, which they consider unfair to organized business. They want the act amended in as many ways as possible in order to secure what they call "industrial peace." The chamber would curtail the right of picketing, prohibit federal, state, and municipal employees from striking, insist on the registration of employees' organizations that negotiate labor agreements, and in other ways make labor "responsible." Needless to say, it denounced the President's judiciary program and opposed the Walsh-Healey Act. It is against the corporate tax (to the death). A few notes of reality invaded the ark, notably that provided by Dr. Henry C. Metcalf, who told the audience that collective bargaining "has become absolutely essential in a modern industrial state." Mr. Metcalf even went so far as to say that Henry Ford has miscalculated. He escaped unharmed. Meanwhile there is every indication that the Chamber of Commerce will continue to steer its course not according to any new-fangled compass but by its own very dead reckoning.

★

THE CRUSHING DEFEAT OF THE HAYASHI Cabinet in last week's elections threatens to plunge Japan into its most serious political crisis of modern times. Of the 466 deputies elected, only 11 have committed themselves to support of the government. The two major parties—the Minseito and Seiyukai—are almost evenly divided, while the Social Mass Party, Japan's version of the Popular Front, more than doubled its representation and comes close to holding the balance of power between the major parties. Premier Hayashi has intimated that he will not accept the verdict of the majority but will again dissolve Parliament. But with an overwhelming proportion of the population as well as of the Diet against him, it is hard to see how this would alter the situation unless he plans a coup d'état. The overwhelming size of the majority against the Cabinet rules out the traditional methods of bribery and intimidation. Thus after a series of compromise Cabinets running back over five years, it looks as if the final showdown between military and civil rule could not much longer be postponed.

★

WITH THE PUBLICATION OF THE NEW IRISH constitution, De Valera's long struggle for complete independence from Britain enters its final stage. The constitution itself does little more than register formally a divorce which has long existed in fact. In abolishing the office of Governor-General last year, the Free State actually severed the last tie with Great Britain as far as domestic affairs are concerned. The present document would cut Ireland adrift in international affairs as well, although it leaves the way open for an alliance for purposes of defense. Most striking of the changes in the structure of the government is the creation of the office of president, for which Mr. De Valera himself is doubtless headed. As in France, the president will be the titular

head of the government, but the actual power will rest in the hands of a cabinet responsible to the legislature. But in addition he will appoint the judiciary and exercise authority as head of the army without responsibility to the government. Although provision is made for the inclusion of northern Ireland in the new republic Eire, there is little chance that De Valera will court British displeasure by pushing this point at present.

★

THE BEST NEWS THAT HAS COME OUT OF Puerto Rico in months is the signing of a bill legalizing the distribution of birth-control information. The adoption of the measure followed a long and bitter struggle in which the Catholic church led the opposition. The new law is a triumph for the intelligence and humanity of the island legislature and will be an invaluable help to the groups that are struggling against almost hopeless odds to improve the dismal social life of the island. But no experienced social worker or government official will expect important immediate results. The church has ancient and effective weapons at hand with which to resist the spread of birth-control knowledge; and the ignorance and desperate poverty of the population will be its chief aids. Only the first round of this fight has been won. But it is a very important round.

★

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS IS busy harvesting its spring crop of academic-freedom cases. Troubles in the colleges mature at the season when appointments are made and contracts terminated. We have already commented on the dismissal of the two economics instructors at Harvard, Alan R. Sweazy and J. Raymond Walsh; a full discussion of the educational implications of that case will appear next week. Meanwhile other academic plums have dropped. The dismissal of Henry Klein from Brooklyn College, New York, has been taken up actively by the federation, while its special committee on academic freedom has just issued a full report on the dismissal of Jerome Davis from the Yale Divinity School. The report is based on an eight months' survey of the case, including a study of the regulations governing appointments, promotions, and tenure at Yale, an analysis of the evidence, interviews with Professor Davis's colleagues and students, and an examination of his correspondence with the university. On the basis of this study the committee has arrived at certain unanimous conclusions which are worth summarizing: (1) the budgetary explanation of Professor Davis's dismissal offered by the Yale administration has no validity; (2) the contention that his scholarship and teaching ability are inferior is not supported by the testimony of students, former students, and his colleagues; (3) the Yale Corporation, not the permanent faculty of the Divinity School, is directly responsible for dropping him; (4) his dismissal represents a clear violation of academic freedom; (5) the procedure followed by the administration abrogated the recognized principles of tenure; (6) "... Professor Davis

should be restored to his post in accordance with the recommendation for reappointment voted by the Divinity School permanent faculty." We understand that a student demonstration is planned to coincide with a meeting of the Yale Corporation this coming Saturday. We hope its protest penetrates the walls of the meeting place and serves at least to trouble the collective conscience of that autocratic body.

★

YALE MAY NOT ALWAYS RESPECT ACADEMIC freedom and worth within its own walls, but it has taken the right position in declining the invitation of Göttingen University to send a delegate to that institution's 200th anniversary celebration. So has Princeton and so has Oxford. Harvard has blundered again as it did when Heidelberg's 550th anniversary took place last summer; its action is the more amazing in view of President Conant's fine stand in declining money from Hanfstaengl and stressing the note of academic freedom throughout the recent tercentenary celebration. If ever there was a case for a boycott, here is one. Not only has half the Göttingen faculty left or been dropped since Hitler came in, but it is announced that the Göttingen celebration will put National Socialism "to the front." The National Socialist student leader has recently declared that "the German universities have only one enemy—the so-called free student. This is the type of student against whom we have declared open war." That student's offense is of course that he dares to profess other beliefs than those of National Socialism. Oxford's rejection is the more striking because it had tentatively accepted the Göttingen invitation. But when the vice-chancellor warned the university authorities that acceptance would be interpreted everywhere as approval of the suppression of free scholarship by the Nazis, the Hebdomal Council rescinded its action. Only tiny Durham, of all the English universities, has accepted the Göttingen invitation.

★

GOVERNOR LEHMAN VETOED THE BERG BILLS in vigorous terms just two hours after we went to press last week. The wonder still remains that the New York State legislature could have passed by a large majority a set of bills which would have made it practically impossible for an independent candidate to present himself for election. Obviously such legislators should be watched.

★

AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER AS EDITOR of *Collier's Weekly* during the administrations of President Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft, Norman Hapgood exercised great public influence. A man of real ability and the finest character, without selfish ambitions, he soon found himself, an Eastern journalist, with a tremendous Middle Western following. But he could not take that with him when he went to *Harper's Weekly*, or make use of the great opportunity to place that journal in the forefront of the fight for liberty and progress; it

went the sad way of so many historic publications. Perhaps as a journalist he lacked the warm appeal and ready humor that won him a host of personal friends. Perhaps his judicial and severely analytical mind prevented him from indorsing without qualification the cause of the under-dog toward which his sympathies inclined him. Whatever the cause, Norman Hapgood never repeated the success of his earlier years. His career, distinguished though it was, failed to measure up to his unusual capacities, and his friends will mourn his death doubly for that reason.

Bilbao and the World's Conscience

THE just indignation aroused in many quarters by the methodical bombing and extermination of the population of Guernica, the ancient Basque capital, and the horror provoked by the daily murderous shelling of civilian Madrid are not enough. The districts suffering from these atrocities must be helped quickly and generously. And the phenomenon must be analyzed. Absolutely nothing was gained by Franco through the premeditated annihilation of the peaceful citizens of Guernica. He may have thought back in October or November that bombing Madrid would undermine the morale of its inhabitants and force the Loyalists to surrender the city. That has not happened and cannot happen now. This slaughter, both in the Basque land and in Madrid, is altogether useless. American Catholics who uphold the bloody hands of Franco have much to explain and atone for. But Franco has nothing to explain. Those bombings explain more than any statements would. They announce that he has no intention of governing Spain with the consent of the governed. No Basques, no Madrilenos, no decent-thinking Spaniards will forget or forgive Franco's pointless wholesale cruelties. He must know this, but he does not care.

There has been pressure on the Loyalist government to retaliate for the bombardment of Madrid by bombing Salamanca or Seville or some other large rebel city. The Loyalist army could easily do this. It is not difficult to drop bombs on the immense target offered by a city—and then run. Yet despite the provocation, the Caballero airmen do not attack civilians. The secret of the struggle in Spain is hidden in this distinction between Franco's actions and the government's. The Popular Front leaders expect to rule all of Spain, and they have no desire to create unnecessary rancor and hatred of themselves. They feel that the people are their people. To Franco it does not matter. If he dominates at all, it will have to be with the aid of foreign bayonets or an unprecedented white terror, which will simply consist in massacring the masses.

The impression gains ground that Franco cannot win the civil war. He may register victories on the secondary Basque front, but even here the last shot has not been

fired. After all, Franco was within a street-car ride of the center of Madrid on November 6, but he has not taken the capital yet. The rebels do not appear to have sufficient forces to triumph on the battlefield. There are those who argue that the government, too, lacks the strength to become master of the entire country. Talk of conciliation and mediation is accordingly heard once more; but between the Fascists, who have murdered thousands of women and children, who have imported Moors and Italians and Germans to save Spain for medievalism and poverty—between them and the progressive-minded parties of the Popular Front there can be no truce and no peace. If non-intervention is even a half-reality, time favors the Loyalists. They have the industries, the money, and one asset which Franco can never hope to possess—the enthusiastic support of the people—whereas the rebels have only what Germany and Italy are willing to give them.

There are indications that the two Fascist powers are not as optimistic about their Spanish experiment as they once were. The reason probably is that they are too weak. There are three outstanding facts in European politics today. The first and most important is the gradual undermining of the economic and social strength of Germany and Italy. The second is the evolution of Anglo-French relations into what seems to be another military entente. The third is the tremendous increase in the Soviet Union's armed might. All these circumstances diminish Hitler's and Mussolini's ability to strike. Now is the time to make it completely impossible for them to strike. Those who regard this as "war mongering" are simply being stupid. Germany, Italy, and Japan constitute the dangers to world peace. France and England, to be sure, are also imperialist countries. Their hands are not clean. They have robbed and plundered. But they are sated now, they want no more territories, they are more democratic than Germany and Italy and Japan, and they are therefore in a different category. If this bloc of peace-wanting countries were sufficiently solid and bold, the Fascist nations would not be able to raise a mailed fist. We do not want war. But the way to avoid it is to warn the potential war-makers in advance that the rest of the world will not tolerate further aggression. Such firmness would mean peace.

That this policy represents realism is proved by Spain. If Germany and Italy thought they could get away with it, they would not even pretend to honor non-intervention obligations. They would march in full force and smash Spanish democracy. But they cannot. Their arm is too short. It would be well to serve notice that against the united democratic world's determined will their arm will always be too short.

The danger is that Germany and Italy, fearing that this is perhaps the last phase of democratic vacillation, will take advantage of it to launch an adventure less difficult than Spain. In these days Czecho-Slovakia looks terribly isolated. What Mussolini said to Schuschnigg in Venice, following as it did the weakening of the Little Entente through the Yugoslav-Italian treaty, must have made even President Benes less optimistic. Now Colonel

Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, who has a pet scheme to divide Slovakia between the Poles and Magyars, is seeking to draw Rumania away from Czecho-Slovakia. Thanks to the new gigantic fortifications on the Rhine, France would have difficulty in rushing to the aid of Czecho-Slovakia. Russia would have to jump over the barrier of Rumania and could at best send only airplanes. The rape of Czecho-Slovakia may therefore seem an attractive prospect to Hitler unless England and France muster enough courage to order the Fascists to keep the peace.

Are We Safe from War?

WITH the signing of the Neutrality Act and the reporting out of the war-profits bill, Administration forces made substantial progress last week toward completing the program which is supposed to keep the United States out of war. Just how either of these bills is supposed to aid in achieving this objective is not clear. The Neutrality Act as finally adopted by the House and Senate is a far cry from either the mandatory law desired by our isolationists or the flexible measure advocated by those who support the idea of collective security. As it stands it does little more than place in the hands of the President the final choice of the side we shall support in the next war. There is, it is true, a mandatory embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war. But our trade in articles of this sort was relatively not great even during the World War. No steps have been taken to stop trade in copper, scrap-iron, cotton, oil, or other commodities which are indispensable for the carrying on of modern warfare. The most that the President can do is to forbid American ships to carry such articles, and to insist that the "title" to the shipments be shifted to some foreign company.

In its final form the "cash-and-carry" provision was made discretionary with the President. Thus it lies with the Chief Executive to decide after the outbreak of war whether we shall attempt to send goods to both sides and run the risk of having American ships sunk, or limit our trade to the nation which happens to control the seas. This, it scarcely needs to be pointed out, is the very opposite of true neutrality. In the event of any war the President is called upon at the very outset to decide which side the United States wishes to favor; and that decision will probably in the long run determine the side on which the United States may be expected to fight. To be specific: in a war between Great Britain and Germany the President will have to decide whether he wishes to attempt to run a British blockade of German ports and accept the risk of a war with Britain or to trade exclusively with Great Britain under the cash-and-carry provision. There is not even a suggestion that the President should be guided in making this decision by any form of collective judgment as to which nation was the aggressor and which the aggrieved.

Certain minor threats to American peace have un-

doubtedly been eliminated. Americans are prohibited from riding on ships belonging to belligerent nations; the arming of American merchantmen is forbidden; and it has been made unlawful for foreign warships to use American ports as a base of supplies in time of war. But the primary economic forces which operated in 1917 remain unfettered. The provision forbidding loans has been retained, but the President is given authority to permit "ordinary commercial credits and short-term obligations." No one, so far as we know, has suggested how loans are to be prevented once these credits reach substantial proportions.

Like the Neutrality Act, the war-profits bill as reported out of committee is dissimilar in many ways from the original bill. Some provisions of the Sheppard-Hill bill permitting the drafting of labor and management in time of war have been deleted, but others scarcely less dangerous, giving the President general licensing power, remain. The tax provision which would have allowed corporations to earn 5 per cent more than in the three years immediately preceding the declaration of war has been struck out and another inserted which calls for the absorption of all surplus profits after allowing "a fair normal return to labor, management, and invested capital." On the face of it this appears to be a desirable change, but the whole question of "a fair, normal return," which is the crux of the problem, is left to the interpretation of future Congresses. Even in its revised form the bill is a dangerous one. It still provides for immediate conscription of citizens for military service, and contains an implied threat of dictatorship. It must be defeated at all costs.

The Market Recession

FOR a few days toward the end of April it seemed as if the scenes of October, 1929, might be reenacted. Prices had been falling for weeks—from March 6 to April 28 the New York *Times* Index of stock prices declined from 142.12 to 126.76—but most of that loss occurred within the last week of the month. What caused the decline? Does it herald a slump in business activity or, as the financial pages of the newspapers tell us, should we dismiss it as a mere reaction from over-speculation?

Business conditions in general are extremely satisfactory. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production for April has been estimated at 118 as compared with the 1929 average of 119. With the exception of December, 1936, this is the highest point reached since the beginning of the depression. It is estimated that the steel output for April will come close to or exceed the all-time record set in May, 1929. Business profits for the first quarter of 1937 are running nearly 50 per cent higher than in the corresponding period of last year, with those in the steel industry far above this level. Combined earnings of the three largest steel corporations for the past three months were \$42,751,185 as compared with \$6,142,646 in the same quarter of 1936, a gain of 600 per cent! Em-

ployment in the manufacturing industries in March was approximately 1,600,000 higher than in March, 1936, and pay rolls were larger than at any time since the depression.

Since business reports remain excellent, it is evident that we shall have to look elsewhere for the cause of the stock-market decline. Two sets of influences appear to be at work, one domestic and the other international. Primary among these is the growing belief that the government intends to check inflation by various restrictive measures. The present recession really started with the announcement of higher reserve requirements for the member banks of the Federal Reserve system. It has received its greatest impetus from the series of warnings which the President has issued against price increases and speculation. Added to these have been the deflationary implications of the President's intention to slash the budget by 10 or 15 per cent and to hold relief expenditures to a maximum of \$1,500,000,000.

These domestic influences have been reinforced by a worldwide drop in commodity prices caused, apparently, by the lessening of the danger of immediate war in Europe. As in the case of our stock market, the recent sharp increase in the world price for copper, scrap-iron, and wheat was largely speculative in character. Although the armament race continues unabated, removal of the threat of immediate hostilities has brought prices to a more normal level. Our markets have also felt some repercussions of the proposed excess-profits tax in Great Britain which contributed to the sudden break in British prices.

As matters stand at present, the decline in prices should not be viewed as cause for alarm but as a healthy reaction from over-speculation. Another possibility remains, however. The decline in prices itself might induce a new deflationary cycle. Panic, like boom psychology, is contagious. Already there are reports of cancelation of orders by various wholesalers in anticipation of still lower prices. The probability is that this will not go very far as long as employment and wages are sustained at their present levels. But if certain producers get panicky and curtail production, a recession is not out of the question.

Wall Street is instinctively right, moreover, in doubting whether business activity can be sustained if the government attempts to balance the budget through heavy economies—especially in relief. During the last six years the tendency to oversave on the part of the wealthier groups in the community has been counterbalanced by heavy government expenditures based on borrowed funds. Should these expenditures be cut at a time when the income of the wealthier groups is expanded by abnormal business profits, serious effects might be felt throughout the economic system. Mass buying power would be curtailed, and the prospects for capital investment reduced. Already the present recovery movement has extended over a longer period than any previous one in history. Whether a slump of transitory or far-reaching character develops from the stock-market recession depends, in the last analysis, on the ability of the government, through increased taxes or otherwise, to maintain relief standards without threatening its own fiscal stability.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Roosevelt II and the Trusts

Washington, May 2

THE Roosevelt Administration has suddenly begun to emerge from that early New Deal phase when it confused monopoly with monogamy. Until a few days ago it had always behaved as if it thought the actual wedding of large corporate interests was essential to the birth of monopolistic practices in restraint of trade. If a hundred or a thousand small enterprises banded together in an agreement to boost prices and maintain them at a unified though artificial level, to control production to the same profit-seeking ends, and otherwise to restrict the competitive forces which are supposed to be the things that make a capitalist economy work, that was merely the fulfilment of the New Deal's definition of "fair competition," and as such the agreement was embodied in an NRA code bearing the President's approval.

Chief among the events of the last few days signaling a change of view in the Administration was the President's letter to Garner halting Congressional action on the Miller-Tydings bill. This bill was being pressed by organizations representing thousands of little retailers. Their objective was governmental enforcement of a device for assuring them a 50 per cent mark-up on all branded or trade-marked goods. Not until the zero hour did the White House awake to the fact that the bill was a serious threat to its hopes of reforming current price trends and so preventing a recurrence of the 1929 crash and attendant horrors; the Treasury had been quicker to respond, filing a protest based on its fears that the bill would boost liquor prices, with a consequent reduction in consumption and, hence, in federal liquor-tax revenues.

The President's action with respect to the Tydings-Miller bill was only one symbol of a change in the Administration's point of view. The letter to Garner was preceded by the filing of a Justice Department suit to dissolve Andy Mellon's Aluminum Company of America. It was followed by publication of a letter that the Attorney General had sent to the President reporting on his department's investigation of pricing practices in the steel industry and urging the establishment of a commission for a complete reconsideration of public policy with respect to monopoly and related aspects of our economy. The President indicated rather emphatically that he intends to promote a redrafting of the anti-trust laws, and the Department of Justice followed through by letting it be known that what is in contemplation is so broad in scope that no attempt at new legislation can be attempted at this session of Congress. Both the White House and the Justice Department managed to pin on the courts the blame for the present non-enforcement of anti-trust laws.

And both had more than a little warrant for fixing the blame as they did.

The Supreme Court's responsibility for the NRA, which, while it lived, was the chief protector of monopolistic practices, seems to have escaped general notice. Ever since the Sherman Act was passed forty-seven years ago, the Supreme Court had been floundering in its complicated mazes. As early as 1895, in the sugar-trust case, the court laid down a definition of interstate commerce that has plagued the nation ever since and that, incidentally, knocked the stuffing out of the Sherman Act. It is not necessary, however, to go back that far. One need merely go back to the hardwood-trade-association case in December, 1921, and the linseed-oil case in June, 1923, in which the Supreme Court, shifting sail, banned joint selling, price-fixing, division of markets, production control, distribution boycotts, and sundry other beloved practices and principles of trade associations, only to reverse itself again and smile upon these practices in the maple-flooring and cement cases, decided in June, 1925. Promptly upon the rendering of these last two decisions the federal government began the active fostering of trade agreements in line with them, and it stuck to that course until 1929, when the Justice Department suddenly launched court attacks on eight different trade associations, involving the woolen, sugar-refining, asphalt-roofing, and corn-products industries, among others.

Five of these came to trial prior to 1932, with the government winning all five, the Supreme Court once more having shifted sail; and the Federal Trade Commission by the end of the Hoover Administration was engaged in a frantic pruning of the trade-practice codes which it had approved in the light of earlier Supreme Court decisions. This code pruning, coupled with the ravages of the depression, had set the United States Chamber of Commerce and kindred groups clamoring for legislation to legalize all manner of mercantile and industrial plots against the public interest, and once more the Supreme Court came to their rescue. In March, 1933, just as Roosevelt took office, the Supreme Court laid the egg from which the Blue Eagle was hatched a few months later. In the Appalachian-coal case it held that it was entirely lawful and constitutional for the supposedly competing owners of a sick industry to get together and form an agency through which they would sell their entire output. It mattered little that the court's approval was qualified to the effect that these things were permissible in a sick industry, for all industry in March, 1933, was sick or at least able to affect a convincing pallor if required. Out of it all came the NRA, which redefined the anti-trust laws so beautifully in the interest of the profit grabbers that they were quite willing for the time being to see a

few wobbly labor provisions tacked on to the recovery law.

When the NRA came into being, efforts to enforce the Sherman and Clayton acts were brought to an automatic halt. And when the Attorney General wrote his letter to the President a few days ago, reporting on the outcome of his investigation of steel-pricing practices, he was obliged to note that the Federal Trade Commission holds that the mere fact that the steel industry has kept alive the trade-practice section of its old NRA code is evidence enough that it is violating the anti-trust laws. He did *not* mention that, with that old code and the President's stamp of approval upon it to wave in the faces of a jury, the steel industry is safe from successful prosecution—at least until the anti-trust laws have been redrawn.

Under those laws many an attempt to bust a trust has been made, but no trust has ever been busted. Neither the courts nor the executive branch of government need take all the blame. Congress deserves its share, for Congress has kept the appropriation of the Justice Department's anti-trust division down to \$435,000 a year, and only half of that sum has been available for Sherman and Clayton Act investigations and prosecutions. How puny a sum that half, or \$217,500, is may be determined from the fact that it costs \$100,000 or more to prosecute a major anti-trust case. Incidentally, the White House declined a few months ago to honor the Justice Department's request for a few thousand dollars to set up the

economic-research staff so badly needed by its anti-trust division, and Congress has just seconded the White House's refusal. The refusal merely underscores the suddenness of the Administration's change of view. It is hardly to be questioned that the President's intentions, when he made the Attorney General's letter public, went little beyond a desire to throw an immediate scare into the price boosters—but I have reason to believe that the Attorney General was speaking in complete good faith when he called for a reconsideration of public policy with respect to monopolies. Two things lend a particular credibility to his call for anti-trust-law reform. One is his very evident doubt that action can be taken in time or that effective action can be taken at all under a capitalist economy. The other is his patent realization that to restore free competition and give capitalism one more chance to prove its capacity for working according to the theory of its defenders involves something much broader than a restatement of the anti-trust laws; it means a complete overhauling of private property rights, a sweeping revision of our tariff and taxation systems, reformation of our patent laws, an intensive currying and revision of the insurance companies, and the probable obliteration of investment trusts and holding companies, plus court reform and at least a sufficient degree of public ownership in basic industries to force competition upon the reluctant parasites of capitalism.

"Fortune" Magazine

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

I
THE commonest opinion about *Fortune*, current alike in Wall Street and Union Square, is that there is some improper connection between advertising and articles. Executives have been known to refuse information to *Fortune* researchers on the ground that their advertising budget wouldn't permit an article just then. (The refusal is usually put with regret rather than with indignation.) The tone of many articles might lead one to suspect the worst. But it can be flatly stated that such suspicions are not justified. Any attempt at direct pressure through advertising usually enrages the management so much that they stand firmer than ever. The Matson liner *Malolo*, for example, was once referred to in *Fortune* by her nickname among travelers, "Maloler the Roller." This was retained despite enormous pressure from the Matson Line—a display of virtue which is said to have cost Time, Inc., some \$50,000. So far as the cruder forms of pressure are concerned, the editorial integrity of *Fortune* is of the highest order. But Luce and his editors are extremely vulnerable to influence of a subtler type—a tactful word from a great banker, a friendly lunch with a publicity man. It is a question of seduction rather than prostitution.

During its eight years of existence *Fortune* has been a social phenomenon as bristling with contradictions as the capitalist system for which it speaks. In the class war, whose existence it does not officially recognize, its forces have deployed with magnificent impartiality on both sides of the barricades. Damned for liberalism by reactionaries and for conservatism by liberals, charged with blackmail by corporations whose sensibilities it has injured and with venality by Wall Street cynics, *Fortune* drives madly ahead on its mysterious course, all sails set and the steering gear out of order.

As a journalistic inspiration, *Fortune* ranks little below *Time*. At once shrewd and grandiose, the concept was a magazine to chronicle the world's mightiest industrial civilization. The idea of dramatizing big business seems obvious now—as does the *Time* idea—but in 1928 no one had thought of it. Luce correctly visioned great tracts of virgin territory waiting to be exploited. "The greatest journalistic assignment in history!" cried the "promotion" booklets. As the idea was worked out—behind doors lettered "Time, Inc., Experimental Dept."—at the height of the 1928-29 bull market, it looked better and better. There was never any question as to the tone of the new magazine. The very name was redolent of success, fragrant

with money. The make-up, designed by a specialist in high-class advertising layouts, was, and is, as pompous, tasteless, and conservative as any banking mausoleum.

Then came October, 1929. Before the dust had settled, in those first chaotic months of disaster, *Fortune* presented Vol. 1, No. 1 to the world. A more dramatically inopportune moment could hardly have been contrived. But Luce persisted. And, wonderfully, the new magazine made its way. Advertising and circulation mounted steadily, and before the depression was half over *Fortune* was making money. Journalistically and commercially, its success has been complete.

Editorially, however, the depression developed in *Fortune* a bad case of schizophrenia. As things got worse and worse, the simple faith of the founders became increasingly inadequate. And so, although *Fortune* continued to run the success stories and the wide-eyed business romances it was founded to promulgate, gradually another note crept into its de luxe pages. A note of questioning, of criticism, however qualified, of reality, however muffled. The remarkable effect of the impact of the depression on *Fortune's* subject matter can be demonstrated statistically. Only 22 per cent of the 121 articles printed in 1930 dealt with non-business subjects. In 1931, 34 per cent were non-business; in 1932, 47 per cent; in 1933, 41 per cent; in 1934, 57 per cent; in 1935, 44 per cent; in 1936, 55 per cent. Up to October, 1931, *Fortune* ran 156 stories about business and industry to 48 on non-business topics. At the end of 1931 the depression finally penetrated the consciousness of the editors of *Fortune*. As though a dam had suddenly broken, a spate of articles on politics, government, and society in general inundated the magazine. For the last quarter of 1931 business articles were outnumbered 13 to 17. It was all very different from what the founders had planned.

The years 1932-36 might be called the NEP period in *Fortune's* history, when it was necessary, in order to exist, to retreat temporarily from capitalism. As the depression lifted, Luce began a drive to get back on the original track. He began reminding his writers that *Fortune* was, after all, a business magazine. It is too early to be sure, but there are signs that *Fortune*, along with the business class it serves, is venturing out of its cyclone cellar. It may be significant that for the last six months the proportion of non-business articles has been reduced to 40 per cent, the lowest since 1931. But before *Fortune* gets back to right-wing normalcy, Luce may have a fight on his hands. Some of the Nepmen won't take kindly to liquidation.

Fortune was pushed leftward during the depression to some extent because Luce was journalist enough to see that the New Deal was news and that big business, temporarily, wasn't. But the shift was mostly engineered by the writers, whose job compelled them to find out what really went on behind the façade of American capitalism. Their discoveries, whatever their political views originally, made them increasingly left-wing. This showed in their articles, although *Fortune* has never allowed the full extent of their disaffection to appear. But no amount of editing—and there were some heroic efforts—could

completely eradicate the critical taint. The warfare between editors and writing staff has been continuous ever since 1932.

Whatever the result of the present struggle, the ruling powers at *Fortune* will fall on one or the other horn of a dilemma. If the writers prevail, a remote possibility, the already wide chasm between the magazine for which the advertising department solicits business and the magazine which the editorial department actually produces will yawn even more formidably. On the other hand, a victory for Luce might well be Pyrrhic, in that he might find himself with a magazine and no one to write for it. In spite of the high salaries it offers, *Fortune* has had great difficulty in developing a staff of writers. Various expedients have been used: established writers have been taken on at high salaries, cubs have been tried out at low salaries. But the mortality rate among new writers has always been high. For years *Fortune* has depended on five or six veterans to get out the magazine. What is required is literary ability plus some competence in handling masses of factual data. Writers with this combination of skills are likely to be liberals or worse. (*Fortune's* most recent accessions are John Chamberlain and James Rorty.) Indeed, it seems almost impossible to find a reactionary with the right stuff in him. Furthermore, Archibald MacLeish, the most valuable member of the writing staff, is also the leader of the liberal forces. If Henry Luce breaks with his present staff, he may be hard put to it to build up another. Catching young talent fresh out of college is one solution, but only a temporary one. *Fortune* breeds liberals, perhaps through the workings of the dialectical principle.

II

Sometimes one wonders if it makes much difference whether the liberals win out at *Fortune* or not. The results of their struggles to date seem hardly worth the effort. Luce and his friends, after all, own the magazine. And this is still a capitalistic society.

In 1930 *Fortune* published a eulogy of Albert H. Wiggin, in 1931 of Samuel Insull, Jr. In 1933 the present J. P. Morgan, whom only *Fortune* takes seriously, was the subject of a tenderly respectful biography. In March, 1934, the Van Sweringens were whitewashed (and their critics rebuked) in some 15,000 words. The most gruesome of the many skeletons in *Fortune's* closet is probably the amazing article on Pittsburgh (December, 1930) from the hand of Luce himself. "Pittsburgh," Luce pronounces, "is a gentle city." (The Mellons are gentle, too—for example, R. B. Mellon's whimsical remark, which Luce doesn't quote: "You couldn't run a coal mine without machine-guns.") As for living conditions, Luce reports: "Windows of Pittsburgh houses are washed once a week—by the maid, not by some window-cleaning concern."

The point about articles like this is not that they are printed—accidents will happen—but that they are accepted by the editors of *Fortune* as perfectly normal, factual, objective articles. The most blatant right-wing propaganda passes without challenge from the ever-watchful editors, but the mildest sort of criticism must

justify itself with mountains of data, and even then is likely to be censored as "editorializing"—a capital crime at *Fortune* when committed by anyone but Luce. Like the rest of Luce's magazines, *Fortune* proclaims a middle-of-the-road editorial policy. But it has the Lucian conception of neutrality. Thus in October, 1936, there were three political tracts signed by Tugwell, Vandenberg, and E. T. Weir respectively. This two-to-one weighting toward the right was necessary, the managing editor explained in conversation, in order to "counterbalance" articles about Lewis and the C. I. O. in the same issue. These articles were by staff members, hence under editorial control and, presumably, objective. Thus *Fortune* must have felt that a neutral treatment of the C. I. O. was actually a concession to the left. When this was pointed out, the editor shifted his ground to an equally illuminating explanation: Vandenberg was the balancing factor, since he occupied a position politically midway between Weir and Tugwell. It is a touching picture: *Fortune* and Vandenberg walking arm in arm down the middle of the road.

It is significant that *Fortune's* approach to industry is technological rather than sociological. The details of machines, the technicalities of a balance sheet—these interest the editors of *Fortune*. How a corporation makes money is the point, not how it functions as a social organism. Thus in writing of the building of the Queen Mary, *Fortune* had so much to say about turbines that there was no space left for some remarkable (and disturbing) data which its British correspondent had collected on the social condition of the British workers who had been taken off the dole to build a luxury liner. It is exceptional to find a *Fortune* corporation story giving any appreciable space to labor relations. Companies with such sensationally malodorous labor records as National Steel, Republic Steel, and the Aluminum Company of America have been chronicled in copious detail with scarcely a glance at their labor policies. Machines and balance sheets are not only more "exciting" (a favorite word at *Fortune*) than social data, but they are also less likely to explode when handled.

Even *Fortune's* liberal gestures, on closer inspection, turn out to be not so bold after all. To slip over a liberal point it is often necessary to throw up a smoke screen of confusion. The recent article on England's foreign policy is definitely anti-fascist but also definitely muddled and superficial. A more penetrating analysis would probably have been sabotaged by the editors. It is sometimes possible to suggest the right conclusions in *Fortune*, but only for the wrong reasons.

The editors of *Fortune* live in a constant state of delighted alarm, like a small boy with a pea-shooter in church. The shrewder industrialists, stung, say genially, "Boys will be boys!" The stuffed shirts get really angry. But they might save themselves the trouble. The du Ponts were indignant when *Fortune* devoted a series of articles to them. They refused all cooperation, complained bitterly of being muckraked. Yet when these fearful articles appeared, they turned out to be at the worst a trifle gossipy. At best, they went so far in protecting the du Ponts' feelings as to arrive at this remarkable

syllogism: (1) the du Ponts completely control Delaware politics. (2) "Nobody denies that Delaware politics stink." (3) "Many people believe the du Pont influence is the best in the state. . . . The family has generally stood for decent political rule." (4) "Possibly their ideals are higher than their practices." The outside observer might well have wondered what all the shooting was for.

Perhaps the most famous liberal gesture *Fortune* ever made was its article on munitions makers (March, 1934). Of its 10,000 words, 9,650 were devoted to the sins of European merchants of death, while 350 words told all that *Fortune* cared to print about their American colleagues. The du Ponts, by the way, got 15 words. In criticizing overseas capitalists, who advertise not, neither do they subscribe, *Fortune's* courage is leonine. In the number devoted to Japan last summer, its editors minced no words in describing the degradation and exploitation of the Japanese masses. But although *Fortune* has published four or five long articles on cotton-growing in the South, it has dwelt little on the exploitation of our own share-croppers. Last year, largely as the result of internal liberal pressure, a *Fortune* writer and photographer spent two months getting pictures and data on the share-croppers. Apparently, they found out too much. The article was written, but it never appeared. But last March *Fortune* did take notice of a Southern cotton plantation: the Delta and Pine, biggest in the country, which last year showed an operating profit of \$518,000. Delta and Pine is Big and Successful. Hence *Fortune* finds it irresistible. The share-cropper is neither, and so is easily resisted. Lately *Fortune* has been surveying in detail typical working-class families. The idea is excellent, but *Fortune's* weakness for success leads to some odd selections as "typical" families. *Fortune's* typical Midwest farmer owned a farm worth \$100,000 and made a net income of \$4,000 in 1934. The typical white-collar worker got \$58 a week. And it now appears that *Fortune's* typical automobile worker has recently got into trouble with the C. I. O. and is accused of being a stool pigeon.

One of the many sad things about being a liberal on *Fortune* is that one comes to realize that one's victories merely enable *Fortune* to establish a credit for editorial independence which may be drawn against later to justify some piece of right-wing propagandizing. Last year, for instance, I wrote some articles for *Fortune* on the United States Steel Corporation. The first was highly critical of the corporation as a profit-making enterprise. The corporation, naturally, objected. And the editor in charge, naturally, was for "toning down" or simply omitting whatever they objected to. It was a question, not of any left-wing doctrine, but of the most elementary kind of respect for factual data. After many conferences and lengthy memoranda, the fight was finally won, but with the important qualification that no harsh word be uttered about the corporation's present management. All the criticism was to be deposited reverently at the door of Judge Gary, dead since 1927 and so an ideal scapegoat. The corporation was restive throughout the series, but it waited until the final article to make its

grand putsch. This article was boorish enough to charge Mr. Taylor's management with the responsibility for the sad condition of the corporation. This was going too far. Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, went to work on the editors of *Fortune*. He scored a diplomatic victory which must have amazed even so seasoned a strategist as Mr. Lamont. Not only was an abbreviated and emasculated version of the article printed, but an objective (hence unflattering) biography of Mr. Taylor was excised completely and replaced by a full-throated burst of lyrical eulogy which the editor in charge took care to write himself. Since the preceding articles had been critical, most readers probably concluded that the Taylor management must be doing a fine job indeed to rate such praise. Nor was this the end. In the current issue of *Fortune* is a chatty little piece called *It Happened in Steel*, in which the recent C. I. O. settlement is credited solely to Taylor's statesman-like vision. The article, which is long on enthusiasm and short on facts, is built around a document composed by Mr. Taylor last summer, which *Fortune* calls simply "The Myron Taylor Formula for Industrial Peace." In one hundred ill-chosen words this says the steel corporation will bargain collectively with its employees but will not grant the closed shop. This, declares *Fortune* in italics, is "*A Milestone in Industrial Relations*." On the basis of this great state paper plus some backstairs gossip, *Fortune* builds up Myron Taylor as a great, in fact, the great industrial statesman of our day. Some people think that because the steel corporation, General Motors, and General Electric, all Morgan companies, simultaneously capitulated to the C. I. O., the House of Morgan may have played a part in bringing about the settlement. This idea *Fortune* repudiates, a little too emphatically perhaps, as "the most unrealistic rumor of them all." All things are possible, of course, and the article, in spite of internal evidence, may have some basis in fact. But is it "unrealistic" to detect here once again the fine Italian hand of Mr. Lamont of the House of Morgan? To put it vulgarly, did Mr. Lamont possibly sell Mr. Luce's editors another bill of goods?

Conservatives may applaud the censorship exercised on their behalf by the management at *Fortune*, but they are shortsighted if they think the matter stops there. Not only *Fortune's* quality as an interpreter of social forces, but its quality in general is involved. Luce and some of his editors believe that *Fortune* is more than a way to make money. They talk of it as a molder of public opinion, even as a valuable source for future historians. Lately I have thumbed through the hundreds of pounds of printed matter which *Fortune* has produced in its seven years of existence. I doubt if historians will be able to separate much wheat from the chaff. When a social system is decaying, it becomes increasingly difficult to do good work, whether in journalism, medicine, science, or art, within its boundaries. If the articles in *Fortune* are written in a slick, inflated, cheaply melodramatic style, if their brilliance has the glossy shine of a new Buick, if their logic is the verbal agility of the advertising copy-writer—the germ of the disease is a

commercial philosophy which regards money-making as the prime end of man.

Luce, who once sat on the board of Paramount, has always been fascinated by Hollywood. And there is more than a touch of Hollywood about *Fortune*, and the rest of Time, Inc. There is the same reckless squandering of money and talent, with the same lack of results. The wonder about *Fortune's* articles is not that most of them are bad but that some of them are fairly good. For they are written under the same commercialized conditions that Hollywood finds so effective for the mass production of tripe. Adequate time is rarely allowed for research. Lengthy treatises on the most complex subjects are slapped together in a month or six weeks. And a great deal of such time as there is goes to waste because of the Hollywoodian inefficiency of Luce and his editors, who postpone all decisions until after the last moment and chronically fail to make monthly deadlines. The most efficient male in the place is a poet. Once the article is somehow written, it is pulled apart by several editors—usually of a lower grade of intelligence than the writer—rewritten here and touched up there. Sentences are deleted, paragraphs wrenched from their place and stuck bodily in some incongruous section, where they perch like cows stranded on barn roofs by a passing tornado. By the time it is over, the article is a shambles, bleeding internally at a dozen points where vital organs have been excised by the editorial scalpel. The better it was as first written, the more it suffers from being thus dismembered and reassembled. The assembly-belt method works better with automobiles than with journalism.

In its eight years *Fortune* has performed some useful services. The *Fortune Survey* is of real value, and the liberals have put over such excellent articles as the exposé of Hoover's relief policy in 1932 and last year's articles on the Twin Cities and Chicago politics. For all its circumspection the munitions article helped launch the Nye committee. But it is depressing to think what *Fortune* might have been. Granting that it would have to take the present social system as given, it still might have achieved some real measure of dignity, independence, and honesty. With the great news-gathering facilities of Time, Inc., at its disposal, with a staff of trained researchers and of writers skilled in condensing and popularizing data, *Fortune* might have played a serious part in interpreting our business civilization. Liberals and conservatives alike might have looked to it with respect, if not enthusiasm. But *Fortune* has merged itself into the capitalistic system so completely and with such enthusiastic abandon that it cannot analyze the system's workings. It is almost as vulgar and stupid as the industrialists of whom it stands in such awe. To expect more is perhaps naive. But certain English journals—the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Economist*, for example—have been able to take capitalism for granted and still comment on it intelligently. That *Fortune* has been unable to reach their level is a depressing evidence of the backwardness of our ruling business class.

[This is the second of three articles on Time, Inc. The third will appear in two weeks.]

With the International Brigade

[The following letter was written to a friend in America by a twenty-year-old member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, fighting with the government forces in Spain.]

DEAR —: In the first place, I can't give you any news. The boys here often wish that they could get a copy of the *New York Times* or the *Daily Worker*. Then they could get some news, even if inaccurate. I don't think anyone knows less about what's happening in a war than the soldier in it. If we see a Fascist bomber crash in front of us we know about it; if it crashes over the hill we either hear nothing about it, or we hear that the rebels attacked but were beaten back with terrific losses, and one of their tanks exploded. So I'll only tell you what I saw, and what men from the front have told me, and my own impressions.

Speaking of airplanes crashing, there's nothing more exciting than lying on the ground and watching a really good dog fight in the air. On our way here we went through a good bombing. We had just got out to eat at a little town when someone heard an airplane droning. Approaching us, low on the horizon, were three big dots marshaled by tiny specks. In half a minute they were three distant monoplanes, German bombers, surrounded by pursuit ships. In another thirty seconds they were the most terrifying things I have ever seen, three low, black, immense bombers directly overhead, dropping neat white packages which looked like ant's eggs. Curiously enough, every damn one of those packages was falling at me.

The mothers were herding their little children into doorways. Really a man can be cut just as deeply by flying metal as a child can; but these children with silky hair looked so defenseless and soft that I thought more of them than of myself. A few minutes later, when I was digging and pulling around debris, I recognized a little girl I had seen playing near us.

There were three of us in the ditch, one in front of me and one behind. They started discussing the war situation, with a local emphasis. "Look, they're dropping leaflets!" yelled one of them. He was a good soldier, but this was his first airplane raid. "Hell," said the other, "they look like bombs to me." Just then there was an earthquake and the trench started spinning like a roulette wheel. That was the first bomb. About the time I had cleared my head the next one dropped. If the first had been close, the next was almost on top of us. This gave rise to the thought: where would the third one be? It was close enough to send bricks whizzing above our heads, and our ears rang for hours, but still it missed us.

Suddenly there was a drone from another direction, and tiny planes with red wings flashed from a great blue cloud like lightning. There was a rattling like the little whirring noise-makers children use on Halloween. The sky was terrifically confused. Little red planes were climb-

ing, swooping, following little white planes or being followed by them.

The last two of the three bombers turned around with a sweep and started back. What happened to them I don't know. As they turned they dropped their bombs, all at once, but they were rushed and missed the town. One of them destroyed an olive grove, while the other prepared a dry hillside for cultivation. The first bomber dived down the valley at a terrible speed with a red-winged pursuit plane clinging behind it. I turned away for a second to watch the fighters above me stitching the sky, and when I turned back there was only a cloud of smoke from a hillside.

Then came the job of pulling wrecked houses to pieces to find the bodies, crushed out of shape but still alive. I won't go into that. The bombs had not injured any of the soldiers in town, but they had done a good deal of damage near the market. I saw over a dozen civilians, chiefly children, carried away from a house where they had been gathered. The United Socialist Youth (J. S. U.) is pushing plans to "make each village a fort" by having shock brigades build bomb-proof dugouts.

I meant to spend less time on the air raid and more on the state of the nation. What impresses one immediately is the complete, unbroken solidarity of all the workers and peasants in wanting the war won and the whole former state of affairs overturned. If one happens to whistle the "International" while going down the street, two or three people going the other way start singing it on the spot, and one can hear their voices going into the distance. The children are loaded with badges and with pictures of Largo Caballero, La Passiónaria, and Pablo Iglesias, and will give the People's Front salute—clenched fist to shoulder—on the slightest provocation. For that matter the greeting used by everyone is *Salud*, with the clenched fist. I went to a fountain yesterday to get a drink. An old woman with a great pottery jug was there before me, but when she saw my International Brigade badge she wouldn't consider filling her jug before I had drunk. They catch us and read us letters—in Spanish, an unknown language—from their sons at the front, dose us with oranges, bread, and too much *vino tinto*, and when they turn us loose ask us to look up their brothers in Montevideo, Uruguay, when we return home. In fact, they are even more cordial to us than to their own boys, for we have come from a distant, almost mythical country to fight against the fascists and the landlords and the foreigners who send the bombing planes over their houses.

And we seem to be beating them. From everything I have seen we are forcing them back step by desperate step. Nobody any more considers the chance of their taking Madrid. A cockney expressed it to me like this: "So General Mola had to stop the advance on Madrid."

For why? 'Cause he had to wait for his white horse, so he could ride into Madrid in style. But while he was waiting, the Internationals came in, and the Anarchists from Barcelona and the Socialists from Asturias and the Communists from Guadarama, and Mola's white horse turned out to be a bloody white elephant."

News has been coming from Guadalajara which might mean that the war will be pretty short. But long or short there seems very little doubt about whose victory it will be.

Mobilize every possible group to give aid to Spain. Material aid is needed—the Non-Intervention Com-

mittee has given us plenty of moral aid. The Spaniards treat the Non-Intervention Committee with respect but suspicion. A friend of mine going to the front said to me: "I've got a rifle here. Now I'm just an average shot, but I put more faith in that rifle than I do in every damn non-intervention pact between here and Tahiti."

So get the boys busy mobilizing help and sentiment. This fight in Spain is extremely important for the future of the world. Those of us whose future is going to be connected with that of the world for any length of time should see that it's important to our future too.

Fraternally yours, R. P.

Bloody Harlan

BY FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

THE bull-necked high sheriff of Harlan County, Kentucky, lifted his cold, heavy-lidded eyes to the chairman of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee with an air of hurt surprise. "Does the Senator feel it is a crime for a man to make money?" he asked. "Does the Senator want the whole United States on the relief rolls?"

The money in question was the \$102,000 which Theodore Middleton had just admitted he had made and invested in the three years and four months since he quit a policeman's job, at \$150 a month, to become chief of "Bloody" Harlan County's law-enforcement agencies, at \$3,925 a year. Of course, the sheriff had had \$1,000 in the bank and a small rented dairy farm at the start, back in January, 1934, but that hardly explained the extent of his accumulations.

The La Follette committee, however, had just finished hearing two weeks of testimony which explained pretty well the sheriff's sudden prosperity. Here are its high lights: Middleton was elected with the indorsement of the United Mine Workers on his promise to "clean up the county." The NRA was in operation and the U. M. W., banking on Section 7-a, was again trying to organize. One of the high sheriff's first acts was to induce half a dozen of the largest operators to indorse his \$160,000 performance bond. This saved him about \$600 a year. Next he and Morris Saylor, the new county judge, became partners with the county's largest mine operator in the store in which this operator's workers had to spend their wage scrip. The store paid dividends of 170 per cent a year, \$2,400 a year to each partner. The sheriff and judge also opened the only wholesale liquor store in the county; no one else could get a liquor permit without their approval. A 400-acre dairy farm, stock in four coal companies, a downtown Harlan business block, a dairy plant, and a fat block of "big board" securities were ultimately added to the sheriff's assets.

But his real business was enforcing the law. For this purpose, the committee brought out, he has appointed so far a total of 379 deputies, 104 of whom have lengthy

criminal records including mayhem and murder. A few of these deputies, usually two-gun men, are paid out of the sheriff's funds—one of them said he had to "kick back" almost half his salary—but the rest are paid by individual operators or the Harlan County Operators' Association. "Old Ben" Unthank, now missing, the association's pet operative, received monthly expenses up to \$2,300 in addition to his salary, and "no questions asked" about how he spent it.

The county prosecutor, Daniel Boone Smith, is also on coal-company pay rolls as a "labor adviser," and has from time to time obliged by dismissing charges against company-paid deputies—in one case because the complainant, a shooting victim, would "never be able to appear in court." Smith's predecessor, Elmon Middleton, a cousin of the sheriff's, who really tried to enforce the law, was blown up with dynamite in the heart of Harlan town.

More light was thrown on the Harlan County political and official set-up when it was brought out that the president of the Operators' Association is head of the Democratic County Committee and its secretary-treasurer is chief of the Republican County Committee. Under this set-up some 65,000 people—the bulk of the employables being native American coal miners—have lived for the past three years in a state of terror.

The technique of Harlan's operator-dominated political machine is as simple as it is brutal. It has two main objectives—to keep out of the county any outside U. M. W. organizers and to drive out or beat into subservience any residents who show signs of resistance to the encompassing tyranny. Some big mines, notably one United States Steel subsidiary, maintain their own armed thugs to police their company-owned towns and expel strangers without charge or warrant, but most of them depend on the sheriff's forces. Alone among coal-mining counties, Harlan is still unorganized.

From a long line of witnesses the committee has heard the sickening story of the last three years.

When sturdy seventy-two-year-old Lawrence Dwyer

took charge of the organizing campaign under the NRA, the Harlan killers even went out of the county to get him. A charge of dynamite set off just outside his room in a little hotel in the adjoining county blew him up against the ceiling. But bearing a charmed life—"I've been shot at by Ben Unthank's road killers so often I've lost count"—he escaped unscathed. R. C. Tackett, brought from prison to testify, admitted that he was one of three men hired by Unthank to kill Dwyer, and in consequence Ted Creech, burly, loose-lipped mine superintendent, threatened him in the Senate corridor with ten more years in jail when he returned to Harlan.

By 1934 some of the mines had been organized. James Westmoreland of Harlan, a clean-cut young union agent, sought to investigate charges of discrimination against union miners at the Cornett-Lewis mine, where the men had struck. When he arrived at the mine, he saw fifteen or more deputy sheriffs routing miners out of company houses and driving them into the mine at the point of the gun. He was told that Unthank and two other deputies had kidnapped John Smith, the union checkweighman, taken him out of the county, and beaten him up, warning him not to return on pain of death. The next morning Westmoreland found Smith, badly hurt, limping home, took him to the prosecutor and the sheriff, and asked for warrants against his assailants. The sheriff refused action, asserting that Westmoreland was "on the spot," too, and had better leave the county. The prosecutor, Elmon Middleton, pleaded with Westmoreland to drop the matter lest he be killed. On leaving the courthouse, Westmoreland testified, he was pointed out by the mine manager to a man who immediately slugged him with a blackjack and was only prevented from killing him by the arrival of city police. When Westmoreland brought charges against his assailant, they were disregarded by the grand jury and he himself was indicted for false swearing. When he summoned the prosecutor as a witness of the assault, the case was dismissed. Later Westmoreland's sister-in-law, a Berea College student, visited him and his wife in Lynch, a United States Steel mine town, where he was working. A company policeman ordered her to leave town within twelve hours or he would take her out. No offense was charged, he said. Soon afterward Westmoreland decided he had better leave the county.

Marshall Musick, a local lay preacher and union mine worker, was arrested on charges of criminal syndicalism, which were later dismissed. Next came a night shooting into his house in which his young son was killed. "As bad a crime as ever happened in Harlan County," said one of Middleton's deputies, who seemed confident it was a deputy job and who quit soon afterward because he "couldn't stand the way things were being done." "It was all because of the labor situation," he concluded.

"Harlan County is really a pretty good place to live," said R. E. Lawson, Cornett-Lewis mine manager, replying to Westmoreland's and Musick's testimony. "Of course, it's unfortunate that this one company store makes 170 per cent profit; ours makes only 18 to 21 per cent." Mr. Lawson also admitted that in his company town the company owns and operates the jail, the post office, all the houses,

and the only public meeting place. "Our men just didn't seem to want the union," he explained, after telling of conducting a "secret ballot" on the issue with the workers required to sign their names. Westmoreland agreed that the union had folded up after Musick was jailed, the checkweighman run out of the county, he himself assaulted and jailed for "false swearing," and the striking workers prevented from leaving their houses for food or water and driven into the mines by armed guards.

Outside U. M. W. organizers, who in 1934 and 1935 came repeatedly into the county, received slightly different but no less menacing treatment. Their stories followed a uniform pattern. Before they arrived, they usually sent letters to the local officials promising peaceful organizing efforts as guaranteed by NRA's Section 7-a, later by the Wagner Act, and asking for protection. Invariably they were met by two-gun deputies, who "pushed us around in the hotel lobbies, stepped on our heels when we went out in the street, shifted their guns to the front of their belts when they saw us," as L. T. Arnett, an organizer, testified. If the organizers failed to flee at once, more violent tactics came into play. On one occasion, early in 1935, twenty-three local and outside unionists were jailed for three days without charges and held without permission to get bond. Later they were charged with vagrancy, and finally released with what they took to be good advice to get out. Trying it again with a more sturdy and determined group, the U. M. W. men found themselves besieged by more than thirty armed deputies in Harlan's leading hotel, and were warned by the hotel manager and city officials not to leave their rooms even to eat. In the end they had to call on Governor Laffoon, who provided a detachment of the National Guard to escort them out of the county.

Three times in 1935 the union organizers made new attempts of the same nature and each time they had to flee for their lives. All attempts to get protection from county or town officials brought veiled or open warnings to get out and stay out.

Nineteen thirty-six was peaceful; the Middleton regime had done its work well. But when late in the year Westmoreland got a \$1,500 verdict for false arrest against the sheriff in federal court, the unionists thought another chance to organize might have come. Again the U. M. W. organizers entered the county. This time, it was testified, their rooms in the Harlan Hotel were drenched with tear gas at 3:30 a. m. and the sixty guests of the county's leading hostelry were driven into the street weeping and coughing. Almost simultaneously two of the organizers' cars were dynamited in the street before the hotel. At daybreak the organizers fled under protection of an escort sent by the sheriff of adjoining Bell County.

Today the organizers are in Harlan County again, encouraged by the Supreme Court validation of the Wagner Act and helped by the impact of the Senate hearings on the high sheriff. Incidentally, the sheriff never told where he got the money to make his \$100,000 worth of recent investments. To do so, he said, might tend to incriminate him and put him in danger of a suit by the federal income-tax authorities.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHATEVER else may be said about the President's Supreme Court proposal, it has become a red herring drawn across the trail which leads toward efficient legislation and administration. It is disheartening to look at the situation in Washington. We are in for a fight on the court bill which may run well into the summer, and the executive orders for cutting down expenditures are likely not only to head off adequate appropriations for relief but to sidetrack other important and necessary bills. Three years ago I wrote an article in *The Nation* pointing out that the President's whole program needed coordination and efficiency. It seems to me that the need is far greater today than three years ago. Since that time many of the President's ablest administrators, many of the exceptionally fine group of young men and women who flocked to Washington to be of service to the New Deal, largely because of their enthusiasm for it, have left the government service for one reason or another. One cannot go to Washington without feeling the loose ends in every department. And in case after case the situation leads straight back to the White House.

One of the President's most intimate friends said the other day that his greatest weakness was his inability to remove inefficient people whom he had appointed to office, especially if they were in his immediate neighborhood. But it seems to me that that is only one phase of his administrative failure. He cannot sit down and wreak himself upon an administrative situation. I know he is the most overburdened man in the world and I should be the last to grudge him vacations, but when I read of his going off just now to fish in Florida waters my heart sinks because of the grave situation of the legislative program, yes, of the government and the people. Everywhere there is confusion and uncertainty. For once I am beginning to feel some sympathy for the big business men of the country whose stock complaint is that they could get ahead if only the government would either let them alone or tell them what it proposes to do with them. Instead, we have the continual Rooseveltian compromises, the delayed decisions, the failure to think things through and to grapple with the problems of the hour.

As an example let me remind my readers of the situation in the Tennessee Valley Authority. It is an extremely unhappy one. The conflict of authority and policy between Arthur Morgan and David Lilienthal was fully ventilated in the press before Christmas, and it was stated that the President had decided in favor of Lilienthal. But the President did not decide for Lilienthal, and at the beginning of May the deadlock has not been broken. A commission has been appointed to look over

the technical side of things and make recommendations, but the President has not acted promptly and fearlessly and removed one man or the other. Yet the impasse must be profoundly affecting the morale of the forces engaged in this gigantic undertaking. Last fall we were told that one solution was to be the creation of a group of similar TVA authorities. Today it is announced that what is now under consideration is a TVA to cover the whole country.

I need not dwell upon the tremendously vital question of adequate relief appropriations, because Paul Ward covered that in a masterly fashion in last week's *Nation*. The President says we cannot cut the army and navy budget, which will again run up to a billion dollars—with a warning from the House Military Affairs Committee that it will have to be much larger next year. Yet army and navy officers are pointing out that the budget is unduly swollen, that it is not producing an efficient army and navy, that we have no coordinated defense plan. The President is not even moved by the fact that Major General Johnson Hagood has put his military reputation behind the statement that our coast defenses are "a pile of junk." We are going to continue to appropriate money to keep that pile of junk up. Mr. Roosevelt is not interested in the opportunity to save at least \$250,000,000.

The Puerto Rican situation is extremely dangerous, and it has not been improved but made worse by the President's letter to the new Puerto Rican Commissioner of Education ordering increased instruction in English in the public schools there. We are continuing our absurd policy of obliging the Soviet government by purchasing at \$35 an ounce all the gold it is digging out of the Ural Mountains, and then proceeding to rebury that gold in a hole in the ground in Kentucky. The President refuses his consent to the taking of a real census of the unemployed and says that we know well enough how many there are. We know nothing of the kind. We do know that there are far more unemployed than can possibly be cared for by the \$1,500,000,000 for which the President has asked. But there is no relation between this appeal for funds from Congress and the actual need; the warning of governors and mayors that they cannot take over the burden without bankruptcy is unheeded.

Meanwhile it seems true that, thanks in part to the court bill, the grip of the President on Congress is weaker than at any previous time during his Presidency. He is steadily losing support. Under the surface things are simmering. The Harrisons and Robinsons are giving him outward support, but at heart they feel hardly less outraged than Glass, while the progressive group steadily loses hope, for which again the President is to blame.

BROUN'S PAGE

Pennies from Heaven

THERE is no optimist in the world like a man with a revenue bill. According to his rosy dream one need only tap the surface of the rock and water will flow forth as it did at the behest of Moses. Some persons in the New York State legislature and out of it are now dangling before the voters large promises that all financial problems can be solved by the simple expedient of having the government go into the book-making business. It is quite true that a number of states in this country have legalized pari-mutuel betting, and it does yield revenue. Moreover, it is an easy tax to collect. But I think it may be well for the voters of New York to think a long time before they decide to follow the pattern of Florida, Rhode Island, and Maryland.

It is safe to say that the amount of money which will be raised is likely to prove disappointing. Some of the advocates of this system are giving out estimates that as much as twenty million dollars might be taken in by the state of New York as its share of the gambling profits. There is nothing in the experience of other states to indicate that any such sum is possible.

One of the favorite arguments to support the rosy dream is the fact that "little Rhode Island" takes in something more than a million in the course of the season. But while Rhode Island may be little, the Narragansett track happens to be one of the largest in the country, and its patronage is drawn from very thickly settled neighborhoods which lie all about.

Florida perhaps is the most successful practitioner in the matter of cutting in on the betting melon. But Florida is fortunate in being able to collect its racing tax very largely from non-residents. The city of Miami is a playground and a lure for play boys. Although I have my serious side, I hope, Miami gets me at least once a season, and without regret I pay my share of the state's burdens. Undoubtedly there are school buildings in Florida which have been shingled by my efforts to pick a hundred-to-one shot. And if my luck continues to go its usual way when I am on vacation, I have no doubt that I will eventually build a hospital for ailing crackers.

All this is fair enough, and as long as newspaper columnists and contributors to *The Nation* are grossly overpaid there is no great harm in having them put something back into the kitty. But if I lived right across the road from a mutuel track throughout the year, I am afraid that the association might be punishing. I have no moral scruples against gambling, and if I had they would be futile, because the instinct is deep-rooted in most people. As in the case of liquor there is probably logic in saying that it is better for the government to regulate those things which it cannot prohibit. But in regulating

gambling a state should try to temper the wind to the shorn lamb and channel the breeze in the direction of the woolly one.

Mutuel betting moves precisely in the opposite direction. It goes after the sucker money. If it were true that the state of New York could raise twenty million dollars in revenue as its share of race-track profits, it would be a grievous thing. That would mean that a vast number of people in the community had bankrupted themselves because the state had made wagering so easy. Let it be remembered that revenue through mutuel machines will come almost entirely out of the pockets of people in the lower brackets. While it may be true that horse racing is the sport of kings, the two-dollar ticket is the plaything for the most part of those who can ill afford the price.

In Rhode Island the mutuel system puts a very heavy burden on mill workers and all low-salaried employees. This is the testimony of shopkeepers, savings banks, and all institutions which have contact with the small earners in the community. Let it be noted that mutuel betting discourages the wagering of large plungers. Since the odds paid upon each horse depend upon the proportionate amount bet upon each entry, it is mathematically true that the gambler who steps out heavily is actually betting against himself and reducing the prize which he will get if his horse happens to win.

As a matter of fact, the money wagered at the track probably represents only a small fraction of the total amount which is bet. A vast industry of illegal betting through hand books and over the telephone has grown up. There is no feasible way of taxing this vast flow. And it will be increased rather than diminished if New York establishes mutuel betting. I think the sensible way would be to legalize bookmaking and then charge a thumping big fee for a license to operate. This could not possibly bring in the vast but shadowy sums suggested by the proponents of mutuel betting. If a hundred bookmakers each paid a license fee of ten thousand dollars, let us say, that would only yield a million. The mutuel system might yield approximately three times as much. But I think the state would pay a heavy price for its extra two million dollars in terms of relief and other measures to aid the indigent.

There ought to be a high admission price to race tracks. Under the mutuel system the owners of a track can afford to let people in for almost nothing since once they get them inside the gambling fever will seize them. I'm not at all sure that it might not even be good commercial business to pay patrons five cents a head to come in and learn the ropes of losing money. Gambling cannot be legislated out of existence, but I am very much against the government of New York State standing at the gate and shilling for customers.

HEYWOOD BROUN



BOOKS *and the* ARTS

OUR ACTORS AND THE CRITICS

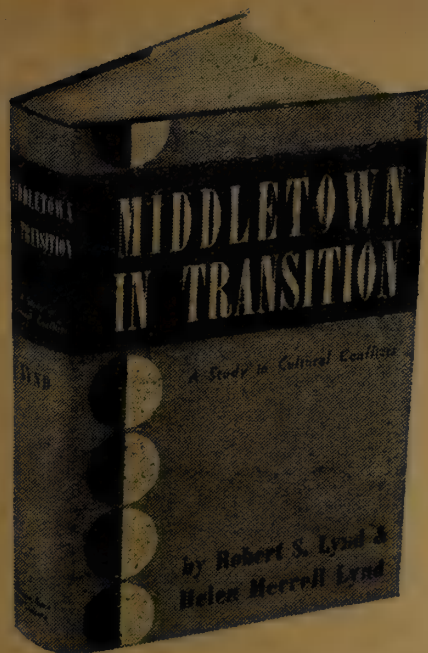
BY MARY MCCARTHY

ANY normally stage-struck American citizen is vicariously familiar with the actor's habit of sitting up for his notices after an opening night. In movies, plays, and smooth-paper magazine romances the actor—or more often the actress—is customarily rewarded for his vigil by notices which make it clear to him that he has become overnight the toast of Broadway. Fortunately for the drama of such moments, realism does not too much obtrude itself, and the exact content of the reviews is left to the imagination of the audience. It is true that actors, because of an unwarranted but hardy perennial optimism, do sit up for their notices. First comes Bide Dudley on the radio, then the *Times* appears, then the *News* and the *Mirror*, and, at last, by five o'clock, the whole sheaf of morning papers. But the reading of these reviews, laudatory and damning alike, can be guaranteed to turn any theatrical revel into a wake. The actors have waited up to learn (a) whether their play will be a financial success, and (b) what exact effects their performances created. The critics can usually supply the answer to (a), but so, within a week, can the man in the box office. It is (b) that the actors most desperately need, (b) that the mandatory "You were wonderful, darling," of backstage etiquette forbids their getting from their fellow-players, (b) that they most urgently ask of the critics. In reply they are told that So-and-So "gave a forthright characterization," that such-and-such a character was "well sketched" or "serviceably played," that this one acted "with conviction" and that one "pleasantly" or "with spirit and charm," that these were "of considerable assistance" and those were "believable," that the star was "affecting" or "deft" or "heart-warming" and was "ably assisted" by his supporting cast.

For years these marrowless bones of criticism have daily been tossed to the theatrical profession by the reviewers who serve it. It is not surprising therefore that the more spirited actors are positively malevolent toward the dramatic critics, while even the kindest players can only regard them with sad tolerance. Most actors, for example, will tell you that a stage hand or a ticket scalper is a better critic of acting than a reviewer, and they will maintain, in spite of some evidence to the contrary, that it is impossible for a player doing a large role to get a bad notice. One of New York's most talented producers will insist that the dramatic critics are incapable of distinguishing manuscript from acting, let alone acting from direction, and that "the sum total of their knowledge and equipment is so small as to be a phenomenon of nature." The one accusation that professional theater people will

refrain from hurling at the drama reviewer is that of venality; it is generally assumed that he is honest.

The truth is, nevertheless, that dramatic criticism in America is at least purblind to acting. That this should be so is not really surprising when one considers the history and character of the theater in America. For some years, and up to very recently, there was very little interest in acting in America. While the French, Italian, and Russian publics have been responsive to acting, and the English public to the personalities of actors, the American public has been interested primarily in manuscript, and to a lesser extent in personalities. The American critic has been conditioned by the American theater to focus his eyes on the play and to ignore the performance. The theater, however, has very recently undergone a transformation. Two important things have happened to it. In the first place, the movies have drained the theater of the actors whose stock in trade is the exploitation of personality; much more successfully than the theater ever could, the movies are catering to an enormous audience which will pay for the pleasure of "getting to know" a celebrity. To the theater are left the actors who are devoid of personality and the actors who feel that the exploitation of it is scarcely a desirable life work. Both of these types of players must work at the job of acting, at the job of projecting a conception of a role—the first because they have nothing else to offer an audience, the second because they find the work interesting. In the second place, a new generation of actors has lately arisen the oldest member of which is now probably thirty-five, a generation which throughout its adolescence worshiped Shaw and O'Neill and O'Casey, which revered the Provincetown and the New Playwrights' Theater, which was attracted to the theater not for its conventional glamor but for the high seriousness of the ideas and ideals which some of its playwrights were expressing. Members of this generation brought with them cultural backgrounds immensely superior to anything the American theater had ever known, and they brought also a determination to take acting seriously, to learn its science, and to interpret life and plays through its medium. These two forces, the movies acting as a drain, and the colleges and little theaters as a feeder, combined to alter profoundly the theater's own view of itself and its function. The transformation is not yet complete, but it is in process, and its practical effects are already noticeable. The standard of acting is rising. Acting is not, by any means, uniformly good, but it is consistently more interesting, because more thoughtful and ambitious, than it has ever been in America before.



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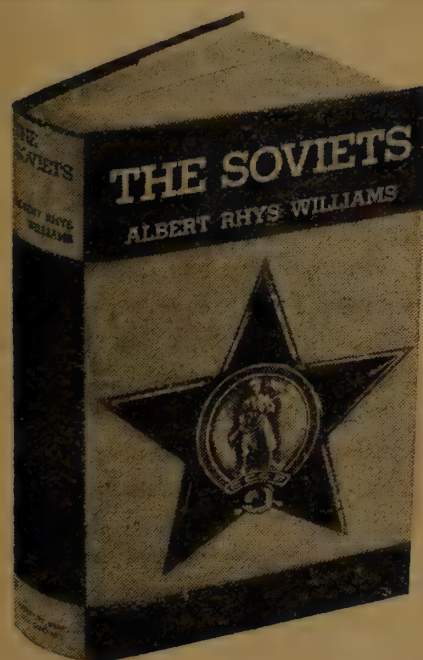
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THE SOVIETS

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The theater has changed, but the critics have remained the same. To persons in and around the theater it has for some time been apparent that critical opinions of acting were grotesquely out of step with professional opinions; but the critics seem unaware of this. If, for instance, you will ask actors to name the two worst performances of this year, the chances are that they will mention Lionel Hogarth's Duke of York in "King Richard II," which is played in the manner of Chic Sale, and Malcolm Keen's Claudius in the Gielgud "Hamlet," which was played in the manner of Laurel of Laurel and Hardy. If you will then examine the reviews you will find that Mr. Keen's acting was harshly treated only by Richard Watts ("supremely negative") and John Anderson ("pedestrian"), while *Variety's* critic sat on the fence ("a mite too stuffy, but . . ."), and Brooks Atkinson ("physically and mentally alive"), Arthur Pollock ("a good live king"), Burns Mantle, John Mason Brown, and Richard Lockridge of the *Mirror* applauded it, the rest remaining silent. As to Mr. Hogarth's work, Mr. Atkinson ("shrewd and knowing performance"), Mr. Mantle ("amusing"), Miss Waldorf of the *Post* ("had his moments"), Mr. Coleman, Mr. Pollock, and *Variety's* critic spoke well of it; Mr. Anderson ("Lionel Hogarth, after a somewhat jittery beginning, quieted down toward the end") was noncommittal; and Mr. Lockridge took a lonely and not very defiant stand ("Mr. Hogarth seemed to me to make York too much of the fussy comic, but probably that's all right . . .").

In the same way, the two actresses who are perhaps closest to the hearts of the dramatic critics are rated as negligible by the majority of their fellow-players. Katharine Cornell, whom Mr. Atkinson calls "our queen of tragedy," is considered by a great number of professionals no actress at all, but an ambitious, unimaginative, mediocre young woman whose fortune it is to own a face that is an exotic mask in which the playgoer can read what he wishes to find. Again, Lynn Fontanne's talents are completely worn out (and this is no secret in the theater), yet no critic has noticed it. On the other hand, Ruth Gordon's abilities were, up to this year's production of "The Country Wife," seriously underrated by the critics, while in the theatrical offices she has for years been held to be one of our most expert actresses.

Now, of course, it is conceivable that the actors are wrong about acting and the critics right. Such a view, however, would only be tenable if the critics had shown themselves capable of precise definition of the qualities which seem to them good in the actors they praise, if they had been able to state where and in what manner a performance achieved its effects. As a matter of fact, only Stark Young has made any serious attempts at this kind of exactitude; the rest of the critics have habitually contented themselves with their frayed strings of vague but approbatory adjectives—"brilliant," "sincere," "moving," and the like. That these adjectives are not always adequate a few of the critics have lately shown an uneasy awareness. When Robert Benchley, for instance, writes of Miss Cornell in "The Wingless Victory," it is in the confessional spirit:

It may sound silly to say, but Miss Cornell has improved in her acting. I can't go into it any further than that and I don't want you to ask me what I mean, but she has definitely done something to her voice to give it authority. Not that it didn't have authority before but it has more now.

On Maurice Evans's Richard II, Richard Watts takes a more defiant but basically quite as nervous a stand. "If he isn't the finest actor to be found on the English-speaking stage," he ventures, "then he will have to do until one comes along."

[This is the first of two articles by Miss McCarthy on actors and critics. The second will appear next week.]

BOOKS

The Steel Industry

THE ECONOMICS OF THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY. By Carroll R. Daugherty, Melvin G. de Chazeau, and Samuel S. Stratton. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Two Volumes. \$12.

THESE volumes present the result of a two-year fact-finding expedition into some difficult economic terrain: the price and labor policies of the steel industry. Considering the paucity of available data and the determination of the industry that significant data shall remain scarce, the expedition was remarkably successful. And considering that the study was financed chiefly by the Falk Foundation, whose vice-president is E. T. Weir of The National Steel Corporation, and by the Mellon-dominated University of Pittsburgh, the authors' analysis is extraordinarily realistic and objective. The book is nearly 1,200 pages long and contains 333 tables and charts. Never before has the steel industry—or perhaps any other American industry—been treated in such rich detail. Unfortunately, the scope is limited. The original conception was a study of the iron and steel industry under the NRA. When the Supreme Court made away with the NRA, the scope of the study was somewhat broadened. One regrets that the broadening was not greater. The book is almost entirely restricted to the period since 1929. One would exchange most of the interminably minute analysis of the steel code—now of largely academic interest—for a longer perspective in time. There is too much heaping up of facts and too little social and historical interpretation of them.

Almost half the book is occupied by Dr. Daugherty's intelligent and sympathetic treatment of labor—wages, hours, working conditions, collective bargaining. Most of the remainder is devoted to Dr. de Chazeau's exhaustive analysis of the industry's complex basing-point price system.

From the social point of view the most important factual material is presented by Dr. Daugherty. Some of his major findings may be briefly indicated. (1) In 1929 the steel industry paid lower hourly wages than other comparable industries. (Weekly earnings, because of longer hours and high rates of operation, were slightly higher.) (2) Contrary to popular impression, the twelve-hour day was not abolished in 1924. Between 1922 and 1929 the percentage of men working seven days a week actually increased. In 1933, before

the NRA came to the rescue, almost one-fourth of the steel workers worked seven days every week (or every two or three weeks), and 5 per cent worked twelve hours a day. (3) In 1929 the average steel worker earned \$1,620. For that year a "minimum health-and-decency budget" for a family of four was \$1,720, a "comfort budget" was \$2,580. In the year immediately preceding the NRA average earnings fell to \$560—as against a minimum budget of \$1,200. (4) The steel worker lives in the shadow of an appalling insecurity. In 1929 only four out of eleven comparable industries showed greater fluctuations in monthly production than steel. None showed so drastic a decline during the depression. Unemployment among iron and steel workers rose from 8 per cent in 1929 to 48 per cent before the NRA.

The industry, then, is exploiting its workers in order to pile up huge profits for its stockholders? Not at all. Dr. Stratton shows that even in the 1924-29 boom period, the steel industry earned only 6.37 per cent on its capitalization, which is well below the average for other industries. Thus the steel industry, as presented in these volumes, is a depressing spectacle from almost any point of view. Its workers are ill paid and tyrannically treated, its consumers suffer from a non-competitive pricing system, its stockholders get a poor return on their money. About the only people who benefit from its workings are the high-priced executives who are largely responsible for the whole mess. What solutions have the authors to offer? Their recommendations are drastic. Dr. Daugherty finds the industry's labor policies "autocratic . . . paternalistic . . . frequently harsh and repressive"; he finds that the company unions introduced during NRA were merely a device to forestall unionization; and he therefore recommends: "First, steel workers should be organized. . . . Second, the logic of the industry's operations is such that vertical rather than craft organization is called for. . . . Third, collective bargaining should be on a national basis and not on a plant basis. . . ." The C. I. O. is not mentioned, but it and it alone fits these specifications.

Dr. de Chazeau reaches the conclusion that because of the high and inflexible overhead costs which characterize the steel industry, any move toward "free competition" would speedily precipitate cutthroat competition. Therefore some form of artificial price system which makes for stability and discourages price cutting is necessary. So far the steelmasters agree as ardently as the Federal Trade Commission disagrees. But Dr. de Chazeau is rash enough to press on to the logical end of his reasoning and to suggest that, free competition being out of the question, "a fair price for steel and the elimination of preventable social waste can be assured under private ownership only if some form of social control can be made effective." This control, he specifies, can take the form of governmental regulation, government competition, or outright socialization. Until more data is available, it is not possible to say which of these alternatives would be best. The most persistent note sounded all through these 1,200 pages, by the way, is the complaint of insufficient data. Up to now the steelmasters have successfully concealed even the most elementary facts bearing on their industry. The authors of this book, therefore, recommend that "a federal impartial and non-political fact-finding commission be established" to gather data on the basis of which it can recommend to Congress "effective public policy" for dealing with the steel industry. Perhaps the most valuable point about this book is that it indicates in detail just what information must still be pried loose from the industry to make up the blueprints for social control.

The one thing the authors are sure *won't* work is "industrial self-government" as practiced under the NRA, whereby the administration of the steel code was handed over to the American Iron and Steel Institute. Throughout the entire life of the NRA the institute was concerned only with maintaining prices. It showed not the slightest sensitivity to the economic "rights" of labor and the consumer. Nor did it use its vast powers to attempt a solution of any of the fearful problems that overhang the industry. "Of broad social and economic considerations in the action of the Code Authority, no evidence is discernible." The industry muffed its chance to set its own house in order. In fact, it scarcely kept up with the dusting.

Something must be said about the needlessly heavy prose style in this book. As a technique for imparting information, it seems to me highly inefficient. It is long-winded, difficult to follow, and damnably dull. One finds one's self reading over and over the same sentence, lulled by its all-too-familiar cadences. The meaning is smothered in endless qualifications and petty distinctions, which often seem to be inserted by a sort of automatic mental reflex. The inhabitants of the academic world have for too long used a patois readily intelligible only to one another. With some effort the lay reader whose ear is habituated to this barbarous dialect can penetrate its woolly vagueness to the kernel of meaning. But why should not scholars, whose medium is, after all, the written word, be required to achieve a reasonable competence in the use of words? This is not to urge "popularization" in the sense of a chatty, oversimplified style. But surely there is no inherent conflict between sound scholarship and decent prose.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

America the Beautiful—for Fiction

THE LAURELS ARE CUT DOWN. By Archie Binns. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

BUCKSKIN BREECHES. By Phil Stong. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THE THREE-HEADED ANGEL. By Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

PEOPLE ON THE EARTH. By Edwin Corle. Random House. \$2.

SINCE Americans have always taken so much for granted it is hardly likely that many American novelists sit down and count their blessings before beginning an American novel. Yet consider their opportunities. In the space of a hundred years a continent has been opened up to them. A thousand miles of prairie, on which the flowery grass had been waving for centuries, has been broken to the plow; the primeval forests have fallen, not only to the ax but to the swifter fire; the aboriginal people have been herded into out-of-the-way corners; and the machine age, the power and speed of industrialism, the complexity of steel and rubber and oil and coal, which had half-heartedly been hugging the Atlantic seaboard, have spread to the opposite ocean in a sweep of change unparalleled in the history of the world. The comparable beginnings of Europe are lost in time. The development of America lies just beyond the recollections of men and women alive today.

Each in his own way, the novelists whose books are cited above must have acknowledged something of this. Mr. Binns takes Puget Sound and the clearing of the Northwest; Mr. Stong's prairie schooner goes to Iowa; Mr. Bradford peoples

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the Mississippi on the Kentucky side; and Mr. Corle's Navajo Indians are obliged to reckon with the white man's civilization on the mesas of Arizona and in the raw cities of New Mexico. Because the theme of pioneering is inevitably romantic, colorful, and filled with drama, all these books are interesting. And their authors, being above the average level of American novelists, are able to manipulate their various backgrounds in a significant manner. Mr. Bradford and Mr. Stong have perhaps done the least with their material. They have shown the lusty frontier civilization with humor and freshness; their people are alive if sometimes not entirely thought through; it should not be a disparagement to say that both books ought to make fine motion pictures.

Mr. Corle has done something more. His Navajo boy who is faced with the problem of living in another civilization than the one that is traditional to him exemplifies in his own person not only the question of white man versus red, or more largely of conqueror versus conquered, but the problem of America itself. This is the Stone Age meeting the Age of Steel; the Stone Age must disappear, but how? Mr. Corle has clothed this situation with credible flesh and blood. Moreover, he has made the ancient Indian civilization, so dirty and unhygienic and uninstructed, so at the mercy of terrifying superstition, seem very soft and lovely. Perhaps the white man lost something, too, when stone was abandoned for steel.

Of the four books Mr. Binns's is easily the most important. Not only does he write lovingly of the Northwestern forests and of the staunch first settlers there, but he includes a portion of the World War in his book which is new to war fiction. Since the two brothers who are his main characters came from the Pacific coast, they went not to France when they enlisted, but to Japan and Siberia. Mr. Binns tells the story of the bloody and mindless Allied intervention in Russia, the long months spent guarding ammunition trains, the rifles that went through to Kolchak, who was more Czarist than the Czar, the peasants butchered by Cossacks, the devious Japanese, the British and Czechs pledged to neutrality like the Americans and, unlike the Americans, not observing their pledge. And when the American soldiers at long last came home, all they got for their pains was to be investigated by the Department of Justice. It was thought they must be Bolsheviks.

Perhaps Mr. Binns is not writing fiction at all. There is a good deal of uncomfortable truth in his book. But through it all he maintains an ideal of America that is extremely moving. And this is fiction in the best sense: a manipulation of men and events to make a pattern, to create a world—in this case the raw, new, bewildered, short-sighted, brave world we call the United States.

CAROLINE SMITH

The Sunpapers

THE SUNPAPERS OF BALTIMORE, 1837-1937. By Gerald W. Johnson, Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

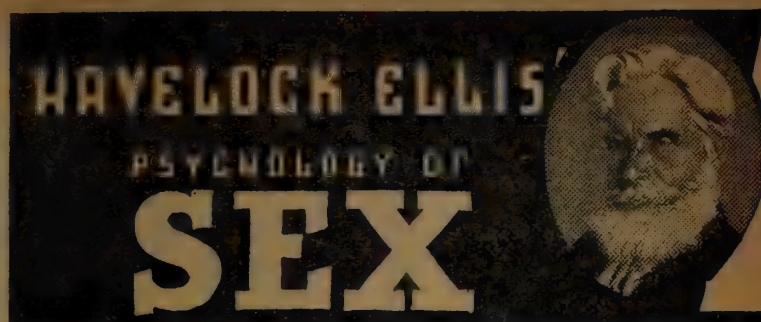
THIS volume properly celebrates the one-hundredth anniversary of the Baltimore *Sun*—not of the *Evening Sun*, which is only twenty-seven years old, whose history is none the less included, since it is the lively and worthy offspring of the original "Sunpaper." Whatever their limitations—and these are very few—they are today in the front rank of American journalism, surpassed by none in the intelligence of their editing, their political courage and inde-

pendence, their interest in European affairs, their clean and decent presentation of the news, and the literary quality of their editorial pages. Like the *New York Times*, they prove that honest and responsible dailies can be made to pay. Indeed, the *Baltimore Sun* has served their city and state so long and well that they are as much an institution as the Baltimore Washington Monument, or Fort McHenry, or the City Hall.

The volume itself has been prepared with excellent taste and due modesty and so is worthy of the staff, which constitutes a journalistic group unsurpassed in ability and knowledge. Naturally it is largely a survey of the history of Baltimore and Maryland. The weaknesses of the *Sun* during its earlier years are as clearly set forth as its extraordinary achievements in reporting the Mexican War—often it beat the United States government in getting news from the front—and its sad predicament in the Civil War. Baltimore was then truly ■ No Man's Land. Its sons were in both armies. It was garrisoned by federal troops and regarded with great suspicion by the Washington government. Its trade with the South, upon which its wealth and prosperity were founded, was destroyed overnight. Its officials and its journalists were frequently jailed. It was generally anathema in the North, and for its sins had for a short time Major General Benjamin F. Butler as its dictator—a cruel and unusual punishment indeed. Under the circumstances there was nothing for the *Sun*, with its Southern sympathies, to do but to "shut up" and voluntarily yield its editorial freedom. It was then still under the leadership of its founder, Arunah S. Abell, ■ remarkable man, also one of the founders of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, who was able to keep the *Sun* appearing without interruption in the face of daily military or governmental scrutiny or censorship. Mr. Abell is correctly described in this book as "a man of few illusions and fewer prejudices, he is no leader of forlorn hopes, no snatcher of victory from the jaws of defeat, but a prudent, eminently reasonable individual, completely unspectacular."

The other outstanding figures in the history of the "Sunpapers" are treated with similar discrimination. The spectacular rise and fall of Charles H. Grasty is recounted, and the great services rendered by the Black family are set forth. Since the Abell family passed out of the picture as the dominating force, the owners have been wise enough to give complete freedom of utterance to the editors, who have nobly upheld the liberal tradition in America, often whimsically, humorously, or sarcastically, but always effectively. Not the least of their services has been their giving a free forum to such men as Henry L. Mencken and Frank R. Kent. The "Sunpapers" had the courage in the last Presidential campaign to refuse to choose either of the two evils which, they felt, were confronting the Republic. Even when it was supporting Mr. Roosevelt, the morning *Sun* allowed Mr. Kent complete latitude in attacking daily the head of the New Deal and his policies.

It was, of course, impossible to set forth in this volume all the great services these papers have rendered to their community, their state, and their country. How they repeatedly cleaned up political gangs and smashed political machines in Maryland is recorded, but there should have been a greater tribute than appears to the magnificent stand taken by the *Sun* against lynching, even to the extent of severely attacking Governor Albert C. Ritchie, whom it otherwise upheld and greatly admired. I think that a statement about the present ownership of the two papers would also have been extremely useful just now. One misses, too, a survey of the *Sun's* attitude toward the World War. The fine exposé by Frank



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Two Articles on Spain

Soon after the first shot was fired in the civil war, Edward Hunter went to Spain for Hearst's International News Service. In his article *Covering Spain for Hearst*, he reveals the manner in which dispatches were distorted between the time they were wired and the time they appeared in American newspapers using the International News Service.

According to his own statement, General Franco is prepared to execute two million Spaniards to establish his rule. George Seldes has tapped Spanish government sources and journalists returned from rebel territory to show in an article to appear soon under the title *Franco's Death List* that Franco's threat is being carried out in systematic massacres of labor-union members and sympathizers in every town the rebels capture.

Harvard Passes the Ball

At Harvard the ball has been passed from Economics Department to dean to president and back again in an effort to minimize the potential value to the university of its two most popular economics teachers, Dr. J. Raymond Walsh and Dr. Alan R. Sweezy. R. K. Lamb analyzes the situation for *Nation* readers and shows why the dismissal of two liberal instructors is no mere tempest in a teacup but actually illuminates the dilemma of most American universities.

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Kent of what was really happening in Paris when the alleged peace was being made is set forth in detail, for it was a splendid journalistic achievement. So was the magnificent reporting of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments, to which the *Sun* invited journalists and experts from England, France, and Japan; this proceeding marked its latter-day rebirth.

One piece of genuine unfairness and misrepresentation of history appears in the account of the famous attack upon the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia on April 19, 1861, on its transit through Baltimore. The volunteers are described as a regiment of 1,700 regulars who ran away disgracefully from the mob and were rescued by Mayor Brown armed with an umbrella. The truth is that a small battalion of the Sixth, comprising only 220 men, raw and untrained militia, some of whom had only been in uniform for three days, was attacked by a mob of thousands of men and women and fought its way across the city, at times at the double-quick. The rest of the 700 Massachusetts men got through unscathed. The mob inflicted a loss upon the battalion of nearly one-fifth of their number, four dead and thirty-six wounded. That they held together under such circumstances and, in accordance with their colonel's orders, did not fire volleys indiscriminately, is a tribute to their courage and steadfastness, for the situation would have tried the best-disciplined regulars in the world. Mr. Johnson, the author of this part of the narrative, thinks not only that they were ridiculous—"comic"—but that they should have killed many more Baltimoreans!

But all in all here is a narrative of which journalists may well be proud—one that should be carefully preserved for future generations if only as an offset to the yellow journalism of today and its limitless sins.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Step by Step

THE OUTWARD ROOM. By Millen Brand. Simon and Schuster. \$1.25.

THIS novel probably has merit as a study of insanity and its cure. The heroine is first seen in an asylum; she escapes from the asylum and finds her way to New York; in New York she becomes well through living with a man who at the end must have her sympathy in a loss—the death of a brother—like that one which had unhinged her own mind seven years before. For all I know, Mr. Brand has prepared his "case" carefully and has gone wrong at few if any points. But it does not matter, since for his purposes he has done something of greater importance. He has written a good novel; so good a novel, indeed, that I can suspect it as a case history. Case histories are never interesting in exactly this way—never as close to the imagination, and never as moving. Their particular fascination comes from the fact that they do not touch us personally, just as their claim on our attention depends on our belief that they are true reports of people we do not know. If we knew the people we should not be as cool as we are, or—sometimes—amused. The irrelevances acted or spoken would shock us as we watched and heard. In fiction there can perhaps be no such thing as insanity, for it would be unendurable. There can be something that looks like it, as there is in "King Lear"; but there must be no absolute irrelevances. And so there are none in Mr. Brand's novel, from whose heroine we are never divided by that moat of unintelligibility which makes case histories at once so dry and so terrible.

"The Outward Room" is a distinguished love story whose heroine could be lonely, misunderstood, or anonymous rather than insane. What matters is that she begins to live with the workingman named John, and that everything which happens between them is of the deepest and clearest interest. Mr. Brand has told his story in the simplest way. Harriet is never out of our sight from the first page to the last, nor is there any staggering of time; a single year of Harriet's life is chronicled step by step; one thing comes after another, and is adequately attended to before the next thing follows. There are, of course, other ways to succeed with a story, and perhaps the major sort of success calls for more people, more scenes, and more cross-purposes. In the linear way he has chosen, however, Mr. Brand has succeeded; the sign being that again and again some apparently unimportant detail assumes without warning enough importance to overwhelm a reader who until then had known merely that he wished to watch everything as it happened from the safe distance of his chair.

The first of these moments arrived for me on page 138, when Harriet and John had finished their first supper in John's room and a paragraph began: "They ate and afterwards she washed the dishes; it was the first work she had done since she left the hospital." Now that is a matter-of-fact sentence; but in the life of a fugitive woman who has been starving both for food and for human company, and whose life, whether we knew it or not, we have been sharing for 137 pages, it announces an epoch. So with Harriet's resolution the next morning to scrub the apartment; so with her disclosure to John that she is insane; so with the time they stand together on the street and listen to a Hungarian love song; so with the evening when she hands him her first pay envelope; and so—never indeed more so—when in the store he asks her what she wants in addition to a dress and she says a pocket-book. There is nothing in these situations except what Mr. Brand has put there previously. But he has put a great deal there without ever having called our attention to what he was doing as he walked so sympathetically and intelligently in step with his heroine. Of such is the kingdom of story-telling.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

The Taming of a Shrew


THE story of Tobias and his angel and his dog was never a part of the Hebrew canon. It was—my learning comes straight out of the encyclopedia—taken in by the Catholic church only to be chucked out again by the Protestants, and I presume that it made theologians uncomfortable for the same reason that it has always appealed to artists: for the reason, that is to say, that it suggests the "Arabian Nights" almost as much as it suggests the temper of the prophets. Ewald, Westcott, and Kohut—if you want to know who they are please use your own encyclopedia—agree that it was composed during the Persian period, and it contains the only complimentary, or at least the only uninsulting, reference to a dog in the entire Bible. Nor is all this as irrelevant as it may at first sight seem to the fact that James Bridie—the Scotch physician who wrote "A Sleeping Clergyman" and

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adapted "Storm Over Patsy"—has made a play out of it which the Studio Theater of the Federal Theater Project has put on at the old Provincetown in MacDougall Street. It is not irrelevant because it helps explain the fact that the play and the production alike are gay and witty and charming—three qualities which even the publishers of the "Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature" did not think of mentioning in connection with the Holy Scriptures, though they did go so far as to say that the Book of Kings was "more exciting even than 'Anthony Adverse' or 'Gone with the Wind.'"

Readers who are not familiar with the story as told in the Apocrypha may know it as transmogrified by Stella Benson in her delightful tale "The Far Away Bride"; and suffice it here to say that it tells how the foolish son of a good old blind man goes on a journey and returns to restore the sight as well as to reestablish the fortunes of his father after having—with the aid of a guardian angel—made a man of himself by struggling with a monstrous fish and winning a bride whom it was first necessary to free from the clutches of Asmodey, a demon who had completely spoiled her disposition. Obviously, the story is not uneventful, and Mr. Bridie has solved what may appear almost insuperable difficulties by turning it all into a sort of sophisticated fairy tale told with artful artlessness and made the vehicle of a very touching as well as very funny commentary on human nature. The necessary and yet dangerous business of making the thing real by the introduction of significant anachronisms he has handled with admirable discretion. Somehow they always result in humanization rather than in burlesque, and they leave untouched a genuine naivete to which one can no more condescend than one could condescend to the naivete of "The Little Clay Cart" as it was performed years ago at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Besides, there are stretches of dialogue—like that between Sara and the Archangel—which are superbly wise as well as witty. The author has, to be sure, the advantage of dealing with the story of virtue rewarded, which is probably the most thoroughly engaging story in the world.

Ellen Van Volkenburg, who directed the production, and Samuel Leve, who designed the settings, have both done wonders in turning the limitations of the tiny Provincetown stage into an advantage, for they have made them contribute to the make-believe atmosphere which surrounds the whole thing; and I can only say that "Tobias and the Angel" was to me as thoroughly delightful as anything I have seen this year. Even the acting seemed just what it ought to be. I suppose it is not really very good; probably it is amateurish and unpolished. But I like it. And for these last remarks may Mary McCarthy (whose article in this week's issue please see) forgive me!

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

P. S. Admission is free, though you are supposed to telephone or write for tickets. If, as the play suggests, virtue is really rewarded, they will be in great demand.

Before you make plans for the Summer consult Page 548 and the Classified Page of this issue of *The Nation*.

FILMS

On Horror's Head

THE knife edge between the ridiculous and the horrible is so thin that if a director cannot walk it a critic certainly cannot. At least that will serve as my excuse for being unable to say why it is that audiences at "Love from a Stranger" (United Artists) laugh throughout the closing ten minutes rather than shudder or hold their breaths. I think I should not have been disposed to laugh myself when the murderer of three wives (Basil Rathbone) started to move on the fourth (Ann Harding) with writhing fingers and a series of truly awful grimaces. But the audience did, and I am told that all audiences do; and so I cannot but conclude that there is something the matter with the picture—with Basil Rathbone, probably, though it could be Rowland Lee, the director, or even Ann Harding. I suspect it is Mr. Rathbone, who is more than a competent actor but who in this instance looks his part too well. Or rather he does not look his part well enough, content as he obviously is to look like a thousand other villains of melodrama rather than the particular insane one, Gerald Lovell, whom he was engaged to create in the present instance.

"Marked Woman" (Warner Brothers), with Bette Davis as a night-club girl who under provocation squeals on the clip-joint racket and sends its big shot to prison for life, is horrible in a somewhat surprising way, and the fact should be noted. The custom in such pictures is to save our feelings at the end by showing that the girl was really not scratched at all and that the young assistant district attorney has arms long enough to reach around her. Not only does this A. D. A. keep his hands to himself; the girl is knocked down and carved up—at the trial a large and convincing cross disfigures a formerly pretty cheek—and the last shot of all is far from reassuring. For as the girl walks away from court with the three friends who have supported her testimony, and who like her henceforth will have no careers, the gray possibility lingers in any spectator's mind that the sacrifice has been not only interesting but final, not to say fatal. "Marked Woman," therefore, is genuinely harrowing, and not to be recommended for the entertainment of those who prefer to enjoy their crime. I do not know how edifying it is on any grounds, though I am sure that it is somehow praiseworthy.

"The Wave," a Mexican picture at the Filmarte, comes with an acclaim which unfortunately is rather shrill—"great," "magnificent," "ranks with the ten great films of all time and all countries," etc. Greatness is not as easy as that to recognize in advance, even by George Seldes, Waldo Frank, Clifford Odets, Joseph Freeman, and Archibald MacLeish; and the plain fact is that "The Wave" moves with a more than desirable slowness. Carlos Chavez and Paul Strand wanted to avoid the snappiness of Hollywood in their story of a rising among the fishermen of Vera Cruz, and it was right to insist everywhere upon a naturalness in the native actors and an absence everywhere of manipulated melodrama; but sluggishness is no better than snap, and drama is by no means improper in a revolutionary narrative. The photography is very convincing and beautiful, the young father at his son's grave is moving, the faces by and large are wonderful, and the strike is to be sympathized with. But let us say that "The Wave" is one of the hundred best.

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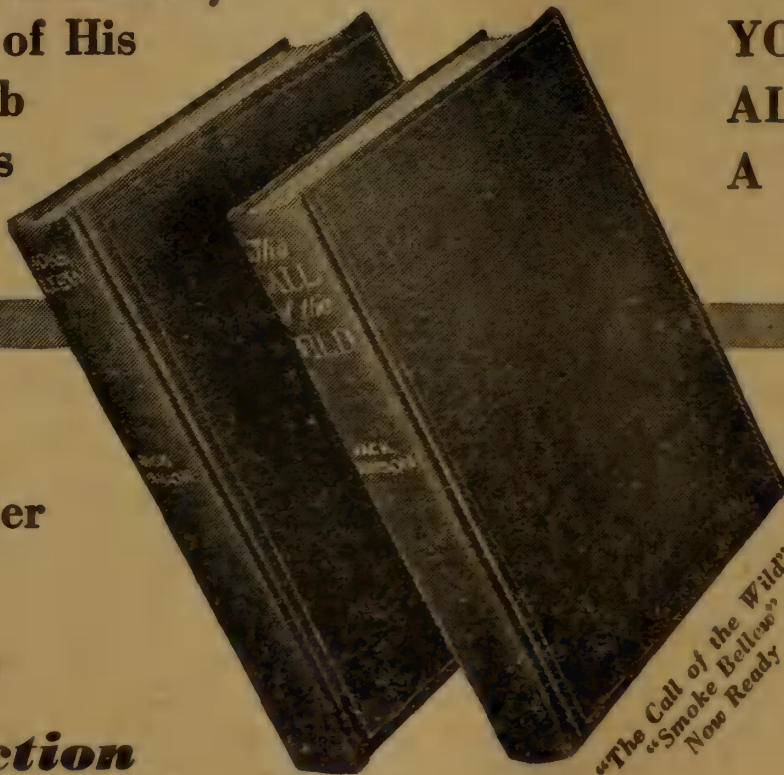
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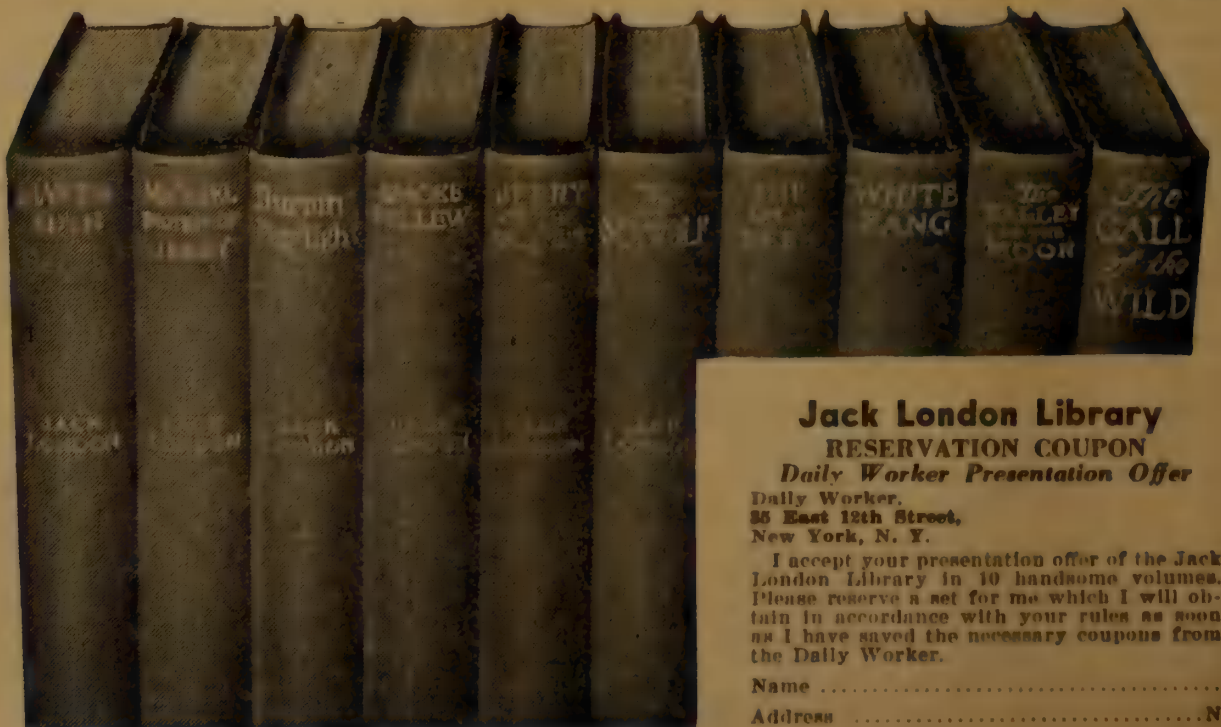
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Letters to the Editors

Broadcasts from Berlin

Dear Sirs: I am glad to learn from the letter of J. Maguire in *The Nation* of April 17 that Madrid broadcasts three times a week in order to present its side of the conflict raging in Spain. These broadcasts will be an antidote to the programs sent out by the powerful JDB station (25 meters) in Berlin nightly at about ten-fifteen. The news from Berlin is colored and malignant in the best Hitlerite fashion. The Loyalists are called Bolsheviks and the rebels are misnamed Loyalists. The announcer quotes copiously from the *Giornale d'Italia*, *Tribuna*, and other reactionary foreign sources.

After this service there comes a letter-radio exchange. Persons who have sent letters are thanked and congratulated personally by name—even by address. The announcements are in either German or English, sometimes in Spanish for the edification of our South American friends. Is there any way by which the ravings of Hitler can be drowned out in these parts? It would be a meritorious public service to accomplish this feat.

JUDAH TIKTIN

New York, April 30

Maude Royden on Colonies

Dear Sirs: Having failed to see your issue of February 20 until recently, I am only now able to answer the attack made on me by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard. I call Mr. Villard's article an "attack" because it is so astonishing a misrepresentation of all that I said in America that I can scarcely believe that Mr. Villard actually heard me speak. That he was on the same platform with me once I vividly remember, but I think that my "charm," to which he so gracefully alludes, must have soothed him into a deep sleep.

In referring to my plea that the root cause of the desire on the part of any nation to embark on war again would be found in suffering (individuals, I said, might desire war for other reasons, but the mass of the people never), Mr. Villard commented: "The suggestion is to take away some swag from those who have improperly acquired it, usually by rapine and wholesale murder, and to give it to somebody else. Those who support this proposal seldom speak of the populations which are thus to be handed

over, or ask whether the natives wish to be ruled by this country or that. They are just so many cattle to be bandied about as the white man sees fit."

It will hardly be believed that what I actually said was that we British could not offer to give back her colonies to Germany *since it was not right to speak of "giving" human beings about from one to another as though they were so much livestock*. My own proposal was that we British should offer to allow some impartial authority to find out the wishes of the people concerned, whether they wished to be governed by a mandate from Great Britain or from Germany or to be free to govern themselves. I pointed out that Germany would infallibly reply that if we wished to apply this principle to what used to be her colonies, we should also apply it to those which are and have been our colonies. I said that we ought to be willing to do this and that we might very well begin with India.

If I really had said what Mr. Villard represents me as saying, it would have been infinitely better if I had never come to America at all.

A. MAUDE ROYDEN

Sevenoaks, Kent, England, April 8

Dear Sirs: I need offer no defense against Miss Royden's charge; nobody ever slumbered when she spoke. Miss Royden, when I heard her, did not go into the details of her views as to colonies, which, as stated here, are unexceptionable. Had she done so I should never have used her remark as a text for a little sermon against those who regard colonies as pieces of land with no regard to their populations. If I misunderstood her words I apologize unreservedly. Of course no "attack" was intended.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

New York, April 28

An Apology to Mr. Ickes

Dear Sirs: After the publication of my article Chicago Is Broke, in *The Nation* of February 13, Mr. Harold L. Ickes wrote me that he regarded the following statement as an "evident slur" on him: "But when the election comes along, everybody is for Roosevelt and Roosevelt is for everybody, and Ickes sees the light and comes through with an Outer Drive Bridge. . . ." I hereby tender Mr. Ickes

an apology for any possible misinterpretation of my statement either by him or by *The Nation's* readers. I defer to no man in my admiration of Mr. Ickes and of his thirty years' war for civic reform in Chicago.

The New Deal, however, has transformed more than one reformer into a practical, or Roosevelt-Farley, idealist. I recall that in 1933 Mr. Ickes withheld a grant from the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash Chicago Sanitary District until that municipality cleaned house and fired from 200 to 250 pay-rollers. Two and a half years later Mr. Ickes assumed no such moral authority when he bailed out the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash Chicago Park District with \$2,000,000 to resume construction of the Outer Drive Bridge. Without Mr. Ickes's grant the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash machine might have had to explain, just before the 1936 election, why \$6,700,000 of the \$9,630,000 which Chicago had voted six years before to finance the bridge had been used as a revolving fund to meet padded pay rolls and to pay the principal and interest on previous bond issues. When I said that Mr. Ickes "saw the light," I meant that he was at last convinced that his function as Public Works Administrator was to put men to work even if he made votes for the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash machine.

Chicago, April 29 MILTON S. MAYER

For a National Congress of American Writers

Dear Sirs: Today in America there are signs of a literary revival that may resemble or surpass that of the period from 1912 to 1916. Those of us who remember the hopeful activity of those years can also remember how it was cut short by the war. And we can see that the promise of the 1930's is threatened in a still more definite fashion.

In our own country fascism is still afraid to wear a uniform. Against it there has been an impressive rallying of the forces that favor democracy. American labor—the strongest of these forces—is organizing itself for what is really the first time. And this rebirth of the American labor movement is connected with the new stirrings in literature—not as cause and effect, but rather as two parallel manifestations of the same progressive forces.

The growth of the labor movement is being and will be resisted. Fascism will be encouraged and financed as an effective means of "keeping labor in its place." Even war will be used. And under a fascist regime literature will fare no better than labor; that is one of the reasons why we are issuing invitations to a national congress of American writers. We hope to see the establishment of a national organization of American writers, and we suggest that the aims of such an organization should be, first, to provide a center for the cultural activities of American writers and a link between writers now separated by age or place of residence; second, to help in raising cultural standards by the discussion of literary problems; third, to arrange lectures and conferences and issue a magazine; fourth, to maintain friendly relations with the writers of other countries by contact with their organizations and also by encouraging the translation of important works; fifth, to defend the political and social institutions that make for peace—and specifically to defend the democratic rights to education and freedom of thought and expression; sixth, to effect an alliance for cultural defense between American writers and all progressive forces in the nation.

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We invite writers of professional standing who agree generally with our aims to take part in a National Writers' Congress to be held in New York City June 4, 5, and 6, 1937. Writers who are interested in the congress may secure further information by writing to the League of American Writers at 125 East Twenty-fourth Street.

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New York, April 21

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ROSE M. STEIN, Secretary
Pittsburgh, Pa., April 30

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DWIGHT MACDONALD was a member of the editorial staff of *Fortune* from March, 1929, until June, 1936.

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The Shape of Things

★

BY THE TIME THESE LINES APPEAR GEORGE VI will have become King of England in good standing, and another generation of royal respectability set properly on its way. But we shall always think of it as the Coronation of Stanley Baldwin. It is, so to speak, his crowning achievement—preceded by an uncrowning achievement that condemned Edward VIII to a normal and, we hope, happy private life, and put Mrs. Simpson and America in their places. That Stanley Baldwin should have been the key figure in all this is quite inevitable. By his very lack of the qualities which make men great—imagination, boldness, flexibility, and brilliance—he has achieved his place in English history along with many another mediocre man who also muddled through. His speech at the time of Edward's abdication was a remarkable expression of the provincial self-assurance which keeps the Empire going and rouses more volatile peoples to self-defeating frenzy. His appeal for labor peace on the eve of the coronation was cut from the same cloth. He begged "the handful of men with whom rests peace or war to give the best present to the country that could be given at this moment"—industrial peace; he was appealing mainly to miners who were refusing to join a company union and to London bus-drivers who contend that their work is so hard that seven and one-half hours should be called a day. He could stand pat through all the emotional stress and strain of the Simpson affair because a romantic attachment for an attractive American was quite outside his—and Mrs. Baldwin's—view of life. Having never driven a London bus, he could remind these British workmen of the contribution they were expected to make to the costly spectacle of the coronation.

★

THERE ARE SIGNS, OF COURSE, THAT THE Baldwin line, like the British monarchy, is losing its prestige. The romantic château in France plays second fiddle to the spectacle in London only because the Duke of Windsor and the American woman are making a valiant fight to keep the press at bay. The London bus-drivers, as we go to press, remain unmoved by pleas for peace and the miners also are obdurate. Perhaps they have had more time than usual to study the figures in the budget of the royal family, in which £6,000 is set down as a separate allowance for Princess Elizabeth—to be increased to £25,000 when she becomes twenty-one; and the Spanish war has also had its

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effect on the working-class mind. In other quarters, however, normality prevails and will probably continue at least until Mr. Baldwin goes to a well-earned rest in the House of Lords. Behind the glittering façade of the coronation the world's diplomats away from home are engaging in a good old-fashioned spree of unofficial horse-trading, and, even more important, the representatives of the Empire are "cementing bonds" in more than the sentimental sense. Meanwhile Italy is indulging in one of those petulant gestures against the British above referred to. The coronation is being boycotted in the Italian press because Mussolini does not like the way Great Britain is treating his own attempts, first in Ethiopia and now in Spain, to copy the early British imperial model. So far the lack of British news in Rome has gone practically unnoticed in London.

★

THE SIGNING OF THE WORLD SUGAR PACT

by the representatives of twenty-two governments is a most significant step in the direction of international planning. No attempt is made to control sugar production directly except in Great Britain, but quotas are set for each of the exporting countries which are to be maintained for a five-year period. While the pact merely perpetuates the principles of the Chadbourne plan of 1931, the countries covered by it produce 90 per cent of the world's sugar, whereas the countries participating in the earlier agreement produced only 25 per cent. Moreover, the agreement contains a provision for a permanent international council which may make uniform changes in the quotas in accordance with shifts in market conditions. The first test of the new pact has already arisen in connection with the Louisiana cane-growers' demand that they be given a greatly enlarged quota in the sugar-control bill pending before Congress. Since this demand could only be met at the expense of Cuba, to grant it would leave that unhappy island with some 200,000 tons of excess sugar on its hands, more than 20 per cent of its quota under the new agreement. Incidentally, the Louisiana proposal would add about \$350,000,000 to the annual sugar bill of the American consumer.

★

WITH AN EFFICIENCY WHICH MUST HAVE aroused Hitler's envy, the unconstitutional National Security Tribunal of Brazil has convicted Luiz Carlos Prestes and Harry Ewart of the "crime" of seeking to perpetuate constitutional government in that country. Prestes, the leader of the popular democratic movement against the Vargas dictatorship, was sentenced to sixteen years and eight months in prison, and Ewart, a German anti-Nazi exile, received a sentence of thirteen years. The "trials" were conducted in secret, without even the presence of the defendants, in a room heavily guarded by police armed with machine-guns and tear gas. The lawyer assigned to defend Prestes made a public statement before the trial asserting his client's guilt, while the presiding judge declared: "It is not necessary, in order to condemn the extremists, to submit proofs. The judges will decide

according to their own opinions." David Levinson, an American attorney who was retained by friends of Prestes to handle his case, was not allowed to see the prisoner and was finally driven out of Brazil lest he expose the unconstitutional practices of the special tribunal. Although no appeal from decisions of the National Security Tribunal is permitted under the law which Vargas pushed through the Brazilian legislature, it is not too late to make the Brazilian government acquainted with the judgment of progressive opinion throughout the world.

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NO ONE CAN HAVE READ WITHOUT EMOTION the story of the loss of the Hindenburg, especially as it was illustrated by the most extraordinary photographs ever taken of a major calamity—it was as if the exploding airship waited to pose for the cameras ready on the ground. That this happened to a German dirigible makes it all the more regrettable, for German efforts in lighter-than-air navigation have deserved the best of results—and apparently had achieved them in many successful crossings of both the South and North Atlantic. But the risk will always be there, even if hereafter airships use only the helium that costs so much and is practically an American monopoly. For the Los Angeles broke in two without a trace of fire, and the R-101 came to its horrible end by striking a hill, after which it went up in flames. That the Hindenburg's disaster occurred when the hard voyage was over and the ship apparently safe added profoundly to the tragedy, especially as relatives of those who died, on hand to welcome, witnessed the horror they were powerless to ward off. Whether transoceanic navigation of this kind can be made to pay hereafter is open to grave question. But one thing this disaster should prevent—the voting of any more money for dirigibles for our navy. The time for that has gone.

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AMID EMPTY BEER BOTTLES, APPLE CORES, old bills, and the sound of senatorial snores, the New York legislature drew to a close as the sun was rising last Sunday morning. True to his self-imposed tradition of enlivening the last hours by making a spectacle of himself, Senator McNaboe denounced the state campaign against syphilis on the ground that "the innocence of little children" would be corrupted by the use of the word—evidently a worse fate than having their health corrupted by the disease itself. In the lower house Republican Assemblyman Hamilton attacked the bill to establish a state labor-relations board. His colleagues on both sides of the aisle gave him a five-minute ovation for what the Speaker described as "the most brilliant speech I have ever heard," and then promptly voted for the bill 100 to 41. These examples are some indication of the sincere and serious manner in which our legislators go about the business of government. As for the record of the four months' session, it was only under unwearying pressure from the Governor that the legislature passed his social-security and relief programs and the minimum-wage law for women and children. To restore their sense

of independence the legislators then killed the child-labor amendment and the teachers'-oath repeal and passed the noxious Berg election bills, which would now be law but for the Governor's veto.

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FRANCO HAS LEARNED MANY THINGS FROM his Fascist mentors, but he has not yet learned to lie on the grand scale to which Mussolini and Hitler have accustomed us. Franco is still a stumbling, unconvincing liar. When the German airmen bombed Guernica, killed 800 Basque Catholic civilians, and burned a large part of the city, the whole non-Fascist world reacted against the atrocity. Franco's spokesman accordingly announced that Guernica could not have been bombed because on that day it rained and no rebel planes took the air; the destruction had been caused by ravaging Basque Anarchists. But evidence accumulated. The Fascists then said that Guernica had, to be sure, been bombed for a few hours but that no incendiary bombs were used. Yet even correspondents who visited Guernica under the auspices of Franco's press department reported the effects of incendiary bombs. Finally Ambassador von Ribbentrop gave the show away by insisting before the Non-Intervention Committee—in answer to protests against the horror—that unfortified cities must occasionally be bombed. But the German press still denies that Guernica was attacked from the air. It acts in accordance with the idea enunciated by Hitler in "Mein Kampf" as a "very correct principle" that "the broad masses of a nation . . . become the victim of a big lie much more easily than of a small one because they themselves occasionally lie in small matters but would be too ashamed to tell big lies." The trouble is that to carry out such a rule, one must have an expert lie-coordinator like Goebbels. That is now one of Franco's greatest needs.

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HARVARD AND COLUMBIA HAVE NOW BOTH explicitly declined the invitation to send delegates to the 200th anniversary celebration of Göttingen University. Internal pressure undoubtedly forced them to take this welcome stand. Harvard, in particular, tried desperately to sidestep the issue, and we have it on excellent authority that it refused only after President Conant was overruled by the Harvard Corporation. The letter to Göttingen was signed by Jerome D. Greene, secretary of the corporation, and not by Conant. But neither in this letter nor in Columbia's message to Göttingen did the American universities openly state the reason for their refusal. President Butler implied it when he spoke of the "freedom of thought" and "absence of race and religious prejudice and persecution" of the "old Germany" and hoped for their return. Harvard rested with a vague reference to "these troubled times." The German public will doubtless read only the praise of Göttingen's past and the hopes for its future contained in the letters. But the American public will note progress. For it was just a year ago that both Harvard and Columbia sent representatives to the Heidelberg celebration.

THE MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR LEAGUE Association resemble the lilies of the field in that they toil not neither do they spin. But it has become fashionable to justify one's existence—especially if it is upper-middle-class, female, and a bit boring—and the woods are full of smartly dressed young women tracking sociological game. It was inevitable, of course, that they should encounter Issues, and the Junior Leaguers are even now about to consider, in convention assembled, how to dispose of the thorny issue of birth control. Here is one field in which they might really be useful. By helping to spread the knowledge and encourage the use of birth control they might lighten the burden of women less fortunate than themselves. Instead, there is a strong possibility that the convention will amend the by-laws so as to prevent individual leagues from taking part in any community enterprise pertaining to birth control, though, presumably, members may continue to do their bit as individuals. The amendment was suggested out of deference to the Roman Catholic members of the association. There is no suggestion, of course, that the members of the Junior League will deny themselves the privilege of limiting their families. That would cut down the time they would have to spend going to meetings to vote on amendments forbidding their organization to promote the intelligent use of birth control by those to whom it might mean economic and physical health!

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS OFFICIALLY asked Congress to make permanent the Civilian Conservation Corps with a personnel of 300,000 young men and war veterans, 10,000 Indians, and 5,000 youths in our territorial and insular possessions. It should be permanent—at least for the duration of unemployment—for it is indubitably one of the best of the relief agencies set up under the New Deal. But we sincerely hope that Congress will not vote the authority asked without stipulating that the CCC be separated from the War Department. It belongs in the Department of the Interior. As we understand it, the army was called in because of the needed haste in organization and because Congress thought that savings could be made by using regular-army and marine-corps officers not otherwise employed. But the bulk of the officers on duty at the camps now are reserve officers who, if they need jobs, could be given the same appointments under the Interior Department. Another important reason why the CCC should be taken from the army is that the army has deliberately sought to censor the reading matter sent to the camps, banning, for example, the publication called *Champion of Youth* because General A. J. Bowley believes that the publication has contained "propaganda intended to promote disloyalty." This has brought a vigorous protest from the publication in question, the American Youth Congress, the American Student Union, the Youth Protective Committee, and other organizations, and the Commissioner of Education has properly denounced another publication which editorially incited to violence against the editors of the *Champion of Youth*.

Uprising in Catalonia

QUIET has been reestablished in Catalonia. Last week Anarchist irreconcilables supported by the P.O.U.M. staged a little civil war within the Spanish civil war by attacking the Loyalist government. Several hundred were killed and several hundred wounded in the fighting. The dissidents could not have done a better job in Franco's behalf had Hitler and Mussolini paid them.

A strong wing of the Anarchist movement cooperates with the Valencia government and is represented in the Caballero Popular Front Cabinet by four ministers. But a not-negligible fraction of the Anarchists has refused to cooperate. In Catalonia they had piled up huge armaments consisting not merely of rifles but of hand-grenades, machine-guns, cannons, and tanks. Under their influence Catalonia printed its own currency, expropriated large sums from the Bank of Spain, and ignored or interfered with the customs regulations of the federal government. The factories in Barcelona, many of them operated by autonomous workers' committees, have contributed little to the munitions supply. Agrarian collectivization in Catalonia has been forced by the Anarchists in many cases against the armed resistance of the peasants. Anarchist units on the front voted democratically on whether they would obey orders and fight. Frequently their decision was in the negative. Certain Anarchist regiments have become so demoralized that the government has been forced to withdraw them to the rear.

Ever since November, as the Valencia government's hand has grown stronger, it has more and more interfered with the acts of the intransigent Anarchist elements. Things came to a head in Catalonia. There the dissident Anarchists and the P.O.U.M.—including its Trotskyist wing—had created the utmost tension because of their efforts to force collectivization and because many arms shipments sent by Valencia to the Aragon front found their way into private supply depots in Barcelona. Valencia, accordingly, issued an order that all military equipment should either be forwarded to the front or surrendered. The two groups balked and took to the barricades.

The suppression of the rising was accomplished by force but also by an impressive appeal to the fighting workers by leaders of various left factions, including several Anarchist leaders in Barcelona. Juan Garcia Oliver, Anarchist Minister of Justice in the Valencia government, came to Barcelona and delivered a passionate radio address urging both sides to stop fighting each other and join in the common defense of the republic. The uprising has already had one wholesome effect. It has forced a new unity in Catalonia itself and has drawn that aggressively independent province more directly under the authority of the central government. Without the unity represented in the Popular Front, the Loyalists must lose. All degrees and forms of social control must be made subordinate to the successful defense of the republic. What good are farm collectives if Franco wins?

Who Should Pay Taxes?

EACH week that passes makes it increasingly clear that the federal budget cannot be balanced without a substantial increase in taxation. Despite talk of a 10 to 15 per cent horizontal cut in expenditures, not much is likely to be achieved in the direction of economy. Many of the regular government departments are already understaffed and overburdened with work, and their activities could not be reduced without a serious loss to the country as a whole. The House showed that it was little disposed to curtail military expenditures when it passed the record \$416,000,000 appropriation for the War Department without economizing by a single penny. If a cut is to be made in the budget estimates, it is almost certain to be in the field of relief. But even here the danger is not so much that the tories will succeed in reducing the amount below the \$1,500,000,000 proposed by the President as that the economy agitation will prevent the increase which—as Congressmen Voorhis and Maverick point out elsewhere in this issue—is desperately needed.

Meanwhile, there are a number of bills, such as the Wagner housing bill, the farm-tenancy bill, and the appropriation for the Public Health Service, which ought not to be sidetracked. It is almost a foregone conclusion that government expenditures will run several hundred million dollars higher than the President's estimate, and between half a billion and a billion above probable revenues. Sooner or later this gap will have to be closed by increased taxation; the only questions are when the action should be taken and what group should foot the bill.

While the primary aim of a tax is to raise money, the yield is not the only thing to be considered. Some of the most productive forms of taxation, such as the sales tax and the pay-roll levy, are undesirable because of their complexity or because they fall almost exclusively on the groups which are least able to bear the burden. Others, such as the excess-profits tax, may, if badly drafted, impede legitimate business activity or unduly discourage savings. Customs duties and excise taxes not only fall primarily on the masses but have the further fault of being easily concealed.

Income, inheritance, and gift levies, and the corporation tax are left us as the most promising sources of new revenue. Just how much additional money could be obtained from these sources without injury to the national economy is, of course, difficult to estimate. The limit of tax capacity depends not only on the manner in which the money is obtained but also on the way in which it is spent. If the tax money is utilized to supply the community with essential goods and services, the tax capacity will obviously be much higher than if the money is used on armaments or to curtail production, as under the AAA. Not much additional revenue can be derived from the income tax merely by increasing the surtax on high incomes. The American tax rates on incomes of over \$100,000 are nearly as high as the British, and, as indicated in the recent Raskob investigation, so high that they encourage evasion. But on incomes between

the broad middle brackets—from \$4,000 to \$75,000—the American rates tend to be much lower than those of other countries. The Twentieth Century Fund recently estimated that if the surtax on incomes in this range were stepped up to between 10 and 75 per cent it would be possible to increase revenues, on the basis of 1928 incomes, by nearly two and a half billion dollars. An additional sum, running up to nearly a billion dollars, could be obtained through an increase in the estate tax.

Although all the revenue that would conceivably be needed in peace time could be obtained from these two sources, many tax experts have also recommended a reduction in present income-tax exemptions on the ground that it is desirable to make a much larger section of the population "tax conscious." At present less than 5 per cent of our adult population pays income taxes. If the exemptions were reduced from \$2,500 for married couples, \$1,000 for single persons, and \$400 for children to \$1,000, \$500, and \$200 respectively, nearly half the adults in the country would be compelled to share in this levy. Naturally this would lead to a substantial increase in revenues, though it would be partially offset by a tremendous increase in the cost of collection.

Faced with a choice between a reduction in the income-tax exemption and any of the regressive taxes enumerated above, we should of course favor the change in the income levy. But since \$2,500 is close to the minimum on which it is possible to support a family in comfort and decency, a reduction in the exemption seems socially unjustifiable except, possibly, in a national emergency. It is not necessary for revenue purposes. In 1929 no less than half the national income went to the 12½ per cent of the population earning \$4,000 or more. A large proportion of the government's expenditures are devoted either to maintaining a system under which such incomes are possible, or to an even more direct protection of property. Is there any sound reason why well-to-do Americans should not be willing to pay at least as much for the privilege of living in this country as Britishers do for living in theirs?

Relief for Franco

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, editor of the Catholic magazine the *Commonweal*, chose an appropriate moment to issue a Spanish Relief Number, in which he charged that the American press had been unfair to the rebels. The smoking ruins of Guernica had scarcely cooled; the British and French governments were preparing to evacuate from Bilbao—against the protests of Franco—thousands of Spanish Catholic women and children to save them from the fate that befell the innocents of the "sacred city." And now Mr. Williams has joined forces with the American Committee for Spanish Relief in what appears to be a new drive to arouse sympathy for the rebel cause. Mr. Williams has become general secretary of this committee, whose name is suspiciously similar to that of the North American Committee

and whose treasurer is Ogden H. Hammond, fascist sympathizer and former Ambassador to Spain. Together with the *Commonweal* and the Calvert Associates, this committee is sponsoring a meeting to be held at Madison Square Garden at which "the truth about Spain" (including Guernica?) will be revealed and a drive begun for \$500,000 for "non-partisan," "non-political" relief in insurgent territory.

Since Mr. Williams's Open Letter to Leaders of the American Press seems to presage an intensive pro-Franco campaign in this country, the main thesis of his attack upon the regime which the United States still recognizes as the legally constituted government of Spain is worth examining. Mr. Williams obviously gagged at supporting unreservedly Franco and fascism. He must needs find a formula—and it is the same old formula. Franco's rebellion, he says, broke out just ahead of the "mass-massacre revolution carefully planned by the reds." His authority? "The Salamanca government claims to possess evidence of this plot. . . . This evidence has satisfied many careful European correspondents, military men, and observers who visited Salamanca. . . ." No names are given. "It is confirmed by an American witness of unimpeachable experience and integrity as a journalist, whom I hold in reserve." Surely the only reason for holding such a witness in reserve at such a time on such an issue is that his name might turn out to be William P. Carney.

"Perhaps," admits Mr. Williams, "this evidence is not conclusive. Possibly it may be faked. . . . We can remember Mr. Hearst's fake Mexican 'documents' . . . and the Zinoviev letter." He does not mention the Reichstag fire. But Mr. Williams, far from being disturbed by his own doubts, calls upon the American press to prove that his thesis is not correct! Meanwhile he makes it clear that he does not intend to wait for the verdict. After struggling through heavy editorial seas he has dropped anchor in the harbor of the committee, whose treasurer has no qualms. "I, personally, as everybody knows," says Ogden Hammond, "am in favor of General Francisco Franco."

That is just the trouble with the American Committee, which professes to be non-partisan. Mr. Hammond, according to his own admission, has been raising money for Franco. Basil Harris, its chairman, was a sponsor of the Hilaire Belloc meeting at Carnegie Hall at which \$5,000 was raised for Franco. Another associate is former Spanish Ambassador Cárdenas, who has been accused by Senator Nye of participating in pro-fascist espionage in the United States.

On another page of this issue an experienced journalist whose name we do not "hold in reserve" pretty well demonstrates that it is Franco who is planning—and carrying out—"mass massacre" of Spaniards. There can be no objection to truly non-partisan projects for the relief of noncombatants in both loyalist and insurgent territory. The American Friends' Service Committee is sponsoring such a project and is thoroughly trustworthy. But any "non-partisan," "non-political" campaign that is coupled with such pro-Franco propaganda as Mr. Williams and Mr. Hammond are dispensing should be denied support by every American worthy of the name.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, May 9
DID you know that your government, which through the Post Office Department, the Food and Drug Administration, and the SEC attempts to keep you out of the clutches of various types of knaves and thieves, also maintains an agency engaged in standardizing and licensing fraud? Let me introduce the Federal Trade Commission and then go on to tell you something of what has become of this agency which Woodrow Wilson wished upon the nation in 1914.

The particular section of the FTC that is engaged in standardizing and licensing fraud is its Special Board of Investigation, established in 1929. The board is made up of three commission attorneys under the direction of E. J. Adams; Ewin L. Davis, a Roosevelt appointee and former Democratic Congressman from Tennessee, is the commissioner who has supervision of its operations. His colleagues on the commission are concerned with other matters. The present chairman, William A. Ayres, a Roosevelt appointee and former Democratic Congressman from Kansas, has charge of the commission's administrative division. Charles H. March, a Minnesota lawyer and Republican politician appointed to the commission by Coolidge, has charge of the chief examiner's division. Garland S. Ferguson, Jr., a North Carolina lawyer and Democrat appointed by Coolidge and reappointed by Roosevelt, has charge of the chief trial examiner's division and the trade-practice agreements section. Robert E. Freer, a Cincinnati lawyer and Republican formerly with the Interstate Commerce Commission and later with the Federal Coordinator of Transportation, has charge of the economic division. A Roosevelt appointee, he appears to be the only commissioner of genuine competence. Davis, one of the least competent, has charge not only of the Special Board of Investigation but also of another key unit, the chief counsel's division.

It is fair to skip over all the other divisions and concentrate attention on the Special Board of Investigation. The spirit of the whole commission is admirably illustrated in the operations of the Special Board, and it is the nerve center of the commission's fight to see that any new food-and-drug legislation contains a provision reserving control of advertising to the commission and keeping it away from the Food and Drug Administration.

The help the FTC has extended to flimflam artists is of two sorts—formal and informal. The informal type comprises the maintenance of a kind of tipster service for the latter-day medicine men. Other federal agencies, proceeding against these quacks, find when they come to grips with them that their own and the public's foes have been forewarned and prepared for the combat. The quacks show a strange familiarity with the details of the

case which the government agency has built up against them, and are prepared to obfuscate, if not meet, each point in it. Then, there are the testimonials. In an astonishing number of cases nostrum makers pluck out of their files and slap down before the examiners testimonials received from one or more of the men to whom the FTC has intrusted the job of checking up on just such "cures."

The prize case, it seems to me, is the one involving Daggett and Ramsdell's cold cream. This unguent is supposed to contain colloidal gold, and this, in turn, is supposed to make it superior to any other cold cream. You might surmise that claims of that sort would interest the Special Board of Investigation. They did, but not in the way you'd expect. On the morning of May 28, 1936, virtually all the top chemists and physiologists in the government departments were invited to a meeting sponsored by the Special Board of Investigation, there to hear a Dr. F. S. Macy lecture on colloidal chemistry. It turned out to be a lecture on the wonderful properties of colloidal gold when used in face creams. I am assured by some of the scientists who attended that Dr. Macy was able to tell them a great many things about colloidal chemistry that they did not know—and do not know today. It seems, according to a transcript of Dr. Macy's address, that colloidal gold has a remarkable relationship to feminine beauty; its molecules burrow right down into the skin and dig and dig. They dig up all the dirt under the skin and deposit it on the surface where it can be wiped right off. But before hoisting a bit of dirt up to the epidermis they carefully wipe all the little germs off it. Dr. Macy didn't put it quite that way, of course; he said colloidal gold had no "germicidal" effect. He was quite careful about it, too. If it had a germicidal effect, or claimed to have, the cold creams containing it might be subject to regulation by the Food and Drug Administration. Dr. Macy's clients preferred to stay with their hosts, the Special Board of Investigation, whose chief, Mr. Adams, gave the doctor an effusive introduction in the course of which he not only said that Dr. Macy "is reported to be better acquainted with the subject of colloids in medicine than anyone else in this country," but that Dr. Macy had "anticipated the discovery of insulin by about three years." The Mr. Adams who uttered these phrases is the gent, dear public, whom the FTC has placed in charge of passing on the scientific claims of nostrum makers.

The formal type of aid given to quacks is no less interesting, for it is in this branch of its work that the commission gets right down to the business of licensing fraud. The feat is performed by summoning the manufacturer of some nostrum before the Special Board of Investigation, letting his witch doctors pour into the ears of the examiners a flood of mumbo-jumbo in justification of his

advertising claims, and then entering into what is called a stipulation but in reality is license for the quack to go on duping the public. In these stipulations the advertiser in most cases does not promise to cease claiming that his bread pills will cure stomach ulcers; he merely promises to be more careful, more subtly insinuating, in the way he words his claims. The FTC, in turn, suggests the words and phrases he thereafter may use without fear of prosecution. And should the gentleman at some later date be dragged into court on a fraud charge, he has ready to hand a potent defense in this stipulation.

When the Post Office Department's fraud division a few years ago moved against Vreeland's Hair Herbs, which represented itself as a cure for baldness, it found the manufacturer equipped with one of these FTC stipulations which permitted him to go on making his claims if he took care to insert a note that his product worked if the hair roots were not dead. Last month the FTC issued to H. Will Elders a permit to go on representing his "Filled Prescription for Women" as a treatment for sterility provided that he limited his representations to "cases of sterility due to functional weaknesses." Others have been licensed to advertise cures for rheumatism due to "uric acid" and cures for stomach ulcers due to "hyperacidity."

It is important to note that the existence of these stipu-

lations hampers the other federal agencies. The Post Office Department's very efficient and conscientious fraud-order division often encounters difficulties in obtaining copies of FTC stipulations involving shysters against whom it is proceeding. Mr. Adams and his colleagues take the position that these stipulations are secret arrangements between the FTC and the permit recipients. Their stand is the more amazing because of the fact that their right to issue these stipulations is far from unquestionable; in fact it actually has been questioned by the Supreme Court in a decision written by Justice Sutherland and handed down against the FTC in May, 1931. This was a case in which the makers of Marmola tablets, a reducing compound, after being driven out of the mail-order business by the Post Office, began under the name of the Raladam Company to sell the same tablets through retail stores aided by national advertising. The FTC entered the picture at this point and went after the Raladam Company, seeking to censor its advertising not on the ground that its claims were a fraud upon the consumer but on the ground that they represented unfair competition with other nostrum manufacturers operating in interstate commerce. Justice Sutherland, denying the FTC jurisdiction, opined that Congress never had intended to set up the FTC for the purpose of "preserving the business of one knave from the unfair competition of another."

General Franco's Death List

BY GEORGE SELDES

Madrid, by mail, uncensored

TEN days after he started his rebellion General Francisco Franco told a representative of the London *News Chronicle* that he would shoot every other Spaniard if necessary in order to attain his goal. At the time of the massacre of the workmen of Badajoz, Lieutenant Colonel Yague gave a statement to the official German press bureau in which he said: "The reason we are progressing so slowly with the conquest of Spain is that we have to clean out the red elements." Over the official Seville radio, General Queipo de Llano made the following declarations during August, 1936:

August 12. The Marxists are raging beasts; we, however, are gentlemen [*caballeros*].

August 18. I wish to announce that I have taken as hostages a large number of relatives of the Madrid criminals, who will be held responsible with their lives for our friends in the capital.

August 19. We will continue our work until the end, until there is not a Marxist left in Spain.

American journalists who have returned from Franco's territory say that the Fascists actually intend to murder all those labor elements whom they call Marxist. By this definition at least 2,000,000 Spaniards are eligible for death at Franco's hands.

Sensational as these statements appear, they cannot be dismissed as propaganda designed to weaken the morale of the government and of the unions which support it. Instead, the record of Franco's troops in every city and village they have taken, from Badajoz to Malaga, bears out the threats. The capture of every town has been followed by the slaughter of the intelligent workers as distinguished from the unorganized and illiterate peasants.

The deliberate killing in 1934 of 5,000 Asturian miners by the same generals now fighting the working people of Spain turns out to have been a dress rehearsal for a campaign which has for one of its objectives the elimination of one whole stratum of society. Of the 1,000,000 men estimated to have given their lives in the present civil war, 500,000 are said to have been victims of massacre. No one will ever know how many persons were killed in the first days of the uprising. But it is a fact that the government has been on the defensive, that it has not moved into new territories, and that therefore it cannot be accused of such atrocities as the Fascists have committed all along their march. The government, it is true, has had to fight Fascists at home. An American journalist in Valencia claims to have seen the execution of several batches of Fascists. But I know from actual experience that there are Fascists actively working for Franco in

Madrid and in Valencia—some of them are foreign journalists—who are entitled by all the rules of espionage and treason in war time to face a firing squad. The government has fought active Fascist enemies within its ranks. It does not arrest, try, and execute inactive pro-Fascists. On the other hand I have absolute proof that the Fascists have shot at sight persons who wore working-men's overalls, and have condemned men to death for no other reason than membership in a labor union.

Ever since the massacre of Badajoz all labor-union members as well as leaders, in fact all persons who by word or deed have ever supported the republic, have left any town or city before the enemy captured it; nevertheless there are official records from Franco's side of mass arrests and executions of those left behind. The reason a British warship put into Malaga was not to felicitate the Italians who had captured the seaport, as the pro-Fascist British press reported, but to set up a moral barrier against a repetition of the usual massacre of workingmen by Franco's troops.

Three days before the fall of Malaga, Cecil Murray, son of Professor Gilbert Murray, noted scholar and leading member of the British Friends of Spanish Democracy, returned from the seaport with alarming reports. He was sure the Fascists would enter and murder civilians as well as thousands of militiamen and trade-union and syndicate members. However, he had been assured by British consular officials that a British warship would be on hand for its moral effect, and that British marines would be landed if necessary to prevent the massacre.

The government forces were able to withdraw from Malaga—only 200 militiamen were trapped—and as the world knows, almost the entire able-bodied population took to the road rather than face Franco's terror. The bombing of this unarmed procession of refugees by Italian airplanes—they were also shelled by rebel and Italian warships—is another proved atrocity whose full horror cannot be described. But it is a fact that every labor leader, everyone active in any union as well as everyone in uniform, knew he would be murdered and therefore fled. Those left behind were women, children, old men, and a minority of the population which had no political affiliations and therefore no fear of being arrested by Franco. In addition there was, of course, the secret pro-Fascist group, including the leading American and British citizens, whose financial interests had been injured by the nationalization of property. The next day reports from the rebel side mentioned between 5,000 and 8,000 as the number of persons arrested and held for trial for "treason." British journalists believe that these thousands would have been executed at once if the British warships had not appeared in the harbor.

Franco's readiness to kill 2,000,000 persons if necessary to make Spain safe for fascism was quite visible in every town on the way to Malaga. The following reports come from journalists on the Franco side:

Marbella was taken by Italian infantry supported by two ships, the rebel *España* and the Italian "volunteer" *Giovanni di Varazzano*. The brave warships shelled the defenseless civilians. The government troops, 4,000 men

and boys, many without any training, retired at nightfall, and many thousand Italian troops under Italian officers, plus the Phalangistas, or the original Spanish Fascist legion of the days before the war, rode into town in trucks. That night the work of "restoring Spain to the Spaniards," the Franco-Moorish slogan, began in the streets of Marbella and was witnessed by those journalists on Franco's side who were able to make their way into the town ahead of the official journalistic caravan.

The Phalangistas divided into squads and went from house to house in every street. They knocked on doors and demanded a voluntary gift of 1,000 pesetas for the glory of the "national" arms. Their object in asking was twofold: the gift would not only help the war chest but prove that the donor was rich and therefore a likely Fascist. "Gifts" of 500 pesetas were accepted, but with bad humor, and those who gave even 300 or 400 pesetas were not arrested. But those who could not give money, those who honestly pleaded poverty, men and women alike, were immediately denounced as "Marxists," segregated, thrown violently into trucks, and taken away. There is no clear proof as yet that these 900 workingmen and women of Marbella have been murdered. But they have disappeared, "and will never be seen or heard of again," according to a journalist who was there.

The next morning the Fascists found that some 200 republican militiamen—volunteers who had been civilians only a few weeks before—had been cut off from the main body. They had been fighting twenty hours, were exhausted and surrounded but still fighting when the Fascists told them their lives would be spared and they would be treated as prisoners of war if they stopped. They surrendered on the understanding that they would be delivered to the headquarters of the Italian motorized column at Antequera.

The Italian soldiers, it must be stated, treated the 200 prisoners decently. They gave them bread and cigarettes; they even bound the wounds of many and told them they were brave opponents. Shortly afterward, two officers, a Spanish Fascist and an Italian Fascist, inspected the prisoners. They then went to the Italian command and asked that the militiamen be surrendered to them because they were not prisoners of war. "They are not soldiers. They are not dressed in uniform." (Of the million men who have volunteered for the Spanish Republic, of the tens of thousands who are in the trenches, not one whom I have seen or heard of has a complete uniform. The reader must not forget that Franco took nine-tenths of the army with him, that it is the people who compose the republican army, and that the people wear their working clothes.) The Italian command refused to deliver the prisoners. The Spanish rebel officer left in a rage, then returned with official documents with purple hand-stamps, which the Italians could not refuse to honor.

The journalists were not permitted entrance to the "trial." The 200 militiamen were accused of being "civilian spies" and ordered shot. The trial lasted from 8:10 a. m. to 8:20. The journalists heard the machine-gun shooting begin at exactly 8:20. Two guns were used. At 8:24 there was silence. The 200 soldiers were dead. Does

the reader consider this an atrocity or an act of war?

The number of workmen massacred by the Fascists in the first days of the rebellion is estimated at 50,000. Again I quote no pro-government reports, but pro-rebel journalists or journals. Thus Wormser and Maurel of the pro-Franco Paris *Soir*, who were in Seville on July 20, declare that the order was given to "clean up the workers' section with hand grenades and knives. . . . By order of General Queipo de Llano all houses in the workmen's sections of Triana had to keep open doors and windows, through which the men were dragged to prison. The next morning 150 were shot; the third day a similar hecatomb. . . ."

In Granada a bridge expert connected with the New York *Herald Tribune* reported the systematic execution of

workingmen. The total killed there is now placed at 5,000 in a report of the Madrid Law College, whose president is Eduardo Ortega y Gasset. Gerald Grosvenor reported from Majorca to the London *News Chronicle* that the Italian and Spanish Fascist officers began the reign of terror there by executing 1,500 workingmen.

The list can be continued until the number of dead runs into the hundreds of thousands. Even if exaggerations and false reports are taken into consideration, two things are evident: (1) the Fascists deliberately murder all labor-union men and cover their atrocities by appealing to the Christian world to sanction their action against "reds"; (2) Franco is well started on his campaign to slaughter the 2,000,000.

Don't Sell Out Prosperity

BY JERRY VOORHIS AND MAURY MAVERICK

Washington, D. C., May 4

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message asking that relief be cut to a billion and a half broke like a thunderclap over Congress. In comparison with the preceding year's outlay on WPA, PWA, and Resettlement, it meant a drastic cut.

Immediately it set the birds of spending flying high and low. A group of Congressmen sometimes referred to as the "liberal bloc" said the amount should be two and a half billion, since there are still over eight million unemployed. This figure, on the basis of past expenditures, seems about right. Other suggestions went as high as four billion dollars. But many persons said the President wanted far too much. Some of the low fliers said a half-billion more should be lopped off, leaving a billion. Some even said relief should be eliminated altogether. At any rate, the economy drums are beating and roaring, and the cut-to-the-bone boys are admittedly way out in front.

So what? If an armistice were declared and the thing discussed calmly, everyone would have to admit that nobody knows with any great accuracy what amount ought to be appropriated. But there is no armistice; and the economy boys, if you ask them, say, "If the money gives out, we can get a deficiency appropriation." Shut your eyes, and wait and see.

But why not look reality in the face for once? There is only one sensible course. There should be a permanent department of government—call it Social Welfare or Government Works, or what you will, just so it's *permanent*—that would function as a national building agency. There should also be a comprehensive unemployment survey, and not just one, but a system that would provide a running record day by day. Until we have such a system we are boxing in the dark with the ghost of unemployment.

We know that several million of the persons now unemployed will remain unemployed for years to come

—barring, of course, some fundamental change in our economic system. Hence, whatever Congress does with regard to the unemployed is going to determine the permanent lot in life of several million families. Even viewing the problem as a temporary one, if the present plan of reduction goes through, the amount appropriated will still be entirely insufficient. The WPA has done a good job in meeting an emergency situation, but for the long run, for the permanent policies of the future, we have done practically nothing at all. For that we need a faith, a philosophy, and definite information.

Everybody should know that if America increased by 10 per cent its available fertile soils, the number of its decent habitable homes, the quantity of its preserved food, the capacity of its power plants to develop electric energy, the acreage of its forests, the effectiveness of its educational and cultural facilities—everybody should know that if this happened America would be richer by approximately 10 per cent than it was before. But some of us still have the ridiculous idea that we shall go broke by increasing the national wealth, or by hiring people to build up the national wealth.

We know that no nation on earth has ever maintained itself as a strong and vigorous people if it condemned any considerable number of its people to become an outcast group. Yet we are in danger of doing this very thing today. And we know also that no modern nation has escaped the necessity of facing in some way—honest or dishonest—the problem of its unemployed. Japan has dealt with it by cutting wages to the point where it could undersell the world. Britain has adopted a general dole. Hitler has put his unemployed into compulsory work camps where they get no wages at all. Mussolini has carried on two wars to prevent people from discovering they were unemployed. Russia has gone Communist—or something. In America we have got to decide now whether we are going to face this problem and solve it or

whether we are just going to wish the unemployed had gone back to work—and bring on another depression by cutting off their buying power.

A constructive approach to this problem assumes that the nation will require that the work done by the unemployed on a government program shall be of such character as to yield a dollar's value for every dollar spent. We need, in other words, to knock in the head the idea that the rest of the nation is supporting the unemployed, and to arrange the program so that the unemployed will be clearly supporting themselves and adding to the sum total of national well-being.

We must face, in this picture, the problem of the very young and of those over forty-five. Men over forty-five must be given the opportunity to earn a living and not thrown on the human junk pile. Also, the requirements that one must be "on relief" in order to get work on government projects must be eliminated altogether. It has destroyed morale and prevented the hiring of many of the best workmen among the unemployed, those who, though out of jobs, have managed to stay off relief.

Necessary work should be done. Flood control. Our soils; they are washing and blowing away. Our homes; we need new homes by the tens of thousands, by the hundreds of thousands. And since the TVA has opened our eyes to what cheap electricity will do in raising the standard of living of the people, let us have more TVA's. We need to take surplus crops from our farmers and process them, so that we can preserve the health of the children, at least, of families on relief. We need to plant trees to preserve our watersheds. We need many thousand more school teachers in our schools—not away from them—and better school buildings. And these are jobs that private industry cannot do. We must conceive it as a national duty to guarantee the unemployed the right to work and earn a living; and as a national right to use the labor and the capacities of the unemployed in accomplishing necessary national tasks.

People say, "Feed 'em, it's cheaper." But the answer is that all the permanently necessary things can be accomplished by able-bodied men doing self-respecting work. And as for "feedin' 'em," that is about as sensible as if a rich farmer had his workers lie around and do nothing at half-wages instead of having them make a crop for him at full wages.

As we have said, there should be a permanent department of the government to handle the situation. All public works should be cleared through this department. The public-works program should be run like any other business. People should be hired who can do the job well—and strictly on condition that there is no private job available for them. The program should, of course, be expanded only to the extent that it puts to work the people that private industry can't use. When private industry actually begins to hire them, government work should be cut down. Moreover, men and women should be able to leave government jobs to take temporary private employment without giving up their right to get back on a public-works job after the private work has ended.

Wages should be worked out on the basis of security

of annual income. This is even more important than the payment of prevailing hourly wages. People's standards of living are determined not by what they make in an hour but by what they make in a year.

But now we hear the curbstone economist speaking: "Well, now, aren't you forgetting that the unemployed are a burden on society? Aren't you overlooking the fact that if one man does some work there will be that much less work for someone else to do? It's so expensive to put our unemployed people to work. Good Lord! we have to balance the budget. We have to save money. This thing can't go on. It's got to stop sometime!"

No, we haven't forgotten. And further, we believe America's greatest and most tragic mistake has been its fixed idea that just as soon as we get started producing and consuming a little more than we did before, it's got to stop. True, "we've had depressions before!" Indeed yes. It's our all-American bad habit.

In the past few years the government has borrowed much of its own credit from people who didn't have it. The banks' total assets amounted to seven billion dollars. The United States government "borrowed" eighteen billion from the banks by the sale of bonds! Worse yet, the bonds sold to effect this borrowing were tax-exempt. Then we took the credit which these banks advanced and hired unemployed people to add to the wealth of America. But before we got the wealth we had given away title to it to the people who bought the bonds, and we had even promised not to tax that amount of wealth at all!

Cockeyed? Of course. What we should have done was to extend the credit of our government directly so long as, and on condition that, those in charge of our public-works program faithfully saw to it that for every dollar of credit advanced, a dollar's worth of new wealth should come into existence, or a dollar's worth of new valuable service. And so long as such an expansion of credit was matched by a corresponding increase in production, no inflation could result.

The price America must pay for maintaining a system of free economic enterprise is the cost of security for those whom industry will not, and perhaps cannot, employ. We have introduced a bill asking for \$2,520,000,000 for the next year and the employment of 3,000,000 people—about one out of every two and one-half or three of the unemployed. A revision of our taxes could, in our opinion, raise this amount and keep the budget in balance. We believe many projects, such as housing, power development, flood control, and the like, can be made self-liquidating—at least in part.

No budget is or ever will be balanced unless it includes an adequate appropriation to enable able-bodied unemployed people to work and earn a living and make their contribution to a new and better nation. Economy is right. Thrift is right. But if every unemployed man were put to work at something necessary to the national welfare, we should be practicing better economy and thrift than by letting men go hungry and the country go to waste. Why throw a half-million able-bodied Americans back into the soup lines?

Hoffman of New Jersey

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

I. How to Become a Governor

The sitdown strike is a symbol of communism which I suppose is all right if you want communism. I don't. The sitdown strike has as its basic principle a deliberate disregard for what we have always regarded as hallowed property rights, and it is inevitably followed by contempt for honorable judicial procedure.—*Statement of the Honorable Harold G. Hoffman, Governor of New Jersey, in a letter to Mrs. Leonard H. Robbins, president of the League of Women Voters of New Jersey.*

IN ADDITION to its diversity of natural scenery, New Jersey has a bewildering variety of social, economic, and political views. Talk with the Manhattan-minded commuters of the northern counties, the industrial workers in the sprawling little towns behind the Palisades, the isolated farmers in the center of the state, the citizens of Camden, a Philadelphia workshop, and you realize how the conflicting interests of these groups divide the state. The bitter years of the depression have served only to intensify the arrogance of the wealthy and the resentment of the under-privileged. The leaders in both camps have now come out into the open with their challenges. John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization appeal to the hard-driven workers to form mass unions against the solid front of Jersey bosses. The bosses fling back the challenge through their dependable spokesman Harold Giles Hoffman, who threatens to use "the entire resources of the state" against the C. I. O.

About the first of this year the more progressive forces in New Jersey labor began a series of informal meetings looking toward some sort of alliance with the onrushing forces of the C. I. O. Governor Hoffman paid little attention to them. He had troubles of his own with a legislature in which the lower house was Democratic and in which political enemies of his own party—Senator Lester Clee, for example—were playing important roles. He had too the amazing sequel to the Bruno Hauptmann case, the trials of the kidnappers of Paul Wendel, to worry about. Then one day he came upon a circular which was being distributed among workers in the wire and steel works at Trenton, headed "The President Wants You to Join." The circular described the functions of the National Labor Relations Board and said that the workers at General Electric had joined the United Electrical and Radio Workers, a C. I. O. affiliate. Hoffman promptly blew up and issued his now famous statement on labor organizations. Among other things he said: "A labor union has no more right to take possession of a factory than a band of gangsters has to take possession of a bank. . . . The avoidance

of bloodshed is of course desirable but not at the expense of surrender to, or compromise with, or toleration of those guilty of such criminal acts." Front-page appearances of this statement were enough to weld the loosely held forces of a number of diversified unions into the North Jersey Council for Industrial Organization. Thanks to Hoffman's fist-shaking the C. I. O. had definitely arrived in Jersey.

The head of the council is hard-working Julius Emspak of the United Electrical and Radio Workers' Union. He was born in Schenectady, New York, thirty-two years ago, when the Socialists were strong in that city. Between jobs as a tool-maker he studied at Union College and Brown University and received an A. B. degree. The other officers are also in their early thirties. The vice-chairman is Murray Baron, an experienced organizer among the leather workers; the secretary is John Marchiondo of the United Rubber Workers. This new generation of Jersey laborites has none of the defeatist psychology of the veterans of the Paterson and Passaic strikes.

As soon as the council opened its Newark headquarters, it poured representatives of steel, automobile, and textile workers, of workers in the oil refineries and the utilities, of the rubber workers. Craft unionists came too, agreeing to pool their forces with the C. I. O. Vincent J. Murphy, secretary of the New Jersey Federation of Labor, said of Hoffman's warning: "A statement of this kind from any official in high public office must be construed as an attack upon all efforts to organize labor. We in New Jersey have always struggled to organize workers, and we are not going to be divided by any issue of this kind." The more Hoffman fulminated against the C. I. O. before Rotary clubs and over the radio, the more membership cards were signed, until finally it was suggested that the Governor be sent a testimonial from the council for his help in organization.

I first heard Harold Hoffman's name mentioned as a potential gubernatorial candidate five years ago on a mechanized farm near Princeton. A group of us representing utility consumers, on a trip to the legislature at Trenton, had stopped off to watch a herd of cows being milked by electricity. The cows came from their stables down a runway into a streamlined building, in the center of which was a huge revolving platform. As each cow emerged from the runway, she stepped briskly on the platform, thrust her head under a yoke, and was washed down and milked. And all was done with such amazing speed and efficiency that by the time the platform had swung the full circle, she was ready to depart through the exit runway, with her milk swishing in glass containers above her docile head.

It must have been the sight of these robotized animals, the rapidity with which the milk was extracted from their patient udders, that reminded us of the status of the average New Jersey voter, for presently we were all talking state politics. One of the party then said that he and other Young Republicans—official title for the left wing of the G. O. P.—were working for the nomination of Harold Hoffman, at that time a member of Congress and Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Jersey. Hoffman, he said, would make a swell governor. He was young and energetic and had a fine war record. He had served the state well on the Military Affairs Committee of the House and was popular in the Motor Vehicle office. As New Jersey was then governed by the Honorable A. Harry Moore, Jersey City Democrat, with whom we had had dealings, we murmured politely that any change might be acceptable and let the matter drop. It seemed hardly possible that Frank Hague, boss of Jersey City, with his solid Democratic phalanxes in populous Hudson County, would let the governorship fall into the hands of the Republicans. We reckoned, however, without our Hoffman.

The square-rigged "Boy Captain," as he likes to be called, had, it seemed, an exceptionally pliable spring-board from which to make his sensational leap into the governor's chair. With the possible exception of Michigan, New Jersey is the most auto-conscious of our states. The chief topic of conversation wherever Jersey men gather is the motor vehicle. Moreover, one of the important industries of the Garden State is its highway business—road-houses, filling stations, dog-stands, clameries. On every concrete route that traverses Jersey, light-blue-coated state troopers whizz down upon the luckless drivers of cars carrying foreign license plates. At the center of all this automotive activity is the Trenton office of the Motor Vehicle Commissioner. There the largest department of the state government, with its agents in every community, handles more than \$30,000,000 of public funds a year. And there Harold Hoffman found the lubrication for his political machine.

The happy official family at the Commissioner's office was often cheered by lunch and stag parties at which celebrities from radio and screen would entertain, donating their services, so they said, through sheer admiration for the colorful personality of the Boy Captain. There was a great deal of hand-pumping and back-slapping and singing of "He's a jolly good fellow." Beaming, the chief would rise amid the cigar smoke to congratulate his loyal subalterns on the fine jobs they did. Before long he was in demand as speaker before Lions, Moose, Elks, and other fraternal organizations. Four or five nights a week, throughout New Jersey and neighboring states, the voice of Hoffman could be heard enunciating the principles of stalwart Republicanism, with just enough youthful enthusiasm to persuade the Old Guard that here was the long-sought-for new leader who could rally the shaken forces of the state's G. O. P.

Quietly such Republican wheel-horses as Bernard L. Lamb, E. Donald Sterner, and George C. Warren, all of whom now have their rewards in the shape of state

jobs, were building up Hoffman for Governor. Lamb got 3,000 signatures of influential party members in Bergen County to put the Commissioner's name on the 1934 primary lists. A few hours before the dead line for filing petitions there was a rush of leaders into the Commissioner's office. While the others pressed Hoffman to put up his name, Senator Emerson L. Richards, who thought he had the nomination in the bag, protested loudly that there had been an agreement that if Hoffman were returned as Motor Vehicle Commissioner he would not run for the governorship. Hoffman had been returned. What about that agreement? Grinning happily, Hoffman signed the petition and walked away with the nomination.

Then the Boy Captain began whirlwinding around the state to sell himself to the voters. He had for his opponent his predecessor in the Motor Vehicle office, Judge William Dill of Paterson, who, although an old friend of Frank Hague's, was a man of some principle. Judge Dill, however, was a poor in-fighter and preserved a certain dignified reticence during the campaign, in contrast to the candor with which Hoffman took the voters into the secret places of his heart.

Hoffman's chief campaign document was a pamphlet entitled "New Jersey's Favorite Son." This was a description of the life and activities of Harold Giles Hoffman from his birth in South Amboy on February 7, 1896, to the present. The first chapter was captioned simply A Genius Is Born. It described the birth of the genius in the delighted home of the Superintendent of the Raritan Railroad and his years at the public schools of his birthplace, until at the age of fourteen Harold became a "journalist." In this capacity he contributed neighborhood items to the Perth Amboy *Evening News*.

At the outbreak of the war, the pamphlet went on, the young man enlisted as a private in the Third New Jersey Infantry, went overseas with the Twenty-ninth Division, and after a rapid rise through the ranks was made a captain of the Headquarters Company of the 114th Infantry. Returning from the war, he was at once elected secretary-treasurer of the South Amboy Trust Company. Nowadays he refers to himself either as a journalist or as "a small-town banker."

Public life soon claimed him, and he left the bank to be elected a member of the state legislature and then mayor of his native town. Under the heading A Fighter Aroused, there is the story of how Hoffman fought the municipal water works in South Amboy. Then he became secretary to Governor Morgan F. Larson, was sent twice to Congress, and while still a Congressman, was made Motor Vehicle Commissioner.

The most engaging part of the pamphlet was a description of the candidate's home life. Under the heading The Happy Hoffman Family, voters in all parts of the state read about the "three charming little daughters in the Hoffman household." Their names, ages, and talents were dwelt upon in fond phrases. The section ended with the following tribute to Mrs. Hoffman: "Commissioner Hoffman doesn't think much of his wife's bridge but he is proud of her culinary accomplishments, and he

is happiest, it is said, when he brings home friends, usually unannounced, to sample some of Mrs. Hoffman's famous dishes, with 'no speeches.' "

Against the sweetness and light of such publicity and the robustness of the Commissioner's campaigning, the dignified Dill, sticking closely to the Democratic platform, could make little headway. He had to trust to the popularity of Roosevelt and the efforts of Hague

to elect him. And he trusted in vain. For while Governor Moore was elected United States Senator by a plurality of 231,488 votes on the Democratic ticket, Dill was defeated by Hoffman by a vote of 12,344. It was close running, but the Republican papers the country over rejoiced in this rare victory, and Hoffman's name was on G. O. P. lips as likely Presidential timber.

[Part II of this article will be printed next week.]

Harvard Starves the Social Sciences

BY ROBERT KEEN LAMB

ONCE more Harvard has fumbled the ball. Once more the university, in its dismissal of two liberal economics instructors, has exasperated its friends and delighted its critics by a clumsy substitution of one impracticable subterfuge for another. The ball has been passed from Economics Department to dean to president and back again in an effort to minimize the potential value to the university of its two most popular economics teachers, the only men in the department who have publicly shown sympathy for the labor movement. For once, the real reason for the university's awkwardness in its public relations is clear even to those on the outside. Harvard is trying to conceal from itself as well as from the public the disturbing fact that it is refusing the social sciences a chance to develop.

The responsibility falls first on President Conant. It is an open secret that he is not sympathetic with the social sciences in the university and is out of patience with the self-appointed advisers who have undertaken to steer him through the intricacies of current opinion in the field. He has recently deplored in public the tendency of the undergraduates to demand instruction in the social sciences instead of in philosophy and the classics.

The irony of this situation is likely to escape all but the most cynical. Harvard chooses an outstanding young scientist as its president, and the forward elements in American life acclaim him. Almost at once he sets about the task of immunizing the rest of the university against the dangerous students of society in their midst. In the sciences he is at home, and feels himself competent to form a judgment; in the arts he is resigned to taking advice from those who are acknowledged pundits. It is only in the social sciences that he faces a dilemma. His confusion as a scientist confronting a pseudo-science is increased by his newly acquired tenderness as the responsible head of one of the largest capitalist institutions in the country. Harvard nurses an investment of more than \$125,000,000. The natural bias of Mr. Conant's fellow-members of the Harvard Corporation is that of five corporation lawyers and a fashionable physician. They regard themselves as "trustees" for the university's benefactors, committed to keeping costs, and therefore wages, down and avoiding "unfavorable" publicity.

Appointing men to fill the posts of permanent tenure in the departments of the social sciences is consequently President Conant's recurrent nightmare. He made an announcement some two years ago which reflected his despair: for an indefinite period of time the budgets in the departments of history, government, economics, and sociology were to be "frozen." For the departments' purposes of instruction and adornment, the present personnel must suffice. Thanks to the rule giving permanent tenure to all of the status of associate professor and above, the overcrowded ranks of older professors cannot be thinned. But promotions must be given to as few men as possible, and retirements for age must be made summarily to free the larger salaries for other university uses. At the very moment when the largest number of Harvard undergraduates on record are demanding instruction in the social sciences, the university is limiting its offerings in these subjects. This is the policy of "the student be damned."

No doubt Harvard's president considers himself a liberal. He has, indeed, signed several verbal blank checks saying, "Here at Harvard we regard it as essential that all sides of the controversies in the social sciences be represented." His checks have come back. He is engaged at this moment in getting rid of the only two members of the social-science departments whose views have aroused the clamor of the vested interests. No others among those enjoying permanent tenure in these departments have caused him any discomfort.

It is as if Harvard had said, "Since truth is attainable only in the narrow field of pure science, and all the rest is opinion, let the university economize on the budgets of the social-science departments, and increase the good-will of those through whose generosity it has grown and flourished." This is the nature of the crisis at Harvard.

As to the need for economizing: Harvard competes with other universities through the prestige of its scholars. Buying scholars outside costs money, just as does buying big-league baseball stars. And the worst of it is that by the time a university discovers that its star hurler of ideas has a glass arm, it has guaranteed him permanency of tenure for the years which remain to him; he will receive full salary until the age of sixty-seven and a pen-

sion thereafter. Economies, therefore, are most easily attainable in the lower ranks, by the methods well known in industry. The entire time of a young scholar is regarded as "bought and paid for" when the man is hired. Outside activities are looked upon as self-indulgence on company time. The younger teachers live under a special form of "speed-up" and "stretch-out."

To the charge of speed-up Harvard may retort that it is attempting to work out a satisfactory compromise by subsidizing the most promising young scholars and labeling them Junior Fellows, or prizemen; as for the rest, they are drones and must take the consequences. It is precisely in choosing these prize students in the social sciences, however, that the policy breaks down. The Senior Fellows, who choose the Junior Fellows, have been hard put to find criteria of choice in the social sciences, and appointments have been significantly few.

The president of the university has the discernment to realize that in the field of social studies the ordinary criteria of scientific judgment do not prevail and that personal bias affects judgment. Yet, instead of carrying out his promise that all sides shall be represented, he forbids his social-science departments to grow, deprives them of financial nourishment, and leaves them in the hands of scholars who will never grow younger in ideas or years. In fact, it was hardly necessary for the administration to freeze the membership of the Economics Department. It is engaged in freezing itself. The events of the last several years have revealed the capacity of its staff to abandon one liberal cause after another.

This process is made the more inexorable by a Harvard device known as Visiting Committees, appointed by the Board of Overseers to keep an eye on the several departments. Examining only that one which visits the Department of Economics, we find that it is made up of the following: from the board itself, the chairman, Walter Lippmann, and Albert F. Bigelow, a Boston attorney; and from a picked group of alumni, Winthrop Aldrich, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank, George F. Baker, Jr., chairman of the board of the First National Bank of New York, Barklie M. Henry, a New York banker, Christian A. Herter, an assistant of Herbert Hoover's when he was Secretary of Commerce, George O. May, of the firm of Price, Waterhouse, leading accountants, Charles M. Storey, a Boston attorney, Richard Whitney, formerly president of the New York Stock Exchange (his brother, George Whitney, of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, is a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers), and Orrin G. Wood, Boston investment banker of the firm of Estabrook and Company. Small wonder that the entire faculty of the Department of Economics is dedicated to a scholarly refusal to come to conclusions on any and all of the leading questions of modern economic life! Small wonder also that the activities of the two liberal instructors should have seemed unbecoming in men preparing for a "scholarly" career.

These two young liberals, Dr. J. Raymond Walsh and Dr. Alan R. Sweezy, some two years ago felt that the most effective way in which teachers of collegiate rank could further the cause of free speech in Massachusetts, in the

face of the new teachers'-oath law, was to organize a union of college teachers. In order to aid the public-school teachers in their fight against political discrimination they believed the union should affiliate with the labor movement, and thus obtain for the teaching profession the solid support of the workers of the commonwealth. In return for this support, which they did not expect college teachers would ever have to invoke, they proposed to lend their interested membership to the labor movement and to develop in the university community a better understanding of the needs of the working classes.

On these terms over 125 members of the teaching and research staffs of Harvard and M. I. T. (the majority from Harvard) were enrolled. The two original founders of the union, being most aware of the problems which led to its organization, were most often in demand when the school teachers and workers of Massachusetts needed help; and the attention of the Harvard authorities was thereby attracted to them. Overnight, the promise of these two young economists, so frequently extolled by their department, was called in question.

An examination of the activities of some of the older members of the Economics Department reveals that activity of a public sort is not in itself held blameworthy, since one member is permitted to hold a high position in the Federal Reserve system while being carried as a full-time member of the faculty, and another has given time to advising the Agricultural Administration. It is open sympathy with labor which seems to be questionable.

Harvard has apparently moved a long way to the right since the days of the *Laski Lampoon*. Laski had to support a textile strike and the strike of the Boston policemen before he came under the ban of the university. And even then he was not dismissed but merely eased out. Now the formation of a teachers' union in the Yard to acquaint the faculty with the problems of the working classes causes the authorities such acute discomfort that the organizers are dismissed. Outstanding young economists, acknowledged—at least privately—to be brilliant teachers and demonstrated by the university's scholarship award to be promising scholars, need also the qualification of discretion if they wish promotion. University presidents, deans, and department chairmen cannot afford sleepless nights if they are to do their best administering. Universities need a continuous flow of funds from benefactors.

The reader will now understand why the dismissal of two liberal economics instructors at Harvard is no mere tempest in a teacup. The incident illuminates the dilemma of the American university. "Our heart's in the right place, but our head is also screwed on tight," seems to be the motto of university presidents in the year 1937. We "feel" liberal, but we act tough toward liberals because we don't see how we can afford to act otherwise.

No one is asking Harvard to take Moscow gold and thumb its nose at the Wall Street bankers who now help administer its finances. But the university is being asked to face, publicly, the full implications of these dismissals and to say whether it is any longer interested in retaining its ancient distinction as a liberal institution.

It Happened One Night

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

Hollywood, May 10, by Wire

WELL, the impossible has happened. At long last the motion-picture producers have granted the screen actors a closed shop, and Hollywood today has an Equity of its own. Jubilant actors are celebrating in the Hollywood Brown Derby and at the bar, too. It seems impossible when you remember that not so long ago Frank Gillmore came out to Hollywood to get a closed shop and was practically driven out of town. It seemed impossible even as late as four yesterday afternoon. But between four and eight something happened that brought a whole succession of events to a climax. This has been no static canvas. It is a moving picture with more action in it than a Western. As with most motion pictures, too, it is a little difficult to follow the plot. It is hard to tell the hero from the villain. By putting some chronological sequence in it I hope to make it a little clearer to you.

April 4. In New York the producers sign an agreement with the powerful A. F. of L. affiliate, the International Alliance of Stage Theatrical Employees, but the actors' demand for recognition is refused.

Friday, April 30. The Federated Motion Picture Crafts, an association composed mainly of painters, make-up men, and scenic artists, goes out on strike with only one demand—a closed shop. Nobody is excited because only a few studio employees know what the F. M. P. C. is. It turns out to be another A. F. of L. affiliate that is having jurisdictional differences with the I. A. T. S. E. The latter announces that it will not support the strike.

Saturday, May 1. The first bit of excitement. The Screen Actors' Guild is to meet Sunday, and the news comes that the actors may vote to line up with the F. M. P. C. If they do, it looks like a quick victory.

Sunday, May 2. The actors vote for the closed shop, but delay action on lining up with the strikers until the producers have met to consider the Guild demands.

Monday, May 3. The F. M. P. C. pickets are at the gates, but they are quiet and orderly and pressing no one. But the I. A. T. S. E. is issuing what are called "B cards" to men who can take the places of the strikers. In effect, one A. F. of L. group is scabbing the other.

Tuesday, May 4. The actors' representatives meet with the producers. The closed shop is still the bone of contention.

Wednesday, May 5. The Los Angeles Central Labor Council tries for a settlement by which the F. M. P. C. is to go back to work while negotiations are on. The producers are willing to yield on wages and hours, but the F. M. P. C. refuses to negotiate without the guaranty of the closed shop. A telegram from William Green to the strikers points out that the A. F. of L. did not order the strike and consequently the A. F. of L. cannot do anything, though Green promises to look into things. The same day the C. I. O., without asking for any commit-

ments, wires that it will support the strike by picketing theaters showing the films of the nine major studios.

Thursday, May 6. The pickets are beginning to grumble at the actors, feeling that they have been used as a football. But the actors come through with a contribution of \$500 to the strike fund, certainly a definite gesture. And Thursday the actors again meet with the producers. My report is that the producers agree to practically all the demands, even going so far as to offer an eighty-to-twenty closed shop. Their argument against the full closed shop is that some twenty-five of the more famous Hollywood stars do not belong to the Guild. Immediately the Guild board goes after these stars. The work, my informant tells me, was amazingly well done: Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, and a score of others who have kept out of Guild activities from the beginning are signed up.

Friday, May 7. On orders from Washington, Edward A. Fitzgerald, the local conciliator for the Department of Labor, moves into the picture as mediator. International President L. P. Lindelof of the Painters' Union wires district councils throughout the United States to picket theaters showing films of the strike-affected studios. Joe Schenck, well liked by the actors, issues a statement virtually promising them all their demands. But William Green is still saying nothing.

Saturday, May 8. In an amazing victory of the rank and file over the executive committee, the Los Angeles Central Labor Council votes support of the F. M. P. C. strike, condemns the I. A. T. S. E. as strike-breakers, and puts the nine strike-beset studios on the unfair list. Aubrey Blair, business agent for the actors, threatens the producers with a strike unless the closed shop is granted before the actors' meeting Sunday night.

Sunday, May 9. And here I've got to go into minutes and hours: 12 noon. Pickets are in front of all Los Angeles picture theaters. Business is not good. . . . 1 p. m. Mediator Edward A. Fitzgerald predicts peace in forty-eight hours. He seems to think the producers are disorganized. They could not get enough for a meeting last night. . . . 2 p. m. A triumphant informant calls me to say that the night meeting will show 100 per cent for the closed shop and the strike. . . . 4 p. m. The actors' executive board meets. An unhappy informant calls me to say the actors will again grant the producers more time. The best he expects is a sixty-to-forty shop. And here's where something happened. The I. A. T. S. E. suddenly confronted the producers and demanded the closed shop for the actors. Otherwise, no motion-picture projection man would show a picture in any theater in the country. The producers, all but Warners and United Artists, rushed to sign a statement guaranteeing a closed shop. 8 p. m. The actors meet for their jubilee. . . . 8:45 p. m. The F. M. P. C. pickets are stunned. Tomorrow, unless an agreement is signed, they go back to their picketing.

Monday, May 10. At eight-thirty victorious actors march through picket lines on their way to the studio. And on those pickets lines are longshoremen, some of whom helped the actors to win their fight for a closed shop by refusing to load ships on which non-Guild members were working.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE attribution of false motives is, I suppose, next to the calling of names to discredit antagonists, the oldest of debating tricks. So I am not surprised to find that the publication called *Soviet Russia Today* has tried to persuade its readers that because I have denounced the last political murders in Moscow I am deliberately playing the game of the Trotskyites. These were the words to which this publication objected:

I am certain of one thing and that is that if the Japanese and the Germans do carry out their scheme to attack the Soviets in their holy war to make the world safe from bolshevism, Mr. Stalin will not be able to count upon the sympathy and moral aid of a multitude of liberals whose support he has now done away with by blood and treachery.

It appears that I, "an old liberal . . . honored in the struggle for human freedom in America," have thus "confessed," and that I have thus invited "Hitler and the Japanese generals to attack the Soviet people." This, *Soviet Russia* adds, "is as incredible as the confessions of Piatakov and Radek."

How utterly absurd this all is! I must not tell the truth as I see it, I must not make a plain statement of fact, because if I do I may incite Hitler and the Japanese militarists to attack Russia. Well, this is just the trick so often resorted to by the wicked capitalists, especially in war time. We were told in 1898-1900 that we must not criticize our government in its warring upon the Filipinos because that would arouse the latter to renewed efforts to defeat American aggression and we should thereby become responsible for the deaths of a lot of American soldiers. Similarly during the World War we who opposed German aggression in Belgium and in France were told that we could not also criticize the wrongdoings of the Allies because our words would be reprinted in Berlin and steel the Huns to take more of the Allied trenches. Your Simon-pure defender of the Soviets also tolerates no criticism whatever. We who abhor bloodshed, whether in Germany, in India, in Italy, or in our own country, are guilty of a horrible crime if we dare to insinuate that Stalin the mighty has murdered. That is just as much of a sin as it would be to write an article in Germany questioning that Hitler is God (not Father Divine!) and that his judgments are infallible.

These Communists remind me of some of the ardent admirers of Theodore Roosevelt in the heyday of his popularity. They too took the attitude that he could do no wrong, and if you proved to them that he had been guilty of absolutely unethical acts, they would flatly say, as one prominent man did: "Well, if he was, then that was the right thing to do. He may lie, but it is for the good of the

country, and as for me, I would be ready to let him wipe his shoes upon me if he wished." One runs across similar abnegations of judgment in certain followers of Franklin Roosevelt. All of which, of course, makes against reason and sanity, against the solution of problems by calm consideration and detached, unbiased decisions. Instead, we are to call names, attribute false motives, and blacken men's characters.

This last is what has happened to the members of the commission which went to Mexico to hear Leon Trotsky's case against Stalin. Now that may have been a wise move, or it may have been the contrary. But in the ridicule and abuse that has been heaped upon the group headed by John Dewey I find something reminiscent of the storm of denunciation that burst over the pacifists of 1917. The personal vilification that one expects at the hands of Communists is, of course, there. Benjamin Stolberg, a journalist of character and distinction, to whom *The Nation* has been glad to open its columns, becomes in the *Daily Worker*, a man of "unsavory career," a "stool-pigeon journalist and professional Trotskyite." John Dewey is a "tragic dupe of evil forces"—he, the possessor of one of the greatest minds in America. Suzanne La Follette is another unsavory journalist, "a bitter and hysterical opponent of the People's Front in France and Spain as a result of her Trotskyite connection." She is also a puppet of Benjamin Stolberg's. Otto Rühle gets off a little better, but he is the author of a "fantastically distorted life of Karl Marx" (what a horrible crime!) and the father-in-law of a man expelled from the Communist Party. Execution is plainly too good for him; boiling in oil would be preferable.

Now I am neither for Trotsky nor for Stalin. I am interested only in the social and human side of the Russian experiment. When I see that checked if not blasted, when I see the changed attitude in Russia with respect to militarism, marriage, and birth control, when I read of those judicial murders, I am going to express my profound regret at these reactionary happenings whomever it may encourage or discourage. If my motives must be impugned as have been those of the Trotsky Commission in Mexico—I, for one, believe their motives to have been of the best; we should have the truth as to the Russian controversy—all right. I have faced that sort of misrepresentation a few hundred times before this. I am even willing to admit, if it will give *Soviet Russia* any happiness, that I once sought to call upon Trotsky when I, a journalist, was traveling in Turkey. But as he happened to be ill in bed I did not see him and so did not receive the pot of gold which I understand he gives to everyone who enters his presence.

BROUN'S PAGE

The Boys in the Higher Brackets

THE editorial writers and the paragraphers are having a lot of fun with the strike in Hollywood. At the moment this is written the Screen Actors' Guild has not come to a definite decision, and the newspapers are fond of printing pictures of \$300,000 stars and asking what on earth they can possibly be asking for.

But the issue in California is not a trivial one, and there is a good deal more to it than meets the unseeing eye. As in the case of the Screen Writers' Guild, there is a great deal of public misconception. Not every scenario writer is showered with gold, and there are actors on the lots who make a very meager living. But wholly apart from the question of salary, it is important for the artists and intellectuals of America to choose their side.

The actors and writers of Hollywood face the same problem which newspapermen have begun to solve. Before organization began, no publisher would have thought of calling a reporter an intellectual or an artist, or even a professional for that matter. These words were chiefly taken down from the shelf to befuddle us. I have never had so many compliments on my early work as a columnist as I have received since I became an officer of the American Newspaper Guild. But the soothing quality of the oil is mitigated by a certain grittiness. I am praised only for what I did in some dim yesterday or might have performed at some future date if I had not become a "walking delegate." Quite recently a famous publicist assured me, "You could have become the greatest humorist in America. That's your last and you should have stuck to it. Of course you've thrown all that over the fence by now on account of going haywire about labor."

That started quite an argument. I took the affirmative side in the debate on, "Resolved, that Heywood Broun never was very funny." In answer to the charge that I used to be good and had since slipped materially, I admitted that it might be true. But I added mildly that out of all the thousands of columns I had written the only ones which anybody seemed to remember were a couple about Sacco and Vanzetti. They were not funny.

But even if the earnest advocate of my blasted potentialities had succeeded in convincing me that I might have stood with Ade, Bugs Baer, and George Sokolsky, I think I would have been a fool not to realize that my self-interest lay in joining up with my fellow-craftsmen in a trade union. Even from a short-range point of view the highly paid "artist" or "intellectual" ought to be able to realize that his house of prosperity is built upon the sand. The very fact that he commands a high salary makes his opportunities of employment limited. He is subject to the whim and caprice of a small group of owners. I can think of a great many columnists, for

instance, who quite candidly must say to themselves, "If Mr. X is through with me when this contract is done, where do I go from here?"

And in Hollywood there is at least a tacit black list which may bar some of the most talented writers from their occupation. It is well enough to say that the artist who has something which the public, or some portion of it, wants need never worry about the wolf at the door. That is a good deal less than true, for actors cannot play in vacant lots and newspapermen will not get very far in running off their own stuff on a mimeograph machine. The path to the public is through a bottle neck, and that narrow pass is guarded by a little group of Spartans who are determined to let none go through save those who agree with their philosophy.

Of course a trade-union organization cannot assure jobs to all its members, and still less has it any function to offer some sort of protection to the higher-bracket boys. That is, it cannot do these things in a material way except in the sense that it may offer certain brakes on the way down for the star who slips and stumbles. That half of the slide is extremely slippery, and the overpaid feature writer who says, "What can a union do for me?" may live to rejoice that minima have been established for copy readers and rewrite men through organization.

But I would not have the responsibility of the artist and the intellectual rest wholly on a short-range self-interest, although there are worse motives than that. Any person with a modicum of imagination ought to be able to see his place in the scheme of things entire. If he sees himself as a lone wolf, I feel that his talent must be of a constricted sort.

The screen actor in particular ought to know that while a Warner or a Selznick may sign his weekly pay check, the film magnate is merely a surrogate for the general public. The interests of the star lie in pleasing the mass rather than the man in the counting-room. The player who does his acting for the boss, or the newspaperman whose main objective is to please the editor, will soon find that he has an audience of one and presently an enraptured public of none at all.

I hope that the men and women of Hollywood will throw in their lot with the striking technicians. I cannot think that there has ever existed any genius so great that it entitled a man to scab. I haven't ever had it directly from William Shakespeare, but he seems to have lived in close amity with his fellow-workers in the Globe Theater, and I doubt very much whether he would have gone through a picket line. And if by any chance I am fooled in his commonalty with the members of his craft and he would have been willing to betray them, they might, I think, quite justifiably have boycotted "Hamlet" and hailed the dramatist by a shorter word than bard.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE ACTORS AND THE CRITICS

BY MARY McCARTHY

II

THIS past theatrical season of revivals—four productions of Shakespeare, two of Ibsen, one of Marlowe, and one of Wycherley—has been the undoing of the drama critics. When there is a new play on which discussion can center, the critic can parry the whole question of acting with a few kindly meant clichés, or he can simply ignore it, as Joseph Wood Krutch does. When it comes to "Hamlet," though, a reviewer just cannot go on telling the story of the play or discussing what he knows of its literary values. He is obliged to say something about the acting. Robert Benchley tried to beat a bold retreat: he refused to review Leslie Howard's "Hamlet," and he did not mention Nazimova herself in her production of "Hedda Gabler." Such escapism was, however, not generally practiced. With the production of Gielgud's "Hamlet" the critics began to talk about acting, and the result was Babel.

At once it became apparent that there was something fundamentally wrong with the critics' perceptive powers. In order to judge a work of art, in this case an actor's performance, one must first be able to apprehend it. Yet the reviews of the Gielgud "Hamlet" gave the impression that the reviewers had been to see different plays. There was the case of Claudius, already mentioned. He obviously could not be "stuffy" and "good and live" at the same time. Which was he? Whether it is better for the king to be stuffy or good and live is a question which cannot be discussed until the previous question has been answered. In the same fashion, no two reviewers seemed able to agree on what Gielgud himself was playing. He was generally admired, but for the most discrepant and mutually incompatible reasons. One critic found his Hamlet "not passionate but brooding and neurotic"; to another he was all fire, "fiercely laying waste the hearts he had challenged with the flame." One critic considered his thoughtfulness his most distinguished quality; another complained that Hamlet's intellect was hardly suggested. Some critics felt that the poetry sang on his lips; others suspected that he scanted sound for sense. The critics, on the whole, showed great capacity for enthusiasm, but none for observation or descriptive writing.

The arrival of Leslie Howard in his "Hamlet" did nothing to clear these muddled critical heads. They were able to agree that Mr. Howard was not very good, but they differed seriously as to what exactly he was like, and as to how his interpretation of the character differed from Mr. Gielgud's. Theatrical people took the two "Hamlets" more calmly than the critics. They observed that both productions were bad, and for different reasons.

John Gielgud distorted "Hamlet," pulled it awry to fit his bizarre, biting, hysterical style of acting; Leslie Howard rearranged a scene or two, but let the structure of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" stand, only to find himself personally inadequate to fill it.

The critical multiplicity of experience was most clearly demonstrated this year at Nazimova's production of "Hedda Gabler." There were three schools of thought as to what Nazimova had been playing. The first was the "cobra" school, which held that Nazimova's Hedda had been "hateful," "unpleasant," a kind of high-class Theda Bara villainess. Here are two samples of this school: "This [Hedda] is the most fascinating, the most plainly depraved, the most wantonly devilish"; and "It is a Hedda stepped in wanton evilness; a Hedda which in spirit at least comes much nearer the requirements of the text than did such a languid Hedda as Miss Le Gallienne's."

Then there was the school which believed that Hedda had been played for comedy. "Anything went last evening that provoked a laugh . . . Mme Nazimova, Harry Ellerbe, and McKay Morris had a gay time of it, creating chuckles where tears are supposed to gush." "Sly, guiltful, prettily togged out as this latest Hedda is, I think Nazimova plays her often too coyly, too lightly, too much for light chuckles, and comedy squeals. I miss the sculptured agony the lady used to boast about." The last school had the impression that Hedda had been played "tenderly." There was also a minor disagreement as to whether . . . there was something happening every other minute" on the stage, "something physical," or whether the play was "slow and pedestrian." Naturally, the critics, divided as to what went on at "Hedda Gabler," were also divided as to its merits.

At Walter Huston's "Othello" there was greater unanimity of perception than was manifested elsewhere this season. To the few persons who saw that production what is surprising is not that the critics understood the obtrusive characterization which Brian Aherne was projecting at them, but that, having become aware of it, they did not recognize its implications and thereupon condemn it. Here was a showy, romantic, and obvious piece of acting, an Iago who was a kind of handsome, leering, swashbuckling Puck, an Iago who kept the audience in stitches throughout the production. Mr. Aherne's Iago was, in a real sense, the mischief maker of the piece, an abominable and impertinent exhibition; yet this performance drew rhapsodies from the critics, who reserved all their blame for the unfortunate Mr. Huston, whose faults were at least merely negative. Alone and unaided

Mr. Aherne turned Shakespeare's tragedy into a French farce; yet only Mr. Pollock caught a glimpse of the truth when he qualified his approval of Mr. Aherne's acting by saying: "And yet Mr. Aherne seems a rather fancy Iago, an Iago too well schooled, an Iago to win the hearts of the ladies."

Acting is admittedly of all the arts the most difficult to apprehend. The critic studying a piece of acting is really dealing with four things: life, literature, and the musical and pictorial arts—life in the personality of the actor, literature in his role, and music and the pictorial arts in his projection of the role. For a first-rate critic of acting, a knowledge of these four branches of human experience is essential. It is no wonder that first-rate criticism of acting is rare. Yet it has existed, and does exist. In Shaw's "Dramatic Opinions and Essays" there is fine criticism; his comparison of Duse and Bernhardt is a classic of dramatic criticism. In Stanislavsky's "An Actor Prepares," a recent publication, a whole aesthetic of acting is laid out. In England today some passable dramatic criticism is being written. One has only to compare the English reviews of Maurice Evans's performance of "Richard II," at the Old Vic, with the American reviews of the same performance to realize how shockingly backward, how myopic, American criticism is. The American reviewers had the sense to be enthusiastic, but that enthusiasm was expressed, ■ usual, in a welter of adjectives. What identified Mr. Evans's performance, what set it off from all other interpretations of Richard, was the fact that Mr. Evans was playing, not tragedy, but an actor who is playing tragedy. This was apparent at first glance to the English critics; but only one American critic called attention to it.

The essence of the art of acting, as of any other art, is its design. The critic of acting must understand, first, the actor's role, second, the actor's role in relation to the play as a whole, and, third, the design the actor has chosen to convey his own view of his role. It is impossible to imagine an art critic's having the temerity to pass judgments on painting without a knowledge of composition. Yet the dramatic critic, ignorant even of the existence of theatrical forms and patterns, daily passes judgments on theatrical performances. It is absurd to expect the New York reviewers to write theatrical criticism as good as Shaw's. It is not unreasonable to demand that they write at least as intelligently as their English colleagues, that they display at least as much knowledge of the principles of the medium they confront as their fellows in art, music, and literature. It is not unreasonable for actors to insist that their work receive clear-eyed appraisal, or for audiences to require that a complex art be illuminated for them. The New York dramatic critics today are both frightened and lazy. A season of revivals has revealed their incompetence to deal with acting; it is now their duty to face that incompetence and to remedy it. This late in the life of the American theater the American drama critic must go back to school to learn something of the technique and standards of the profession which gives him his livelihood.

[Part I of this article appeared last week.]

BOOKS

The Anatomy of Accommodation

LIFE IN A HAITIAN VALLEY. By Melville J. Herskovits. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

PURE culture is as much a fiction as pure race. Diverse strains enter into the making of both. At one extreme, groups may achieve a relative degree of homogeneity, if left sufficiently in isolation. At the other are groups in whose make-up at least the most important strands can still be distinguished with comparative ease; and Haiti is of this type. In such a case the anthropologist may speak of acculturation: the process of conflict and compromise not merely between two words, ideas, values, or customs, but between two cultural traditions, two sets of institutions and practices. It is ■ study in acculturation, or historical dynamics, as well ■ picture of the Haitian native, that we have in Professor Herskovits's book.

Africa is still too remote for the American tourist trade and the tourist-explorer. Haiti has been a convenient substitute. Accordingly we have had foisted on us a popular mythology teeming with zombies, mysterious rites, and voodooism, shot through with sexual and neurotic excess. Actually the Haitian native, as Dr. Herskovits depicts him, is essentially ■ peasant. His life has, of course, more spectacular features than are found in rustic Scandinavia or the Balkans; modes of West African life have survived in his cultural heritage to an amazing extent.

Dr. Herskovits has shown, in this book and elsewhere, that the majority of the Negro slaves imported into the New World came from West Africa, including the Congo and Angola. African gods are still known by name in Haiti, and still revered. They are, in Haiti also, the top figures of ■ pantheon whose rank and file are family gods and the spirits of the dead. The fields are worked by cooperative combines, as in West Africa, and the Catholic church has not succeeded in stamping out polygamy. The inventory of material objects, foods, techniques reflects more the European civilization brought in by the French landowners, and the language is Creole, ■ corruption of French. But much of the substance of what passes in this idiom is African—stories, proverbs, songs. There is also the peculiar type of African verbal sophistication, in descriptions and distinctions far from "primitive": "The song-leader is a journalist, and every song-leader is a Judas." *Pauvres* are those who happen to be poor, *malheureux* those who always will be, since they have no luck. A *gros nègre* is ■ man endowed with wealth and position; a *grand nègre* one with spiritual, religious power.

In a treatment rich with interesting detail and as readable as it is solid, Dr. Herskovits proceeds from ■ discussion of the cultural ancestry of the Haitian to a description of his daily life, and ends with an extended account of Haitian religion. His first-hand knowledge of Negro culture in West Africa and South America lends added weight to his detail and cogency to his interpretation. Voodooism, he contends, is part and parcel of the normal behavior of the average person in the region he has studied. It can hardly be termed neurotic, since it is a system of beliefs and practices conventionalized and generally accepted in the community.

Life in a Haitian valley seems to demonstrate how little a society requires the inner logic that an outsider is apt to

impute to it. Officially, the Haitian is a worshiper in the Catholic church, which demands monogamy of him. Actually, polygamy is common, and people believe in gods and spirits as well as in God and his saints. All of which the church most emphatically does not favor. Dr. Herskovits feels that the result is a psychological conflict, a "socialized ambivalence," to which is due a "living on the nerves," an emotional instability. Yet he shows with convincing detail how much Catholic ceremonial has been incorporated into the rituals and how neatly things have become compartmented. As a devotee told him: "The *loa* [African gods] are not the things of the priest." Throughout the picture there are of course contradictions of logic in the life of the natives. But the main impression seems to be one of accommodation rather than of emotional conflict. The double aspect of clash and compromise threaded through a colorful texture is one of the reasons why this book is bound to prove as interesting and rewarding for the layman as for the anthropologist.

GEORGE HERZOG

The Caliph's Tower

BECKFORD. By Guy Chapman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

"THERE will I build my Tower," William Beckford wrote to Lady Craven in 1790, "and deposit my books and writings and brood over them. . . ." The talented but volatile author of "Vathek" had justification for this melancholy utterance. Though his youth had been blessed by all that great wealth and noble family could offer him in an age rich with diversions, he had spent these last six years in exile and ostracism; and now, at thirty, he was living in a past which at times may have seemed, like his Gothic abbey at Fonthill, quite uninhabitable. His friends and social position fallen away, his wife dead, his English mistress dying, his "amiable child" taken from him, and his book stolen by the sycophantic Henley, Beckford thus begins to build his retreat—his luxurious Tower which, like Vathek's, might carry him away from mankind and bring him closer to the stars.

Mr. Chapman's scholarly examination of this somewhat turbulent career performs a valuable service. The facts about Beckford have been published slowly and with some understandable reluctance. Lewis Melville, the pioneer in this field, chose to omit almost all mention of Beckford's triangular relationship with Louisa Beckford and William Courtenay, which was a dominating influence in Beckford's life and almost certainly the psychological background of "Vathek." The publication of Dr. Oliver's study in 1932 confirmed Paul Elmer More's uneasy speculations about some sort of double or triple passion in Beckford's history; and Mr. Chapman's "Beckford" adds the conclusive details to this story. This study, however, is not the final word on Beckford, principally because it suffers, as do all three of these biographies, from a repletion of documentation with an insufficiency of interpretation. Mr. Chapman does not attempt to explain many aspects of Beckford's motivation, he does not add very much to previous critical appraisals of Beckford's writings, nor does he realize the full significance of Beckford's status in the romantic and symbolist traditions. But he does offer a thorough and intelligent factual account of Beckford's life and, perhaps most important, an illuminating and colorful history of Beckford's friends and associates, of the manners and morals of certain sections of late eighteenth-century society: the English landed aristocracy against whom Beck-

ford rebelled; Geneva with Voltaire, Jean Huber, and Mlle Necker; the Venice of 1780 with Beckford's Contessa Giustiniana d'Orsini-Rosenberg and her Count Benincasa; Paris, on the eve of the revolution, with its mesmerism and *anglomanie*.

And if, despite the tragic elements of Beckford's life, it is difficult to feel much sympathy for him, the fault lies with Beckford as much as with his biographer. Without worldly obligations and without a sense of obligation, surrounded in his expensive "romantic ruin" by his expensive Reynoldses and Romneys, his precious stones, rare books, and Italian musicians, Beckford seems hardly more immediate to us than those "black, yellow, and mezzotint" Jamaican slaves on whom his fortune rests, and perhaps hardly more free. It is as a symbol rather than a person that Beckford will live, for this Eastern potentate, dwelling so luxuriously in the midst of revolutions, sums up one full cycle of the romantic movement: in his youth, the Faustian quest for infinite and strange experience, and in his age, as he refurbishes and even fabricates his accounts of his dead mistresses, foretelling the fate of his symbolist heirs, all the Count Axels, the Des Esseintes. Is it not almost too true that Beckford's famed Gothic tower, for the completion of which James Wyatt transferred some five hundred workmen from the palace of George III, was no more than finished before it toppled into ruins?

MAXWELL GEISMAR

End of a Saga

THE RING IS CLOSED. By Knut Hamsun. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

THE publishers hint that this is Knut Hamsun's last novel. If so—as far as ultimate views are concerned—it leaves him looking at the world with much the same bewilderment and indecision voiced in "Hunger" almost half a century ago. Only now his voice seems less shrill, his manner more objective, his bewilderment more impressive, coming, as it does, at a time when a less vigorous mentality might well pose as oracle and sage.

There is no character in his novels less oracular, none more adrift and confused, more restless and rootless, more uncertain of his rightful place in organized society than Abel Brodersen in "The Ring Is Closed." It is as if, through him, the author's own days of far-wandering as longshoreman, coal-trimmer, street-car conductor, and aimless adventurer in half the countries of the world were relived. Thus Abel, when his friends in the little Norwegian coastal town put aside the common adventures of childhood and apprentice themselves to solid trades and solemn professions, ships off around the world. This conventional revolt is the familiar reaction of Hamsun's earlier heroes. The fools, the ne'er-do-wells, the vagrants have always enjoyed his utter sympathy. The irrational impulses of Glahn in "Pan," the irresponsible melancholy of Nagel in "Mysteries," the fantastic delirium of the hero in "Hunger"—all are again represented in part in Abel's uncompromising but confessedly puzzling personality.

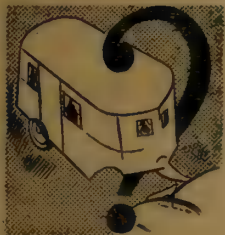
If there is any one idea to which Abel holds fast, it is a kind of hazy, romantic belief in the restorative power of nature. As he drifts from port to port, from job to job, from a sawmill in Canada to utter vagrancy in Texas, the single time he finds anything approaching contentment is when he drinks up the sunshine of the tropics and lives completely within the present. This idea of spiritual contentment gained through greater intimacy with nature runs consistently through

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all of Hamsun's work. It is encountered at its finest force in "Growth of the Soil," in which Isak, the peasant, faces nature with superlative courage and works against elemental forces for a lifetime to emerge into a kind of becalmed, classic tranquillity which the average modern man has no opportunity to find.

In the present work, however, although Abel considers mistily an alliance with nature, he appears to feel a more urgent necessity for adjusting himself to the normal pattern of everyday life. He is torn between a desire to be accepted by the village and a wayward notion to thumb his nose at it. Finally, all his efforts to be conventional are unsuccessful—particularly when he tries to recapture his childhood love for the troll, Olga; and, again, when he tosses away the prized captaincy of the Sparrow. His defense mechanism in the end operates in such a way that he begins to consider his lack of will with pride, almost as a kind of "special faculty" for living as contrasted with all the complex and misdirected striving of the average wage-earner. Consequently he lolls out into the world again, a sardonic vagrant, completely and happily intent upon resuming his waywardness.

As usual, Hamsun's principle of composition gains its effects through an intimate scrutiny of fragments rather than through massive dramatic scenes. Out of the scrappiest details this plotless novel builds to a kind of monumental form that approximates the early Thomas Mann. Yet here the form seems to have in it more of impressive bulk than of genuine content. Actually, with the exception of a rather blurred plea for a dubious brand of waifish individualism, no positive idea emerges from this objective writing. What does emerge are some brilliant portraits of village types—figures that glimmer through the novel with Hamsun's old fire and genius behind them. Yet they are figures written in with such an exceptional disregard for the urgent need for an interpretation of the individual's psychological problem in the light of his general social and economic environment as to make the contemporary reader impatient.

STANLEY YOUNG

"A Chartres of His Own"

BIOGRAPHY OF TRAMAN. By Winfield Townley Scott. Covici-Friede. \$2.

THIS book of poems and H. Phelps Putnam's "Trinc," published in 1927, should be compared. Both are studies in the coming of age of intellectual youth; but Phelps Putnam, born in 1894, was one of the "lost generation" and Scott is of the next generation. Putnam's is the older disillusionment which pointed to an escape through drink and mysticism. Scott apparently regards drink only as a means of heightening the emotional and intellectual problems of youth. Further, he definitely rejects religion.

Traman, the protagonist of these lyrics and dramatic monologues, is the type of sensitive, poetic youth today. Other characters take into account the scientific-minded student and the philosopher. Scott's problem is to portray the poetic mind discarding certain beliefs, accepting certain values, attempting self-integration. Naturally he has read—and makes free use of lines resembling theirs—Eliot, Aiken, Joyce, Hopkins, and other poets; these poets are the literature of his imagination. But he does not merely imitate. In general, his imagery is appropriate to the dramatic state of the emotions or mind projected; it is fresh and his own. Traman's is the city world where the "nightingales are dead in Union Square," the world of science and of economic struggle. Here the poet

indulges his young dreams, examines the nature of his learning and his heredity, and tries to spell from alphabets of stone new poems. His poems, however, remain half of the old world, half of the new, as does he himself.

The "Biography of Traman" is skilfully written. Scott knows his poetic medium. He tends always to dramatize and to objectify all intricate personal emotions. In him is the promise, certainly, of very interesting poetry. He has technique, wit, sensibility, nor is he unaware that the process of poetic integration must be hurried since the world in which he lives is warned of new alarms, new struggles. Here, however, is no propagandist, but a young poet writing down very sensitively and successfully what he knows. He is, as he says, building of his own body and mind "a Chartres of his own."

EDA LOU WALTON

South Texas Primitive

NOON WINE. By Katherine Anne Porter. Schuman's: Detroit. \$5.

MISS PORTER'S short stories, in the past, have singularly resisted summation. In the sense that Katherine Mansfield so defined Chekhov's "The Steppe" they have been stories without beginning or end, units of narrative energy in which the author has merely "touched one point with his pen (—) and then another point: *inclosed* something which had, as it were, been there forever." "Noon Wine," however—which Schuman's of Detroit, with regrettable frugality, has limited to 250 de luxe copies—is concerned less with "inclosure" than with situation, the integers of which are combined according to a pattern of the author's making and with little or no attempt on her part to set up channels of communication between her private responses and the materials of the story proper. The scene is a small dairy farm in south Texas, which, at the story's opening, escapes financial disaster by a fortunate intuition which prompts the proprietor, Mr. Thompson, to give employment to an immigrant Swede from the wheat belt of North Dakota. We learn little concerning the stranger's identity until the story is well under way: like Mr. Thompson, we are inclined to accept the fact of his "Scandahoovian" origin in explanation of his mysterious reticences and fondness for playing melancholy airs on the mouth organ. Yet events are destined to move almost too rapidly for our comfort. The handyman is discovered to be an escaped homicidal maniac, precipitates a murder and a suicide, and is last seen "running all stooped over through the orchard, running like a man with dogs after him."

Apparently Miss Porter has preferred to approach her theme in terms of the village "primitive" rather than a study in psychopathic regeneration—in terms, that is to say, of violence, pathos, and the terror which attaches itself to large issues resolved by gestures so simple and sudden that they forfeit their ethical contexts. To this end she has distributed her materials in a loose narrative sequence reminiscent of "Maria Concepcion" and invested them with an effect of gangling artlessness, a procedure actually involving the watchful exercise of every skill at her command. One questions, however, whether a sensibility as exquisitely functional as Miss Porter's may cast out pride by a simple act of will, in spite of excellent intentions and the employment of scrupulous intelligence. Miss Porter's simplicities, in the last analysis, are stratagems, and the story's impact, for all its incidental rewards, is muted by its rigors.

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Dog Eat Dog

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE. By Jerome Weidman. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

TO LET a rascal tell his own story, all unconscious of his rascality, is one of the more difficult fictional patterns. Difficult, for one thing, because the reader may miss the point. Thackeray, afraid we might not recognize his Barry Lyndon for the wretch he was, slipped a warning and a moral into a footnote: "From these curious confessions it would appear that Mr. Lyndon maltreated his wife in every possible way. . . . But let the reader look around and ask himself, Do not as many rogues succeed in life as honest men?" And so on in the best Thackeray manner. That manner is out of date, and Mr. Weidman leaves his tale unmoralized, thereby running the risk of having Harry Bogen admired as the hero of a success story. For he does achieve a brilliant success according to his desires and standards, and these are unquestionably those of an acquisitive society in some of its jungle reaches. "Two years ago I was just another poor slob from the Bronx," Harry exults at the very end of the book, "and tonight I'm going to sleep with an actress." And this actress was a prize that fell only to the highest bidder.

In those two years covered by the novel Harry began by provoking and then selling out a strike of shipping clerks in the cloak-and-suit industry and ended, for the time being, by pulling off a highly profitable bankruptcy. The narrative—carried forward almost entirely by dialogue that is lively, hard-boiled, and probably richly authentic—is absorbing, although one keeps wishing it weren't, and longing to wipe Harry and the whole garment industry off the map. Harry's amiable side, a little overstressed, comes out in his relationship with his mother, who would, if she could, have saved him for honest *kosher* family life in the Bronx with Ruthie Rivkin. She fails, and even Harry feels a little uneasy and puzzled when she tries to make him see how he has changed: "There used to be a time when you had to come home at night. You said you had to come home and sit by the table and eat blintzes and stretch your legs out and get a rest where nobody is going to jump on you from the back, like you said. You said—I remember even the words—you said you had to come home because here it's not—you said it yourself—here it's not dog eat dog. . . . You're hard now. You don't need a rest any more. Now it's all right by you if it's dog eat dog all the time." Harry shakes his head and wonders what had wound Ma up.

In an interesting note about the writing of the book, which is his first novel, Mr. Weidman says that the boys he grew up with on the lower East Side were a pretty decent bunch. But when he began to run into some of them later in business, they had changed quite a bit—like Harry. "Where had they got that thin-lipped shrewdness?" What had turned them into these sharp little wise guys and made them so positive that they knew what they were doing and were doing it right? So he decided to put one of them down on canvas, and thus discover, perhaps, what it was that he had *learned* in ten years that had proved so much stronger a coloring agent than the things he'd been *taught*—about honesty and success. And his Harry Bogen proved so articulate that Mr. Weidman has enlarged his original plans for a portrait to a mural, of which this book, "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," is the first panel.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

DRAMA

Miss McCarthy and the Critics

IN THIS issue we print the second and last of Mary McCarthy's articles on the New York critics and the art of acting. Like those on book reviewers which she wrote some time ago with Margaret Marshall, they are, in all conscience, slashing enough; and since I myself am referred to in this series as I was in the last, it may be of some interest if I indicate my reaction to what Miss McCarthy has to say about me and my fellows.

From certain of the specific judgments I dissent sharply. I do not, for example, think that Miss Lynn Fontanne has used up her talents, for she still seems to me to give highly satisfactory, sometimes brilliant performances. Neither, though Miss Cornell is not my favorite actress, do I believe that her popularity is full accounted for by Miss McCarthy. But it is not possible to respond with a simple "yes" or "no" to certain of her other opinions, although I do think that her method often tempts one to remark that to set her own opinion against another opinion and then to laugh scornfully does not necessarily prove that she is right.

Nevertheless, I think it true that both I myself and many of my colleagues treat plays more analytically than we do performances, and there are several reasons why this should be true. For one thing the drama of the last generation has been remarkable for the extent to which it has introduced novel subject matter and points of view which invited elaborate discussion. At the same time it was also true that acting—at least if we believe the old-timers—was rather less distinguished than it had formerly been, and there was, therefore, good reason for concentrating on the plays: they were simply more interesting. For another thing, as Miss McCarthy herself mentions, it was difficult for a critic to learn much about acting, since he only very rarely had an opportunity to see a part acted by more than one person. The result was that, having no basis for comparison, we found it difficult to know whether or not a given actor was getting out of a part all that it was possible to get. Where artistic creation is concerned, one cannot, after all, tell what the possibilities of any situation are until they have been exploited by some artist. The overworked adjective "adequate" may not convey very much, but perhaps it often conveyed all we could be expected to know—namely, that the actor in question realized the obvious possibilities of the part. Whether or not genius might be able to discover more is a question not to be answered until genius has tried.

If the increased popularity of revivals noticed during this season is really the beginning of a new interest in the reinterpretation of standard plays, then perhaps we shall learn more about acting and have more to say. The fact will, however, still remain that the critic on a daily or a weekly paper writes for the average playgoer rather than for the actor or the student of acting, and the average playgoer will probably continue to be more interested in the total effect of a production than in technical analysis of the extent to which the actor and the author have contributed to it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

[Next week, "Neutrality for the United States," by Edwin Borchard and William Potter Lage, will be reviewed by Stephen Raushenbush.]

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RECORDS

THE vagaries in the handling of subscription releases continue. H. M. V.'s Bach Society, which was formed to record for subscribers the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord, has reached its fourth volume; and without issuing the earlier volumes Victor offers this one under its own label. There are seven records (\$14), on which Preludes and Fugues 11 to 19 of Book II are played by Edwin Fischer. Bach, in some instances, proceeded by setting problems, conditions, and limitations for the exercise of his technical skill; and it is to this procedure that we owe the sonatas for solo violin and for solo 'cello, the Art of Fugue, the Well-Tempered Clavichord. In this last work, as in the others, the results are sometimes only interesting or impressive as demonstrations of the technical skill, and sometimes they are, in addition, as profoundly moving as anything Bach wrote; and both categories are represented in the fourth volume of the Bach Society. Fischer's performances are excellent in conception, style, feeling; but often the playing is blurred and occasionally things are not heard at all, either because he did not play them clearly, or they were not recorded clearly, or the pressing is poor. I mention this last possibility because the surface noise is unusually great; and it may be true only of some pressings.

Victor also has issued Bach's Italian Concerto in a performance on the harpsichord by Wanda Landowska (two records, \$4). This version is more exciting than Musicraft's recording of Ralph Kirkpatrick's performance: for one thing, in its sheer magnificence of sound, which is accounted for by the fact that Landowska uses a deeper-toned and more resonant harpsichord (of modern manufacture, I believe), and the fact that this difference is emphasized by the higher volume level of the recording; and for another thing, in the dynamic quality of Landowska's style of performance. It is, however, a style that at times, in the first and third movements, strikes me as exaggeratedly and theatrically dynamic; and it tortures the beautiful slow movement in a way that I dislike intensely. The Kirkpatrick version may be pallid by comparison; but its sound of the harpsichord seems to me the more authentic, and its performance of the second movement I find ideal.

On two records (\$4) Victor has issued a Mass for the Dead, sung by the Choral Society of the University of Pennsylvania under the direction of Dr. Harl McDonald. The accompanying notes explain that this is one of the works from the library of the school of music in the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, Catalonia, that became available to the world only with the revolution of 1931. We hear it now sung by a mixed chorus, and somewhat altered by this change in vocal color and by the necessary redistribution of parts from what it sounded like originally, when it was sung by a chorus of men and boys in a church, somewhere around 1600. But what we hear is a very beautiful piece of music.

I have found B. C. N. needles excellent for the old Decca records that I discussed a few weeks ago. They reduce the noise; which improves the quality of the music, and permits one to step up the volume if necessary. And they do not lose any of the music, because what they would lose on the new records is not recorded on these old ones.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editor

Collective Action by Secret Diplomacy

Dear Sirs: To those who are urging the participation of the American government in collective action, may I express my suspicion that it is already a participant in collective action—with the British Foreign Office and the American hierarchy of the Roman church. I for one can find no other explanation of its failure to extend to the recognized government of Spain the rights guaranteed by international law to all recognized governments, or of its failure to register an indignant protest against the massacre of Spanish civilians, women, and children by mercenary invaders.

The great disadvantage that all peace lovers work under is their utter ignorance of the diplomatic machinations of the government. To bring these machinations into the light is the great task peace lovers should set themselves. Only after popular control of our diplomatic service is assured, will it be safe to urge collective action. **FRANK D. SLOCUM**
New York, May 3

Edward Page Gaston Holds Back the Revolution

Dear Sirs: Yesterday by chance there fell into my hands a letter that was written to a young "captain" in the R. O. T. C. in our local high school. I send a copy herewith. It deserves to be given wide publicity for the benefit of those who think "it can't happen here."

MAUDE C. LOWER

Phoenix, Ariz., May 4

PATRIOT GUARD OF AMERICA

Dear Captain: Will you help us to fight communism? As I am a member of a leading military-reserve organization, I appeal for your help as a reservist for our Patriot Guard. We actively fight the communism now sweeping the United States through illegal labor disturbances and other destructive actions.

As President-emeritus Lowell of Harvard said recently, "Armed insurrection—defiance of law, order, and duly elected authority—is spreading like wildfire." Three million Communists and their sympathizers are estimated to be now operating here. Communist-labor and other demagogues, with gangs of terrorists and racketeers, are rapidly getting a stranglehold upon us.

Our loyal citizens are weak because unorganized. Our enemies are strong because organized. They are driving straight for their

ultimate objective—seizing the government by force if necessary. A paralyzing national strike and revolution are inevitable if this continues. I went through the Moscow-financed general strike in England in 1926, when my family had a part in breaking down that short-lived revolutionary effort.

Our Patriot Guard is a staunch friend of genuine workers and legitimate labor unions. It stands for a square deal between capital and labor, with compulsory settlement of all industrial disputes by conciliation and arbitration. A Congressional bill is in preparation prohibiting all strikes and lockouts hereafter. We aim to outlaw the Communist Party and other disloyalties by forcing through the necessary federal legislation.

We ask your help as a reservist by filling in the enlistment blank inclosed. Would you consider accepting command of the Patriot Guard in your district; or can you suggest someone? A roster of our officials will be ready shortly, but the personnel of the Patriot Guard is confidential, aside from myself, for obvious reasons. Dun-Bradstreet and other Washington agencies have my personal statement on file. If you are outside Washington, and have a representative here, I would be pleased to show official documents, etc.

Please read this letter at your next reserve chapter or other meeting, and report with names of other enlisters; also please secure notice of the general movement in the press, if possible.

Yours for fighting patriotism,

EDWARD PAGE GASTON, (Captain, Reserve)

National Commander, Patriot Guard
Washington, April 6

Not Interested in the C.M.T.C.

Dear Sirs: May I answer in your pages a recent form letter which I, a high-school principal, received from Major John H. Rodman, C. M. T. C. Officer, Fort Omaha, Nebraska?

My dear Major Rodman: You write that "for the first time in several years it has become necessary to recruit intensively for the Citizens' Military Training Camps." Frankly, that is delightful news. I only hope this condition is general throughout the country. I have been inclined to be skeptical over our youth peace movements; I had feared that when the war drums beat again, our youngsters would succumb to the propaganda of pseudo-patriotism. But your letter gives me new hope. Did you notice by the way that only a few days after your letter went out some 1,000,000 college students joined in a protest against war and militarism?

You say that some years ago high-school principals were requested to furnish your office with names and addresses of young men eligible for the training camps. I just can't recall the incident. If I did receive such a request I must have pitched it into the basket—as most principals will pitch this one.

I note that "the minimum age limit is seventeen years by the end of the calendar year." That really means sixteen years, doesn't it, though your way of stating it sounds better. But don't you think that, however you state it, it's a rather tender age at which to begin administering military instruction?

In conclusion, I wish formally to decline to act as one of your recruiting officers, even in an unofficial capacity. And I don't think the children would be interested in your C. M. T. C. literature.

BRYAN FULKS

Hot Springs, Ark., May 5

Write Your Congressmen!

Dear Sirs: H. J. Resolution 260, introduced in the House by Representative John E. Rankin, and a similar measure introduced in the Senate by Senator George W. Norris, provide for an investigation of the recent activities of the private power companies in fighting municipal ownership and public projects and blocking the expansion and improvement of such undertakings. The investigation is to be made by the Federal Trade Commission and an appropriation of \$150,000 is to be provided. The bill has been approved by the Bureau of the Budget and will have hearings before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce within a few weeks.

It is extremely important that this measure should carry. Some of the recent methods of the power companies have been more ingenious, subtle, and desperate than ever. In preparation for the hearings Congressman Rankin has asked us to get for him all possible statements of facts, affidavits, and so forth, bearing upon this subject. Please send them as promptly as possible to Congressman John E. Rankin, House Office Building, Washington, D. C. Write your Congressman and Senators urging them to support the measures.

CARL D. THOMPSON, Director,
Public Ownership

Chicago, April 27 League of America

Repealing Repression

Dear Sir: Thank you for your editorial in your May 1 issue on the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Herndon case. Your comment, "Let the states look to their laws—especially those which tamper with the Bill of Rights—and they will save themselves both good money and bad publicity," is especially to the point.

There is a nation-wide movement for the repeal of all state laws against insurrection, criminal syndicalism, etc. The International Labor Defense took the case of Dirk de Jonge, charged in Oregon with criminal syndicalism, to the United States Supreme Court and won it. The decision in that case did not, however, invalidate the law. Immediately after this victory, therefore, the I. L. D. undertook a campaign for the law's repeal in Oregon, had a repeal measure introduced, and secured its passage. In the neighboring state of Washington, at the same time, the Commonwealth Federation, encouraged by the victory in the

De Jong case, initiated a similar legislative campaign and won. In California, where eight persons are in prison or on parole under sentences on criminal-syndicalism charges, favorable legislative action is a not remote possibility.

A repeal bill was defeated in Montana, but the fight will break into the open again when the legislature reconvenes. Repeal bills have been introduced in Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan, and Illinois. As soon as the Herndon decision was known, the Illinois Senate Judiciary Committee hastily wrote a favorable report on the criminal-syndicalism repealer bill which the I. L. D. had had introduced.

LOUIS COLMAN

International Labor Defense
New York, May 3

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE SELDES, a journalist of many years' experience abroad, has just returned from three months in Spain as correspondent of the New York Post.

MAURY MAVERICK of Texas and JERRY VOORHIS of California are both members of the progressive bloc in Congress.

McALISTER COLEMAN is head of the Information Bureau of the Utility Users' League of New Jersey.

ROBERT KEEN LAMB, now on the economics faculty of Williams College resigned last year as instructor in economics at Harvard, where he worked in close cooperation with Drs. Sweezy and Walsh. At one time he served as the university's director of publicity.

MORRIE RYSKIND, playwright, humorist, and M-G-M scenarist, is *The Nation's* Hollywood correspondent.

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The Shape of Things

★

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN TO WASHINGTON at least threw the gears in and started various wheels moving. But this is not to imply that the government machine knows where it is going. Never during the Roosevelt regime have so many obstacles blocked the road. There seems, for example, to be no detour around the immovable bulk of the Supreme Court steam-roller stalled directly in the middle of the right of way. Until that gets into motion little else can, though the legislative traffic is backed up for miles. Except for relief, few bills of any importance are scheduled for early action. A new farm-relief measure providing for production control to support the "ever-normal" granary principle and for automatic tariff adjustments to prevent extreme price fluctuations is being introduced with backing from the Administration and from influential farm organizations. But in these days not even such auspicious omens insure adoption. The same may be said of several new labor measures, now in committee and supposed to have Presidential support. Mr. Roosevelt insists that he will push his whole program of federal action to raise social standards, but his mere say-so no longer creates the fact.

★

WHATEVER ITS LEGAL JUSTIFICATION THE Supreme Court decision on the Louisiana chain-store tax will have enormous social effects which the liberal majority must surely have contemplated. In upholding the right of a state to tax chains on the basis of their total number of stores—including those outside the state—the court may well have doomed the national chains. The social value of such an outcome is highly debatable and will be discussed here at greater length next week.

★

THE MAKE-UP OF THE NEW SPANISH CABINET headed by Dr. Juan Negrin is significant for several reasons. Largo Caballero, who is widely known abroad as the "Spanish Lenin," has no place in it; and the name of Julio Alvarez del Vayo, formerly War Minister, is also missing. The Anarcho-Syndicalists, who had four posts in the preceding ministry, have been left out of the present one "after refusal to participate." The new ministry is parliamentary in character, and the number of portfolios has been reduced from nineteen to nine. What is most important, Indalecio Prieto, right Socialist, who is often considered Caballero's rival for party leader-

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ship, has taken over the posts of War, Air, and Marine. It is known that Caballero wished to concentrate these three posts in his own hands, which would have had the effect of eliminating Prieto from the Cabinet. Instead Prieto has emerged as the dominant figure. It would be unfortunate, however, if the government should lose the services of the ex-Premier, who despite his age is able and popular. And it would be disastrous to drive him into opposition.

★

DR. NEGRIN, A CLOSE FRIEND OF PRIETO, IS himself a man of great force—vivacious, energetic, and highly cultured. As Minister of Finance he controlled the Carabineros, who together with the Communists suppressed the recent Anarchist-Trotskyite flare-up in Barcelona. The Carabineros are a special frontier force of carefully selected Socialists. In the past the Communists have been very modest in claiming posts for their party—they held only two minor places in Caballero's Cabinet—and have refrained from criticizing too harshly the Anarchists' indiscipline at the front and in the rear. But the alliance of the irreconcilable Anarchists with the Trotskyites, together with recent indications that the Anarchists are not as powerful as they were reputed to be, has led the Communists to demand a different set-up. They want a government that will not only pursue the war with greater vigor, but be less tolerant toward minorities which refuse to cooperate with the Popular Front. Negrin is an acceptable choice.

★

DESPITE STRONG ITALIAN AND GERMAN reinforcements and the support of a tremendous air fleet and motorized equipment, Franco has not been able to take Bilbao after three weeks' effort. Bilbao is hungry, overcrowded, badly organized, poorly supplied with arms, and has no airplanes. Yet it can resist. There are two reasons, and they have operated against the rebels ever since the civil war started. First, Franco's man power is very limited, whereas the Loyalists can make up in quantity what they lack in quality. Second, the population of newly acquired territory is hostile, and that applies especially to the Basque Catholics, who do not trust the Catholicism of Franco's Moors and Nazis. Bilbao could easily be saved in the eleventh hour if the Basques received fifty airplanes. We learn that these airplanes are already in Bilbao but cannot fly owing to the absence of an adequate airdrome. Reinforcements from Asturias and Santander may be able to hold Franco until the field is prepared. Other fronts seem to be quiet but are not. The daily reports of the official Agence Espagne show that the slaughter continues and that on the Madrid, Guadalajara, and Cordoba fronts the government is pushing back the enemy meter by meter. The encirclement of the rebels in University City apparently determined one section of them to surrender. The other section forthwith attacked the first, while the Loyalists watched with pleasure. It is only a matter of time before this wedge into Madrid will be expelled. Meanwhile there is docu-

mentary proof from prisoners that Germany and Italy sent men into Spain after the new patrol system was introduced. But what is another scrap of paper in a full wastepaper basket?

★

THE CURRENT SOVIET CAMPAIGN AGAINST graft, bureaucracy, and "Trotskyism" has culminated in the arrest of four high officials of the Central Trade Union Council. It is charged that through carelessness, inefficiency, and favoritism millions of rubles of the workers' funds, supposedly designed for social insurance, were either frittered away on worthless projects or diverted to anti-social purposes. The shake-up among the trade-union executives follows closely on the heels of the demotion of Marshal Tukhachevsky, who was mentioned in the January trials, and the arrest of Tumanov, a former director of the Prombank, who is accused of having diverted Soviet funds for the use of foreign Trotskyists. Press attacks have also been directed against a group of writers who are charged with having been associated with Yagoda, the former GPU leader who is now in prison charged with wholesale misappropriation of funds. That the periodic "cleanings" which are so characteristic of Soviet life are often subject to grave abuse is indicated in Vishinsky's warning against "unjustified charges of sabotage." While these "cleanings" are undoubtedly valuable in ridding the country of incompetent or dishonest officials, they are frequently carried so far that they make conscientious and able officials afraid to take responsibility lest they be charged with wrecking. Through its paralyzing effect on economic life, the purge may prove more detrimental than the evils it seeks to correct.

★

RENEWAL OF ANTI-JEWISH RIOTS IN POLAND, in which fifty-three persons were injured in a few days' time, has again fixed attention on the desperate plight of the three million Jews in that country. Although the Polish Jews have long suffered harsh discrimination and lived under unbelievable conditions of poverty, they have only recently been made the object of a systematic terror comparable to that in Nazi Germany. Jews are barred from many important sectors of Polish economic life. They are forbidden to bid for government, municipal, or army orders; Jewish workers have been excluded from the government tobacco, salt, and match monopolies; Jewish students are rapidly being driven out of the universities; and the proportion of Jews in state employment has fallen to less than 1 per cent. Where official discrimination does not exist, Polish nationalists have taken the law into their own hands. Market stalls belonging to Jews have repeatedly been destroyed, hundreds of shops have been wrecked, and Jews have been forcefully ejected from cafes and restaurants. While the government has officially attempted to check the riots and pogroms which have brought death to hundreds within the past few years, its efforts have had little effect because of its general anti-Semitic bias.

THOSE INTERESTED IN THE UNGENTLE ART of getting and staying rich will follow with interest the efforts of the government to collect back taxes aggregating \$1,800,000 from Pierre S. du Pont and John J. Raskob. Mr. du Pont, it appears, had foresight enough to get out of the stock market early in 1929 with a profit of some \$35,000,000. After the crash he and Mr. Raskob initiated a series of gross sales aggregating some \$30,000,000 which ended, sometime in 1930, with each having exactly the same stock he originally held but together able to show a combined loss of \$7,500,000, which they deducted from their 1929 income-tax returns. Although the market value of the stocks had changed materially between sales, enough to throw out the balance between the two by \$700,000 at one time, the transactions ended with their respective shares only \$46 short of a perfect balance. This, the defense claims, was accidental, since the complicated sales were wholly unconnected and the prices were not manipulated. The government, the defense holds further, is betraying an avarice definitely shocking to the gentlemen traders.

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THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR SPANISH Relief has suffered important defections, but Michael Williams still stands firm for civilization according to Franco. In his honor, and in the hope of alienating all decent Catholics from his relief project, we print here the caption of a photograph reproduced in a French pamphlet on the destruction of Durango, sister city of Guernica. "The priest Melilla," it reads, "was struck at the altar as he celebrated mass. He was found clad in his sacred vestments, killed by a bomb." The photograph, which is even more vivid than its caption, was taken after the fascist angels had spread their wings over the second "martyred city" of the Basques. The Tale of Guernica, as its context is revealed, becomes ever more terrible. The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* reports that on April 22—three days before the massacre—a dispatch appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in which the system of demoralizing the unprotected "reds" by bombing them first and then firing down on them with machine-guns was described in every detail. It was obvious, said the *Guardian's* correspondent, that the author of the dispatch had been in contact with the German air authorities in the north of Spain; and the diary of the captured Nazi aviator which recorded that rebel fliers had orders to "shoot everything that moved" is one more evidence of the thoroughness with which the *Zeitung's* "system" was applied in Guernica. We may be sure that the flames of Guernica will not soon die down. They have already destroyed Franco's pretensions of "saving" Spain. When will they get too hot for a committee which calls itself American?

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THE NEWS FROM PARIS OF H. DE KERILLIS'S resignation as leader writer of the *Echo de Paris*, together with that of the editor and a large part of the staff, is an indication of the troubles that have lately beset the

rightist press. Since the passage of Blum's press-reform laws the newspapers of the right have suffered a loss in revenue from subsidies and have been forced to raise their price. This, with the violence of their attacks on the government and their open support of Franco, has caused their circulation to fall off. As a journalist M. de Kerillis may be compared with Carbuccia of the *Gringoire*, whose calumnies were responsible for the suicide of Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior, and with Charles Maurras of the *Action Française*, now in prison for instigating the attempt to murder Léon Blum in 1936. But a more dangerous man than De Kerillis is Jacques Doriot, head of the Parti Populaire Français and successor to De la Rocque as France's would-be Führer. Already publisher of a weekly, *Emancipation Nationale*, he has just bought control of the daily *Liberté*. Through it he will continue to preach that spurious socialism which is a sure sign of genuine fascism.

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AS CONTRIBUTOR OF OUR WEEKLY LETTER from Washington, Paul W. Ward has served *The Nation* since January, 1936—and the phrase may justly be taken in a double sense. It is with deep regret and some trepidation, therefore, that we announce to our readers Mr. Ward's departure for England, where he will take charge of the London bureau of the *Baltimore Sun*. Both in Washington and in our pages he has become an institution—if one so lively can be called an institution—and for excellent reasons. As a first-rate newspaperman with a clear and uncynical understanding of social forces, he has carried on a tradition in American journalism which has played an important role in the past and will be even more important in the complex future. Mr. Ward's particular talent for penetration and exposure is certainly needed in London as much as in Washington, and we look forward to his dispatches in the *Baltimore Sun* as well as to the articles he will occasionally contribute to these pages. Despite these compensations we hope his absence from the American front will be brief.

Mr. Green's Solidarity

THE antiquated woodcutters of the American Federation of Labor continue to hack away at the Committee for Industrial Organization—and they can hardly be expected to understand why industrial unionism, like the oak tree of the fable, grows stronger as they hack. Every move so far made by Green and Frey to discredit the C. I. O. and establish their own right to speak for American labor has had exactly the opposite effect. The A. F. of L. long ago demonstrated its incapacity to build a modern labor movement; it has actually functioned as an enemy of labor and in its frantic fight for survival has not hesitated to employ every weapon forbidden to labor's friends. As Mr. Lewis pointed out at the convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in Atlantic City, Mr. Green indulged in plain treachery in the General Motors strike

when he asked Governor Murphy by telephone not to permit a sole-bargaining agreement with any one union, meaning the United Automobile Workers. A little later an A. F. of L. organizer, the notorious F. J. Dillon, sent a telegram to the country's leading union hater, Edsel Ford, attacking the U. A. W. (not by name), denouncing the sitdown as "repulsive and demoralizing," and expressing the "sincere hope that you will view with favor the desire of the A. F. of L. to cooperate with managements generally in preserving . . . industrial peace." Edsel Ford was noncommittal, but the Consolidated Edison of New York recently took the hint when it tried to drive its workers into a "safe" A. F. of L. craft union in order to combat the militant C. I. O. local which was successfully organizing its employees. In other cases A. F. of L. craft unions, in their zeal to fight the C. I. O., have themselves assumed the character of industrial unions—which means that they will presently be at each other's throats.

In Washington the executive council of the federation has tried to fight the C. I. O. in other, more dangerous, ways. It attempted to protect craft unions by having the Wagner Act amended to prevent the granting of exclusive bargaining privileges to any one union in a plant, and accepted the good offices of the reactionary Representative Dies to get the amendment introduced in the House when no genuine friend of labor would touch it. Its lobbyists backed the move for a Congressional investigation of sitdowns the main proponents of which were Dies and other Southern red-baiters who are afraid of the textile drive in the South. John P. Frey, moreover, asked the National Labor Relations Board to "respect craft divisions" in holding plant elections, saying that the granting of "sole-bargaining rights was a denial of the rights of a minority."

These are scattered examples. Throughout the country the A. F. of L. bureaucrat is functioning as the agent of disruption. As such, he is being used by the employers and spurned by the rank and file. Meanwhile Mr. Green continues to assume the pose of outraged virtue. In reply to Lewis's speech at Atlantic City he said that Lewis "lacked proper understanding of his telephone call to Governor Murphy"—he did not deny making it. He went on to "offer as an answer to this unwarranted allegation my life's record of service to . . . organized labor," and ended by pleading for "unity, solidarity, and cooperation within the ranks of labor," for which he said he was ready to "render any service."

To Mr. Green the answer can be made that within labor's ranks unity, solidarity, and cooperation prevail, of an extent and quality to frighten an A. F. of L. bureaucrat out of his wits. That solidarity begins just to the left of the craft-union officialdom; from week to week it covers an ever-widening sector of workers (it has even increased the membership of craft unions), and it promises to encompass the great majority of wage-earners. At the moment the C. I. O. is mopping up the independent companies in the steel industry after having organized the great bulk of steel workers. In New York City it recently demonstrated its hold on the imagination

of the rank and file when, in an election held for the 13,500 employees of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, 10,638 out of 11,585 cast their ballots for the C. I. O. Here too we had a perfect example of A. F. of L. tactics. Having failed to organize these workers, the A. F. of L. union in the field now says it will not abide by the outcome of the election in which it refused to take part. To the overwhelming vote in favor of the C. I. O. it opposed the dry-as-dust contention that the election was illegally held. It was the same sort of solidarity Mr. Green had in mind when two days after his appeal for unity he ordered the suspension of C. I. O. affiliates from the Los Angeles Central Labor Council, thus ridding himself of 10,000 troublesome members—who were promptly granted C. I. O. charters.

We may look forward to similar actions in other cities. We do not minimize their deplorable effects, but in the long run they can have no important influence on labor's course. Even at this point the announcement that the A. F. of L. may soon formally expel the C. I. O. unions makes the same impression as if we were told that a dead shell had decided to "expel" the living organism that has already sloughed it off.

Hot Gold

THERE could be no surer sign that the fires of reform are burning low in Washington than the undue prominence that has been given recently to the subject of "hot gold." The problem is by no means a new one. For more than four years gold has been pouring steadily into the country. At the end of 1932 the national gold stocks were \$4,226,000,000, which was nearly a billion and a half more than was needed as backing for our currency. At the end of 1934 they had risen to no less than \$8,238,000,000 in devalued dollars. By the end of 1936 we had added another three billion, bringing the total to \$11,258,000,000. By the middle of this May we held approximately \$11,900,000,000, or more than 53 per cent of the world's supply of monetary gold.

Meanwhile, stimulated by unprecedented prices, gold production has risen to record heights. The increase in 1936 was larger than in any year in history, except after the three big gold strikes in Transvaal, California, and Australia. The spectacle of miners the world over working feverishly to dig out ever-increasing amounts of the yellow metal only to have it taken to Fort Knox and buried once more in the earth has been the subject of many well-taken quips. There can be no doubt that the United States is suffering from one of the most colossal gyp games in history, albeit one in which we laid down the rules. Gold is considerably overvalued in terms of American currency. Every ounce of the metal which we obtain from abroad has to be paid for, ultimately, in the product of "cheap" American labor. Although we get only about two-thirds as much gold per unit of labor as before the depression, we have been buying huge amounts on these terms.

All this would not be so bad if it served any useful purpose. But the accumulation of more than half the world's gold supply in the United States means that a number of countries are deprived of sufficient gold to stabilize their currencies and abolish trade restrictions. And the gold is of no conceivable value to us as long as we continue to keep out foreign imports. We have accumulated gold because we did not want goods. Moreover, the recent moves of the Federal Reserve Board to reduce excess reserves and "sterilize" gold imports were prompted by fear lest our huge reserves stimulate a runaway inflation. The United States is an integral part of the world economic system, and any action we take which is injurious to world stability must ultimately react against our well-being. The only real gainers from \$35 gold, apart from the Soviet government, are the owners of mining stocks, who in some instances have reaped fortunes.

The time to think of all this was obviously before devaluing the dollar by 41 per cent when a much smaller devaluation would have achieved the desired purpose. There was scarcely an economist in the country who did not point out at that time the very pitfalls into which we are now stumbling. The undervaluing of the dollar was bound to bring huge capital imports and to distort our normal trade balance. It was certain to be followed by an unhealthy rise in prices. But that damage has largely been done. The question is now whether it would be wise to reverse the process by reducing the buying price of gold from \$35 an ounce to, say, \$30. Many economists have openly supported the proposal. The president of the Bank of International Settlements has suggested that the price of gold be reduced throughout the world as a means of checking the increase in gold production.

A reduction in the price of gold would undoubtedly have certain good results. It would definitely eliminate the threat of an immediate inflation, and would check the influx of capital which is now causing great concern. But there are certain dangers involved in fighting fire with fire. Any change in value of a currency, whether up or down, is bound to have profound repercussions throughout the economic system, as was illustrated by the recent collapse of the stock market on the rumor of revaluation. New maladjustments are created and a period of instability ensues. Nothing can be more disastrous to business confidence than continued uncertainty regarding the value of the monetary unit. While something must obviously be done to check the continuous inflow of hot gold, it is not necessary to resort to a measure as drastic as revaluation. What is really necessary to restore world economic stability is for the United States to discharge its responsibility as a leading creditor nation. This implies accepting a substantial surplus of imports over exports. While this process might be accelerated by raising the value of the dollar, it can also be achieved, at considerably less cost, by more vigorously pressing Secretary Hull's program for tariff reduction. Once abnormal barriers to trade are removed, the gold question will take care of itself.

Nazi Scouts in Africa

THE Führer seems determined to regain Germany's former African empire by fair means or foul. He was not daunted by the recent outlawing of the Deutsches Bund, his private army in Southwest Africa. When the Union government put its foot down on these Nazi scouts, it was a simple matter to ship them home to Germany and train them there. Already 600 young Germans from the colony are taking a postgraduate course in the Fatherland. They form the "Corporation of Patriots" and are to educate in their turn other Afro-Germans in those special skills and prejudices necessary for "tasks awaiting them abroad." This very week they are meeting in convention in Saxony. When their training is finished, the army will return, bit by bit, for a new attempt to establish Hitler's place in the southern sun.

Southwest Africa was given to the Union of South Africa as a mandated territory under the League of Nations. In 1923 representatives of the German government at London urged the Germans in Africa to co-operate in the mandate and to regard their future as bound to the Union. Thereupon some of the Germans became British subjects, and matters went smoothly for a while. But when Hitler came to power, his agents provocateurs began stirring up trouble. Numbers of German aliens entered the territory, established a boycott against their countrymen who had accepted Union nationality, organized or terrorized them, and encouraged the belief that Southwest Africa would soon be turned over to Germany.

Since last December the Union government has been pressing a measure to combat this threat and on April 2 General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, signed a proclamation granting power to the administrator of the mandate to publish the names of all public bodies and political organizations which should henceforth be closed to alien membership. It was aimed, obviously, at the Deutsches Bund. Three days later Herr Wiehl, the German Minister, presented a note of protest to General Hertzog, describing the ruling as "a combative measure against the Germans in Southwest Africa." Meanwhile, back in the Fatherland, the official press was voicing high indignation over the martyrdom of Germans in Africa. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* announced that "the deprivation of their political rights will be regarded as a challenge by South Africans and this challenge must disturb the good relations between Germany and the Union." The Union stuck firm to its program, despite bullying. On April 19 the administrator at Windhoek decreed that by July 1 the Deutsches Bund must either disband or be wholly reorganized as an association of British subjects. And that is where matters stand today.

The Hertzog government deserves credit for having called Hitler's bluff—in contrast to many European governments. He has driven the Nazis underground. But his work will not be finished as long as Afro-German boys are carrying the gospel of Nazi imperialism from headquarters in Berlin back to Southwest Africa.

What Next in Social Security?

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

SOME Monday in the near future the Supreme Court is expected to uphold the constitutionality of the old-age and unemployment provisions of the Social Security Act. Of the two phases of the act at issue the old-age annuity plan is by far the more important. For if federal old-age protection is held constitutional, there will no longer be any legal excuse for maintaining the present cumbersome federal-state plan of unemployment insurance. The constitutional case for a national system of protecting the jobless could be made even stronger than that for old-age annuities, since it could be defended as essential for preserving national economic stability.

Merely to list the specific changes which must be made before the act can afford even reasonable protection against unemployment would be tedious. Benefits which extend only from fifteen to twenty weeks would mean very little in a depression such as the one from which we are now emerging. In fact, it is doubtful whether such assistance has any long-range social value. For it abandons the individual worker in his hour of greatest need, and fails to support consumer buying power when it is most desperately required. Nor can the exclusion of three-fifths of the employed from its benefits be defended.

A national insurance system, on the other hand, would make possible a uniform program involving a substantial increase in both the amount and duration of benefits. Part of the extra expense involved in liberalizing benefits might be saved by pooling risks on a nation-wide rather than a state-wide scale. But additional funds will undoubtedly be necessary. European experience has shown that no worker-supported system can meet the needs of a protracted depression without government assistance. Unemployment is not really an insurable risk. No one knows whether the percentage of jobless will average 5 or 15 per cent over the next twenty years. And in so far as the causes of unemployment are social rather than individual, there would seem to be no justification for placing the burden of jobless protection solely on the working class and consumers rather than on the country as a whole. At least part of the cost should be met through taxes levied on the basis of capacity to pay.

In the case of the old-age annuities, reforms are also necessary but should be materially easier to make. Even the most conservative groups in Congress, including the Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats, have come to see the absurdity of accumulating a forty-seven-billion-dollar reserve fund. It has become rather generally recognized, moreover, that the men and women who are now over sixty years of age should be protected even though they cannot possibly pay the cost on a strict insurance basis. Fortunately, both these weaknesses can be corrected without a drastic change in the principles of

the present law. The British government has met the problem of the older worker by paying full pensions to all insured workers regardless of whether or not they were too old to set aside enough to meet the cost of their own old-age protection. By adopting this principle the United States could provide reasonably adequate security for the men and women who are now past forty without openly repudiating actuarial principles.

Such a plan would be of very little assistance, however, to the workers who are now under forty years of age. They would still have to look forward to an ultimate pay-roll deduction of 3 per cent for the old-age annuity, in addition to bearing the brunt, in increased prices, of a 6 per cent pay-roll tax for old-age and unemployment protection. Nine per cent of a worker's income may not seem too much to pay for security; but with nearly four-fifths of America's families receiving less than a "reasonably satisfactory" standard of living—according to the Brookings Institution—a 9 per cent reduction becomes a serious matter. While it is not possible to provide security for the aged without taxing the young, it is fair to ask, as in the case of unemployment insurance, whether the working class and consumers should shoulder the entire burden or whether some responsibility should not be borne by the community as a whole. The rates of contribution now in force might be retained as a concession to those who feel that every person should provide for his own old age, but the increases provided for subsequent years should be suspended and the funds necessary for an adequate program should be derived from social taxation. In any case, immediate action should be taken to extend the benefits of compulsory old-age protection to agricultural workers, domestic servants, and the categories of white-collar employees who are now exempt from the provisions of the law. Other groups, such as housewives and self-employed workers, should be permitted to take out voluntary insurance.

Another necessary reform which should present no important technical difficulties is the provision for disability and survivors' pensions in connection with the old-age annuity plan. Every important country in the world except the United States has provided some form of protection against disability, or premature old age. Most countries combine invalidity insurance with old-age pensions on the ground that old age is really but a special type of disability. Widows' and orphans' pensions are also almost invariably attached to old-age insurance. Most American states grant aid to dependent children, but at present none make special provision for widows.

The greatest opportunity presented by the Supreme Court's action, however, lies in a totally different field. If federal old-age annuities are upheld, one of the pri-

many obstacles to a federal program of health insurance will have been eliminated. An adequate program of health protection would mean more to the average American than all the other forms of social insurance combined. Recently there has been some discussion of an amendment which would add cash sickness benefits to the old-age annuity scheme. At first sight this seems sensible enough. The number of days of illness in a given year per 1,000 of the population can be calculated almost as accurately as the chance of living to a ripe old age. Such a scheme would probably encounter very little opposition as long as it was divorced from medical assistance. Doctors would favor it because it would greatly increase the possibility of their being paid, and no organized group, except possibly the insurance companies, would be likely to oppose it. Obviously such a plan would represent an important step forward, although compensation which is not attached to a program of medical aid would raise many difficult problems. Some system of control would have to be set up involving the medical profession. But under private medicine, doctors would have no incentive to check malingering; on the contrary, they would have every inducement to help a prospective patient collect his sickness allowance if only for the sake of collecting their fees.

A modest cash benefit would do very little, moreover, toward meeting the primary problem—the provision of adequate medical care for the millions of Americans who are unable to pay for such care even when fully employed. It would not begin to cover the cost of cases

demanding hospitalization and specialist's care. Nor would voluntary health insurance solve this problem for the great majority of Americans. The average family can ill afford the \$75 to \$100 a year which would be necessary to obtain adequate medical care. As a consequence, most individuals will take a chance on avoiding sickness rather than curtail their meager standard of living.

It is not to be supposed that the struggle for adequate health insurance will be an easy one in the United States. Until recently there has been little to show for the campaign which progressive groups have waged for nearly a quarter of a century. The picture has been fundamentally changed in the last few years, however, by the dramatic success of group hospitalization. Hundreds of thousands of families who had no interest in "socialized medicine" as such have found satisfaction and protection in insurance against hospital bills. The brilliant battle of the United States Public Health Service against venereal disease has also helped to popularize the value of public medicine. Given a favorable Supreme Court decision, no time should be lost in taking advantage of the favorable political atmosphere for an immediate drive for nationwide health protection.

Compulsory health insurance may not be an ideal solution of the problem of medical care. Under it, it would be difficult to make provision for millions of persons, such as farmers, casual workers, and domestics, who are desperately in need of assistance. But however far short of the ideal, it would raise a heavy burden from the backs of American wage-earners of this generation.

Time, Fortune, Life

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

I
THE editors of *Time* are quick to resent the term "fascist." And indeed the adjective is a bit over-enthusiastic. But *Time*, although consciously its philosophy is no more than a cynical, tired Republicanism, does present abundant evidence of a fascist unconscious. One might instance its neurotic interest in the surgical details of bloodshed, its worship of "potent" individuals, its corresponding contempt for the masses. There is one department, however, in which these fascist tendencies have emerged quite frankly into the open. This is the "Foreign News" section, second in length and importance only to "National Affairs." Ever since *Time* was founded in 1923 this has been wholly or mostly written by one Laird Shields Goldsborough, a classmate of Luce's at Yale. It is difficult to convey the irresponsible malice, the positive venom of Goldsborough's attitude toward the masses and their leaders. For his information about the U. S. S. R. he depends largely on White Russian émigrés—whence the great *Time* theory that Trotsky is really "Stalin's stooge," an undercover emis-

sary busy fomenting revolutions which Stalin's bourgeois alliances won't allow him to encourage openly (*Time*, December 28, 1936). His treatment of the Spanish war must be read to be believed. "The Spanish government, a regime of Socialists, Communists, and rattle-brained liberals, had emptied the jails of cutthroats to defend itself," he wrote early in the conflict. "The government's militia, largely composed of ill-trained, ill-disciplined shoemakers, cab-drivers, and waiters, who were only prevented from scattering in despair by their officers standing behind them with cocked firearms . . ."—such is his description of the defenders of Madrid (*Time*, October 26, 1936). In the same article he announced gleefully, "The Spanish Republic was actually at its last gasp." Goldsborough's falsifications have for years been an office scandal.

Next to radicals Goldsborough hates Jews. Léon Blum, being both, is abused in terms worthy of Herr Streicher. It is "lean, spidery Léon Blum, Socialist and Jew," "Jew Blum," ". . . the peculiar detestation Léon Blum is capable of arousing"—in peculiar, not to say pathological,

people, one might add. Before Blum came into power he was "millionaire Socialist Blum," who "lives in a sumptuous old house crammed with exquisite bibelots" and "delights to rush among the Paris rabble and deliver mixed Socialist-Communist harangues." History played its customary trick on the editor of *Time's* foreign-news section, and Goldsborough later on had to tell his readers that this ridiculous old Sheeny had somehow managed to crawl into the premiership of France. It is only fair to say that Goldsborough, despite his name and personal appearance, is almost certainly not a Jew himself.

It all goes back to 1934, when Goldsborough made a trip to Italy for *Fortune*. He returned so violent a partisan of Il Duce that even Il Luce was alarmed. The uncritical panegyrics on fascism he wrote for *Fortune's* Italian number had to be scrapped in favor of a more realistic treatment by various staff writers. But in his province of *Time* Goldsborough says what he likes. For example (July 20, 1936): "A scant fourteen years ago the kingdom of Italy was as confused, irresolute, and radical-ridden as are France and Spain today. The years have dignified and tempered Benito Mussolini, and he has dignified and tempered the Italian people. . . . The features of Benito Mussolini in his prime are those of an Augustan Caesar. . . ."

The Goldsborough scandal has reached such a ripe stage that even Luce's more conservative lieutenants have tried to have him restrained. But Goldsborough has formidable talents: a chambermaid's instinct for scandal plus a spinster's love of gossip. He scooped the world on Mrs. Simpson, exposing the whole affair months before other journalists woke up to what was taking place. His stuff furthermore has pace, color, humor, drama, every virtue in fact except such dull ones as accuracy and honesty. Hence he is said to be the most highly paid writer on any of Luce's magazines. So far Luce has overruled all opposition and given Goldsborough his full personal backing, which means that his articles are not blue-penciled by the editor. That Luce, for good solid cash reasons, should thus specially protect the writer who most flagrantly violates his high-minded code of factual objectivity—this is a paradox only to the unsophisticated.

During the past few weeks a remarkable change has come over *Time's* foreign news. The Spanish situation is being reported honestly; Léon Blum is "Jew Blum" no longer; Europe has become a more comprehensible, if less exciting place. Explanation: Goldsborough went to London for the coronation.

II

The reading matter in Luce's magazines is produced by the cooperation of three groups: researchers, writers, editors. The researchers are all female, mostly college graduates. They work at the high nervous tension peculiar to commercial journalism. Luce has been publishing magazines for fourteen years, but it still takes a major crisis to produce each issue. For the fantastic amounts of overtime the researchers put in while the magazines are going to press, they get no time-and-a-half pay. In fact, they receive no pay at all beyond one dollar for

dinner plus their taxi fare home after 10 p. m.—this deadline apparently representing Luce's idea of the hour at which the streets become unsafe for solitary females. Theoretically, they take time off during less busy periods. But quiet intervals are rare in Luce's high-powered enterprises, and they are lucky if they make up half their overtime. Considering this unpaid labor, the importance of the work, and the intelligence it requires, their pay is low. It begins at \$25 a week and rises, by \$10 or so a year, to a permanent plateau of about \$75. But they put up with this exploitation because the human relationships are pleasant and the work is interesting.

Luce pays his writers well—after the probation period. The beginners are paid niggardly salaries and generally kicked around. But once the writer shows himself to be valuable, his earnings bound upward, to \$10,000, even \$15,000 or more, a year. Such salaries, however, are not given for nothing. As nuns sacrifice their hair, so Luce's writers are shorn of their names. It is a symbolic renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Once they have taken the veil, any gallivanting outside the walls is discouraged. Writers who have contributed to secular journals have been "spoken to," delicately but unmistakably.

The specifications for an editorship at Time, Inc., are those for a good radio set: maximum receptivity and minimum static (read: independent thought). After years of selective breeding, Luce has developed a set of human instruments delicately adapted to their great task, the transmission of the dynamic radiations of the Lucian personality out of the ether on to the printed page. These instruments are devoted, flexible, intelligent (but not *too* intelligent). They do everything but talk out of turn. They are well oiled with salaries ranging from \$15,000 to \$35,000, plus blocks of bonus stock. The archetype of these admirable mechanisms is Roy Larsen, second in command and most likely successor to Luce. Quiet, impersonal, realistic, inhumanly efficient, Larsen, unlike Luce, doesn't take the racket too seriously. To Luce journalism is a crusade, to Larsen a game. It is possible that now that Luce's earnest pioneering has opened up rich new territory, Larsen, the cool and adroit manipulator, could exploit it more smoothly if Luce were out of the way. On the other hand, perhaps Luce's crusading fervor, his dash of publishing genius, is still the vital factor. The question is intriguing but academic, since Luce shows no signs of retiring.

Several years ago Time, Inc., grew out of the stage at which Luce had direct personal contact with most of his employees. During 1936 the number of employees shot up from 718 to 1,221. The question of employer-employee relationships is urgent. Luce seems to have evolved one answer, his employees another.

Speaking to a group of his advertising salesmen last year, Luce outlined the ideal corporation into which he hoped Time, Inc., would grow. In place of the cash nexus which binds employee to employer under capitalism, Luce told the boys, he would substitute something resembling Mussolini's corporative state. This interesting, though unfortunately as yet non-existent, po-

litical concept has fascinated Luce ever since he supervised a lengthy treatise on the subject in *Fortune* several years ago. Luce's idea, roughly, is that the corporation accepts responsibility for the general economic and social well-being of its employees. It sees to it that they are well-paid, contented, and never without pocket handkerchiefs. In return, the employee identifies his own future with that of the corporation, centering all personal ambitions therein and thinking of it as "my" rather than "their" corporation—though, of course, not taking this too literally in the matter of dividends. These will somehow or other continue to find their way to the Harimans and the Harknesses.

But labor relations at Time, Inc., seem likely to take a less idyllic form. From the point of view of the proletariat, Luce's corporative state shares the disadvantages of its model. When he talks of employees, Luce is really thinking of the better-paid males, and his corporative corporation is designed for their special benefit. Time, Inc., is a man's world, with an all-male aristocracy of editors, executives, and writers dominating the feminine masses of researchers and office workers. Considering the large salaries of the men, the average salary, which is \$45.68 a week, indicates that the female proletariat is badly underpaid. And so in the past year the employees have taken steps to protect their economic interests themselves. Late last summer a unit of the Newspaper Guild was formed. It has grown amazingly, until at present 119 out of 234 eligible employees in New York City have signed up. (Of the 1,221 total employees, 547 work in the circulation department at Chicago.) The most enthusiastic response has come from the women in general and the writers on *Fortune*, the *Architectural Forum*, and the March of Time. The one sector in which almost no progress has been made is the *Time* writing staff, a culturally backward subregion comparable to the Bible Belt of the South.

III

The future of Time, Inc., as a business enterprise is largely bound up with the success of *Life*, its latest and by far its most ambitious venture. So far *Life* has been so successful as to be a pain in the neck to its publishers. They were foolish enough to draw up their 1937 advertising contracts on the basis of a guaranteed minimum circulation of 300,000. For months they have been selling over 1,000,000 copies a week. "This means," explained Luce sadly in his 1936 report to stockholders, "that *Life's* 1937 advertisers are paying some \$2,500,000 for space which is conservatively worth \$7,000,000." The management's underestimate of *Life's* possibilities—which Luce frankly admits was "an error in judgment"—was even more serious than these figures indicate, since recent circulation tests indicate that over 4,000,000 copies of *Life* could be sold every week if they existed. They will not exist for some time because, with its low advertising rates, *Life* loses more money the more copies it sells. Its pre-publication advertising contracts were closed at \$1,500 a page, which was raised to \$3,000 early this year. But until 1938, when this will be raised farther to \$5,000 or over, *Life* will content itself with a

beggarly 1,000,000 readers. If the economic system holds together through 1938, Time, Inc., will begin to get back some of the millions it has spent on *Life*. But even if it doesn't, and *Life* fails to reap the costly seed it has sown, the organization can stand a good deal of financial strain. At the beginning of this year its books showed current assets of \$8,400,000 (\$2,100,000 in cash, \$2,700,000 in government bonds) against current liabilities of \$1,500,000. Financially, the future of Time, Inc., seems well assured.

Its ideological future is harder to analyze. As a publisher Luce has many points of resemblance to Hearst. But the parallel must not be pushed too far. When Landon was nominated, for instance, Luce, like Hearst, made a pilgrimage to Topeka and returned enchanted, for much the same reasons. And so during the spring of 1936 the liberal fraction on *Time* was conscious of strong pro-Landon pressure. Landon trivia were treated at length and reverently, while the New Deal was chronicled briefly and flippantly. Luce personally saw to it that Landon got the editorial breaks. As the futility and the ineptitude of Landon's campaign became progressively apparent, Luce steadily lost interest in editing *Time*, which as steadily drifted over toward Roosevelt. By the end of the summer *Time* was chilly to Landon and friendly to Roosevelt and the C. I. O. Luce and his editors had checked their prejudices against the actual state of affairs, and had shifted their editorial emphasis accordingly. Hearst stupidly remained faithful to Landon unto the end and had to perform *his* about-face after the election, always an awkward maneuver. The distinction is important. Those in charge of Time, Inc., have excellent facilities for finding out what is actually going on: the *Fortune* Survey, to name one, predicted Roosevelt's victory last fall with remarkable accuracy. And once they have found out what is going on, they are by no means fanatical about sticking to their guns. There is always a lag, and often an inexcusably big one, between the march of events and the recognizing of the same by Luce's magazines. But the one great good thing about Luce's journalism is that it *does* change its ground, however reluctantly, that it *is* sooner or later sensitive to which way the wind is blowing.

Here emerges the difference between Lucian and Hearstian journalism. It would not occur to one to take issue, argumentatively, with a Hearst editorial. The plane on which it is conducted is beyond reason, beyond the reach of any marshaling of evidence. But for all their prejudices, their semi-conscious editorializing, Luce and his editors at least *think* their conclusions are determined by the weight of evidence. (And even if the more sophisticated among them don't even *think* thus, at least they accept the necessity for hypocrisy.)

The pragmatic-objective school of thought which Time, Inc., represents can flourish only within a healthy, self-confident capitalist culture. In 1900-29, as in 1850-1900 in England, this country had, or thought it had, such a culture. As England had its Victorian rationalists, so we developed a dominant school of historians, economists, and sociologists which believed in piling up data ("fact-

finding") and which was not interested in interpreting these data. The implication was that the basic premises on which society rested didn't need questioning. But since 1929 the fact-finding school has lost ground: the progressives insist on critical interpretation, and the conservatives doubt if the system can stand the facts. That Time, Inc., carries on the old tradition is due partly to *Time's* freakish prosperity all through the depression, which has preserved intact a booming little capitalist culture peculiar to half a dozen floors of the Chrysler Building.

Even if Time, Inc., doesn't feel the pinch of the next depression either, its rulers will increasingly feel the pressure from a contradiction in their own editorial rationale. Their incomes, friends, sympathies, prejudices are all far over to the right. But they profess to be, and *want* to be, guided only by the weight of factual evidence, and in most cases this evidence leads to a left-wing conclusion. The arguments against the present system are always so much better than the arguments for it. And Luce's editors, unlike Hearst and Hitler, still take arguments seriously. As the capitalist crisis sharpens and this dilemma becomes more and more painful, it seems likely that they will subordinate the stubborn, unwelcome facts to some supra-rational principle. That is to say, modulate from laissez faire capitalism into fascist capitalism.

Objectively as well ■ subjectively they will be pushed in this direction. Year by year the gears of Time, Inc., mesh more deeply into the capitalist system. It now has between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 invested in stocks and bonds of other corporations. To watch over these investments, and to increase them by judicious speculation, it maintains its own staff of market experts. Last

year its "Other Income," that is, speculative profits, came to \$1,065,000, which was more than a third of its total net profits. Obviously such a publishing enterprise cannot be expected to remain editorially aloof from the economic system. The business classes are becoming aware that something beyond old-style capitalism is necessary. This means, if they have anything to say, some form of fascism.

This development is epitomized in Luce's personal drift toward the right. In 1928 he voted for Smith, in 1932 for Hoover, in 1936 for Landon. His current direction may be indicated by a few sentences from a recent speech: "Without the aristocratic principle no society can endure. . . . What slowly deadened our aristocratic sense was the expanding frontier, but still more the expanding machine. . . . We got a plutocracy without any common sense of dignity and obligation. . . . The triumph of the mass mind is nowhere more apparent than in the frustration of the upper classes." It is all there—the aristocratic principle, the distrust of the masses, even the sense of *noblesse oblige*. Luce's opinions are those of the ruling business class to which he belongs and whose great mouthpiece he is, of the people he went to college with, the people he puts up in his streamlined guest cottages, the people he lunches with in the Cloud Club inside the chromium spire of the Chrysler Building, the people, in a word, who pay for the advertising which pays for his magazines. The decay of American capitalism is pushing all these people in a certain direction. But it is premature to call Time, Inc., fascist. Proto-fascist would be more accurate.

[This is the last of three articles on Time, Inc. The first two appeared in the issues of May 1 and May 8.]

Kings and Bus Drivers

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

THE Coronation approaches to the rumble of growing labor unrest. The London busmen are already out on strike, and a threatened dispute in the mining industry may result in a national stoppage in the last week of May. There is a good deal of unrest, also, among the engineers; a big strike, lasting two weeks, has only just been settled among the shipyard apprentices on the Clyde.

The causes of the unrest are various. The busmen have struck for the seven-and-a-half-hour day. They complain of the great speeding-up in London transport. This has resulted, they claim, in increased nervous strain and a heavy incidence of digestive trouble among the men. The Transport Board hardly disputes the facts of the claim. Its answer is that, granted the rates of interest it must pay (4 per cent, 4½ per cent, 5 per cent) on its different classes of stock, it cannot afford the half-million sterling that concession of the claim would cost. Since Saturday

last not a bus has moved on the London streets; and the strain on alternative forms of transport has been grave. So far the strike has been met with good temper, as the weather is fine and the London busman is deservedly popular. The government has taken no action as yet, save to appoint a court of inquiry which is to make an interim report by the week-end. It is difficult to believe that some action will not be taken, for the absence of five thousand buses from the streets in the present congested condition of London would be calamitous. On physiological grounds the men have an unanswerable case; and the real reply to the board is that a Tory Parliament gave to the shareholders of the former transport companies unnaturally good terms when the present monopoly was formed. There is no case for more than 3 per cent on shares of this character; and a reduction in the rate of interest by Act of Parliament is the obvious way out. But it is difficult to see a Parliament of the present character being persuaded to take this road.

The threat of a mining dispute arises out of conditions in the rich Nottingham coal field. There, ever since the dispute of 1926, a company union has dominated the situation, and a condition of owners' control exists such as Americans know in parts of the West Virginia coal field. The Miners' Federation has fought hard for its overthrow, and a secret ballot of the men has been overwhelmingly against the company union. So far the owners have proved adamant, though it is possible that the pressure of parliamentary opinion—which is widely favorable to the miners—may yet compel them to give way before a national stoppage occurs.

In the engineering trades the situation is different again. Wages have hardly recovered from the depth of the depression; prices, as the orthodox *Economist* admits, are "rising at an alarming rate." Meanwhile, largely through the rearmament program, the Stamp index of profits has risen from the base of 100 in 1929 to 114 last year; and individual firms show immense increases. While employment is greater by 15.2 per cent than in 1932, output has risen by more than 37 per cent; the increase in the output per individual worker is about one-fifth on his production in 1932. Profits in the four years 1932-36 are up by over 52 per cent, while wages in the same period only rose by 3.6 per cent. If to this picture there be added the growing tendency to employ women and youths, and the resistance of industry and finance to Neville Chamberlain's very mild proposal of a tax on profits, it is not difficult to understand the feeling of unrest that prevails.

Mostly it is an unrest of the rank and file rather than of the leaders. It is no secret that the pressure on the latter from below has been very great. The leaders are anxious to avoid disputes in a critical international situation; the men see no reason why they should not share in the real boom that is being created by the immense armament program. Their dissatisfaction with existing conditions has been intensified by some of the spectacular profits that are being made in the armaments industry and by the fact that financial resistance to Mr. Chamberlain's budget proposals is nowhere regarded by business men as other than common sense. They cannot see why a demand for higher wages should be "unpatriotic," if a demand for lower taxation is regarded as wholly reasonable. At the base of the industrial pyramid the mood of defeatism which has lasted since 1931 is at long last beginning to disappear. I make no doubt that in the next few months the leaders of the big unions will begin to adjust themselves to a new psychology. The alternative will be widespread unofficial strikes; and these are always evidence of bad leadership.

Meanwhile, the preparations for the Coronation proceed upon their majestic way. I do not find in the average Englishman any great excitement over the spectacle. He feels that it is an extra day's holiday, a break in the grim routine. He is pretty fully aware of, and somewhat amused at, the big commercial implications and the effort to hide them from the public gaze. He is treated to a mass of articles on the symbolic meaning of the cere-

mony, and books on the royal family from every conceivable aspect litter the bookshops. But I doubt whether the effect of all the propaganda and publicity blots out from his mind the memory of the abdication last December. He is quite prepared to accept the King and Queen as two well-meaning persons anxious to do a dull job as well as possible; he thinks they should be given a fair chance to prove themselves. Yet in himself he does not think that everything is quite the same as before. He remembers that Edward VIII was a fairy prince one day and an exile a week later; the halo has not yet been regilded, and it will take longer than five months to do the regilding. It is symptomatic that in the new Civil List no proposal is made for an allowance for the Duke of Windsor; the government does not want a revival of criticism. It is symptomatic of something, too, that books which remind the reader of how new is the tradition of monarchical glamor are having a steady sale and awakening a good deal more critical interest than was expected.

It is even becoming fashionable to argue that the time has come to democratize the social habits of the monarchy; I have found a good deal of sympathy in quite unexpected quarters for Mr. Atlee's criticism of its unnecessary pomp and luxury. It is certain that a new critical mood exists. Labor leaders who accept Coronation honors will not find justification as easy as at the Jubilee. The sense that the monarchy is, at bottom, a reserve power in the hands of capitalist interests is more widespread than at any time for fifty years. I do not for a moment mean that there is any overt republicanism; that is not the case. I do mean that the monarchy is on trial in a way that would not have seemed possible six months ago, and the Coronation will have little of the profound symbolic effect it would have had if there had been no abdication. It is a diversion magnificently staged, but for the average man no more than a diversion. Its perspective is utterly different from what it was when George V was crowned, and one does not have to go far to discover that this is the case.

The kind of atmosphere which surrounds the monarchy dates from no earlier than Disraeli's time, and is significantly connected with the growth of that imperialist cult of which he was one of the founders. The Crown has been immensely useful to the reactionary forces of Great Britain as the symbol of imperial unity. But there is a growing awareness, awakened by the Jubilee of 1935 and greatly sharpened by the abdication, that it symbolizes a historical moment in the evolution of capitalism which may well pass away. Certainly its habits will be more closely watched than ever before. Certainly, also, its exploitation in the interests of party will be more sharply criticized. A neutral monarch will survive by reason of his neutrality for a considerable period. But under present conditions that neutrality has become an urgent matter.

Edward VIII made it obvious that the king must satisfy the bourgeois virtues in a bourgeois society; so soon as he ceased to typify them he ceased, also, to be an adequate symbol of national unity. But what precisely will

the Crown make of a situation in which its ministers seek to utilize its powers for social transformation instead of social conservatism? That is the unknown factor in the present situation. Being British, we shall not confront it until necessity compels us. But one day we shall have

to confront it, and the results may be more surprising than we care to imagine. That is why I do not think we need regard the Coronation of George VI as more than an absorbing pageant which need not, after all, be taken too seriously.

Hoffman of New Jersey

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

II. Champion of the Upper-Dog

IN the fall of 1934, when Harold G. Hoffman was campaigning for the governorship, the Utility Users' Protective League, engaged at the time in a fight to reduce the rates of the Public Service Electric and Gas Company, sent him a questionnaire about his stand on utilities. He answered, "I believe good government comes through progressive steps and not through overnight reforms. Therefore I am not a reformer but a candidate who, after fifteen years of public office, declines to make a lot of wild promises that cannot be fulfilled without some revolutionary changes in our form and theory of government and in the hearts of men."

In his inaugural address, however, the new Republican Governor did promise to strengthen the almost impotent Public Utility Commission of the state, and soon after the inauguration the consumers' group presented a series of bills designed to accomplish this purpose. The bills were mild enough in all conscience and were supported not too vigorously by the "clean government" group from Essex headed by the Reverend Lester H. Clee, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Newark and Republican Speaker of the Assembly. Mr. Clee, however, soon became more interested in his battles against pari-mutuel betting and greyhound racing than in any struggle against the extortionate rates of Public Service. The bills died the customary death of all such measures and were replaced by bills bearing the imprimatur of the Governor. Most of the Hoffman utility measures were meaningless. Two of them made future prosecution of rate cases by Jersey consumers next to impossible: one provided that all rate cases must be wound up within six months, and another gave the commission the right to "negotiate and agree" with the utilities without the intervention of the consumers. As it took two long years of the hardest sort of fighting to obtain a rate reduction of \$5,000,000 annually from Public Service, and as a "negotiation and agreement" between the commission and the companies, with no consumers represented, is a meeting of woolly lambs and saber-toothed tigers, Hoffman's contribution to Public Service was a royal one.

The Governor was equally generous in his support of the real-estate interests, chief among which are the large insurance companies. In his inaugural address he had

come out for a sales tax, and he pressed at once for its enactment. After a long-drawn-out fight which split the Republican majority the tax was passed by dint of a trade with Hague's Democrats. The object in laying a 2 per cent tax on necessities as well as luxuries was, of course, to relieve the realtors. The tax proved so unpopular, however, that after a few months' trial the Governor was forced to sign a repealer.

A situation soon developed with which no glittering gubernatorial eloquence nor legislative horse-trading could cope. Early in 1935 everyone informed on state matters knew that federal funds for unemployment relief would be stopped unless the state contributed its share. The federal government had spent millions for relief in Jersey. The state had not met its obligations. There was ample warning from Washington. But the Governor still denounced the New Deal at Rotarian luncheons, and the legislature still bickered over betting. Matters dragged along until April, 1936, when the Trenton State House was occupied by a determined group of workless men and women demanding some sort of action. For an exciting week they staged one of the pioneer sitdown strikes in this country, taking over the Assembly and Senate chambers and listening to their leaders' speeches. They also read the comment of the Governor: "People should support the government and not expect the government to support them. Some persons have the idea that the government owes them a living. This has never been and never will be. The carpetbaggers had that idea and they nearly ruined a section of the country."

State House guards stood about while the representatives of the unemployed held mock sessions of the legislature, taunting the lawmakers for their failure to come to grips with reality. The Governor sent telegrams to Washington begging the federal government to care for the state's "unemployables." Finally the sitdowners rose and drifted away, after having voted to form a Farmer-Labor Party and divert highway funds to relief purposes, a proposal against which the Governor thundered. The demonstration had thrown a temporary scare into "respectable" persons all over the state, but it accomplished little else. The unemployed, nearly a million of them, were thrown on the mercies of the near-bankrupt municipalities and their overseers of the poor. When Hoffman was criticized for his part in this shabby business, he comforted himself by reading articles in the New York

Herald Tribune congratulating Jersey on its "forthrightness" in handling relief.

The results of two short months of this "forthrightness" were uncovered by investigators for the Division of Social Research of the WPA. The report of these agents stated that there had been few chiselers on the rolls, that the vaunted reduction in relief costs was due to seasonal occupational pick-up, and that on the whole there was "starvation and disease" in many New Jersey homes. Republican papers and the New York Board of Trade attempted to discount this report by conducting their own investigations. These consisted, for the most part, in asking secretaries of New Jersey chambers of commerce how things were going in their communities. Just as breezily optimistic replies were being printed, word came from Hoboken—where more than 5,000 had been dropped from the rolls—that three-year-old Donald Hastie, whose invalid father was receiving \$2.50 a week for relief for a family of five, had died of "malnutrition." The baby had been licking paint off the walls to allay his hunger. Little more about the "success" of the New Jersey experiment appeared in the press.

A windfall from taxes on the huge Dorrance estate helped some of the more desperately hard-up communities, but a year after state funds were cut off, an Ocean City poormaster was quoted in the New York *World-Telegram* as saying: "Clients don't bother me very much. I just say no, and give them nothing. I know the poor devils need it bad enough, but we ain't got it." In some places investigators reported that family relief had dropped as low as \$5 a month. Still the Governor insisted that to divert the highway funds, the only money in sight, would be unfair to automobile owners. He said further that relief was making "bums" out of Jersey-men. When the legislature voted to divert the funds, pitifully inadequate as they were, Hoffman vetoed the bill. The other day it was repassed over his veto.

Foes of the Governor inside his own party, whose name is coming to be legion, secretly sympathizing with his bold defense of property against human rights, did not attack him for his relief policy. Instead they chose to bait him on his inept handling of the Bruno Hauptmann case. Of all the fantastic tales that have ever come out of this land of the tabloid editor's dreams, the Hauptmann case is surely the most fantastic. And the part played in it by Harold Giles Hoffman remains one of the deepest mysteries of the whole macabre story. The motive for the Governor's sensational intervention in the case has been sought in his political ambitions, his yen for publicity, his love of playing detective. As to the last, it is of record that Ellis Parker, chief of Burlington County detectives, a lifelong friend of the Hoffmans, once exclaimed: "That boy would have made a great detective." Parker and his debonaire son, long protected by Hoffman's stubborn refusal to allow them to be taken to New York for trial in connection with the kidnapping and torture of Paul Wendel, have finally been tried by the federal government. On the stand Wendel has vehemently insisted that Hoffman knew all about the strange activities of the Parkers.

It may have been interest in Parker's theory that someone other than Hauptmann stole the baby that led Hoffman to make his mysterious midnight visit in October, 1935, to the cell of the condemned German. Jersey politicians say that he looked on the case as offering another springboard to advancement, this time into national prominence as candidate for Vice-President on the Landon ticket. His friends say that, driven by a stubborn and probably sincere conviction that he was on the right track in holding up the execution of Hauptmann, he became so involved with the Parkers, the Nazi groups, and others in the state trying to save Hauptmann from the chair that, lover of law and order as he is, he found himself openly defying the law that called for the extradition of the Parkers. What is certain is that Hoffman is a good-enough politician to understand the loss of prestige he suffered in the Hauptmann case. Practically the entire press of the state has rubbed it into him. He was indirectly rebuked by his own State Committee, and had to campaign vigorously to land as the fourth of four delegates to last year's Republican convention. At Cleveland he was openly snubbed by the national leaders.

Now, after a period of morose silence, he is attempting a comeback by his attacks on the C. I. O. No longer able to boast that he is "a man who has risen from the common people but who has never lost the common touch," he wants to reconcile his wealthy supporters of other days to his ambitions for 1940 and beyond. His term as governor ends next January, and he is forbidden by law to succeed himself. Nothing short of a miracle can prevent the election of A. Harry Moore on the Democratic ticket. But Hoffman is young and has a mighty itch for office. A man who has been elected fifteen times to public jobs is not going back to banking in South Amboy.

Ordinarily the North Jersey Council for Industrial Organization could afford to ignore the Governor and his threats of violence. But Jersey workers, organized and unorganized, are showing such militancy as has not been seen since the Passaic strike of 1926. Already there have been sitdown strikes in plants all over the state from Trenton to Jersey City. And the Governor has sent state troopers to protect scabs—pardon me, I mean "loyal workers"—in a factory outside Trenton.

At one time or another during his stormy career Hoffman has shown his contempt for the small consumers, the unemployed, the organized labor movement. Always he has been loyal to his friends in the utilities, the insurance companies, and the other labor-sweating corporations. He is backed by a hard-bitten group of reactionary bosses. They will give him every anti-labor move their enthusiastic support.

The man has a childish love for soldiers and a dangerous flair for the sensational. At his summer residence at Sea Girt he lives in an armed camp, seldom out of earshot of the sounds of his drilling National Guard. Unless he is soon impeached, the "Boy Captain" may yet be seen happily leading his yellow-legs against striking workers in defense of "hallowed property rights."

[The first part of Mr. Coleman's article, *How to Become a Governor*, appeared last week.]

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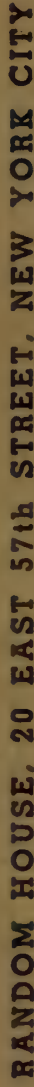
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BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"Bunkum and Bunting"

"BUNKUM and bunting"—thus Sir Stafford Cripps, the former Labor Party leader, characterized the coronation. I felt jubilant when I read it, for I am one American who is absolutely disgusted with the whole British Coronation. I was born a republican. The son of a man who left a kingdom after having been a rebel at fourteen, I was brought up an absolute republican, and though I have seen kings and queens in many countries, and kaisers too, I have always felt a sense of disgust and shame that some human beings continue to be ruled by men and women for no earthly reason except the accident of birth. Now that the Coronation is over, I want to go on record as protesting against the pages and pages of space given to it by the American press, and against this fresh demonstration, in the rush of Americans to London, of our readiness to toady not only to royalty but to ordinary people with titles attached. "Bunkum and bunting" it has been in London, and pure bunkum on this side of the water, all the more repellant to me because of the utter dullness of the British royal family. I know King George V was greatly beloved by the British people. Why? Because he was an agreeable, dull, and totally unassuming gentleman of the most mediocre attainments, and in him the great British middle class saw their own prototype. He had nothing to do and did that well. He was the embodiment of mid-Victorian respectability, the very opposite of his son and his reprobate father, who would, I fancy, have been run out of most clubs if he had not been royalty.

As for Windsor, why not tell the truth about him? He is a callow, undeveloped, hard-drinking, loose-living man, whose mentality has been at all times years behind that of others of his age. His affair with Mrs. Simpson was a piece of luck for him in that it aroused sympathy among millions and millions of people which he could not otherwise have won. It relieved him from a position which any man of intelligence and ability with a desire really to serve his countrymen would have run away from as fast as he could—the job of being a puppet king, unable to make a radio speech even without asking the kind permission of whoever happened to be Prime Minister. He was unable to visit the distressed areas of his country and express a decent sense of outrage at the horrible conditions he saw without being regarded as a dangerous person who must be still further hedged about by counselors and servitors so as to make it impossible for him again to express any human emotion. To be confined to the routine of opening bazaars and Parliament and signing his name to messages to the House of Com-

mons and House of Lords which he is not even allowed to write would seem to most men of spirit and character like penal servitude for life.

The attitude of our own press toward the Coronation brings up the old question of whether the public demands this sort of news in quantity and the newspapers are merely "giving the public what it wants," or whether the newspapers are seeking to create a sensational or morbidly sentimental interest in British royalty. I certainly don't believe that the offices of the great newspapers in the large cities of the United States have been stormed by mobs of people demanding pages of pictures and a lot more gush about what has been happening in England. I don't believe that five people sat down and wrote to the *New York Times* or *Herald Tribune* demanding, in advance of the Coronation, forty-eight or fifty-four columns of news from London every day. As is usually the case, the newspapers sought to sensationalize a wholly commercialized show. It is not to be denied that a considerable portion of the people of the United States are snobbish or sycophantic in their attitude toward royalty anywhere. But that is nothing new.

I speak as a journalist who has conducted a New York daily newspaper when I say that the American papers and news associations distinctly overplayed the Coronation story, precisely as the *World-Telegram*, to mention only one, tremendously overplayed the recent unexplained murder of an artist's model in New York, leaping to the opportunity to print nude or half-nude pictures of her day after day, not because those pictures related to the daily news of the story, but because the editors had a chance to imitate burlesque and to allow nudity in their columns. At least the *World-Telegram* didn't have the indecency to say that it printed those pages and pages of pictures to meet a public demand for them, that it was only "giving the public what it wants." I do not think that the newspapers overplayed the dreadful Hindenburg disaster at Lakehurst, for that was a most thrilling and moving human tragedy and was of enormous importance from half a dozen points of view.

But as for the Coronation, why, gentlemen of the press, let's be good Americans, let's have some realization that the simple inauguration of a President of the United States is, as Sir Stafford Cripps says, the ceremony that is really impressive and moving, the type of thing England ought to do, instead of giving a medieval commercial show with the poor victim and his wife wearing five-pound crowns and looking unutterably silly in their royal robes, and the hotels and shops coining money out of gaping Americans.

BROUN'S PAGE

From Pilate's Autobiography

ISCARIOT might have died upon the cross but for the circumstance that he was a coward, and so lived to hang himself. When first he came before me the case against him was not altogether clear. Some Roman soldiers had broken up a meeting where Jewish fanatics were advocating resistance to the government. In such affairs I was usually inclined to be lenient, for Jerusalem knew many factions and it was my theory that no great harm could come out of talk. Indeed, at most of these meetings the orators were inclined to attack their fellow-countrymen rather than the Romans. But soldiers are both patriotic and impulsive. It has been my experience that they become inflamed much more readily than the rest of an audience. Possibly I should have been touched by their loyalty, for it was upon the phrase "Death to Pontius Pilate" that they moved in and dispersed the meeting.

My first idea was to have the speaker scourged and let it go at that. But when I asked him why some sentence should not be pronounced against him, he stood up to me boldly and declared that he was a Jewish patriot and that he expected neither mercy nor justice in a Roman court. At this point a captain of the guard stepped up to me and whispered in my ear, "This fellow is dangerous, for he speaks our tongue as well as any Roman. He has even dared to approach our soldiers. The crucifixion of one such might save the lives of many others. Let him die for the sins of his people."

As a soldier I am not squeamish about death, and yet it is a clumsy way of solving any problem. I have never liked it much to see any man die when his talents, be they vices or virtues, could be put to some useful purpose. I decided, therefore, to try the temper of this prisoner Iscariot, because already I had a strong suspicion that I might bend him to my will. And so I said, "Judas Iscariot, you are hereby sentenced to be scourged and then taken to the hill called Calvary—." No sooner had I pronounced the word "scourged" than the fellow turned ghastly pale, and before I could complete the verdict he had fallen into a swoon. I knew then that I could make him my tool and servant, for he was a coward.

When he fell into a swoon I had two soldiers carry him into an inner room. When his wits returned we were alone. "Iscariot," I said, "you did not hear me out. I gave the verdict that you should first be scourged and then crucified because you seek to overthrow the Roman rule."

His voice was less firm than before but he answered, "I seek to destroy the Roman rule. You have said it."

"Iscariot," I replied, "nails through your hands and nails through your feet, and there to hang while the thirst rips you in the strong sun and after the night has

fallen. You are a strong man and it will be many hours before your agony has ended. Nails through your hands, Iscariot, and nails through your feet."

He writhed as if already the pain had begun to grip him, and he replied no louder than a whisper, "Then I must die for the Jewish people."

"But," I reminded him, "the servant of Caesar can be merciful as well as stern. You have only to say the word and I will spare you from the cross or any painful indignity."

"The word?" he muttered.

"It need not even be a word," I said. "You have only to nod your head and I will spare you the agony of Calvary. What I want is to have you serve me according to my directions."

"To be a spy?" asked Iscariot, and now his voice was firmer. "That would be against my heart and spirit. Whip me now and crucify me and let's have done with it. I die for my people."

"Not so fast," I interrupted. "You know, Iscariot, it will not be as fast as all that. Nails through your hands and nails through your feet. Nor have I asked you to serve as a spy. You know and I know that some of the fiercest accusations which you bring are not against the Romans but against other sects in Jerusalem. Who are these people for whom you are prepared to die?"

He answered that it was one thing for a Jew to fight against other Jews but wholly different if he should aid a Roman in seizing even those whom he, Iscariot, bitterly despised.

"I understand the point," I explained, "but you are a man of intelligence, and certainly it would be silly for you to say that you are prepared to die, and die in agony, for your enemies. That is madness."

"I have no stomach for crucifixion," I told him, "and if I have made its actualities seem real to you, I myself have come almost to feel the nails in my palms. It is not the way out for men of spirit, and here is my offer. And mark you, it is my last one. I pledge you that I will not require you to inform ever of anything concerning your present associates. You will not be pressed to betray your friends. All I ask is that you shall bring full and fair reports of the sayings and the doings of all so-called prophets and teachers and holy men who may gain a following here or in Galilee, for what begins in Galilee must ever end in Jerusalem. If this little thing you will do, then I shall spare your life and speak no more of nails through the hands and nails through the feet."

Iscariot sat for a long time and said no word, but he was greatly troubled. And at last he looked up and spoke not then, but he nodded his head. And so the bargain which was more momentous than either of us supposed was sealed for all eternity. Just the nod of a head.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FREEDOM AND MR. MINSKY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WITH a certain sense of shame I confess that the fate of the burlesque show itself does not interest me greatly. Theoretically I am all for ribaldry and Rabelaisianism, and if I had ever seen a performance which actually resembled what some manly critics think they remember when they go into raptures over the idea of burlesque, I should probably be as enthusiastic as they. The fact remains, nevertheless, that when I have dutifully visited its temples in Irving Place and Fourteenth Street as well as in Times Square, I have never seen anything which was not pretty dismal and—though something may be said for the strip-tease—exasperatingly anaphrodisiac. Invariably the audience has impressed me more than the show itself, and invariably it has depressed me more as well. I do not like to realize that there are men whose home life—if I may thus euphemistically put it—is so dull that performances as unimaginative as these seem glamorous. And though it has been recognized since the time of Aristotle that the soul needs cathartics, it is distressing to think that anyone should find salubrious such veterinary doses as the burlesque show administers.

Despite all this I doubt that those responsible for closing the theaters have performed a public service as important as they seem to think; and when a cardinal speaks tremendously of "the wave of filth which is overwhelming us" he is being more dramatic than truthful. The serious fact, if there is one, is not that burlesque shows exist but that there are human beings who find in them the entertainment most suited to their needs; and these human beings are not going to be greatly improved by finding the box offices closed. Am I my brother's keeper? If the answer is yes, then those who make it have not discharged their responsibility when they have done no more than deprive "their brother" of his mean pleasures, and the cardinal and rabbi who unite to congratulate themselves publicly on what they have accomplished are dangerously smug.

They are also dangerous in a more tangible way, for the immediate result of their agitation has been the passage by the state legislature of the Dunnigan bill, which specifically empowers the Commissioner of Licenses to revoke the license of any theater housing a play which in his opinion is immoral. At present it is doubtful if the commissioner was within his rights in closing the burlesque theaters without a legal trial, but if Governor Lehman should sign the Dunnigan bill any commissioner of licenses would immediately become an arbitrary individual censor of all dramatic performances and a one-man dictator of the theater. Quite obviously the possi-

bilities of abuse inherent in any such situation are almost limitless, and there would be nothing on earth to prevent the establishment of a censorship of the theater as rigid and as insane as that of Nazi Germany. Again and again it has been shown that the only way to exercise any control over the theater without establishing a censorship is by means of laws, like those at present existing, which make the question of obscenity one to be determined by a court trial; and if the crusaders against burlesque are sincere in protesting that they have no desire to do more than clean up obvious filth, they will support the representatives of all branches of the theater who have already urged Governor Lehman to veto the Dunnigan bill.

Even if the burlesque shows were ten times worse than they actually are, the fact would be no excuse either for exercising extra-legal power against them or for creating laws which obviously lend themselves to abuse. The question is not whether they deserve to survive or whether Commissioner Moss happens to be, personally, a man who can be trusted. In the first place, he will have successors, and, in the second place, there could be nothing more repugnant to the idea of democracy than the proposal to invest an individual with power to set up his own personal standard of propriety as the law governing theatrical performances. To defend an abuse of power on the ground that it was exercised in a good cause is monstrous, and it would logically lead, among other things, to the defense of lynch law whenever the victim happened to be guilty.

Nor am I among those who hold that arbitrary suppression of the abuses of freedom actually serves to protect the legitimate exercise of it. Certainly no one could maintain that the Dunnigan bill protects anyone's liberty, and it is in general true that no liberty is really secure unless it is broad enough to permit a certain margin of abuse. The fact is usually recognized in our laws. No one has yet devised a code governing the conduct of the press which could guarantee its freedom without permitting the excesses of yellow journalism, and it is doubtful if any such code could be drawn. You cannot give freedom to truth without giving a certain latitude to error, and the attempt to distinguish too precisely between liberty and license always means that liberty itself is infringed. What is true in general is as conspicuously true where the theater or any other form of artistic expression is concerned. There is no more reason for allowing one man to decide what a theater may or may not present than there would be for allowing one man to decide what a newspaper may print. The line between frankness and obscenity or between the free discussion of existing institutions and mere dema-

goguary is ■ wavering, indistinct line which no law can draw precisely, and it is better that a few lies should be told than that any truths should be suppressed. It is not by a few tolerable abuses that liberty is endangered. It may be surrounded by an area in which abuse is possible, but that area serves to protect not to endanger. It is the margin of safety—even if the Minsky brothers are squatters there.

BOOKS

Blundering into War

NEUTRALITY FOR THE UNITED STATES. Edwin Borchard and William Potter Lage. Yale University Press. \$3.50.

THE distinguished authors are certain that it was stupidity about legal matters and naivete about world affairs which forced us into the World War. They think that there is great hope of staying out of another war if we keep our lawbooks dusted and our emotions under control. While there is no formula offered for staying out, the hope for it is a sturdy insistence upon our neutral rights, as in the days of 1793, coupled with objuratation of the temptation to sit in judgment on foreign nations and of the credulous belief that wars diminish the essential causes of war. A really bright Secretary of State would help, we gather, and ■ neutral President.

This book is the best detailed description available of our legal blundering during the years 1914-17. It is written with some fervor, some contempt, some mild bitterness toward international-law colleagues and others who have apparently been engaged in twisting international law into ■ hybrid moral and legal obligation upon us to take sides in all world affairs. Theirs are profane, if not amateur, hands laid on the ark of the pre-covenant law.

A believer in international law has ■ hard time these days. Comes the legislator pragmatically and says neither side observed international law when the World War became desperate, so why trust to it to protect us next time? Lady Godiva rode in mailed armor compared to the protection given ■ neutral nation by a non-obeyed international law. In response appears Judge John Bassett Moore, dean of the profession, and tells the legislators that "it is a maxim of the common law that in the midst of arms the laws are silent (*inter arma leges silent*), but this does not mean that the laws cease to exist." They do not really function in war time, but although they sleep, they are still there, so beware! To the legislator this seems like ■ touchdown for his side and a devastating admission of general uselessness and incapacity around the village firehouse.

Professor Borchard, however, thinks international law, which might have saved us, did not have a chance from 1914 to 1917. We were unneutral almost from the start, and on top of that committed a series of gratuitous legal blunders which grew like young giants in their importance. Later, when we tried to disown one of them, the armed-merchantman controversy which led to the story that "the submarines got us into the war," a vested political interest in it had grown up which our State Department could not oppose. The combina-

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

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Committee on
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tion of the general atmosphere of unneutrality plus the legal blundering in and out of season doomed us.

He cites our success in staying out of the Anglo-French war in 1792 by insisting upon our neutral rights to a certain extent. True, we got into it in 1812, but only after twenty years, and our entry was not due so much to interference with our neutral rights, specifically impressment of our sailors, as to the growth of the "War Hawk" party which looked with loving eyes toward Canada and Florida. There was no other major naval war until 1914.

Came 1914 and we "fumbled" all over the field, dropping the ball right in front of our opponents on every play. "Our unneutrality began as early as 1914." We threw away the international law on blockades by admitting the idea that if Great Britain was really hard pressed she had a right to do anything. Later, under international law we had no business submitting to the black list. Even Canada would not follow our course and submit on that. "Subservient" is a word the authors use often.

The largest legal oversight came early in 1914 when we neglected to warn American passengers off belligerent munitions ships. From that little oversight came the offspring claim that American citizens had a right to risk the peace of their country on alien ships legally subject to attack. Ambassador Gerard asked, "Why should we enter a great war because . . . Americans may be hired to protect by their presence cargoes of ammunition?" Walter Millis has more recently retold the Lusitania story in a way which suggests to shocked readers that Great Britain was only drawing the ultimate diplomatic advantage out of that oversight when the ship slowed down in front of the German submarine which sank it.

The largest legal mistake came early in 1914 when we allowed armed British merchantmen the free use of our ports. That mistake became more important with the appearance of the submarine in 1915. Professor Borchard holds: "It may truthfully be said that American intervention in the European war was largely induced by the attempt of the Wilson Administration to maintain not only the privilege of British merchantmen to arm but to use their arms against submarines, while yet enjoying immunity from submarine attack because the merchantman had American citizens among her passengers and crew." Once our State Department had gone off the deep end on that claim, the claim became a fundamental American "right," and the honor and self-respect of the nation were involved in its defense.

Oddly enough, we had what is rarely given, the chance to pull back from the one-sided consequences of this legal error. Early in 1916 Lansing realized that we had no business protecting armed belligerent merchant ships, and proposed a new deal whereby the Allies would disarm their merchant ships and the Germans would stop and search them and remove passengers and crew before sinking them. This seemed to Lansing and Wilson a "reasonable and reciprocally just" *modus vivendi*. Why did we not insist upon it? Clearly it would have avoided the continuation of the submarine controversy, for lack of which we might not have entered the war. Professor Borchard answers that a "vested political interest" in our earlier position had grown up which was too strong for the Administration. Professor Seymour's "American Neutrality, 1914-1917" (1935) utterly ignored the fact that we had for a month or so completely admitted the unreasonableness of our own sacred rights. Neither of these treatments seems to recognize the important pull of the several billion dollars of war money which would have been

jeopardized by the change. Perhaps our universities have still to educate their professors to realize the part money plays in our village, or why prominent names get on preferred lists.

Legal blunders it may be possible to avoid, but how does one avoid partisanship when all one's money is on one horse? And what is international law among friends?

Naivete about world affairs is, according to the authors, a greater danger to our peace and neutrality than it was in 1914. They have some stinging things to say about discriminatory and discretionary neutrality, world cooperation, crusaders "bearing fire and brimstone in one hand and sweet-scented lavender in the other," and "the preposterous career" of world wars for peace, democracy, and a new order.

While these last subjects are somewhat curtly treated, this is a heat-provoking book and a decided addition to the revaluation of America's great adventure.

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

For an Investors' Union

FALSE SECURITY: THE BETRAYAL OF THE AMERICAN INVESTOR. By Bernard J. Reis. With an Introduction by John T. Flynn. Equinox Cooperative Press. \$2.75.

MR. REIS'S book is an anatomy of grand larceny as practiced by the better classes. He begins it with a sentence of devastating restraint. "Simply stated," he says, "honesty plays little part in American business." Mr. Reis is both a lawyer and a certified public accountant, and has thus been professionally trained to evade laws and misrepresent balance sheets. But he happens to be one of those queer souls who—no doubt through some glandular derangement—prefer to spend their brief light tilting with the windmills rather than in the service of our corporate Fagins. He places the peculiar knowledge of his two peculiar professions at the disposal of the small investor.

The ordinary well-informed reader will find himself superficially familiar with the subjects that Mr. Reis discusses: the diffusion of corporate ownership and the useful role this diffusion plays in concentrating corporate control; the guaranteed mortgage scandals; the story of foreign-bond financing; the investment trust; the collapse of real-estate bonds; the trustee, and how little he deserves to be trusted; the reorganization racket, "Reshearing Shorn Lambs"; 77B, the answer to Wall Street's prayer; the certified reports of certified public accountants; the corporate jugglings of Mr. Hearst; and the feebleness of the SEC.

Unfortunately revelation has followed revelation and investigation has followed investigation with such rapidity in the past few years that they have tended to cancel each other. The public and the journalists who chew its cud have hardly had time to digest one sensation before it was succeeded by another. Mr. Reis, by his careful presentation and analysis, brings into view many things that were not immediately apparent in the headlines. He supplies a useful source book in finance, corporation law, accounting—and ethics.

The position of the investor, as shown by Mr. Reis, is incredibly insecure. The reports he gets from the corporation of which he is an "owner" are usually written to be as uninformative as possible. The great banking institutions that act as trustees of his bonds are rarely trustworthy. The courts to which he must appeal against wrong, if he can afford to hire lawyers and accountants, are almost never realistic in

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their approach to the problems of the financial market; there God is on the side of the biggest law firms. In reorganization he is at the mercy of the insiders, bankers and management; and the latest device set up to protect his interests, the SEC, grows more flabby every day under pressure from the Wall Street crowd.

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ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

Literary Choreography

DANCE OF THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE IMAGINATION. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.25.

THE problem that presented itself to the author here, as he explains at the outset, was "how to give vitality to the past while combining it with what an experimental writer of our time has called 'the continuous present.'" What first engages the reader, however, is not the subject of the author's discourse but his crystal style, now clear as glass, now quivering with all the colors a fountain displays in sunlight, now clouded as though by the rousing of some inchoate genie. It is a style that Walter Pater might have shaped and would certainly have admired, but, as Mr. Sitwell appreciates, at this period of history such a jewel is worn with a difference. The difference, which one feels more sharply as one moves toward the closing pages, darkened as these are by a kind of eschatological terror, is that even a man as fortunately situated as Sacheverell Sitwell cannot escape from the immediate horrors of contemporary life. He may care to offer us no more than "an entertainment of the imagination," unconcerned as to whether our response will take any form but delighted applause or a mute shrinking from the spectacle. But his imaginings are haunted. A sinister shadow obtrudes upon the liveliest and most gracious movements of the dancers. At the happiest moments one feels a macabre jerking of the bones. Here is a dance of the quick and the dead. But often it is the ghosts who rejoice us, while those who jostle us on the streets are specters drawing us toward the charnel-house.

It is obvious that Mr. Sitwell is a poet rather than a thinker. This, in spite of the fact that his opening chapter abounds in ideas which could be enlarged upon or profitably debated, such as that since "the State, the Aristocrat, and the Priest are no longer in exercise of their functions," it is "upon the efforts of the individual" that "all our reliance for the future must rest." But though he throws out suggestive notions, he is never polemical, and it is plain that he does not seek to persuade us to act but rather to induce us to feel. It may be argued that the awareness which comes with an enlargement of our sympathies leads ultimately to action, that new styles of architecture are dependent upon a change of

heart. But this is the reader's affair. Mr. Sitwell is content merely to set the scene and direct the ballet.

With an ease that seems peculiar to this century—one thinks of Pound and Joyce and Virginia Woolf as among our more accomplished trapeze artists—he swings across centuries and continents, diving among the gin-drinkers of the Victorian London slums and resting—is it only a moment later?—on the brink of a lily tank beside the golden girls, naked but for the cassia flowers at their ears, whose dalliance furnishes the diversion of an Indian king. The illustrations which punctuate and define the text are eloquent of the freedom with which the poet moves from one civilization to another, choosing always some pregnant symbol to arrest the fancy, like a living statue that at a signal may take another attitude or drop its pose and walk away. Pages from Cruikshank's "Comic Almanack" are followed by reproductions of paintings by Brueghel and his awful master, Hieronymus Bosch. Doré and Daumier are companioned by Watteau and Gavarni. Numerous plates from a grim work on the criminal prisons of London are relieved by an Ajanta wall-painting or the figure of a pretty woman in fancy dress, and these are flanked by terrifying pictures of the Moa, a giant bird of New Zealand, now all but extinct. All afford themes for the play of the author's imagination. All make for the rich variety and the grotesque contrasts of the world he evokes.

As one reads, one feels that one is in the presence of the highly civilized man whom Clive Bell, in his essay on Civilization, delighted to praise: one "willing at any moment to follow intellect into the oddest holes and corners, while his instinctive reaction to life will be ever conditioned by taste." Yet perhaps Mr. Sitwell is too much the poet to answer wholly to Clive Bell's description of this phenomenon. He is not merely the appreciator. Freely roam though he can, and does, through the manifold realms that excite the interest of a cultivated intelligence, he must pause to brood over some particular manifestation of loveliness or ugliness. He has intensities that are foreign to the highly civilized. He is, moreover, obsessed by a harrowing sense of time, and by the almost equally harrowing consciousness, present to every sensitive contemporary, of an increasing vulgarity, an encroaching debasement of values.

Implicit in these pages is the reminder that art is man's strongest bulwark against the tide of the centuries. The book itself is proof that the artist, the poet, by the power of imagination helps his fellows to know the quick from the dead, moves his fellows to join in the dance of life.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

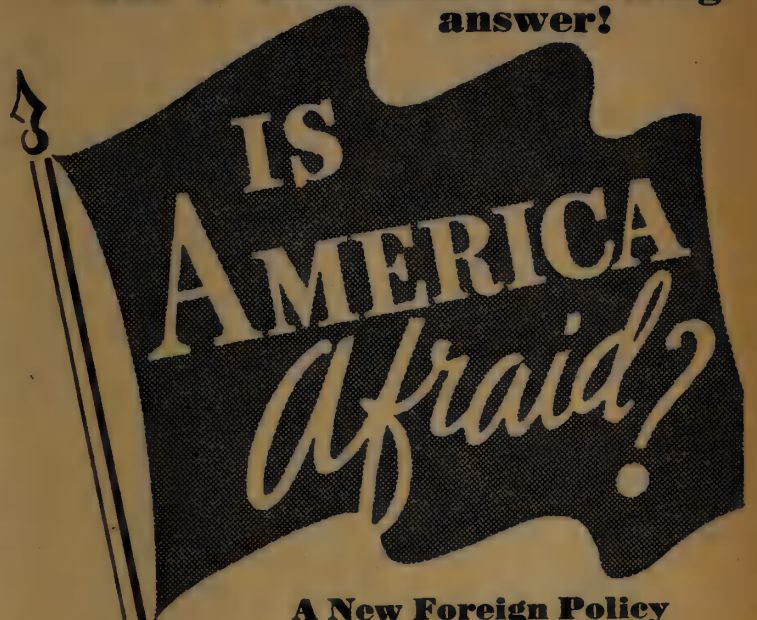
Anti-Metaphysical Philosophy

THE LOGICAL SYNTAX OF LANGUAGE. By Rudolph Carnap. Translated from the German by Amethe Smeaton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$7.50.

AN EXAMINATION OF LOGICAL POSITIVISM. By Julius Rudolph Weinberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

THE publication of Mr. Weinberg's book and of the translation of Professor Carnap's famous work marks another milestone in the progress of what is undoubtedly the most vigorous movement in contemporary philosophy. In a few years logical positivism has swept the philosophical world and threatened the main traditions of Western philosophy by attempting to demonstrate through a logical

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analysis of language that metaphysics is sheer nonsense. But the iconoclasm of this movement, for which it is notorious, is by no means its only aspect. On the constructive side the movement has sought to bring about the "unification of the sciences" by showing that all scientific statements are ultimately of a physical nature. This is what is termed "physicalism." This doctrine does not mean, however, that all events are to be explained in terms of the laws of what we now call physics. It means that all the sciences are language constructions which refer ultimately to data determined in spatio-temporal terms.

In one sense the thesis of the unity of science is not new, since we have long known that the various sciences are guided by the same method. But in another sense it is, for it includes the task of constructing a universal language into which the statements of all the sciences can be translated. And it is toward this end that the efforts of Professor Carnap's volume are addressed. When this task shall have been accomplished, the claim is made, the barriers which now exist between the various sciences will break down. As a consequence so-called irreducible concepts like "life" and "mind" will be shown to refer fundamentally to the same subject matter as that of physics.

Is this not disguised materialism? The logical positivists answer that materialism is a metaphysical doctrine which pretends to tell us about the nature of reality, while their own interest is focused only on the statements made by science. Thus it is not for them a question of reality but of the kind of subject matter that is admitted into scientific discourse.

How successful Professor Carnap's efforts have been is something on which the reviewer is not competent to pass judgment. But this much may be asserted by anyone—no language as yet invented has permitted the translation into physical terms of a vast range of data which are legitimate objects of human curiosity. There are of course no a priori grounds on which to disprove the pious hope that all significant statements will some day be reduced to those of some future physical language. But the positivists have intolerantly disposed of a good many fields which have not yet admitted of such translation by ruling them out as nonsense. Even if it could be shown that some of these problems, such as the problems of value, are nonsense, this would only prove that some nonsense is of high importance. And if the positivists, in the exercise of a right no one will deny them, insist on ruling these problems from the range of their interests, these problems will nevertheless deserve the attention of some of the best minds of any age. Another criticism is also here in point. While scientists seem little worried about the unity of the sciences, they have been carrying out the process of unification through the merging of fields of research rather than by drawing up royal schemes. Now if the enterprise of the logical positivists is of no practical value to the scientists, what objective value has it? This criticism does not apply, of course, to the destructive side of the movement. Here, while it may not have shown everybody that all metaphysics is nonsense, logical positivism will end by making some metaphysicians, at least, considerably more cautious about the kind and quality of the nonsense they indulge in.

Mr. Weinberg's book, it should be noted, is not an introduction but a critical exegesis presupposing some knowledge of the doctrine criticized. But those not adverse to a little hard work will find the book eminently well worth reading.

ELISEO VIVAS

Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait

DEAR THEO: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. Edited by Irving Stone. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.75.

MR. STONE and his publishers have done the reading public a considerable service by producing this compendious and inexpensive single volume. There are no important omissions, and as Mr. Stone has edited the letters they form a continuous autobiographical document which will undoubtedly take its place among the self-exploratory records of great artists. In Vincent Van Gogh there was something of the saint, or more precisely of the martyr, as well as of the artist. He strikes one at times as a queer compound of Rembrandt Van Ryn, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and D. H. Lawrence, with a dash, too, of a sort of tormented St. Francis of Assisi.

His life was one of almost intolerable poverty and desperate loneliness. Night after night he poured out these letters to his brother Theo, who, despite intervals of discouragement and despair, had faith in Vincent and loved him—loved him and therefore had faith in him. Every sentence is marked by the intense moral purpose of the writer, and by the tragic desperation of a struggle for mere existence in a society which had repudiated every value upon which the artist subsists. The neat little, tight little bourgeois world of the late nineteenth century simply didn't want persons like Vincent Van Gogh to survive. Instead of being happy in his art, he was forced to become a martyr to it. "All I ask," he says at one terrible moment, "all I ask in painting is a way of escaping from life." It seemed to him that his successful contemporaries had, in his own phrase, "cauterized certain nerves within them."

It was the age, in Zola's language, of *le triomphe de la médiocrité*. "Moral grandeur diminishes; material grandeur comes in its stead." The future of art seemed to lie out of the Western world, in the tropics whither Gauguin had fled, or anywhere away from "the boredom of civilization." With wonderful insight and simplicity Van Gogh states the dilemma in which the harassed artist has found himself since the Industrial Revolution: "One wants to be an honest man; one is so, one works hard; but still one cannot make both ends meet; one must give up the work, there is no chance of carrying it out without spending on it more than one gets back. . . . One cannot present oneself as somebody who comes to propose a good business or who has a plan which will bring great profit. On the contrary, it will end with a deficit, and still one feels a power surging within; one has work to do and it must be done." The book is crammed with truth, and not only the sad truths but the happier ones also, the passionate observations of one to whom each day brought further mastery and intenser vision. Some of the descriptive passages in these letters are as vivid as Van Gogh's own paintings. "Doctor Gachet with the heart-broken expression of our time"; or a typical landscape: "the immeasurable plain with cornfields against the hills, immense as ■ sea, delicate yellow, delicate soft green, delicate soft violet of ■ plowed and weeded piece of soil, regularly checkered by the green of flowering potato plants, everything under a sky with delicate blue, white, pink, violet tones." But one could quote from every page, every paragraph.

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FILMS

Another Madman

"NIGHT MUST FALL" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) runs parallel at many points to "Love from a Stranger," whose failure to hold its audience I noticed two weeks ago. But if Basil Rathbone's overacting was the cause of that failure, an equivalent defect does not appear in the acting of Robert Montgomery. I am disposed to blame the failure of "Night Must Fall" upon an audience which could not understand it. The people around me at the Capitol were in the first place unable to conquer their disappointment in Mr. Montgomery because he had refused to give them another insipid role; and in the second place they were obviously incapable of liking the particular effect of which by some miracle he was so much the master. This effect returns me to the theme of horror, a theme which the American movie public finds quite palatable as long as there is no subtlety in the handling—in racket pictures, for instance, and in the G-men messes where someone is knocked over the head or drilled full of bullets every three minutes by the director's stopwatch. When, that is to say, the horror is physical. But in "Night Must Fall" it is psychological, long delayed, and presented to us through a personality nine-tenths of which is as charming as ever it was. So the people around me kept fidgeting in their seats and wondering when Mr. Montgomery would uncover the remaining 10 per cent of his cuteness; and when he did not, but turned it rather into something really sinister, they got up and went home.

They had counted on this bewitching murderer to come through with the revelation that he was the Irish darling most of his victims thought him to be. The revelation they missed was more valuable, for it was nothing less than that Mr. Montgomery is an actor after all. For the first time in my memory he consented to turn his face full at the camera; it is not so attractive that way, though as he manipulated it the other evening it was at least twice as powerful. Mr. Montgomery had studied his part with genuine intelligence. He had noted the precise degree to which it overlapped his previous parts, and had employed his old tricks up to that point; but beyond it he had set to work at something so good in itself as to shed a certain beam of superiority back over the whole. He was both convincing and absorbing.

"The Last Night" (Amkino) is the newest Russian film to deal with events on the eve of the October Revolution. It does so by the device of showing us two representative Moscow families, one rich and one poor—or, more significantly, one the family of a manufacturer and the other the family of a worker. The manufacturer is stuffily conceived, but his light-minded daughter who flirts indiscriminately with reds and whites rings somehow very true; and the family of Zakharkin the worker is without exception interesting, although no member of it steps out of the convention thus far established.

"The Prince and the Pauper" (Warner Brothers) has been released, naturally enough, on the eve of George VI's coronation; for it tells Mark Twain's story of the young Edward VI and of how a beggar boy came near to being crowned in his place. The picture is not important, but it is momentarily exciting; and the Mauch twins who play the title roles are more than passable. Good enough for Coronation week.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Who Wouldn't Strike?

Dear Sirs: As frequent visitors and part-time residents in one of the most notoriously backward open-shop communities in America, it has been our good fortune to become associated with an intensely dramatic and significant "labor disturbance." Out of the 1,100 employees of the Firth Carpet Company at Firthcliffs (just outside of Newburgh) 1,050 walked out last week under the leadership of the C. I. O.'s Textile Workers' Organizing Committee. Axminster weavers in the United States average over \$30 a week, but at Firthcliffs the best paid were making \$20. Unskilled labor was paid as little as \$11; everybody worked over forty hours a week and not a few averaged twelve hours a day six days a week; twenty minutes out for lunch was the maximum.

So labor-hating are the city and its one newspaper that it has been impossible to rally any citizens' support or get a column of even neutral publicity. The owner of the plant, a patent violator of the Wagner Act, is Lord Askroyd. He is said to be in England attending the coronation. His huge daily advertisements in the local paper cunningly lay the blame on "outside agitators," "undesirable characters," and "communistic influences." The courage and militancy of the strikers have been magnificent, and the picketing has been uniformly peaceful and disciplined. "Violence" occurred Tuesday when scabs tried to drive through the picket line and ran down a deputy sheriff. The sheriff was so mad he gave the driver a ticket and told him never to come back. Yet the workers continue to be represented as a bloodthirsty, atheistic, and lawless mob.

The company is taking steps to organize a vigilante committee. No decent, humane citizen of Newburgh or Cornwall would join it if he understood the real situation. We hope that everyone within a radius of twenty miles who reads this letter will communicate with us immediately at Hemlock Glen, Grand Avenue, Newburgh. The strikers must have support. Anonymity will be scrupulously preserved if you desire it. But act *at once*.

DWIGHT MACDONALD
SELDEN RODMAN

Newburgh, N. Y., May 13

The Nation as Tyrant

Dear Sirs: You approve of the Wagner Labor Act. I wonder how you'd like exclusive majority bargaining and the closed shop for newspaper and periodical publishing and writing, with no rights for individual papers and suppression for non-members—no employment, no work. The fact is *The Nation* and *New Republic* have become very obedient organs of tyranny and terrorism. As for enlightenment and culture they are secondary in your activity.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN

Lakewood, Ohio, April 22

[*As far as The Nation is concerned, the closed shop begins at home. Its editorial department is organized as a unit of the American Newspaper Guild. It has a closed-shop contract with the Bookkeepers, Stenographers, and Accountants Union which covers all other departments.*]

Right to a Job

Dear Sirs: Does a group industrially unionized possess a legal right to a permanent job in a business corporation? As no such right appears discernible where the business is unincorporated, any such right must flow from some definite and special feature of a corporation itself.

Such a feature exists; it is that of limited personal liability. The owner of a business, liable personally to his last cent for its debts, incorporates his concern and his personal liability vanishes. But rights imply correlative duties.

From the feature of limited liability a principle has emerged which has become one of the main bases of corporate jurisprudence. This principle is that the corporation is not the embodiment of a debt-free owner but is to be deemed a separate legal entity, operated for its own sake. But if the good of the corporation itself be paramount, each section of those connected with the corporation—directors, executives, manual and clerical workers, technicians, salesmen, stockholders—may be presumed to possess the rights and duties consonant to the vital needs of the corporation. Stockholders, or their predecessors, contributed necessary funds to the corporation; the work-

ers contribute, each day, the necessary work. Each receives a recompense: dividends to the stockholders, wages to the worker. But so likewise, it may be argued, should each have his stake in the corporation: his shares to the shareholder, permanency of job to the worker. That the courts have already implicitly allowed a "colorable claim" to exist to such vested right appears from the facts that to strike, to unionize, and to picket are conceded to be lawful.

The question arises: Should control of a corporation lodge in the hands of those now called by that term—or should it be shared by them with the entirety of the workers? Answer this question in the affirmative and the right of the worker in such circumstances to his job is also conceded.

FREDERIC DREW BOND

Winsted, Conn., May 3

CONTRIBUTORS

MAXWELL S. STEWART has just published a new book entitled "Social Security."

DWIGHT MACDONALD was a member of the editorial staff of *Fortune* from March, 1929, until June, 1936.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at the University of London and influential in British labor circles.

McALISTER COLEMAN is the head of the information bureau of the Utility Users' Protective League of New Jersey.

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH was in charge of preparing the material for the Senate Munitions Investigation Committee and acted as counsel for the committee during the hearings.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN, an editor of the *New York Post*, is the author of "The Court Disposes," published this week.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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The Shape of Things

★

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSAL FOR A FORTY-hour maximum week, a forty-cent minimum wage, and the exclusion from interstate commerce of articles manufactured in sweatshops or by child labor may, as Robert Allen indicates elsewhere in this issue, be a tactical maneuver in the Supreme Court fight, but it is nevertheless of great social importance. Most New Deal legislation in the field of labor has contained a large proportion of unsound practice along with highly desirable objectives. This is not true of the present proposal. The flexibility which is necessary in the enforcement of maximum-hour and minimum-wage legislation is afforded by the special apprenticeship regulations and provision for such seasonal and industrial variations as are demanded by special conditions. A forty-hour week, or even a thirty-five-hour week, would be technically far more defensible than the thirty-hour week proposed in the Black-Connery bill. Most large industries are now operating on approximately a forty-hour schedule, and a slight change would not greatly affect production or increase industrial costs. Some objection to minimum-wage legislation has been raised in labor quarters on the ground that minimum standards tend to become maximum standards as well. This doubtless happens, and it can be remedied only by aggressive labor action. But it should not blind us to the necessity of adopting legislation for the protection of the thousands of men and women whose present wages fall far below the amount necessary to preserve a decent standard of living.

★

THE NEGRIN GOVERNMENT HAS RECEIVED unexpectedly strong support from political and trade-union organizations—both Anarchist and U. G. T.—in all parts of the country, Catalonia included. Thus encouraged, it has briskly cut away the red tape and cobwebs that had accumulated in the war machine. Several old army men and other persons who had forfeited the trust of their coworkers have been superseded by new appointees with military ability and of undoubted loyalty. One of these, Fernandez Bolanes, an old Socialist, left New York several days ago to become Assistant Minister of War, and General Rojo has been given additional powers as Chief of Staff. Concentration of army authority and a single command for all fronts, frequently urged in recent months, at last seem on the point of emerging.

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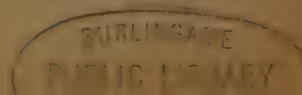
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In true Spanish fashion there is widespread public discussion of an early Loyalist offensive. The strong pressure on Toledo and the definite, if slow, advance on the Guadalajara front in the direction of Saragossa may be the beginning of this event. News reaches us of a plan to organize a giant Loyalist army of half a million soldiers. Perhaps much-needed help will now be sent to Bilbao. On that front Mola appears to have sacrificed a large proportion of his numerically weak forces in preliminary pushes. The Basques at last have a few airplanes, and they have begun to work. The morale of the city is excellent. It is still possible that Bilbao will not fall.

★

SOME FOUR THOUSAND BASQUE CHILDREN, refugees from Spain's civil war, many of them fresh from the horror of Guernica and other towns bombed by German airmen, have arrived in England, where they have become the objects of touching care on the part of the British government and various social organizations. The United States, with twenty-one million Catholics, has so far shown no comparable eagerness to take a quota of children. A small beginning has been made through the American Board of Guardians for Basque Refugee Children, which has headquarters at 20 Vesey Street, New York. Already offers of financial help and adoption are coming in. The attitude of the State Department is still ambiguous. A request that 500 Basque children be admitted was met by a formal acknowledgment and the astonishing statement that the decision would be left to the American consul in Paris. But it is unthinkable that the government should actually interfere with a move to rescue these children. Here is a cause in which progressive friends of Spain, Catholic charitable organizations, and government agencies might well work together. France and England are doing their share and have demonstratively sent their ships to protect transports carrying the children. The Scandinavian countries have also volunteered to help. Rich America cannot do less.

★

ALIQUIPPA, PENNSYLVANIA, DESERVES THE honor of being the scene of the first big election in the steel industry under the Wagner Labor Relations Act. And Aliquippa, after thirty years of company unions, company houses, company stool pigeons, and a company dictatorship fortunately outside the experience of most Americans, did itself proud by voting two to one for the C. I. O. The wonder is that the majority was not larger, for the men of Aliquippa were voting not only for the right to join an independent union but for free speech and the privilege of calling their souls their own. Aside from its human significance for the inhabitants of one company town, the Jones and Laughlin election has wide significance as the first major test of strength between the Steel Workers' Organization and the independent companies which make about 40 per cent of the country's steel. The other independents are known to be embarrassed by the C. I. O. valentine that Jones and Laughlin have just received from their 27,000 employees. Crucible has already accepted the verdict and signed a contract.

It will soon be made clear whether the other diehards will persist in their stiff-necked opposition or submit gracefully to what seems now happily inevitable—complete unionization of steel.

★

ALTHOUGH PASSAGE OF THE RELIEF BILL IN the House with an appropriation of \$1,500,000,000 for the next fiscal year is being hailed in some quarters as a triumph of "liberalism," organized WPA workers have called a one-day strike for May 27 to protest against the shameful reduction in the relief allotment. It is generally conceded that the \$1,500,000,000 appropriation will necessitate a reduction of from 500,000 to 600,000 in WPA rolls. While employment has undoubtedly risen during the past twelve months, tens of thousands of unemployed who previously had eked out an existence have reached the end of their resources. Other tens of thousands of "employables" are theoretically eligible for WPA work but have never been able to obtain jobs because of the inadequacy of the relief funds. No one even pretends that the 500,000 who are to be cut from the rolls will all be able to find jobs in private industry. In view of the general illiberality of Congress at the moment, we are glad to note that the Murray-Hatch resolution calling for a federal commission to study unemployment has been reported out in the House. A move is also under way, after seven years of mass unemployment, for a census of the jobless. The project is a commendable one if carried out fairly, but highly dangerous if combined, as in the Maloney bill, with proposals to reduce the hours of labor in a fixed ratio with an increase in joblessness. Share-the-work movements of this type should be labeled for what they are—attempts to force the working class to bear the entire burden of an economic breakdown which is not of its making.

★

CARDINAL MUNDELEIN'S DENUNCIATION OF the Nazi government's persecution of German Catholics will make Americans more widely aware of the struggle between the Third Reich and the Vatican. No sooner was the Concordat signed in July, 1933, than the Nazis started playing the old game of "scraps of paper." The Concordat guaranteed liberty of profession and free public exercise of the Catholic religion, the right of the church to establish and maintain schools and charitable and cultural organizations, and protection against insult to the person or calling of priests. The Nazis have since violated every one of these provisions. Priests and nuns have been arrested and imprisoned on fabricated charges, church property and funds confiscated, Catholic teachers dismissed, pastoral letters seized, and religious processions banned. The Hitler youth movement has declared war on the Catholic youth associations, and the government of Bavaria, center of German Catholicism, has announced the closing of Catholic schools. The Vatican has protested against this, but because of its anomalous position with respect to fascism, its opposition has been cautious, almost apologetic. Its letter on Mundelein characteristically stated that he was free to say what he wished but

avoided giving him forthright support. Meanwhile the forthcoming pastoral letter of the German Catholic Church is awaited in the hope that the increasingly bitter struggle may force the church to declare itself.

★

THE FEROCIOUS DOWAGERS OF ENGLAND, Scotland, Wales, and the dominions, operating through the government of Stanley Baldwin, have won again; and the Duke of Windsor will marry his lady without benefit of attendance by royal relatives. As yet no specific action has been taken to prevent Wallis Warfield from assuming the title of Her Royal Highness, but we can already hear the Duchess of Norfolk muttering under her aristocratic breath that *she* for one will never submit to the indignity of sitting *down* the table from that etc., etc. Meanwhile we are advised that the Anti-Dowager Federation, which persists in regretting the downfall of King Edward VIII, has started a movement to repeal the ancient British law that cats may look at kings.

Security Upheld

THE Supreme Court's action in upholding the unemployment and old-age sections of the Social Security Act may go down in history as the most important of the court's epoch-making decisions of recent months. Of all the legislation passed during the four years of the New Deal, the Social Security Act is perhaps the most sweeping in its implications. Nearly twenty-five million workers are directly affected by its operation. To overthrow the act some months after tax collection had been started would have entailed incalculable confusion. But the significance of the decisions is by no means limited to the provisions of the act itself. The acceptance of the federal pay-roll tax for protection against unemployment places the court's stamp of approval on one of the most dubious principles incorporated in New Deal legislation—coercion of the states by means of the federal taxing power. Awkward and inadequate though the tactic may be, it opens a new vista for federal-state legislation. If the United States can persuade states to adopt unemployment legislation of a certain type by offering tax exemption to the citizens of those states which comply, the same principle may be applied to many other types of legislation in which uniformity is desired. It could be used to obtain such measures of reform as the prohibition of child labor, minimum-wage laws, and uniform marriage and divorce regulations, and to bring about a general simplification of our chaotic tax laws.

The necessity of resorting to this cumbersome and time-consuming device for social security has been virtually eliminated, however, by the decision upholding the federal tax on employers for old-age annuities. As Maxwell S. Stewart pointed out in last week's *Nation*, if a federal old-age insurance program is constitutional, there is every reason to believe that federal unemployment insurance would be equally valid. Protection against unem-

ployment is, if anything, more clearly of national interest than old-age pensions, since it contributes directly to national economic stability. If the Administration is alert, it will immediately capitalize on its victory by formulating a federal plan for unemployment insurance which will eliminate the primary objections to the forty-six different plans thus far adopted.

Validation of the federal old-age annuities would also seem to open the door to other types of social-security legislation which have so far been avoided. Survivors' and disability insurance might be adopted on a national scale. Federal health insurance has been brought within the realm of practicability, and might be attached to the old-age program. It might even be possible to take advantage of the favorable situation which has been created by the court's action to push through a well-integrated program which would provide federal care for the millions of destitute individuals who are now dependent on the vagaries of local relief.

The political effects of the decision may not be so favorable, but they have been largely discounted. No one would suggest that the President's attack on the court was conceived solely for the purpose of pushing through the most vital parts of his New Deal program. But whether it be good luck or good strategy we can be thankful that it was the most doubtful parts of the program—the NRA and AAA—that were invalidated, and that the Wagner Act and the Social Security Act have been salvaged.

Robinson Will Not Do!

JUSTICE VAN DEVANTER'S resignation brought down to the ground of practical reality a question which has hitherto remained in the relatively higher regions of hypothetical discussion. For some sixteen weeks liberals and radicals have joined in a mighty effort in behalf of the President's Supreme Court plan. In the name of millions yet unborn they have defended the President's campaign to liberalize the Supreme Court, even though they preferred a constitutional amendment. Now Justice Van Devanter's resignation has rent the veil of high thinking, and those who, like *The Nation*, have supported the plan as a move toward a crucial reform face the fact that the first fruit of their effort is the almost certain appointment to the Supreme Court bench of an Arkansas politician. It turns out, further, that the appointment will probably be made on exactly the same basis as the naming of any local postmaster. If Joe Robinson is given a Supreme Court justiceship it will be as a "reward" for services rendered as a political boss who has driven Presidential measures through the Senate, whether he believed in them or not. A third fact is the rush of the Senate, in a burst of pork-barrel solidarity, to confirm Robinson even before he is nominated.

The whole picture has only one constructive aspect. The preview of Roosevelt's intentions unveiled by Van Devanter's resignation (the veil has now been drawn

close again), coupled with the adverse vote in the Judiciary Committee, provide an opportunity for liberal forces to make their opinion effective. The Supreme Court fight, as Robert S. Allen points out on another page of this issue, has entered a phase in which the President's word alone is not necessarily final and in which he has specific need of continued liberal, labor, and any other support he can muster. Such support has been based on what was no less than the President's moral responsibility to appoint truly liberal justices of an intellectual stature commensurate with the issues they will be called upon to decide. The clear intimation that, instead, the President will not hesitate to drag Supreme Court appointments into the political market-place is a warning, particularly to labor, that in the end liberal pressure must be put behind a constitutional amendment—which has been practically forgotten in the heat of the debate. More immediately, notice must be served that Robinson will not do. We use his name in a generic, not a personal, sense—he is undoubtedly an amiable and popular boss—though as an individual he can almost be called the epitome of what we should not have in a Supreme Court justice.

It is said by the President's apologists, who have one of the hardest assignments of their lives, that Robinson can at least be counted upon to back up the New Deal measures which he has guided through the Senate with a practiced hand. But even that statement may not be true. A Supreme Court justice is not responsible to the President who appoints him. His power is, within its range, absolute and cannot be alienated. He is much more likely, once he is safely established, to be responsive to his own deepest convictions. Senator Robinson is a conservative Southern provincial Democrat. He may harbor the traditional small-town "populist" antagonism toward Northern bankers, but the utilities magnate of the region (Harvey Couch) is his fishing mate, and his closest bonds are with the Arkansas planter. Arkansas has become a by-word in the past few years for the number and violence of planters' attacks on the civil rights of poor share-croppers, especially of Negroes. Robinson has been notoriously silent on these matters. That a man who so thoroughly represents the ruling class in Arkansas should be elevated to the Supreme Court at this juncture is ironical and dangerous. Where his heart and vote would be in a case involving the relative rights of planters and share-croppers, or of whites and "niggers," is not hard to imagine. Yet the history of legislation in the next twenty years will be written in terms of just such cases—of the haves challenging the have-nots—and on their just and wise disposal will rest the probabilities of lasting economic peace and security.

It is surely significant that only practical considerations have been put forward in favor of the Robinson appointment. No claims are made for him of intellectual distinction, and his qualifications as a lawyer are admittedly limited. He "deserves" the appointment—presumably for putting through like a good soldier or a ward boss so many bills he privately detested; since he is set upon it Roosevelt can deny it to him only at the risk of splitting the Democratic Party and facing a Senate revolt. These

are cogent reasons to a politician. But to labor and to liberals generally they should be an open challenge. It is reported that Roosevelt, probably as a result of the general reaction to the Robinson boom, will hesitate to appoint him unless he can at the same time make another one or two appointments and thus be able to smuggle the Arkansas conservative into the Supreme Court in a liberal sandwich. It is also reported that Robinson's final payment for the honor must be the delivery of the necessary votes to pass the President's bill in whatever form it ultimately takes. This is the time for the great liberal majority that elected Roosevelt to make it clear that Robinson was not what they had in mind when they backed his plan.

European Democracy on the Offensive

AMID the hustle and bustle of official visits which has marked European diplomacy in recent weeks, certain hopeful signs are discernible. There are indications not only that France is seeking to regain its lost prestige in Central Europe but that it is being aided in its efforts by an unmistakable reaction against fascist diplomacy. The visit to Paris of Dr. Guido Schmidt, Austrian Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is evidence of a new restiveness on the part of Austria against German and Italian domination. While Schmidt is said to have rejected France's proposal for an Austrian-Little Entente bloc to combat fascist influence along the Danube, the recall of von Papen from Vienna is sufficient proof of the growing antagonism against both Germany and Italy in formerly quiescent Austria.

Behind this rather surprising development lies the movement for a closer economic union between the states which made up the former Hapsburg empire—Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, and Hungary. By all natural laws they constitute an economic unit, and for Austria, a manufacturing nation, the combination offers far more than the present artificial ties with Germany and Italy. While Mussolini made it clear at the recent Venice conference with Schuschnigg that he would not tolerate a Prague-Vienna agreement as long as he remained the protector of Austria's "independence," there may yet come a time when Il Duce will prefer Czecho-Slovakian to German troops along the Brenner Pass. At the moment, however, the keystone of fascist foreign policy is the attempt to isolate Czecho-Slovakia. Some progress has undoubtedly been made in this direction. The Italian-Yugoslav pact has bent Yugoslavia, temporarily at least, toward the Berlin-Rome axis. But the efforts of the fascist countries in Rumania have met with distinctly less success. A warning from Paris that French credits for armaments would be withdrawn if Rumania concluded a mutual-assistance pact with Poland brought word that Bucharest would not consider a pact either with Poland or Italy.

The reassertion of French influence in Central Europe has probably saved the Little Entente and, what is more important, may have preserved the League as an active political force. For the ties which bind the democratic powers to Central Europe are embodied in the Covenant of the League, and anything which strengthens these ties reinforces the principle of collective security.

A similar consolidation of the forces favoring the collective principle may be expected to emerge from the Imperial Conference now being held in London. Constitutionally, the only obligation imposed upon the dominions to support the motherland in the event of a general world war is that imposed by the League Covenant. In view of the strong nationalistic tendencies which are present in all the dominions, Great Britain may be expected to throw its influence unreservedly on the side of strengthening these bonds. For the Empire as a whole, however, friendship with the United States is fully as important as a means of security as Britain's ties with France and the other democratic countries of Europe. And if this is to be achieved, economic relationships must be strengthened. The Canadian Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King, is especially anxious to bring about a liberalization of the Ottawa agreements which would permit the various units of the Empire to enter into reciprocal agreements with the United States. While the prospective British Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, is known to be opposed to this suggestion, the other dominions, particularly Australia and New Zealand, appear convinced of the importance of closer relations with this country. Any step which would bind the United States more closely to the democratic countries of Europe is, at this stage, a definite setback for the fascist international. While it is too early to foresee the final outcome of any of these moves, it is reassuring to find the democracies once more on the offensive.

John D. Rockefeller

THE case of John D. Rockefeller is without parallel in our history. Around no other man has such a storm of abuse and denunciation raged. He was the central target of the progressives and reformers after the turn of the century, representing in his person the worst abuses of the era of consolidation and ruthless business competition. He had built up the great Standard Oil Company long before the attacks upon him became serious. He caused heartbreak, financial ruin, and business disaster for his competitors. When the whole story was written, it appalled those who read it and inevitably became a political issue, resulting in the famous split-up of Standard Oil into the constituent companies which have since gone lucratively on their way. It did result in some good. Standard Oil purchased Senators—as Mr. Hearst revealed in the stolen Archbold letters—where it did not choose and elect them. It bought state legislators by the dozen and stopped at nothing to achieve its ends. When all this was revealed to the American people, it

made it clear whither the country was drifting, how through unrestrained competition we were heading into unrestrained monopoly, and at what dreadful cost to our whole society the few were becoming billionaires.

But the reformers did not achieve as much as they thought they had. Not even the creation of the Federal Trade Commission fundamentally reformed the business methods represented by Rockefeller; was it not the proud boast of the New Deal that its NRA codes temporarily put an end to no fewer than 1,000 unethical business methods in the first six months of its existence? The public uprising in the days of Theodore Roosevelt could not prevent the drift to monopoly. The post-World War orgy of speculation piled up corporate wealth and power as if the Rockefeller days of "frenzied finance" had never been under attack. The New Deal temporarily suspended governmental regulation and the anti-trust laws, and the second Roosevelt is only just now considering their reinforcement. Let anyone who thinks we have been heading off illegal combinations consult Senator Borah!

But as the years went by and other great issues arose, the public attitude toward Mr. Rockefeller gradually changed. He actually outlived the hate and bitterness with which the public regarded him. True, he lived behind barbed wires, heavily guarded until death. When he traveled, it was usually with as much secrecy as possible. But the newspapers no longer denounced him, and instead actually sought interviews from him and handled him gently and pleasantly. The movie public no longer hissed when it saw his pictures, but laughed tolerantly at his habit of giving away silver dimes and his other eccentricities. He had become a sort of national antique, almost an institution. The oncoming generations, without knowledge of what he had stood for and what he had done, regarded him with curiosity because he was so fabulously rich. The sins of the Wigginses and Charlie Mitchells threw Mr. Rockefeller still farther into the background. No longer were the Rockefeller benefactions attacked by clergymen and teachers of ethics as "tainted money." If all this was in part due to forgetfulness, it was also due to a greater public realization that the system of which he was part produced Mr. Rockefeller and not Mr. Rockefeller and his associates the system. But after all, it was his longevity and the retirement in which he lived, as well as new issues and new men, which gradually changed the public attitude.

It was not his benefactions. Great as those have been and important as have been their results, notably in the fields of public health and education, they were never looked upon as bringing him absolution. They could not offset the lives blasted, the careers wrecked, the injury done to our national life and public morale. It is an utterly unnatural and unsafe situation in a republic when any individual is permitted to amass such wealth—even if the methods used are beyond reproach. To no man should be given the power which Mr. Rockefeller wielded during his active life. This truth is not mitigated by the obvious determination of his son to use his wealth as a public trust. We must have no aristocracy of wealth—good or bad.

Hughes Checkmates the President

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, May 23

THE Supreme Court reorganization legislation is in a very bad way on Capitol Hill, and the President has only himself to blame. Two months ago the program had an assured majority of six in the Senate and from fifty to seventy-five in the House. Today the original six-judge bill is entirely washed up, and the prospects even of a compromise on a two-judge basis are none too bright. Finally aroused to the danger of damaging defeat which faces him, the President is bestirring himself and cracking the whip. He probably will succeed in preventing a complete rout, but he is in the tightest spot of his incumbency, and if he emerges with even part of his skin he can count himself lucky.

For a highly touted political wizard the President's generalship on the court legislation has been a brilliant flop. His opening maneuvers had all the elements of dynamic leadership and astute strategy—surprise, boldness, and aggressiveness. He sprang his plan without warning, catching the opposition off guard and unprepared. While it was still floundering around, disorganized and leaderless, he followed up his offensive with two smashing radio attacks. The situation was clearly in his hands. He had only to push home his drive by forcing speedy legislative action. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt stopped dead in his tracks and amiably let the opposition rally its cohorts and launch a shattering counter-attack. Every dictate of ordinary horse sense called for starting the bill through the legislative mill in the House. That was, and still is, the weak point of the opposition. The chamber's limited-debate rules and general amenability to party control lend themselves readily to parliamentary manipulation by a forceful and determined leadership. Committee hearings could have been rushed and the bill jammed through the House in a few days. Then with this okay in his hands, the President would have been in a powerful position to deal with the Senate. For one thing, the fence straddlers and waverers there would have been less inclined to rebel. Also, on the ground that public views already had been heard in the House, committee hearings in the Senate could have been either dispensed with entirely or held to a minimum. Finally, there was the psychological factor. House approval would have put the Senate opposition on the defensive.

But despite all these patent advantages to be gained by starting the ball rolling in the House, the President and his corps of master-minds, for some still unexplained reason, decided to launch their Congressional offensive in the hard-boiled Senate. As one disgusted Democratic floor leader expressed it, "This proposition wasn't tough enough, they had to make it tougher by going at it the hardest way."

Given the advantage in maneuvering, the surprised and delighted opposition lost no time in making the most of its opportunities. It outsmarted, outlobbied, and out-demagogued the Administration at every turn. While the latter was complacently planning to raise the party issue, the opposition secretly got together and arranged with the Republicans and Liberty Leaguers to lie low and let the dissenting Democrats carry the torch and do the breast-thumping. Then, screening their operations behind a furious hullabaloo about censorship and strong-arm tactics, the oppositionists conducted a wily filibuster in the Senate Judiciary Committee, dragging out the dull and inane proceedings nearly two months. These hearings did not contribute a single new valuable fact to the controversy. But they did enable Chief Justice Hughes to get in some hefty blows at the President's proposal. Few realize how important a part Mr. Hughes has played in the fight against the court bill. He has conducted his operations with consummate deftness and finesse—and tremendous effectiveness. He alone is responsible for the three five-to-four decisions (Washington minimum-wage, Wagner labor-act, and Herndon civil-liberties cases) that have so heavily undermined public and Congressional support for the President's bill. More than any other factor these decisions have been responsible for the defensive dilemma the President now finds himself in. They took the sting out of his attacks on the court and gave the wavering Senators, whose votes he needed to win, just the alibi they needed to line up against him. Mr. Hughes has played high politics these last three months and played it with boldness and agility. Not only did he reverse himself, but he accomplished the much more difficult feat of persuading Justice Roberts to stop nesting with the four diehards and loop the loop with him.

In the inner White House circle, where the full significance of the Chief Justice's activities are thoroughly realized, there is bitterness and fury against him. So much, in fact, that a few weeks ago a serious canvass was made of the Constitution and statutes to ascertain whether, in the event the court bill passed, he could be replaced with a new Chief Justice.

While Mr. Hughes and the opposition were steadily cutting the ground from under him and he was clearly losing votes in the Senate, the President persisted in his complacent confidence. Several of his younger lieutenants tried to warn him, but he brushed them aside as over-zealous. "Give the opposition plenty of rope," he laughed; "they'll hang themselves." There was a hanging party all right, but it wasn't the opposition that dangled from the end of the rope. Not until the President returned from his Texas fishing trip did he discard his cocky attitude of disparaging the capabilities and strength

of his foes and get down to earth. By then his six-judge bill was defunct. The two votes needed in the Judiciary Committee—Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada—to get a favorable report there had been lost. Both of these men could have been held in line had they been properly handled. McCarran comes up for election next year and must have Administration backing to win. He is a pompous, blatant glad-hander with reactionary leanings but can be wooed to an occasional liberal vote if the bait is tempting enough. McCarran wanted particularly a United States marshalship for one of his henchmen. His colleague, Senator Key Pittman, also wanted the plum. Pittman had declared for the President's bill. Why under the circumstances he could not have been persuaded to take something else is a mystery none of the Administration wire-pullers have been able to explain. The reason probably is over-confidence. They didn't think they had to trade with McCarran. O'Mahoney, a notch higher in caliber than McCarran, is a hand-made product of the Administration. From an unknown Cheyenne lawyer it elevated him to First Assistant Postmaster General and then put him in the Senate. Between Jim Farley and O'Mahoney existed close personal and political ties. In the early days of the fight Big Jim could have "done business" with Joe. But, again, over-confidence caused the Administration manipulators to delay too long, and O'Mahoney, peeved at what he felt was lack of regard for his importance, gradually worked himself into a rage and wound up carrying an opposition banner.

The unfavorable committee vote was a body blow to the President. It was the first time in his four years in office that a measure bearing his official blessing had been turned down by a committee. Not even the fiercely fought holding-company bill had suffered such a rebuff. The stinging defeat whipped the President into a flurry of belated activity. The new wage-and-hour (Connery-Black) bill was hurriedly completed and introduced at once instead of being delayed until the court measure had been disposed of, as was originally intended. It was hoped that by this move indirect support could be rallied for the judicial bill on the ground that its defeat would also spell doom for the drastic labor proposal. On his part the President began summoning uncommitted and critical Senators to the White House—something he should have done months ago. In these conferences he is making it clear he is willing to accept a compromise. No definite formula is being suggested, but practically any proposal that will enable him to add several justices to the bench is sure to be acceptable. Publicly, however, the White House is maintaining the pose of "standing pat" on the six-judge bill. Secretary Stephen Early even went to the length last week of bawling out the White House correspondent of the Associated Press for saying in a story that the President had told Congressional leaders he was willing to compromise. But behind this window-dressing the stage is being prepared for a back-down. Already Administration mouthpieces are claiming a "moral" victory in the resignation of Van Devanter and the three liberal decisions.

The Struggle for Czecho-Slovakia

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, May 3

ONE of the greatest mistakes made in the peace settlement after the World War was undoubtedly the partition of the Austrian Empire, or at any rate its economic disruption. I am still of the opinion that I held during the war that the best solution would have been a federal republic on the Swiss model composed of self-governing cantons. That was also the opinion of the Bohemian Socialist Party and of its leader, Smeral, who foresaw how disastrous the economic disruption of Austria-Hungary would be. "Vienna," he said, "should be the salon for all the nations of the Austrian Empire." Smeral's opposition to the partition of Austria-Hungary led not long before the end of the war to a breach between him and Svehla, leader of the Czech Peasant Party, who was backed by Masaryk. Smeral and Svehla had collaborated in the early years of the war.

Masaryk and Svehla had their way, and thus Czecho-Slovakia was created. Events have justified Smeral's point of view. Both politically and economically Czecho-Slovakia is a fantastic country. Long and narrow, it has stra-

tegically the most difficult frontier to defend in Europe. It contains a mixture of races which makes it a sort of Austrian Empire in miniature. Of its 15,000,000 inhabitants about 3,500,000 are of German race and 750,000 are Magyars; Poles, Ruthenians, and other races are also represented. The overwhelming majority of German inhabitants are not, as many people seem to think, former citizens of Germany, separated from their native country, but Austrians who had always lived in the territories which now constitute Czecho-Slovakia. However, in that part of Czecho-Slovakia nearest to the German frontier, which is almost entirely industrial, the majority of the inhabitants are of German origin.

From the economic point of view the structure of Czecho-Slovakia is equally unsatisfactory. After the partition of Austria-Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia had 95 per cent of the industry and 5 per cent of the agriculture. The industry was much too extensive for a population of 15,000,000, and the home market could not absorb its products. Nearly all the textile industry was in Czecho-Slovakia. Had there been a customs union between the

succession states of the old Austrian Empire, as there should have been, the fact that the textile industry was in Czecho-Slovakia would not have mattered. But the succession states set up tariff barriers against one another and tried to be self-supporting. The Hungarians, for instance, instead of importing their textiles from Czecho-Slovakia, set up at great expense a textile industry of their own. On the other hand, two-thirds of the Hungarian wine production remained in the present Hungarian territory, which was left with about one-third of the inhabitants of the old kingdom of Hungary. When I was in Budapest in 1924, I had an interview with the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture, who complained that the Hungarian wine growers were suffering severely because the other succession states would not buy their wine. I asked him why they would not, and he replied: "No doubt they would buy our wine if we would buy their manufactured goods."

Since 1931 England has ceased to be a free-trade country, and tariff barriers have been raised everywhere. It has become more and more difficult for Czecho-Slovak manufacturers to export their products, and Czecho-Slovakia has suffered more than any other country in Europe from the world economic crisis. The restoration of the economic unity of Central Europe is no easy task, for since the end of the war unnecessary new industries have been artificially fostered, but it is a task that should be attempted. The remedy is a customs union among the countries of the Danubian basin, not what is called treaty revision. Certain frontier readjustments are no doubt desirable and will become possible if and when the danger of aggression and war can be averted, but there can be no question of going back on the main territorial arrangements of the peace treaties. The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary was no doubt a mistake, but the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia would be a disaster for Europe.

Considering the difficult political and economic conditions with which they have had to deal, the success achieved by the rulers of Czecho-Slovakia has been remarkable. That success is mainly due to the two statesmen who have guided the destinies of the country from the first—Masaryk and Benes. In no country bound by the minorities treaties have the provisions of those treaties been so well observed or the national minorities so liberally treated. I do not say that the national minorities have never had any genuine grievance, but their grievances have been trivial in comparison, for instance, with those of the national minorities in Germany and Poland. The concessions recently made by the Czecho-Slovak government to the German minority leave that group without any reasonable cause for complaint.

Great efforts have been made to deal with the economic difficulties arising from the economic structure of the country. Svehla realized from the first the necessity of increasing the home market for industrial products by an agrarian reform. Under his leadership the Agrarian Party broke up the great landed estates and distributed them among the peasants, who were organized on a co-operative basis. Svehla put at the head of the agrarian

cooperatives, which distributed the agricultural products, men of real capacity who for several years obtained great results. They established financial cooperatives in which the greater part of the capital of the country was concentrated. In this way the Agrarian Party secured financial resources which have made it the richest political party in Czecho-Slovakia.

Svehla also succeeded in getting a considerable part of Czecho-Slovakian industry other than agriculture, notably the sugar and alcohol industries, under the influence of the Agrarian Party, and this weakened the National Democratic Party, which is essentially the party of the capitalists. More than that, Svehla and Beran, who was then general secretary of the Agrarian Party and is now its leader, succeeded soon after the end of the war in making a sort of alliance between the Agrarian Party and the Skoda firm. Since 1922 the Minister of War has always been a member of the Agrarian Party.

Svehla acted in politics on the maxim "divide and conquer," and did not hesitate when necessary to resort to corruption to attain his ends. Masaryk had aimed from the first at the creation of a single united Labor Party, but he failed in this attempt. One of the causes of his failure was the unpopularity of Smeral, the first president of the Communist Party, on account of his opposition to the disruption of Austria-Hungary. As it was, there were three Czecho-Slovak labor parties—the Socialist Party, affiliated to the Second International, the Communist Party, affiliated to the Third International, and the National Socialist Party, of which Benes was a member, which must not be confused with German National Socialism. Svehla succeeded in dividing the political labor movement still further by suborning Stribrny, leader of the National Socialist Party, who was obliged to leave the party. Nevertheless, Svehla, who, although he had little more than an elementary education, was a remarkably able politician, allowed himself to be influenced by Masaryk and induced the Agrarian Party to agree to all the immediate demands of the workers, such as social insurance, holidays with pay, the eight-hour day, and so on. For this reason, Czecho-Slovakia has an advanced social legislation.

Svehla was obliged by ill health to retire from political life before he was able to realize all his agrarian program. He was succeeded as president of the Agrarian Party by Beran, who had been secretary for nearly thirty years. Beran, a man of about fifty, is a remarkable organizer with great financial ability. He has amassed a large fortune, but he lives very simply.

For the purpose of increasing the home market and satisfying the demands of the peasants it was necessary not only to break up the great estates but also to repopulate the agricultural districts. The greater part of the agricultural land had been in the hands of the church and the aristocracy, and had been to a great extent depopulated. Large numbers of the peasants, unable to get work or at any rate to earn a living, had gone to Budapest or Vienna or emigrated, especially to North America. For this reason, although Czecho-Slovakia has only 15,000,000 inhabitants, there are about 3,500,000 Czecho-Slo-

vak emigrants in other countries. Dr. Milan Hodza, the Slovak agrarian leader, was made Minister of Agriculture in order that he might carry out this internal colonization by founding villages in South Bohemia, North Moravia, and South and East Slovakia. The question was of more importance for Slovakia than for Bohemia. The American Slovaks had been persuaded to found a bank in Czecho-Slovakia to finance the internal colonization, but instead of carrying out the policy for which he had been appointed, Hodza used the American-Slovak bank to consolidate his own position in Slovakia and pursued a reactionary economic policy. He was responsible, for instance, for the high import duties on wheat imported from Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Ultimately, Hodza was obliged to resign from the Ministry of Agriculture, and his influence in the Agrarian Party was diminished. He did not succeed Svehla as president of the party, although he had better qualifications than Beran for the post.

Beran's ambition was to become Prime Minister and ultimately to succeed Masaryk as President of the republic. For the moment, however, he agreed to compensate Hodza by making him Prime Minister. Beran's intention undoubtedly was that Hodza should be a stop-gap and that he himself should succeed him after a certain time. His calculation was that as Prime Minister of Czecho-Slovakia and president of the largest political party in the country he could not fail to become President of the republic after the death of Masaryk, who had been elected President for life.

Beran's plans, however, were suspected by Masaryk, Benes, and Hodza, and it was for the purpose of check-mating them that Masaryk abdicated, expressing the wish that Benes succeed him. Hodza, although not particularly friendly to Benes, felt obliged to bow to Masaryk's wishes. Beran had not the courage to stand against Benes, but on the suggestion of Dr. Kahanek put forward Professor Nemec as an opposition candidate. Nemec is a man with little or no influence in politics, and thanks to the fact and also to the support that Benes received from the Second and Third Internationals, the Vatican, and Hodza, Benes was elected with an even larger majority than Masaryk had obtained.

Kahanek, who thus came into prominence, is a man of forty, of Silesian origin. His mother was a Polish Jewess. He took his doctor's degree in law and began his political career as a journalist in the National Socialist Party. When Stribny was obliged to leave the party, Kahanek went with him and became editor of a paper founded by Stribny in which he consistently attacked Masaryk and Benes. This paper had considerable circulation in Prague, and at the general election in 1929 Stribny succeeded in getting three of his friends elected to Parliament. Kahanek got in touch with Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, who advised him to separate from Stribny and join the Agrarian Party as editor of its newspapers. Kahanek joined the Agrarian Party in the summer of 1934, since when he has succeeded in getting Beran entirely under his influence and is now in everything but name the leader of the Agrarian Party.

He directed the party campaign for the general election in the spring of 1935.

In consequence of the world economic crisis there was a strong movement to the left in the working class of Czecho-Slovakia, particularly among the German workmen. Kahanek recognized the probability of a large increase in the Socialist and Communist vote. He consulted Beck, who advised him to go to Berlin and gave him introductions to Nazi leaders. The result of the visit to Berlin was that the Agrarian Party under Kahanek's influence founded the Henlein party—the German Nazi party in Czecho-Slovakia. It was thought that the Henlein party would not elect more than thirty deputies in 1935, but in fact the party polled a majority of the German votes, and elected forty-four deputies against the forty-five of the Agrarian Party. Henlein himself is an insignificant young man of about thirty whose chief qualification for leadership of the party is the fact that his name begins with the same letter of the alphabet as that of Hitler. There are, however, among his colleagues young men of great capacity who are in constant touch with Berlin. The party has received considerable encouragement in England, and when Henlein went to London last year he had an interview with Sir Robert Vansittart, permanent head of the Foreign Office, at the latter's private house.

Kahanek has succeeded in persuading not only the Agrarian Party but other parties of the right, with the exception of the Czech Catholic Party, to cooperate with the Henlein party on the ground that it is an obstacle to socialism and communism, although, from the point of view of the parties of the right, the chief aim of the Henlein party is treasonable. In Czecho-Slovakia as elsewhere in Europe class and economic interests are stronger than patriotism. Kahanek is working with Beck against the foreign policy of Benes, that is to say, the entente among Czecho-Slovakia, France, and Soviet Russia. In collaboration with the Slovak clericals, who are in close contact with Beck, Kahanek is trying to bring about an entente between Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary. He favors the policy, initiated by Beck, of forming a bloc of so-called neutral states from the Baltic to the Adriatic. The aims of Beck and Kahanek were advanced when Yugoslavia and Rumania refused recently to accept the French proposal that the Little Entente treaty should become a treaty of mutual assistance against aggression from any country, including therefore Germany. At present this treaty obliges the three states to aid one another only in the event of an aggression by Hungary. The French government offered to make pacts with Yugoslavia and Rumania if they agreed to the proposal.

It was to further the policy of the bloc of "neutral states" that Beck recently visited Bucharest. In reality this policy is aimed against France and Russia and is favorable to Germany. It is an insane policy from the Czecho-Slovak point of view, and the majority of the people of Czecho-Slovakia are undoubtedly opposed to it, but Kahanek can count on the support of 146 members of the Czecho-Slovak Parliament. It will be seen that Benes has in Kahanek a dangerous opponent.

Oklahoma Tries Cooperative Medicine

BY JAMES RORTY

IN OKLAHOMA today the next-to-immovable body of organized medicine is being pushed by the gathering force of the farmer-cooperators. Organized in the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union, the farmers have tasted the benefits of a cooperative group-practice and group-prepayment system in the complete service offered by the Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital in Elk City. In their opinion, Dr. M. Shadid, the Socialist founder and medical director of the Elk City enterprise, has given them good medical care for much less than they formerly paid to the rugged medical individualists. He has enabled them to own and manage their own hospital and to employ their own doctors, dentists, and nurses. Hence, when they heard that the Oklahoma Medical Association was trying to get Dr. Shadid's license revoked by the State Medical Board on charges including advertising for business, hiring people to solicit business, and "fleecing the public," they were as mad as only drought-stricken, mortgage-burdened Oklahoma farmers can be. They have stayed mad, too, for the past six months. Results: a dog fight in the courts and in the legislature between the medical politicians and the Farmers' Union, with the final outcome still undetermined as *The Nation* goes to press. The lower house passed a bill legalizing Dr. Shadid's enterprise, but it died in the Senate. Now Dr. Shadid is awaiting the decision of the state Supreme Court as to whether the District Court or the state Board of Medical Examiners has jurisdiction over his case—the board is determined to take away his license.

When the fight began to get hot last December the Oklahoma Union Farmer sounded a general alarm in a leading editorial which ran in part as follows:

An attempt has been made to destroy our Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital at Elk City. . . . B. F. Oliver, a layman who lives at Sayre, has filed the charges. . . . The question at once presents itself to the fair-minded person just what a layman like Mr. Oliver would know about the ethics of the medical profession. Thereupon it becomes the opinion of any fair-minded person that this must be a move on the part of certain doctors in the Medical Association. It is known as a fact that many doctors in western Oklahoma have gradually lost some of their practice because of the success of this humanitarian institution built on the principles of Christianity.

In the same issue the *Union Farmer* devoted a page to the returns from a questionnaire sent to former patients of the hospital. Under the headline, "Thousands of Dollars Saved by Members Proves Why Doctors Want to Stop Co-op Hospital," the editor asserted categorically that not one of the several hundred who filled out the questionnaires expressed the slightest dissatisfaction with

the service or with the charges or with the treatments. The farmers' lack of reverence for the local medical hierarchy is apparent in these excerpts from their replies:

. . . This is one of the meanest things that any organization, supposed to be composed of the highest class of professions, could do—to charge Dr. Shadid with fleecing the citizenship of Oklahoma. A bigger lie could not be told by the worst outlaw that ever lived.

We think more of the few dollars invested in the Community Hospital than any investment we have ever made, and Dr. Shadid as a doctor and surgeon, and I think this bunch fighting him should be sat down so hard it would jar their ancestors for four generations past and all their future followers so inclined.

If the lowdown, undermining doctors can succeed in destroying our hospital, I think we would be done a great injury and injustice. . . . All these slugs care for is their own selfish greed.

A score of Dr. Shadid's patients testified that the care they received in the Community Hospital was good, that the service they got for a \$50 stock investment and a \$25 annual fee saved them many hundreds of dollars, and that they would patronize the hospital even if they weren't members because it offered the best service available.

As one reads this testimony the impression grows that the Oklahoma Medical Association may have grabbed a bear by the tail. This impression deepens as one notes the tone adopted by leading Oklahoma newspapers in handling the affair. Elsewhere similar raids by the medical politicians—as, for example, when the Los Angeles medical-center system was abandoned at the nadir of the depression—have been carried out without stirring more than a feeble ripple of protest in the newspapers. But Oklahoma is different. The Farmers' Union is a formidable political force. So is the organization known as the Veterans of Industry, composed chiefly of the more or less socialist workers who, finding themselves black-listed after the great strikes of the nineties, went West and built sod houses on the Oklahoma prairie. So is Oscar Ameringer (Adam Coaldigger), editor of the *American Guardian*. They are all backing Dr. Shadid and the Elk City Community Hospital, and neither the politicians nor the newspaper commentators are unmoved by this fact. For example, R. M. McClintock, political columnist for the *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City, had this to say early in the fight:

Nothing seems more certain, from present indications, than that if the Medical Association pushes the issue against Dr. Shadid, it will run into a tremendous storm in the legislature, with results that may prove most harmful in the end to the medical profession itself. . . .

The Elk City doctor . . . is no quack. For years he was an honored and successful practitioner in Elk City. It's true he was all those years a Socialist, but that did not affect his skill as a physician and surgeon. It was perhaps his socialism that led him to the idea of building a cooperative hospital in Elk City. He found a ready helper in the late John A. Simpson, president of the Farmers' Union. . . . Between the two of them, and the rank and file of organized labor and agriculture in western Oklahoma, the hospital was founded. . . . The fact that the hospital has had to be enlarged three times would seem to indicate that, on the whole, it is filling a real need. . . .

As for Dr. Shadid, the Syrian immigrant who worked his way through medical school and for thirty years has served the farmers of western Oklahoma both as a working physician and as a working Socialist, the opposition of the medical politicians is nothing new to him. He has beaten it before and expects to beat it again. In the current fight his chief ammunition is to be found in a pamphlet entitled "The Doctors' Seven Years of Conspiracy to Destroy the Cooperative Community Hospital at Elk City." This tells an amazing story of sabotage, espionage, and persecution—a story supported at many points by documents supplied, it would appear, by physicians not in sympathy with the excited medical politicians.

Here are some of the high points of this story: the desertion of Dr. Shadid by medical associates as the result of the pressure from the County Medical Association, which as usual threatened expulsion; the canceling of Dr. Shadid's own membership in the association without charges and without trial (during a disbanding and subsequent reorganization of the organization); a suit for damages inspired, according to Dr. Shadid, by his political enemies; a hearty slap at the Medical Association administered by former Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray when he wrote, "I want to state that there is no danger of any doctor who may be employed in that hospital [the Elk City Community Hospital] losing his license. . . . In the first place, if the Medical Board attempts such conspiracy, they will be dismissed by the Governor and prosecuted for such conspiracy under the laws, as will any other doctor in such conspiracy"; an affidavit dated October 3, 1936, in which a lay witness testifies to hearing two doctors describe a \$10 assessment alleged to have been levied by the Medical Association on its members, this fund to be used allegedly to pass a new state law restricting the corporate practice of medicine in such a way as to eliminate Dr. Shadid and his Community Hospital. Sensational confirmation of the existence of the "slush fund" came only two weeks ago when Dr. J. S. Fulton, according to the *Oklahoma News* of May 11, told the annual convention of the state Medical Association that the Shadid fight had "cost a good deal of money. If you ask me where and why, I'd say I don't know. This is no time to raise questions."

Dr. Shadid cites in his appendix the resolutions endorsing the Elk City medical cooperative by the Oklahoma State Federation of Labor and by the state executive board of the Farmers' Union, and concludes his brief with the following burst of eloquence:

I plead for the Community Hospital—the first cooperative hospital in the nation! I plead for the 15,000 men, women, and children who put \$150,000 in it out of their pittance, and for the 100,000 men, women, and children in the Farmers' Union in this state who are going to have access to this and to similar hospitals on a basis that they can afford. I plead for the cooperative movement in the state and in the nation, which are getting ready to follow our example! I plead for the underprivileged, the disinherited, and the poor, whose only refuge is consumers' cooperation! I plead for the American people, for their constitutional rights, for their self-determination, for their privilege to escape from the domination of special privilege, which is leading this country toward dictatorship and chaos!

This language will be familiar to anyone who has attended conventions of the Farmers' Union. These are native slogans, populist rather than socialist. Against them the State Medical Association can marshal only the outworn, more or less disingenuous shibboleth of "freedom of medical choice" and chorus its horror of "advertising" as a means of mobilizing patients for a medical cooperative. Yet to the layman it would seem obvious that advertising, from the point of view of the public interest, is good or bad depending upon the economic and social relationship which it expresses and promotes. Dr. Shadid's leaflet describing his hospital contains no misleading super-salesmanship.

At the tenth biennial congress of the Cooperative League of the United States Dr. Shadid was a featured speaker on the subject of cooperative medicine, and his speech was one of the most competent and realistic analyses of the problem yet made. The following quotations are from this speech:

. . . A medical cooperative must be supported by a dues-paying system, and dividends must be paid in the form of low dues and improved service. To charge for medical and hospital care the prevailing fees under the profit system and pay dividends at the end of each year as you do in the retail trade or in the ginning of cotton, for instance, is disastrous. First because competing doctors will cut their fees below those of the cooperative and wean its membership away, and secondly because when the members need hospitalization many of them will demand credit and this will be equally disastrous. A dues-paying system is beyond the reach of medical competitors in the first place and renders credit business unnecessary. . . .

People have not been educated to pay for medical care unless ill, and hence the dues must be low to begin with, even though you may be forced to give a service with trimmings or additional extras. On the other hand, when sick, they demand the best care obtainable regardless of whether the patient is rich or poor. . . .

The dues, to be low, must be based on sufficient volume. Two thousand families is the minimum number required to support a medical cooperative and a hospital, and I do not think it advisable to establish a medical cooperative without a hospital. General practice is not equally as vulnerable as hospitalization to cooperative effort, for the savings effected are not equally great. Furthermore, it is difficult to wean away enough people from their family doctor to make a medical cooperative

a success without hospitalization, and in the long run such effort will not be fruitful and satisfactory. . . .

The dues must be compulsory, and default in their payment after a generous period of grace should result in cancelation of membership. Every cooperative in the world could succeed if its members would patronize it. But the Rochdale principles of cooperation do not provide for compelling the members to patronize their cooperative. We need a patronage-compelling principle in the cooperative movement. To compel patronage sounds paradoxical, but it is not as paradoxical as it may sound.

The "trimmings" and "additional extras" which Dr. Shadid refers to include charges of \$1 per day for hospital board, \$10 for use of the operating room, \$5 for the anaesthetic, \$3 for each X-ray, and \$2 for each laboratory examination, such as blood or urine. Apparently these fees, which are duly listed in Dr. Shadid's promotion literature, are considered "fleecing" by the Medical

Association. The latter further objects to the fact that non-members of the cooperative are charged according to their ability to pay, although this is the recognized practice of both individual physicians and of private clinics, and to the fact that representatives of the union are regularly in the field recruiting new members—which again seems proper enough.

It seems pretty obvious, however, that the Medical Association's real grievance against Dr. Shadid is his success. Already a cooperative hospital is planned for Oklahoma City. Similar projects are in their formative stages in other cities, both East and West. Quite possibly we are witnessing the beginning of a great and extraordinarily valuable development of medical cooperatives in this country—a development needed almost equally by the organized farmers, by organized labor, and *by the medical profession*, no matter what any transiently entrenched group of medical politicians may think or say about it.

"Indian Fiesta Huge Success"

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

PALM SPRINGS with its Indian reservation is a hundred and twenty miles away from Hollywood, on a road that drives straight through the Pasadena gardens, the close miles of orange groves whose scent lies on the air far beyond the sight of the trees. The country changes from planted land bearing citrus and grapevines and date palms to mountain and desert. The mountains come up, crumpled in the lines and creases that are foreign to the East; they rise until there is clean snow at the peaks of the San Jacinto range; under, there is desert, the dead sand-white pointed now with purple and yellow flowers. The desert persists; the road narrows; houses and towns are far apart. But very suddenly the road is four-lane again; tourist bungalows line it; in a minute, hotels; and then a street of shops, the sparsely arranged window displays of expensive stores, the clothes, perfumes, slick-paper magazines, camera shops, bars. And on the street men in trunks, women in Hollywood pajamas, the trick jewelry of resorts.

[The Indians will enact their ancient tribal ceremonies and weird rites for the first time. Around great fires built at the edge of the stream these descendants of original desert tribes will be accompanied by tom-toms and shrill yells, as done centuries ago. Walls of the canyon will echo ancient songs and chants, as well as the excited yells . . . —The *Desert Sun*, Palm Springs.]

Palm Springs is fashionable, high-priced, hot all year. The ending season is having a final spurt; hotels that will close next week—it is getting too hot, it is desert here, all around this particular oasis—are open now for one more week-end. The Indians are to celebrate the first All-Indian Fiesta to be held in public here. Palm Canyon, in the reservation, has drums tonight, dancing, fires.

[As a crowd far beyond first-night expectations sat or stood in awed silence, one of the most dramatic Indian portrayals and pageants ever presented for the eyes of the white race took place last night in beautiful Palm Canyon.]

The road is dusty beyond the town, tapering off, branching, evading boulders, crossing a wide stream that washes the car wheels. The immense prehistoric palms stand architecturally before sky, and then sink as the canyon deepens. The car reaches a gate with the usual Indian-reservation sign, "No Liquor"; the fee, usually a quarter, has been raised to a dollar for the fiesta. From the parking space a bus takes you down into the canyon. Night has come quickly during the last hour. A full moon deepens the folds in the hills, the palm shadows. But from here you can see the beacon light that is flashed at Hollywood premières. At the edge of the canyon the crowd stands looking across the gorge, across the heavy stream. Their faces are lit blue and orange. The moon is unimportant, for five terrific spotlights are turned on the clearing, seen in miniature very far below.

[The huge arc lights, loaned through the courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, sweeping the sky above the entire Coachella valley and then down into the canyon, turning it into a fairyland of myriad colors, reminded one of the gala premières of the cinema capital, Hollywood.]

Well over two thousand people witnessed the first performance, assuring the financial success of the event.]

They were dancing a hoop-dance under the lights, stepping through the wooden ring, left foot, right foot, swinging it over the head and down in a cylinder around the body. The drumbeat echoed immensely loud and

rhythmical in the gorge, too loud for a single drum, as impossible as the lights. The beat quickens fast, draws into a fast double beat, and stops with the dance. Clapping comes from all the walls of the canyon. The dancers retire. And suddenly a terrific herald voice roars out of a powerful microphone and spreads through the entire valley: "We wish to thank you for the quiet during the last dance. Absolute quiet is necessary to get the effect of these numbers. The next on the program will be Weeping Star, who will sing the well-loved 'Land of the Sky-Blue Waters.'"

The Indian woman, in a pale-blue doeskin robe, comes up to the microphone in the center of the clearing. It is adjusted for her by a technician in shirt sleeves, who quickly ducks behind a bush, dragging a length of cable beside him to get it out of the way. She begins, in a high, quavering voice:

To the land of the sky-y-blue waters
They brought a captive ma-id. . . .

There was more dancing. Victory Dance by Four Boys from Sherman School. Stump Dance—a Social Dance for Neighborly Indian tribes. And songs. Indian Love Call by Thunder Cloud, Cherokee, and Weeping Star, Kickapoo tribe. More cars arrived, crowding the top of the gorge. All the parking spaces were filled.

[One of the happiest men in Southern California last night was H. H. Quackenbush, whose smile grew larger as more and more cars kept arriving with their parties of eager spectators.]

The huge voice was coming through the microphone again: "The audience is invited to come down into the canyon and cross the stream for the remainder of the program. By coming up closer to the dance circles the Indian fire dance and the peon games may be better observed." The crowd began to file down the trails into the canyon, across the board bridge over the stream, and up the sand-hill to the clearing. The lights turned brighter, orange and white, passing over the entire canyon to light the way; and as the crowd formed a circle around the Indians, the spotlights fizzled off.

The Sherman Indians were dancing Navajo Skip Dance, A Social Dance, while the crowd quieted down. The costumes were feathered and mirrored ("Gee, what swell costumes!" said one of the women in the circle; "must have cost p-lenty!"), and the high white boots of the women were hidden under dyed doeskin skirts. The couples swung the circle, dancing with the delicate double stamp, smiling.

Now, with the lights off, quiet was ordered. Salvador Lopez, the heavy Indian, rolled up his shirt sleeves and adjusted the feather headdress. The fire in the center of the ring was scattered until it burned low, and coals covered the clearing. He placed his hands over his eyes and groaned heavily. In the audience an answering groan was heard, and a run of laughter. Somebody up the gorge yelled, "Oh, Rob-ert!" and one of the technicians turned. "What about Gray Earth's song?" The technician spoke to an Indian boy, who called back, "We cut Gray Earth's song!" The Indian chief took his hands off his eyes, and

groaned again. A flashlight powder went off. "You think some of these fellows will get movie jobs?" somebody whispered. "They're a good-looking bunch."

[Feature writers, newspaper and newsreel camera men from the large metropolitan papers and film companies were present to record this great successful event. The fame of Palm Springs, winter playground of smart people, was spread in still a wider circle last night through the efforts of these aforementioned people.]

The chief had groaned for almost twenty minutes. Now the monotonous lovely two-line song was chanted by the men and women sitting behind him, still in their rouge and costumes. He leaned over the embers, slowly selected one, and put it in his mouth, blowing his cheeks painfully. After a minute he took it, black, in his hand and dropped it. Laughter ran around the circle, and the ring closed in about him. "Sleight of hand," a man said loudly. Three people came into the circle with him, all white people with cameras. A girl with a Leica sat just under his knees, focusing up at his broad hot face. One camera man hurriedly ran around the Indian's arm as he picked up another coal and put it in his mouth. Another flashlight powder went off. He groaned, raised his arms up to the dimmed full moon, and chanted with the chorus. An Indian woman was asked what the words meant. "My heart is breaking in the fire." The cameras clicked when he opened his mouth and the live coal went in, or seemed to. "Sleight of hand," said the man.

[Large crowds are expected tomorrow, when the ceremonies will be repeated at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m.]

The crowd was tapering off, spilling down the hill and over to where the cars were. Hardly any of the spectators were left when the games began. The announcer had thundered, "And now we wish to thank Twentieth Century-Fox for so kindly permitting us the use of their lighting equipment and personnel," and had advised anyone wishing to see the peon games to adjourn to the next campfire, lower on the hill. The photographers crawled out of the ring. The Indian retreated, taking off his headdress. There would be a double program tomorrow.

The spotlights were out for good, and the moonlight was intense. Cars left in a rattle of horns. Around the second fire the women sat, with the little children. Almost all the white people were gone. A boy said, leaving, "They took in a scad of money, all right, at a dollar a head." "Do they live in tents?" somebody asked. "No, shacks."

The Indians were dancing, waiting for the others to come. Three on a side, one side crouched low, the other bent back, stamping. One shook a gourd, beating the rhythm, the man beside him shook a flashlight in the same tempo. They laughed, stopping at the end of each phase of the dance. Somebody started to sing. "Sh!" said an Indian mother to a tired baby. "There's your uncle Billy Sunday, see him? He's singing the bird song."

Now the games started, the little black and white sticks of the peon game concealed in the hands of one side of four, the singing and bobbing as they prepared, the guessing of the other side. The chorus sang, the boys

taking the song, the women across the fire answering. The chief who had swallowed fire was playing, the sly look on his large face growing as he won. They laughed at each other. "The baby keeps quiet as long as she can see the fire," said the Indian mother.

The games went on. They might go on all night. But most of the people were gone. There would be two performances tomorrow.

[Entire program directed by Don Admiral, assisted by Frank Bogert. Lighting under the direction of Robert S. Comer of Twentieth Century-Fox. Lighting equipment, courtesy of Darryl Zanuck, president of Twentieth Century-Fox. Earl Strebe, director of lights and sound.]

A Pioneer's May Day in Moscow

[The letter printed below was written to Louis Fischer by his fourteen-year-old son. For many years The Nation's Moscow correspondent, Mr. Fischer is now in New York and will sail shortly for Spain. His children have been brought up in Moscow.]

Moscow, May 5

DEAR PAPA: This May first was very exciting for me. On April 28 an order was published saying that children over twelve would not be allowed into the Red Square without their own passes. But I wanted to try. I went with Gordon [a foreign correspondent] without a pass. There were little difficulties, but I got through nevertheless. During the military parade I stood all the time with Negrin [the thirteen-year-old son of the new Spanish Prime Minister]. With him were the two sons of the Spanish Ambassador in London, who came with the Spanish delegation. After the parade we went home. I wanted to go to Dr. Rosen's, but the Spanish Ambassador invited me to lunch. After we had eaten, Negrin, the other two Spanish boys, and I went walking through the city. Unlike the military parade, the decorations in the city and the civilian demonstration were not particularly interesting. Negrin suggested that we go again to the Red Square. Although we had no passes we were let through, and we saw the end of the civilian demonstration and the sports parade. We stood on the diplomats' grandstand, which except for us was practically empty. The boys wanted very much to go over to the Spanish delegation, which stood on the other side of the Mausoleum. Suddenly I saw Zeitlin, who was taking pictures of the demonstration. On his breast proudly shone his new decoration. He came over to me. Since I knew that he had various acquaintances among the military commanders on guard, I asked him to take us over to the delegation, which he did without difficulty.

The Spanish delegation was greeted boisterously by all paraders. After the parade came the sports parade. The sportsmen marched in beautiful straight rows. Then the Spanish delegation, and we with it, started to go home. Just at the moment when we passed the Mausoleum, the members of the government came down from the Mausoleum;

and then came a moving scene. Suddenly I saw a young Spaniard and Stalin embrace and kiss. Gradually the whole delegation, and we with it, came nearer, and Stalin, as well as all the members of the government, shook hands with *all of us*—that means *me* too. I cannot describe my excitement. When I got home I could scarcely, from excitement, tell about it, and I had to give Mama my word as a Pioneer that I was not joking. Mama immediately telephoned all our acquaintances and told them about it.

On May 2, during the day, I went to the Palace of Pioneers in order to know when the meeting would take place between the Moscow Pioneers and the foreign delegations. At seven o'clock in the evening we were to await the Spanish delegation in the courtyard of the palace. Even before the delegation arrived, Zeitlin was there with his Ford and two trucks with Jupiter lights. He was greeted and questioned by the members of the Photo Circle of the palace. He had to promise them that he would give them films for their cameras. (Almost all the members of the Photo Circle have their own Soviet Leicas.) Finally the delegations arrived in seven buses. Before them marched a section of Pioneers all of whom wore *three* badges. They were accompanied by a Red Army orchestra. The Pioneers made a cordon, and the delegations, boisterously greeted, marched into the palace. I was very disturbed when I did not see Zamora [a son of the former President of Spain] among the members of the Spanish delegation. Later it developed that he came in another automobile. After some short speeches by various delegations, all the delegations assembled in the great hall. I got in after much difficulty because the hall was quite overfilled. Once I almost got through but without Vitya [his thirteen-year-old-brother], and so I remained outside on his account. Finally they let us both in. During the official part I sat with Vitya somewhere far in the rear. I was very sad that we sat so far behind because I had got to know the Spaniards during the parade.

After the official program there was a long intermission. You can imagine how the boys stormed the Spaniards and asked them for addresses of Spanish Pioneer groups. In return the Pioneers gave the Spaniards their Pioneer neckerchiefs and badges. I and Vitya gave them everything we had. After the intermission we no longer sat in the rear but near a Spanish professor whom Vitya and I took over as our protege. We talked with him through a dictionary. During the artistic performances three Zeppelins suddenly flew over the Palace of Pioneers. A small intermission had to be declared because everybody ran to the windows in order to admire the beautifully lit-up airships. Then the children showed their own productions.

The meeting ended very late, and the farewells made it later, so that we didn't get home until 1 a. m. Mama was quite upset by our appearance—without neckerchiefs and badges. She thought that we had been attacked in the night and robbed. After we had excitedly told her everything we went to bed and I slept the next morning until 11:30, when mama waked me. This was the record sleep for my whole previous life. Today I played hooky.

YURI

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Philip Snowden

THAT Philip Snowden's frail, battered body was able to contain his burning spirit for seventy years seems little short of a miracle. A "lifelong cripple" the press dispatches dubbed him. But that only tells half the story of his fight against ill health and disability—a fight greatly intensified when several very patriotic, brave, and manly British soldiers in uniform assaulted this lame and delicate man and "punished" the future Chancellor of the Exchequer for his pacifism during the World War then ended. But no amount of bodily suffering could daunt his ardent soul. Nobody ever accused him of cowardice or of weakening in his beliefs. Even when he joined Ramsay MacDonald in deserting his old Labor associates for the National Government, he somehow retained the friendship and regard of his former allies while Ramsay MacDonald was ostracized and avoided, when not openly cut, by men who had stood shoulder to shoulder to him in the days that tested the metal of everyone and truly tried men's souls.

Philip Snowden was in Australia when the crisis of July, 1914, arose. The Parliamentary Labor Party numbered then but forty members. It met to discuss its attitude toward the war, and went with Ramsay MacDonald in his opposition to Great Britain's entry into the struggle. But on August 5 there was a split. MacDonald resigned his leadership, and Arthur Henderson succeeded him and entered the war Cabinet. Only Keir Hardie, F. W. Jowett, and Tom Richardson stood with MacDonald—until Philip Snowden arrived. Snowden never hesitated for a minute. He knew that it meant going into the wilderness; he knew that in its war hysteria the public would not spare him and his associates, that they would be hated and denounced, spied upon, and pronounced traitors. But like the MacDonald of that day he felt that the salvation of his soul required that he take this stand. War did not, as a biographer of MacDonald says of him, "suspend private judgment and private duty." Snowden might have kept silent; the dreadful injuries to his body from that so nearly fatal bicycle accident could well have been the excuse for his remaining in safety.

Of that he never thought. He kept his seat in Parliament, fought—vainly—for an intelligent war and a worth-while peace, and never hesitated to speak for peace, no matter what the risk. Mrs. Snowden alone addressed five hundred peace meetings during the war, and only two or three were broken up—she would have landed in jail here in this intolerant America, as I once told her, after her second meeting, if she had come unscathed through her first. In Parliament, during the war, Snow-

den built higher the foundations for the great esteem in which he was held by foes and friends alike. His energy was boundless; his knowledge, commanding; his selflessness, obvious; his integrity, transparent; his courage, sublime. It is only the truth that a London correspondent of the *New York Times* cabled in reporting Snowden's death: "No politician has ever been more scathing to his opponents and left fewer lasting wounds. The British Labor Party produced no other who has left such a memory of ability, honesty, and strength of character."

In Snowden's career his wife, Ethel Annakin, played no little part. An ardent advocate of women's suffrage, she created a sensation when she first came to New York by her beauty, her ability, her eloquence, her power to convert. She made inroads among conservatives whom no American woman leader had been able to affect. She was the type of trained Englishwoman we have all come to admire so much, so obviously capable of dealing with the most difficult affairs of state that no one could hear her and then stick to the old nonsense about the inferiority of women's brains and their physiological inability to deal with national events and issues. Sadly enough it was she who yielded to the lure of London society when the day of triumph came for Ramsay MacDonald and Snowden. It was she who won a reputation for being one of the most charming hostesses in London, but one who was more and more seen in the company of lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses. To her is attributed Philip Snowden's acceptance of the viscounty which sat as strangely upon him as the title of Baron Passfield sits upon Sidney Webb. Still, Snowden remained his old self—frank, simple, direct, outspoken. Only two weeks before his death he had lashed out at the present Cabinet with the scathing words that rose to his lips whenever his sense of justice was outraged. "Weak and muddling," he called the government's policy, and properly denounced the "mad race in armament."

The saddest episode beyond doubt was his turning upon his old associate MacDonald some two years ago with a bitterness that hurt all his old friends. Perhaps the sting lay in the truth of that denunciation. Here was one occasion when he might well have softened the blows. But that was Philip Snowden. If truth and duty compelled him, he spared no one. He placed fidelity to his ideals and standards above everything else. His Spartan will carried him over breaks like these, which must have pained him to the core, as it did over the weaknesses of his body and over the disappointments of the labor movement. Always his mind worked like the first-class machine it was, obviously, however, without dominating his emotions. A great Englishman is gone.

BROUN'S PAGE

Jesting Prelate

THE orchestra, for some obscure reason, played Basque airs, but then there was a sudden silence as out strode Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken portraying the "Spirit of Spain." Mrs. Menken is an experienced pageanteer and has portrayed many spirits from Soft Coal to Rugged Individualism, but seldom has she been gowned more lavishly than last week at Madison Square Garden when she did her bit for the rebel refugees. A last-minute announcement asserted that the American Committee for Spanish Relief would aid civilians on both sides, but practically all the speakers, and particularly the Reverend Bernard Grimley, glorified the cause of the invaders and minimized the tragedy of Guernica.

The spotlight played upon Mrs. Menken and she gave back beam for beam—the costume with its peacock-like headdress was studded with glittering stones, and Mrs. Menken was pleased to proffer their radiance to the starving children of Bilbao who cry aloud for bread. Murmurs of admiration ran through the fifteen thousand in the Garden, and when the contributions had been counted it was found that a sum had been raised almost equal to one-third the value of the costume.

It may have been a little startling to find the spirit of tortured Spain represented by a dowager in diamonds, but the brilliants were less hard and sharp than the comforting words spoken by the Reverend Mr. Grimley, who lives in London and edits the *Catholic Times*. Mr. Grimley simplified the conflict between the Loyalists and the forces of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco by saying, "The issue is God or anti-God." This disposed of the suspicions of all who have surmised that the Führer was interested in Spanish metals or that Mussolini wished to extend the sphere of Fascist influence. The audience applauded warmly at being thus categorically informed as to God's attitude in the situation, and the Reverend Mr. Grimley, already tingling with pride in the importance of his role as courier from heaven, ventured just a little farther. It was all very well for Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken to represent the Spirit of Spain, but he, the Reverend B. Grimley of London, was serving as the amplifier of a still, small voice.

Mighty Moses on a historic occasion grew heady because he had once been intrusted with the tablets of stone and took on an arrogance which served to draw a rebuke from on high. The error of Mr. Grimley was one into which many members of the cloth of all denominations are prone to stray. He just would have his little joke, and he grew facetious concerning things with which not even a reverend editor should deal lightly. He referred to "the women and children who seem always to be getting in the way of the bombs of the other side." I have taken the

quotation from the account of the meeting in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The good father went a bit too far. Nobody laughed very loud. Probably it should be said in defense of the Reverend Mr. Grimley that he never saw a woman bombed. Into his mind there came no clear picture of the mangled children of Guernica after the blackbirds of Hitler had wended their way home. The London editor might be interested to learn that in America members of many faiths, including, it would seem, Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, do not regard the Nazi bombers as the ravens of the Lord.

They say that evening clothes predominated in the Garden, and while Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken undoubtedly outshone all the other ladies, there were many who sought to follow in her train. In such an atmosphere it may be difficult to remember or to heed the effect of machine-gun bullets and incendiary bombs upon frightened and huddled masses of people. White and stuffed shirts may serve as a curtain to shut off the unpleasant picture of blood upon a pinafore.

But even while the Reverend Mr. Grimley was making his little joke, the following press-association dispatch was coming into the newspaper offices of New York City:

By the Associated Press. Hendaye, Franco-Spanish Frontier, May 10.—The semi-autonomous Basque government sent a note to the international Non-Intervention Committee in London protesting "the Germans' criminal action" in the Basque offensive. "German aviation at the service of the rebels continues action against Munguia, Larrauri, Maruri, Larrabezua, and Plencia, dropping a great number of hand grenades and machine-gunning the civilian population, which menaced by death must flee into the fields, thus causing numerous victims, especially women and children."

These, Father Grimley, are not the "reds" against whom you thundered but your coreligionists, the Basques of Spain. As a matter of fact, I wonder whether doubt may not assail the most faithful and leave them wondering whether the Creator for whom you undertook to speak really rides the skies with the Nazi bombers and ordains the slaughter of Communist children. At four thousand feet I doubt whether the German aviators can tell true believers from heretics, particularly when the targets are less than ten years old.

Presently, quite presently perhaps, you will return to your desk and your labors in London, and it may be that upon your homecoming you will complain that the Americans have no sense of humor. But really, Father, you were not funny. For that you should utter a prayer of thanks. Had you been it would have been even worse.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS and the ARTS

New Deal—French Version

WHICH WAY FRANCE? By Alexander Werth. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THE story of how France was first inhumanly punished by deflation, then lifted from the trough of the depression under the leadership of Blum, inevitably bears a resemblance to the story of the United States under Roosevelt. The similarities are not in the same focus, since they are inner fundamentals working themselves out in quite different national expressions. But the likenesses deserve far more attention than they usually receive.

The thesis that France under Blum won a victory against fascism, or to put it the other way around, that but for Blum France would by now have become a fascist state, is too precise. And that is the implied thesis of Mr. Werth's admirable history of France's recent years. Mr. Werth leaves no doubt that the Popular Front would not have been possible without the fascist menace. But his record offers no convincing proof that France was in real danger of succumbing to fascism. More probably the danger was passed by rather than overcome. What France overcame was not so much fascism as its own inner lethargy and complaisance. A democratic nation, innately capable of self-government, developed its capabilities in a crucial hour. Galvanized into action, France, like the United States, with a sudden impulse carried through basic reforms. It gave scope and freedom to organized labor. It made the control of credit a national instead of a private concern, going much farther than the Banking Act of the New Deal. With a gust of courage it decided that concentrated economic power called for more national control.

That it was immeasurably more dangerous for French democracy than for our own to deal with its problems goes without saying. France is not blessed with America's natural resources and market, and is not protected by two broad oceans. France, moreover, had been in a false position of strength relative to the rest of Europe, an equation which time was swiftly rectifying, with attendant spiritual hazards. And in France extremes of right and left were organized, able to pour their fighters into the street. Thus the story of France before and during the Blum government has been even more exciting than the story of the New Deal. And since all the democracies are parts of a world unity, the experiences of France should be known to every democrat everywhere, as a portion of his own self-knowledge. For this reason unqualified recommendation can be given to Mr. Werth's stirring book. Here is a vivid, honest, and accomplished example of journalism. It is not history, in the sense that all the major values could so soon have been tested and weighed. But it is journalism at its best, and since France has been so exciting, this account of it by a sensitive, competent writer could not fail to be stirring.

It is to Mr. Werth's credit that he is honest enough to introduce the doubts which are at odds with his main thesis. He writes primarily as an interpreter of the Popular Front and sees France through Popular Front eyes. Thus his implication is that the Popular Front saved France from fascism. Beginning with the riot of February 6, 1934, disturbances were frequent and ominous. But Mr. Werth even uses italics

to emphasize his opinion that the Croix de Feu never had a chance to seize power. Colonel de la Rocque did not funk his opportunities. That being so, the real mission of the Blum government was not to suppress fascism; it was to govern France. And the actual deeds of this government become more important than the circumstances which brought it into power. That the government itself has been primarily concerned with governing is today clearer than it was early in the year, where Mr. Werth's recital ends. The subsequent "breathing spell" has suspended the full application of the forty-hour week, and France, like the United States, has been committed to waiting upon recovery before pressing for more reforms. To M. Blum, the radical, has fallen the most delicate duty of devaluation, and he has gone about it in a conservative spirit. His united front is crumbling somewhat in consequence. But France is enjoying the blessing of having an honest and intelligent Premier, heading a revitalized regime. It has, too, an enormously strengthened labor movement, and when finally the regime falls, it will leave the control of the complex modern economic system vested much more directly than before in democratic institutions.

Mr. Werth by implication voices dissatisfaction with the French policy in Spain, which has estranged so many in this country who otherwise would have been enthusiastic for the Popular Front regime. He contributes the important historic detail that the British, warning Blum against helping the Spanish government, stated that they would not feel themselves bound by their Locarno obligations if the help brought France into war. But he also is discerning enough to explain that this warning was overplayed by the Blum government to quiet its own supporters. Blum's first anxiety was to keep France at peace; his second was to be sure of British support if France were overtaken by war. His anxieties for Spain came third. And here again, he was responsible for France rather than for the desires of the leftists in his coalition. The verdict on his course can only be reached when the Spanish crisis is over. Today it seems a fair assumption that had the French been forthright in their support of the Spanish government, General Franco would have been defeated months ago, and that neither Italy nor Germany would have dared to intervene. But much of Mussolini's and Hitler's timidity, now beginning to be apparent, must be attributed to the British rearmament program, which came after Blum's non-intervention policy; so the theory is hard to prove. One result of the Blum policy has been to bring France and Britain into closer cooperation than at any time since the war, an accomplishment in the foreign field that bulks as large as any of Blum's domestic achievements.

Readers will not ask Mr. Werth for a sympathetic appraisal of either Laval or Doumergue. He is the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Paris, and his feelings are all for the other side. But being in the best *Manchester Guardian* tradition, he also is intellectually honest, and if he does not answer all the questions he suggests it is because he knows he cannot. Even his major question, "Which Way France?" is left open. It cannot be said too often that few questions are of more immediate importance to Americans; his evidence, therefore, deserves a wide audience in this country. In a second edition Mr. Werth should add a footnote explaining in detail

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the French law on compulsory labor arbitration, an issue which is sure to arise in this country. And it would be useful if he would explain how the craft and industrial unions in France compose their inherent differences.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

A Gist of Gists of Gists

ONE MIGHTY TORRENT: THE DRAMA OF BIOGRAPHY. By Edgar Johnson. Stackpole Sons. \$3.50.

EACH man's way of living, as we might say, is his particular way of getting the "gist" of experience. The world is manifold; it has many loose ends, and each man knots a few of them. He knots them in accordance with his own particular vision of necessities and opportunities. Put all his acts together—and they reveal what he has taken to be the "gist" of experience.

Then appears a biographer. He looks at the man, makes a selection of his acts, weights, organizes, interprets, to give us what he considers to have been the gist of this man's life. And after many such biographies have been amassed, one may become a kind of "statistician," looking over an entire field. People having lived gists, and writers having given gists of these lives, after a sufficient accumulation one may "transcend" both lives and biographies by taking as his starting-point this "higher level" afforded by the accumulation itself.

Edgar Johnson's "One Mighty Torrent" is an engrossing work conducted on this "higher," "statistical" level. He has epitomized for us the course of English biography from the sixteenth century to the present—including the autobiographies, memoirs, diaries, letters, and biographical fiction that he considers significant. In this large undertaking, I think he has done us a double service.

Like John Chamberlain, in his highly succinct job of reporting the variants of populism (in "Farewell to Reform"), Johnson has put together some important lore, reducing a welter of material to "abstracts," that we may proceed to build upon it in whatever way we please—whereas otherwise we should have first to cover this preparatory ground ourselves. And in the course of thus making a field "handy" for others, who would get at it quickly, he has produced a work packed with "events."

I hope that our young novelists especially will read it. For it might have a healthy effect upon their notions of "realism," which have become disturbingly oversimplified in recent years. Realism has become "naturalism"—and naturalism has come to mean hardly more than an efficiently organized way of running people down. Reading Johnson's book, we are reminded that imaginative enterprise requires much subtler tactics, that realism should not be the mere bureaucratization of debunking and indictment. It should be the attempt to find the acts, thoughts, situations, and speeches in which a character *names his number*. Flaubert thought of it that way. Realism was not to him merely a roundabout way of asking us to pay \$2.50 for words that we can get outside of books for nothing. It is the search for gists, for those events wherein a character sums up himself and the life beyond himself with accuracy and picturesqueness.

Johnson's book gives us a maximum of such events. He has gone through his material in search of characteristic moments, significant condensations, incidents that reveal the essence of the given biographer and the given biographer's subject. The literary efficiency of wit, of sharp appraisal (the

startling kind of short-circuiting we get in the poems of Marianne Moore, where we can leap across gaps suddenly)—that sort of emphasis has become lost as the result of competitive crudeness; and Johnson's connoisseurship might do much to correct such blunt notions of "power."

There is no use here in attempting further to condense his condensations. I might mention, however, the almost frightening effect we get as we move from Chapter VII, Eighteenth Century Apogee (discussing that massive Tory, Samuel Johnson, that intellectual bouncer who perfected epigrammatic ways of kicking out the enemy) to Chapter VIII, Romantic Letter-Writers (dealing with Byron, Shelley, and Keats). I never felt so strongly what was let loose upon the world as the romanticism of business and the counter-romanticism of poetry caught its full stride. Another highly suggestive contrast is got by the matching of Steffens and Lawrence.

If you want not a survey but a final putting together of the material surveyed, perhaps Johnson's book will not be completely satisfactory. The range of the author's appreciation, his pliancy when confronting many different kinds of material, is the virtue here. And that is virtue enough for one book. He has recorded the plenitude of human personality. If you want not only this plenitude but also some underlying logic of unification, you may find the book, comprehensive as it is, still unfinished. Perhaps it were better left unfinished, in this sense. Perhaps men *are* as different as daisies and liverwort—and that's the end of it. And perhaps we should be content merely to contemplate and relish this diversity. In any case, I do not see how a reader could fail to enjoy the documents of diversity as here assembled, a literary springtime wherein the tiny brooks of personality converge to make the sweep onward of a torrential flood.

KENNETH BURKE

Her Gossamer Soul

A CARDINAL OF THE MEDICI. BEING THE MEMOIRS OF THE NAMELESS MOTHER OF THE CARDINAL IPPOLITO DE' MEDICI. By Susan Hicks Beach. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

MRS. Hicks Beach is, according to the blurb on her book, sister-in-law to the late Sir Michael Beach. The bearing of this piece of information upon a labor of learning devoted to the Renaissance is not apparent unless it be that the reader is supposed to be reassured in the presence of the wife of a brother of a lord. Sir Michael's sister-in-law, so the blurb further says, was moved to authorship when she saw Titian's portrait of the young Ippolito in the Pitti Palace. The book she wrote she burned "because she judged her knowledge of Italy to be insufficient. Later, having again visited Italy, she spent five years writing the novel as it now stands."

"Antony and Cleopatra" could have gained nothing had Shakespeare been erudite in archaeology; "Romola" is heavy with the weight of learning, and "Salammbô" is rigid with scholarship. "Thais," "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," and "Cloud Cuckoo Land" though written by cultivated scholars, are unhampered by information and exemplify the ancient dictum that poetry is truer than history. We are told that Mrs. Beach, because she felt she needed to learn more facts, burned the book that a portrait arresting to her imagination had stirred her to write. This would suggest the likely probability that Mrs. Beach was not primarily a novelist, and her published rewriting establishes that she certainly is not.



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Six Articles on Foreign Affairs

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England After Baldwin

Prime Minister Baldwin, having steered empire and monarchy safely past the perils of romantic love and an American divorcee with as little loss of prestige as could have been expected, will shortly retire to the House of Lords. S. K. Ratcliffe will discuss the effects of Baldwin's abdication and the prospects of his probable successor, Neville Chamberlain.

The Balkan Complex

M. E. Ravage, *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris, has recently visited the Balkan countries. He will discuss soon the crucial developments which have occurred recently in Europe's traditional cradle of war.

Also

Growing Pains of Mexican Labor by L. O. Prendergast
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The Myth of Scandinavia's "Middle Way" by Finn Moe

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Nor is she in any legitimate sense of the word a historian. Her book shows her to be a very industrious literary lady who has experimented in genteel cross-fertilization.

"The Narrative," Mrs. Beach opens her preface by saying, "was a literary product of the sixteenth century"; and to authenticate this Orphic pronouncement she quotes from the "Cambridge Modern History" a statement to the effect that though the Renaissance led to the decay of imaginative literature it fostered the development of biography, memoir, and autobiography. This may be Mrs. Beach's way of suggesting that she has a Renaissance mind of limited imagination. "The adoption of the narrative form—which is, of course, not original—for this picture of the life of the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici," she goes on to say, "has made a certain simplification possible. The stage of the Italy of 1503-42 is so gorgeous, the scene is so pulsating and so crowded with vigorous personalities, that a comparative lucid setting for any one selected figure seems easier of attainment from the single point of view." Since Mrs. Beach was instigated to write by an initial emotion before Cardinal Ippolito's portrait, the most obvious "single point of view" for her "Narrative" would have been that of the Cardinal himself. Mrs. Beach has chosen rather that of the Cardinal's nameless mother.

Mrs. Beach makes her narrator speak of "my gossamer soul"; and in her preface, with no apparent intention of irony, she says that the material of her extended research "had to be passed through a very fine sieve."

"History pretends to be an account of facts, but I ask myself what facts really are, and if they are more than personal opinions on precarious materials." The sixteenth-century person of Mrs. Beach's "Narrative" who opines—and who uses a phrase of Keats apropos of the dreams of one of her husbands who was bald—discusses the sack of Rome and touches upon Luther. So to rewrite history as the "personal opinions" of a "gossamer soul" of "impersonal compassion" but much pedantry and *elegantia* who scorns the "mere device of intelligence," doubtless does "make a certain simplification possible," but at the cost of making scholarship pretentious and history trivial.

RAYMOND WEAVER

A Liberal Education

THE AMBERLEY PAPERS. THE LETTERS AND DIARIES OF BERTRAND RUSSELL'S PARENTS. By Bertrand and Patricia Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. Two Volumes. \$10.

IN 1864 Bertrand Russell's father, Lord Amberley, married Kate Stanley, a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley. They were both dead by 1876, but they left behind diaries and correspondence that have been brought together by Bertrand and Patricia Russell into some thousand pages that will be a delight to anyone interested in that complex of Whiggism, rationalism, and radicalism that gave nineteenth-century England its peculiar character. Almost every aspect of the political and intellectual life of the time is reflected here—in the mentality and character of the Amberleys themselves, in the quality of their friends and acquaintances, in the books they read and the causes they championed.

The family hero of the Russells was the ancestor who was executed in 1683 for resistance to the Stuarts. His father became in consequence a promoter of the Revolution of 1688 and was made a duke by William III. "It followed," says Bertrand Russell, "that the Glorious Revolution was indeed

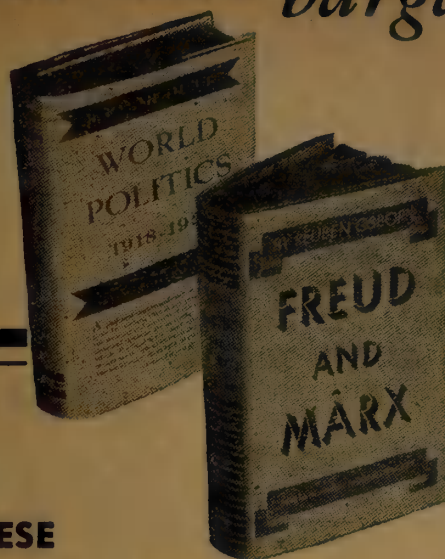
glorious, that resistance to kings is in some cases justifiable, and that civil and religious liberty are above all things to be prized. My grandfather (Lord John Russell) was willing to support anti-governmental movements abroad, especially in Italy, though in English affairs, after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, he was far from radical. Nevertheless, his principles remained such as would naturally lead to radicalism in his son, to which he never objected." Amberley's mother was more radical than her husband and influenced him in a way which earned her the title, among Lord John's colleagues, of "Deadly Nightshade." Kate Stanley was one of a large and vigorous family, "each with his or her own very definite opinion on religion and politics, and each disagreeing with all the others." Over these exercises presided Kate's mother, impatient of fools, "downright, free from prudery, and eighteenth-century rather than Victorian in her conversation."

Such traditions were more than safe in the hands of Amberley and his wife. Her early diaries and letters show the gradual growth of modern ideas in her mind, notwithstanding an orthodox upbringing that forbade all books likely to be unsettling. After Harrow, Amberley spent a year at Edinburgh, where, in Lord John's time, Brougham, philosophic radicalism, and the *Edinburgh Review* had flourished. Two unhappy years were spent at Cambridge, where a theological emancipation took place that was to bring his views very close to those of Herbert Spencer. After their marriage and his very short but strenuous political career, the Amberleys devoted themselves to study, writing, and the society of such people as John Stuart Mill, Lecky, Carlyle, Grote, Jowett, and John Bright, with whom they discussed such issues as a League of Nations, Home Rule, Malthusianism, deism, ecclesiastical and political reform. Mill was an especially strong influence. Having read the "Subjection of Women" Kate became an ardent and active feminist. The cumulative effect of their unorthodox views set society by the ears. "But the Amberleys had always, when possible, chosen their associates for brains, and in their later years they saw very little of the grand folk who figure in their early diaries." They brought that preference with them to the United States when in 1867 they spent four months seeing less of Mrs. Belmont, "an uninteresting little woman," and the Van Rensselaers, "who seemed very dull," and more of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, the schools and prisons, the Oneida Settlement, Congress, and the White House.

Kate found Emerson "a very kind, gentle, amiable man; his face, smile, and accent are remarkably like Gladstone's; he talks much, and goes on a long time without any question or remark being made by the listener; when answering a question he frequently would wander on to something quite different, with but a slight connecting link. He asked me much about Carlyle, especially whether his friends did not look upon his recent course as a kind of aberration from his better self; he evidently feels great regret about Carlyle's despotic and anti-liberal views."

Everywhere in these papers there are to be found fragments stamped with the intricacies, the beauties, and the flaws of the genuine liberal design. There is the correspondence that illuminates the subtle shading of Whig into Liberal and Liberal into radical. There are the pages that bear witness to the intellectual vigor and honesty that led Amberley and his kind to take part in reform movements, to consider political questions on their merits, and to refuse to conceal their opinions whatever they might be. There is the family controversy in which are exhibited the va-

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rieties of opinion on the subject of the Paris Commune and the weaknesses of the case made for the Communards by their English champions. There is also the record of Amberley's speech to the Liberal electors of Leeds in which he took a position with regard to the extension of the franchise which illustrates perfectly that fatal absence in nineteenth-century liberalism of any real principle upon which to base reform. Should the franchise be extended from the ten-pound to the six-pound householders? Amberley searched in vain for some principle, short of universal suffrage, which would enable him to decide the question. In the special circumstances of his period the matter was not urgent; there was still half a century in which reform could be advocated in terms of more or less, faster or slower. The time was to come, however, when liberalism would find it increasingly necessary and increasingly difficult to abandon the construction of programs different from the Conservative in degree in favor of the discovery of a philosophy different in kind.

W. A. RUDLIN

Popular Science

FAMOUS AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE. By J. G. Crowther. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

ATOMS, MEN, AND STARS. By Rogers D. Rusk. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE common methods of interpreting the development of science are illustrated by these two books. Dr. Rusk describes the changing scientific world, the frontier developments, the new concepts, and, what is perhaps more important, he interprets current scientific concepts in terms of their impact upon man's ideas and personal philosophy. To Dr. Rusk science is the dominating factor in society today, molding social institutions and human relations as no other single factor does. Thus it is essential to understand and analyze the scientific revolution that began with the twentieth century and, after the discovery of X-rays, radioactivity, the electron, and wireless communication, swept on to important discoveries concerning the nature of matter, light and energy.

Mr. Crowther, on the other hand, proceeds on the basis of the belief that science is just one manifestation of social organization during a particular epoch. Science takes its material from the industrial and technical conditions of the times, and its practical benefits are limited by the social and economic framework. Discussing the lives and scientific work of four of the greatest American scientists—Benjamin Franklin, Josiah W. Gibbs, Joseph Henry, and Thomas A. Edison—Mr. Crowther relates the problems with which these scientists were concerned to the social needs of the times. "The progress of science is not accidental. It is due to the needs of the society in which it occurs, and its direction is affected by the conditions of that society."

Typical of Dr. Rusk's philosophy is his discussion of science and war. He says that "those who would put the blame on science and mechanism forget the impersonal character of science." That is, science develops independent of the needs and desires of man. As science marches onward and upward, presumably, man must learn to adjust himself to newly discovered relationships. But people cannot adjust themselves or reconsider their ideas without understanding the increasingly complex developments in scientific research. In simple and clear language Dr. Rusk carefully explains the significance of frontier research, the discovery of heavy water and isotopes, electronic physics, the concepts of space-time

and relativity, our newer knowledge of the universe, the principle of uncertainty, and the mystery of cosmic rays.

Mr. Crowther performs pioneer work in correlating the biographies of particular scientists who lived before the twentieth century with social and economic development in the United States. Benjamin Franklin was the most important scientist of the eighteenth century, for he helped to establish modern ideas of experimental science, besides transforming the study of electricity into a science. The American Constitution itself was influenced by the development of science through the systematization of Newtonian mechanics. The American system of government, characterized by checks and balances, corresponds to the Newtonian concepts of action and equal reaction and a balance of forces.

Joseph Henry was the first to discover electro-magnetic self-induction and probably preceded Faraday in the discovery of electro-magnetic induction. Henry's largest contribution, however, came as a result of his duties as first secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. He organized scientific research and developed rational methods of discovering and promoting science. Josiah Willard Gibbs laid the foundations for efficient and rationalized industry through his establishment of physical chemistry. Thomas A. Edison was the first great scientific inventor who saw invention as dependent upon industry, thus reducing invention to a rational and business activity. During preceding centuries science was encouraged and subsidized by industry and to a large extent developed along certain lines in response to the demands of commerce and industry. At the present time, however, science has become the Supreme Court from which there is no appeal, and therefore its progress cannot be ascribed completely to the outlook or material needs of society. Today science is in advance of its direct industrial application.

"Famous American Men of Science" and "Atoms, Men, and Stars" should be read together for a true picture of the present place of science in society.

JACK SCHUYLER

New Novels

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS. By William Maxwell. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

AT A time when novels have tended to be intricately romantic or furiously thematic or to depict the fading or the birth of an epoch, Mr. Maxwell has limited himself to the simple delineation of human relationships within a small family. Two boys and their father think about their mother for something like a fortnight, at the end of which suddenly she dies. The two weeks include the signing of the armistice at the end of the World War and the first appearance, in a Middle Western town, of the influenza epidemic. But momentous as these events are in themselves, they have very little bearing on the story. The mother might have died of pneumonia or in childbirth instead of influenza a day or so after her baby was born. The important fact is that she is dead—and that she lived and was a force beyond measurement in the family. And still more important is not the influence of world-shaking events upon men and women and children but the influence of men, women, and children upon one another. Their hates, their loves, their momentary distresses and ecstasies are brought into focus and made moving and real. The drama of fiction may very well dwell in a changing world, in the gigantic forces of society. But Mr. Maxwell, looking into the small end of a telescope and

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Officially and unofficially, in scores of letters, in editorials and syndicated columns, liberal and radical America has reacted sharply to Alfred M. Bingham's article — *War Mongering on the Left* (May issue of *Common Sense*). The second article of the series *Communism vs. Fascism* appears in the June issue. Along with this second article, more provocative than the first, *Common Sense* prints comments pro and con by Maury Maverick, Herbert Agar, General Johnson, Harry Elmer Barnes, Jay Franklin, Robert Morss Lovett, Rep. Teigan and the *New Masses*.

WHERE DO YOU STAND ON THIS ISSUE? ←

Do you believe in American intervention in Spain? Will the next war again "make the world safe for democracy?" Or will it be another imperialist war between satisfied and unsatisfied powers? Will defenders of Soviet Russia be defending democracy or dictatorship? Is fascism closer to capitalist democracy or Russian collectivism? These and many other related questions are answered with new insight in two of the year's most exciting and original articles. Read both of them. And in the same issue: **SEVENTY-NINE OLD MEN** by Robert S. Allen and Drew Pearson; **ROOSEVELT'S SUCCESSOR?** An Interview with Governor Murphy by Georges Schreiber; **AAA IN REVERSE!** by Mordecai Ezekiel; and **FRANCE HUNTS A HITLER** by R. W. Wiley.

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writing with skill and clarity, has created another kind of drama which, within its limits, is no less suitable and satisfying.

THE SCANDALS OF CLOCHEMERLE. By Gabriel Chevallier. Translated from the French by Jocelyn Godefroi. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

In complete contrast to Mr. Maxwell's simple naturalness, M. Chevallier is artificial, elegant, bawdy in thought but nice in language. A little French town decides that it must have a public memorial; but instead of a useless statue to a problematically great man it erects a urinal which shall be of constant benefit to at least half of the population, and with Gallic forthrightness places the object in the square across from the church. As might be expected the town is shaken to its foundations. A pro-memorial faction springs up to fight with a desperate opposition. M. Chevallier manages to be quite funny about the affair, although here and there he is perhaps over-elaborate in his witticisms. It is all a matter of taste; if you think a urinal in front of a church is amusing, then you will be amused.

LIGHT WOMAN. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.

What happens to a nice small-town family when one of the sons brings home a young woman from the city, with the city's brittle sophistication. Since the family really is nice, and since the young woman is nice, too, underneath her shallow smartness and her slightly phony foreign accent, it all turns out for the best. Miss Gale being Miss Gale, she has introduced into this triviality a garrulous grandma who is slightly dotty but consistently amusing. Otherwise "A Light Woman" is a pretty light novel.

CAROLINE SMITH

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Three Men on a Rubber Check

JUST as most of the critics were packing vacation bags there suddenly erupted at the Cort Theater a breach of the peace in three acts which several of them paused long enough to call "the funniest farce of the season." Judicial review will be likely, I think, to confirm this judgment, even though "Room Service" happens to be the kind of play which even the spectator who has laughed himself sick will find it difficult to describe. For one thing a very great deal depends upon the unfailing inventiveness and verve of George Abbott's direction. For another a great deal more depends upon three of the actors who helped to make "Three Men on a Horse" a masterpiece of the same mad kind. For the sake of my own reputation, I rather wish that I did not have to report that some of the funniest incidents are concerned with the passionate attachment of one of the characters to a stuffed moose head and with his heroic refusal to sacrifice it at a hock shop: "I shot that moose myself and I ate him—right up to the neck—but nobody's going to touch the rest of him." On the morning after, I am also compelled to admit that there are passages in even the modern drama—to say nothing of the classics—probably superior in sheer wit to the dialogue between two of the schemers who haven't eaten for eighteen hours and are growing faint. But inasmuch as I laughed as heartily as the rest of the spectators I must confess that it goes something like this: "I see spots before my eyes." "So do I." "Mine are beginning to look like hamburgers." "If you see one with onions, save it for me."

In accordance with the habit of all good dramatic critics who try to keep themselves prepared to review plays like "Room Service," I have just recently reread the "Poetics" of Aristotle. He says that "manners" should be subservient to "action"; and striving to test the present work in the light of this dogma, I am puzzled to decide whether it meets the test or not, for the two elements seem almost equally important. Fundamentally the story is as old as comic fiction, but the "manners"—which I take to include whatever serves to render the action concrete—are very much of the moment. In other words, the shoestring producer of plays who is busy dodging bill collectors while living on the credit of a bad check which will take five days to bounce back from California is blood brother to ten thousand rogues whose difficulties have convulsed heartless spectators ever since credit was invented. But much that reflects upon the ways of life on the fringe as it is led today has never, I believe, been so well burlesqued. Come to think of it, there are subtleties too. Consider, if you see the play, the moment when the young playwright from Oswego enters the hotel room of the producer just as he and his aides have decided to skip and have donned several suits of clothes each and then buttoned an overcoat over all. The innocent, about to remove his own coat, suddenly realizes that the others are bundled to the ears and hastily gets back into the garment, which was already half off. Somehow, without the speaking of a word, everybody knows he has concluded in a flash that all this has something to do with the etiquette of the strange world he is about to enter, and that he is not going to betray his ignorance by taking off an overcoat in the house. That is a superb piece of direction.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

FOR sheer gorgeousness of sound there is nothing like Delius's music; but one work after another is the same gorgeousness under one new title after another, the only difference in later works being that the gorgeousness is further enriched, elaborated, and subtilized; and with the lack of clarity of definition in the idiom there is a lack of clarity of definition in form. As a result one may enjoy an occasional hearing of a single work—especially a work like "Brigg Fair," which is in the highly vertebrate form of theme and variations; but one may find that the several works in Volume II of the Delius Society, issued here by Columbia, are for those who like Delius in the strangely intense way that others like Mahler, Bruckner, Sibelius. On seven records (\$14) the volume offers the early "Over the Hills and Far Away" and the mature "In a Summer Garden," Intermezzo from "Fennimore and Gerda," and "Sea-Drift"—the first three for orchestra, the last for orchestra, chorus, and solo baritone. The performances by the London Philharmonic, London Select Choir, and John Brownlee under the direction of Beecham are excellent; so, for the most part, is the recording.

One usually has to criticize transcriptions of Bach for overstatement, but understatement can be as bad; and of Pochon's arrangement for string quartet of the great Passacaglia and Fugue for organ I can say only that one might as well attempt to produce the effect of an El Greco with water colors. Not only is the medium too weak for the cumulative power and magnificence of the work, but it is incapable of the variety of color that is to be achieved on the organ by registration; and its worst deficiency is the lack of an equivalent for the organ's pedal tones. There is no need, then, of going into detail about the badness of the Stradivarius String Quartet's performance (Columbia: two records, \$3).

The Lener Quartet set of Beethoven's Opus 18, No. 4 (Columbia: three records, \$5), is in all ways good. On single Columbia discs are beautiful performances by Gieseeking of Chopin's Prelude Opus 28, No. 23 and Waltz Opus 64, No. 1, Schubert's Moment Musical Opus 94, No. 3, and Brahms's Intermezzo Opus 119, No. 3 (\$1); brilliant performances by Anatol Kitain of Liszt's "Feux Follets" and "Sonetto del Petrarco No. 123" (\$1.50); and good performances by Beecham and the London Philharmonic of the Nocturne and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music (\$1.50).

There is a way of avoiding the fuzzy reproduction one gets from new Columbia records while the steel needles are scraping away the loose film left by the withdrawal of the stamper. With the present batch of Columbia records I experimented with B.C.N. needles, and found that they did not affect the loose film very much and gave reproduction that was clouded only slightly and often not at all. On Beecham's Mendelssohn record the orchestral tone sounded less rich and brilliant (a test with a constant-frequency record showed that B.C.N. reproduced frequencies from 6,000 to 5,000 with less intensity than steel); but with string quartet and voice there was no appreciable loss in quality. One difficulty is that B.C.N. points tend to break under the combined pressure of (1) the great intensities of present-day orchestral recordings and (2) the needle-track error of straight-arm pick-ups. This difficulty disappears when curved-arm pick-ups are used.

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Letters to the Editors

Spain Sends Thanks

Dear Sirs: It is with much pleasure that I quote the text of a cable which I have received from the Ministry of Agriculture:

Please convey to the magazine *The Nation*, of New York City, the expression of deep gratitude from the government, in the name of the republican people of Spain who are fighting for the liberty of the world, upon the arrival of the important shipment of food-stuffs donated by the subscribers of that publication to the noncombatant population. Their wishes will be carried out, and in due time detailed information as to the distribution of this food will be forwarded.

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE

To the above message I wish to add my heartfelt thanks for your splendid aid to this humanitarian cause.

FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS,
Spanish Ambassador

Washington, May 16

Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs: I noticed in your issue of April 17 a letter from Mr. Santiago Iglesias in which he minimizes the Ponce (Puerto Rico) massacre of March 21 last, saying, "Eighteen people were wounded of whom ten fatally." I have watched how carefully the true figures, and a true account of what happened at Ponce, are being kept from the American public. Twenty citizens were killed in Ponce on Palm Sunday, and nearly 200 were wounded; the Nationalist boys were not armed, certainly not with rifles, and so far there is no evidence that anyone except the police, under the direct order of the Puerto Rico Chief of Police, Colonel Orbeta, fired. Women and children were slaughtered, and tear gas, bombs, machine-guns, rifles, and revolvers—not to mention clubs—were used most savagely against harmless citizens, as is proved by the many photographs taken that morning in Ponce. When at last the truth about conditions in Puerto Rico is written, the American public will blush with shame.

J. GOWEN WASHBURN
San Juan, Puerto Rico, May 4

Dear Sirs: According to the letter from Mr. Iglesias, resident commissioner of Puerto Rico in Washington, in which

he protested against the article by Oswald Garrison Villard published in *The Nation* of April 3, the dastardly massacre of Puerto Ricans in Ponce perpetrated by the colonial police under implicit orders of Governor Winship was the result of leniency shown by the colonial government in handling prior incidents arising from dissatisfaction of the Puerto Rican people, or some faction of that people, with American misrule.

Evidently Mr. Iglesias thinks that the colonial government should have been practicing open-air mass murder long before now, encouraged by the piratical axiom that "dead men tell no tales," and that everyone in the island would be willing to forgo the right of his children to happiness and freedom for the mere pittance that political panhandlers and carpetbaggers of the New Deal may dole out to the islanders.

The readers of *The Nation* must understand that so long as Puerto Rico remains politically and economically exploited, so long as it is not made a free nation by an act of the United States Congress, we Puerto Ricans can never be good friends of American nationals or even sympathetic to American principles and ideals,

J. M. GARCIA CASANOVA
Flushing, N. Y., May 11

Dear Sirs: Your article in the April 3 issue on Liberty and Death in Puerto Rico has been brought to my attention. I realize that living conditions in Puerto Rico could be improved; however, it cannot be accomplished within a few years. Previous to 1932, if I remember correctly, there was no agitation for independence and no political disorders; the depression to a great extent retarded further progress. Our federal government came to the assistance of the Puerto Rican people during this period through home relief, building of concrete homes, and many projects which will show results in years to come. The Roosevelt Administration has contributed \$40,000,000 for this purpose.

Only recently the Puerto Rican legislature commended Governor Winship for his courage in striving to improve both the political and economic conditions of the island. The occasional demonstrations for "independence" by some

members of the Nationalist Party, whose voting strength is less than 5 per cent of the total population, are most deplorable, for the agitation does not represent the sentiments of the great majority of the people, who will resist the efforts of a minor group to change their relationship to the United States.

C. T.
Woodhaven, N. Y., May 12

Of Time and Mr. Luce

Dear Sirs: A reprint of page 502 of the May 1 issue of *The Nation* should go to every subscriber of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*. Good work!

MAYNARD DIXON
San Francisco, Cal., May 6

And Mr. Carney

Dear Sirs: I should like to thank Dwight Macdonald for the first of his three articles about Henry Luce and Time, Inc. He has justified a move I made some months ago when I suspected Mr. Luce's fascist leanings and decided to terminate my subscription to *Time*.

The Nation's stand against William P. Carney of *The New York Times* is admirable. What puzzles me is how such a great newspaper can tolerate the biased and untruthful dispatches of Mr. Carney, who, in his articles indicate, seems to be enjoying General Mola's slaughter of the Basques immensely.

JACOB H. JAFFE
Jersey City, N. J., May 7

Credit Due

Dear Sirs: It is stated on the title page of "The Economics of the Iron and Steel Industry" that the work is published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company for the Bureau of Business Research, University of Pittsburgh. It appears to me that Mr. Macdonald's review, in your issue of May 8, should have mentioned the bureau as the organization responsible for the investigation and for publication of the findings.

Your readers will, of course, understand that I do not in any wise detract from the full credit due the authors.

RALPH S. WATKINS, Director
Bureau of Business Research,
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa., May 13

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Spain Needs—

[The Nation lacks space to reprint the many letters received from organizations requesting aid in various forms for the Loyalist cause in Spain. For the benefit of our readers who appreciate the vital necessity of helping in any way they can, we print below a list of the organizations and the special needs to be filled.]

FOOD. In order to make its funds go as far as possible in the purchase of foodstuffs, chiefly flour, sugar, milk, and canned goods, the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy desires to establish contact with manufacturers of food products, millers, food merchants, and cooperative food organizations. Write to Purchasing Office of Committee, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FOSTER-PARENTS. Two hundred persons are wanted to become the foster-parents of two hundred Spanish children in Loyalist territory. The sum of twenty-five cents a day guaranteed for one year will save one of the thousands of homeless children. The scheme is sponsored by John Langdon Davies on behalf of the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief. Write to "Foster-Parents," 35 Marsham Street, London, S. W. 1, England.

BOOKS. Books and magazines in all languages are urgently wanted for the hospitals of Loyalist Spain. Send whatever you can spare to the warehouse of the North American Committee, 227 West Seventeenth Street, New York.

MONEY. In order that more relief workers with food, clothing, and medical supplies for refugee children on both

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The Shape of Things

★

REPUBLIC STEEL HAS DRAWN FIRST BLOOD in the fight of the independents to resist even to the death (of union pickets) the signing of a contract with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. Republic and its fellow-independents are certainly violating the spirit if not the letter of the Wagner Act; and they show every sign of having banded together in a conspiracy to defeat unionization and collective bargaining. In the light of its real attitude and its profits Republic's sanctimonious answer to the question "Why not sign with the C. I. O.?" is even more objectionable than the usual employer's plaint. "Of course," runs the litany, "it's the easiest thing to do, but that doesn't make it the right thing. . . . We can't let 400,000 people down just because it's the easiest thing to do." The self-righteousness of Republic has already led to the death of five persons. The role of the city police in the battle of Chicago is being investigated. It needs to be. According to one of the wounded, "I saw a woman fall as she was being clubbed by the policemen. She was bleeding and looked like she was dying. I ran over to pick her up when the police hit me over the head." Whose police are they?

★

THE STORY OF THE KILLINGS AT PONCE IN Puerto Rico on Palm Sunday is told in sharp outline on another page of this issue by Arthur Garfield Hays, who represented the American Civil Liberties Union as chairman of an impartial investigation of the tragedy. The findings of the committee were unqualifiedly against the government, and the responsibility for the slaughter of twenty people and the wounding of nearly two hundred more was laid squarely upon Governor Winship. The report also asserts that civil liberties are dead in Puerto Rico, and calls upon the Governor to see to it that the rights of the people as guaranteed in the Organic Act of the island are restored and protected. These are shocking charges, the more so since the government of Puerto Rico is directly under the control of Ernest Gruening, a sincere progressive and anti-imperialist, who as chief of the Division of Territories and Insular Possessions has been carrying out vast projects of relief and long-range reconstruction. That the indictment brought by Mr. Hays is taken seriously is indicated by the hurried trip to Washington of Dr. Gruening and Governor Winship.

The Governor is bringing with him a detailed reply to the committee's report, which may be in the hands of the public by the time this comment is read.

★

BALDWIN IS GONE. THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE of Lords has closed upon a figure and a career whose contours—and whose *démarches*—resembled those of a caterpillar tank. Self-contained, blundering, yet heavily confident, Baldwin has carried his last objective. He has even earned the term "greatest" from no less an appraiser of public men than the *New York Times*. If we withhold the adjective it is because we never took Baldwin's view of himself and also because we reserve the term for men whose blunders as well as their successes are more bound up with boldness, imagination, and human understanding. Standing pat has not yet become the criterion of genius, except for those to the right of center. Baldwin's only talent was for standing pat; and it was his good luck that the times were fitted to his talent. An exhausted and uncertain England let him rule in spite of his blunders, his stubbornness, his sturdily reactionary policies in disarmament, in India, in Ethiopia, in Spain, in the Simpson affair. It also listened to his unctuous speeches. But he was beginning to outrun his era even as he resigned. One cannot resist the impression that toward the end time stood still until Baldwin should step down; or that the loud tick of history will soon drown out his "greatness." P.S.: Ramsay MacDonald also resigned.

★

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN IS CAST IN A SHARPER mold. His hardness is not sheathed in the smug hypocrisy of Baldwin. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain comes to office at a time when issues are beginning to sharpen all along the line. Labor is more restive than it has been since 1926. The recent "neutral" period in British politics has been based on recovery and on a fear of war that haunts all classes and unites them in a truce for rearmament. Baldwin was perfectly equipped to prolong and fully exploit that neutral atmosphere. But it is becoming clearer every day who will benefit most from both recovery and rearmament. Mr. Chamberlain's first opposition is coming from the right—big business does not like his excess-profits tax—but he is likely soon to meet more fundamental opposition from the left because of his real, and apparent, conservatism. His accession definitely stamps the National Government as a Conservative one—despite the fact that the old balance is maintained in the Cabinet—and it is expected that the Conservatives will confirm it by forcing a "coronation" election.

★

WE COMMEND THIS ISSUE OF *THE NATION* to the attention of every member of Congress. It provides a rather complete guide to the methods of Nazi propaganda in foreign countries. Though objectives may differ, the technique is the same: witness the similarity between the network in Spain, as described by Mr.

Engelbrecht, and the nature of Nazi activity in this country outlined by Mr. Lore. Nazi influence is already established here—and it will grow like a weed once the economic conditions are ripe. It must be fought steadily and persistently. A genuine Congressional investigation of fascist activities is in order—preferably without the participation of Mr. Dickstein, who obviously likes red-hunting better.

★

THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NAZI crusade against the church, both Protestant and Catholic, is gradually being made clear. The accusation of immoral practices against priests turns out to be merely a despicable and probably effective weapon for discrediting the church in the interests of the totalitarian state—which can brook no rivals for the control of youth. Herr Goebbels has expressly declared that the Hitler regime is out to destroy the faith of parishioners in their priests. We hold no brief for the religious superstition and ignorance with which such priest-ridden countries as Italy and Spain have been held in thrall; but the fascist fanaticism which Hitler would substitute bodes no better for the human soul. Meanwhile we cannot but reflect upon the aid and comfort which the Vatican and all its satellites, down to Michael Williams, have given to the destroying angel of fascism in Spain.

★

THE RECENT WARNING TO THE JEWS OF Italy that they must demonstrate their undivided loyalty to fascism has little relation to anti-Semitism in the common or Hitler sense. Compared with the Germans, the Italians have little need, either psychological or economic, for a scapegoat. Nor, if they had, would the Italian Jews adequately serve the purpose, since they number less than 50,000, or about one-eighth of 1 per cent of the Italian population. The recent editorial in the *Popolo d'Italia* is a warning that Italy, as a totalitarian state, will tolerate from its citizens no sentiment conflicting with their duty as Italians and as Fascists. The statement was directed chiefly against Zionists and indicates no new policy. In September, 1936, at the time of the World Jewish Congress in Geneva, to which the Italian Jews sent four delegates, the *Regime Fascista* published a similar indictment of Jews who took part in Zionist campaigns or allied themselves with the "Jewish International." As its invasion of Spain shows, Italy's foreign policy has become increasingly focused upon the Mediterranean, where its chief rival is England. For at least two years Italian agents have been stirring up the Arabs against the British. Mussolini's opposition to Zionism is only the reverse of this same policy.

★

PRESIDENT CONANT OF HARVARD DESERVES great credit for acceding to the demand of 131 junior teachers for an inquiry into the issues raised by the dismissal of Alan R. Sweezy and J. Raymond Walsh. The inquiry will be made by the group of nine professors chosen by the protesting group.

The New Crisis in Spain

IT IS impossible to exaggerate the danger which has arisen as a result of the shelling of Almeria. The immediate incident may, as Germany claims, be "settled" with the brutal reprisal; but the attack is a clear warning that the two fascist powers will not brook a Loyalist victory in Spain if it is within their power to prevent it. While the circumstances surrounding the bombing of the Deutschland are not wholly clear, there is every indication that it was deliberately provoked by Germany to furnish an excuse to destroy the increasingly effective non-intervention mechanism. According to the German government's own admission, the Deutschland was not on patrol duty off the Spanish coast where it had been assigned but was lying near the breakwater in a rebel port on the island of Iviza. It is significant that the patrol of that island is in the hands of the French, and that in any case the international patrol is not supposed to be active in Spanish waters. Moreover, according to the official report of the Spanish government, issued some hours before the German pronouncement, the Deutschland opened fire on the Spanish planes with its anti-aircraft guns. This the Germans deny. But they also denied the bombing of Guernica. And the wholly unexplained presence of the ship in a rebel port arouses further suspicion.

In incidents of this type it really makes little difference who fires the first shot as far as the consequences are concerned. If Germany intended to defy the non-intervention pact, it would have little difficulty in finding a pretext for its action. If it had decided against active intervention, it would not allow such an incident to create a war situation any more than Britain has done when its ships have been attacked by the rebels. The best way to judge intent is by Germany's reaction to the present crisis. We must conclude that the recent discussions between Mussolini and Göring were more fruitful than we had supposed.

The failure of the League Council to take definite action in response to the Spanish government's appeal against Italian aggression has encouraged the fascists to their new attacks. Never before in the League's history has a member government submitted more complete proof of aggression by a fellow-member than is to be found in the Spanish White Book. Evidence was submitted showing that complete units of the Italian army are maintained in Spain, that these units act as veritable armies of occupation, and that high Italian officials have actively assisted these invading armies. But whereas six years ago the League at least went through the motions of condemning Japan and two years ago it declared sanctions against Italy, it has shown paralysis in the Spanish crisis.

The attack on Almeria spells the end of non-intervention as a practicable solution of the Spanish crisis. If a gradual drift toward a European war is to be checked, the fact of German and Italian intervention will have

to be accepted and measures taken to stop it. Machinery already exists in the League for such action. If it is not used, all that has been achieved in the past few months toward isolating the Spanish conflict will be lost.

Raising Labor Standards

OPPONENTS of the new Administration bill to establish minimum wages and maximum hours are seeking to discredit the proposal by referring to it as the "new NRA." The inference is unfair. The NRA was essentially a measure for industrial self-control. Each industry was given wide latitude in prescribing the "unfair business practices" which were to be outlawed. The labor provisions varied widely from industry to industry, depending on the degree of pressure which organized labor was able to bring to bear on the code-making authorities. Viewing it in retrospect, most observers agree that the NRA was a failure. For months before it was outlawed by the Supreme Court it showed unmistakable signs of decay. But its final collapse had little to do with its labor provisions. As recovery developed, industry lost interest in the regimentation it had eagerly embraced in 1933, with the result that the vast superstructure of regulation became unenforceable.

None of these defects are to be found in the new wages-and-hours bill. It does not touch the field of business practices; it does not attempt to cover the whole range of economic activity but only such industries as are producing goods for interstate commerce. While the enforcement of any law of nation-wide application presents difficulties, they should not prove unusually serious. The ease of enforcement depends, in the last analysis, on the strength and alertness of organized labor.

Nevertheless, the New York *Herald Tribune*, among other tory newspapers, has repeatedly declared the bill unsound. The objections may be summarized under five heads: (1) that the bill will lower living standards through an unwise reduction in hours; (2) that it places too much power in the hands of five men; (3) that it will drive many weaker industries out of business; (4) that it would necessitate the fixing and lowering of the wages of skilled labor; and (5) that it does not sufficiently take into account sectional and industrial differences.

The first objection would be well taken if the bill were combined with the thirty-hour-week proposal of the original Black-Connery bill. But it is difficult to see how anyone can wish to impose a higher maximum—except for seasonal work for which allowance is made—than the forty-hour limit which the bill will probably incorporate. Since few large industries work more than forty hours today, there can be no question of lowering productivity. Nor are we impressed by the fascist threat which is said to lurk in the proposed five-man committee. The conservative critics would be the last to deny that flexibility is desirable in both the hour-and-wage regulations. But how can such flexibility be achieved without putting ultimate responsibility on one man or group of men? In practice

the power that would be wielded by this commission would not even approach the power over the national economy exercised by the Federal Reserve Board.

We shall not deny that certain marginal industries, such as the textile industry, will be adversely affected by a law prescribing a \$16-a-week minimum wage. A number of establishments still exist only through a merciless exploitation of their employees. Even though the law is a blanket one, applying to all domestic competition, enterprises depending on low wages to offset the natural advantages of their more favored competitors will suffer more than others. It is conceivable that some of these may be put out of business by minimum-wage legislation and that their employees will lose their jobs. Every advance in the history of labor legislation has been at the expense of employees in marginal industries. But for every man who loses a job through an improvement of labor standards, at least one or two other jobs are created by the increase in buying power.

It is of course true that effective minimum wages will tend to reduce the share of the national income obtained by more favored groups, including skilled workers. While

the enhanced buying power of the lowest brackets would result in some increase in production, there would also be an actual transference of income. But this is scarcely an argument against the proposal, since hundreds of thousands of the most needy would undoubtedly benefit.

None of the large New York papers have come out openly against minimum-wage legislation or the prohibition of child labor. But they suggest that the individual states are in a better position than the federal government to take into account sectional differences. It seems incredible that any person in 1937 can still take this position. State legislation in the field of social welfare has not only been inconsistent, backward, and badly drafted, but it has been hopelessly tardy. The states which need the legislation most are the last ones likely to act. No state can be expected to adopt a minimum wage which injures its industries in competition with similar industries in other states. All the logic lies on the side of federal action. Every American, regardless of where he works, has the right to a living wage, to decent hours of labor, and the opportunity to give his children the education necessary to fit them for life.

What Are American Nazis Doing?

BY LUDWIG LORE

THE American branch of the German National Socialist Party is engaged in so many activities that their enumeration alone would fill pages of this magazine. It must be understood from the outset that there is no *official* branch of the German fascist party. The German-American Bund, successor to the first official Nazi organization in America, which was dissolved on instructions from Berlin some two and a half years ago, is the political expression of Nazism in the United States. It has more than one hundred branches and tens of thousands of members in this country. The *Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter*, its official organ, published in New York, is edited with that impertinent "frankness" and disregard for the truth so characteristic of similar publications in the Fatherland.

The main task of Nazi propaganda in this country is gradually so to permeate German- and English-speaking non-fascist groups with the Nazi ideology that they will affiliate *in corpore* with the Bund and become active in the interest of its manifold propaganda objectives. It is significant that almost every issue of the Nazi weekly announces several new affiliates from among German-American societies, and hardly a festival, affair, concert, or dance is held by these formerly non-political organizations without speeches by professional Nazi propagandists.

That a tremendous amount of this work is being carried on by or with the direct assistance of the Ministry for Propaganda and Enlightenment in Berlin is easily confirmed. During the last nine months the following per-

sons were sent to America by Minister Joseph Goebbels to function along their respective lines of Nazi activity: Professor Julius Richter of the University of Berlin, attached to the propaganda division of the Nazi Faith Movement, teaching at the Biblical Seminary in New York; Dr. Norbert Zimmer from Hanover, "scientific lecturer"; Captain Henry Hamilton Beamish, British fascist leader, with his German aid Dr. Kräger (provided for him by Berlin); Hanns Münz, actor and lecturer; Ida M. Eversden, St. Louis, Missouri; Colin Ross, lecturer, traveler, and writer; Ulrich Rheinberg; the Reverend Mr. Becker, Giessem; Rudolf Malek (specially engaged in anti-Soviet activities among German societies); Otto Doelz; Kurt Klinge, assistant organizer; Josef Danner, theatrical director, Pittsburgh; Dr. Otto Vollbehr; Thea Rasche, aviatrix; Ernst Reichard, president of the German advertising federation; Emerson Bainbridge, English propagandist now on the Nazi pay roll; and others—for this list does not claim to be complete.

The German Propaganda Ministry is helpful in other directions as well. Henry Albert Phillips's "Germany Today and Tomorrow" was ordered and paid for by the kindly Goebbels; Dr. Charles C. Tansil of Washington University aids the German embassy by making pro-Nazi speeches and writing articles. The Propaganda Ministry assisted in the publication of the Nazi propaganda articles written by Miss Margaret Frazier of Indianapolis, a graduate of Indiana University and of Kensington High School, London. A chain of German film theaters in the

United States, subsidized by Berlin, shows Nazi films exclusively. Nazi films picturing the Third Reich in its various activities are released to German societies for a purely nominal fee. Hanns Münz, who is a member both of the American Nazi group and of the German National Socialist Party, directs the German theater "Deutsche Schauspielbühne," which is to conduct German cultural (Nazi) propaganda in various parts of the United States. Mr. Josef Danner in Pittsburgh is engaged in similar work. The Reich propaganda machine has organized Nazi literature centers in nineteen American cities.

It goes without saying that such "friendly assistance" is given to many other German and American writers of more or less established reputation, many of whom hide their identity behind one or more pseudonyms. One of the most versatile and gifted of these is George Sylvester Viereck, whose work is to be found in all sorts of weekly and monthly American publications under the names of George F(our) Corner, Donald Furtman Wickett, Dr. Claudius Murchison, and William R. Sticher. The two last-named gentlemen are not fictitious, but the articles which have appeared under their names during the last two years were written by the genial poet.

Dr. Goebbels should also get credit for the establishment of the Committee for German-American History. Its personnel includes Fritz Kuhn, the American leader of the Nazi movement, Carl Günther Orgell, Rudolf Markmann, Richard Mettin, Karl T. Marx, and George Froböse—the highest officials of the Nazi organization here. This committee is to publish a series of books proving to the satisfaction of their authors that it is because of the Aryan immigrants from Germany that America has not fully succumbed to the poisonous influence of Jewry.

More than twenty schools for German children have been founded. Readers imported from the Reich and written by Nazi school authorities implant anti-Semitic hatred in youthful German-American souls. At a meeting of the Nazi officials of the Eastern states held on February 3, Fritz Kuhn announced the formation of a political school for Nazi officials which began to function on February 15. There are a good many other organizations and movements in America which owe their existence to the enlightening influence and the munificence of the Third Reich. There are large Nazi camps in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Texas, California, and other states, and there has been a revival of a number of slowly dying German-language newspapers in smaller American cities which simultaneously began preaching the German brand of fascism.

I have hardly scratched the surface of Nazi activities here. The German-American Board of Trade was reorganized on April 22 and is now under German government control. H. A. Johnson, the New York representative of the Leipzig Fair, who in 1934 was implicated in the the vice-presidents are Johannes Scroëder (Hamburg-American Line and North German Lloyd), who was shown before the Congressional Committee Investigating Un-American Activities in 1934 to have been involved in transporting and supporting German Nazi agents in this country; A. T. Gausebeck (Robert C. Mayer and

Company, Inc.), who was exposed as having financed Nazi agents in this country and handled financial transactions which Berlin wants to keep under cover; H. H. Hollesen (New York Potash Export Company, Inc.), New York agent of Stinnes, whose office is one of the Nazi commercial and military intelligence centers; P. Paul Huber (vice-president in charge of the Foreign Department of the Guaranty Trust Company), known Nazi sympathizer; A. Scheurer (formerly with the Hamburg-American Line), for the last four years "personal observer" in America for Hitler; Ernst Schmitz (German Railroad Tourist Office) charged before the 1934 Congressional committee with taking Nazi pay. The manager of the German-American Board of Trade is Dr. Albert Degener, who has repeatedly admitted that he is working in the United States for the Nazi Party.

The center for German technical intelligence has been reorganized. The old "Technischer Verein" is the formal screen. The leader of the New York Gestapo (German Secret State Police), Ernst Krause Wichmann, replaced Rudolph Wildermann, who was considered inefficient, with the Nazi-trained *Diplom Ingenieur* Rudolph Pickenbrock. Mr. Pickenbrock is responsible for conveying technical information to Dr. Matschoss of the German Engineers Club in Berlin. F. Willy von Meister of the New York office of the Deutsche Zeppelin Rhe-derei is still in charge of all technical intelligence and was recently reconfirmed in the office. Besides, he is official liaison man for the Nazi Party with the most important American industrial and commercial institutions. Several private American travel bureaus serve Nazi purposes in a similar capacity—furnishing intelligence of the most diverse kind.

The American Nazi movement has branched out widely in the organization of youth groups for girls and boys, in the establishment of women's circles, and in the inauguration of storm troop units, which are known as *Ordnungs Dienst*, in many parts of the United States. Its members attend weekly training practices, wear a uniform, and must be at all times at the disposal of the superior officers of the Nazi organization.

Finally a word or two must be said about the "international" aspect of Nazi activities. Leader Kuhn announced in his German weekly on April 22 that all Nazi organizations in America, Canada, and South America will cooperate in the future. "... Close working agreements of all German racial groups in North, South and Central America, similar to the German organizations in European countries which jointly take care of German interests, have been concluded. The political tasks which await us in the New World are so important and gigantic that they make it worth while to devote our best efforts to them. . . ." More recently fascist meetings and conferences held among German, Italian, White Russian, Polish, Finnish, Hungarian, and native-born American groups have displayed a growing tendency toward organizational unity, and the signs point to a general fascist merger sooner or later.

Fascism in the United States is becoming stronger. Caveant Consules!

Congress Looks Toward 1938

BY ROBERT W. HORTON

Washington, May 27

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S wage-and-hour bill is the political fire escape for Congressional opponents of the Supreme Court plan. More than a few of the boys on both sides of the Capitol are quietly preparing to take this way out. And that means, of course, that the President will have slight difficulty harvesting the necessary votes to put it across. It won't require any such squeeze play as was tried on the court plan.

This new measure, now on the firing line of hearings, was thrust into the legislative mill much more subtly than was the court plan. The latter was shoved at the Congress with a gesture that none could mistake. Take it or else—. The wage-and-hour measure, while originating in practically the same place, followed the conventional procedure of being introduced by a member of the House and a member of the Senate. This makes possible the pretense that the bill is entirely the work of Congress. And in this case even the most important details were omitted—blank spaces were left in the original drafts—such as the maximum number of hours in the working week and the minimum wage. The Administration has insisted in conferences on the bill that the hours be thirty-five and the hourly wage forty cents. But there is a fairly strong sentiment for thirty hours.

Even that fundamental dispute will not unduly delay passage of the bill. There is an election next year, and of course all the House and one-third of the Senate have eyes for that alone. Thus, this new Administration reform comes at exactly the right time for the campaigners, particularly the campaigners against the Supreme Court plan. They have been hearing from home ever since the President boxed the high court's ears, and what many of them have heard and are still hearing has convinced them that they are dangerously far out on a limb. Until the wage-and-hour bill came along, great was the consternation among those who saw an election just ahead.

Now, however, their worries are dissolving in the light of a fine idea. They figure this way. The new measure is the major project of this session. Indeed, it is probably one of the most important bills of the Administration's entire career. Therefore it can be the perfect band-wagon on which to ride into the elections of 1938. A vote for the bill is a vote for Roosevelt. A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for themselves back home. On the stump they will so blow up their vote for the wage-and-hour bill that those who cast the ballots will forget about the candidate's opposition to the court plan. But it may not work out just that way. James A. Farley has his doomsday book well filled with the names of those who have squawked out of turn about the court plan. If he does what he has indicated that he plans to do, the unhappy candidates will find

themselves shorn of the Administration's support. In fact, some of them are quite likely, certain Senators in particular, to find the electorate reminded of their desertion of the "cause," and the reminder will be inspired by James A. Farley.

As for the bill itself, in one of its most doubtful aspects it takes advantage of certain words in the Hughes opinion in the Jones and Laughlin Wagner Act case whereby the government would be empowered to eliminate from the market goods produced by intrastate industry. The authors of the bill assume from Hughes's language that if goods (not services) so produced compete with identical goods moving in interstate commerce, then the former acquire the same status before the law as the latter. That the court would so interpret the situation is not certain. The drafters of the wage-and-hour bill are playing a long shot. That being the case, it becomes clearer why the President continues to insist upon his court plan. That he will compromise is generally admitted but not to the extent of leaving the court as it is at present. Any way you look at it, the court plan and the wage-and-hour bill cannot be divorced.

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., has a tiger by the tail. Its name is gold. And there are more rumors floating between Wall Street and Washington as to what the Treasury will do with the beast than there are keyholes in a hotel. The tickers hint almost daily of a forthcoming "new gold policy," but the new policy fails to appear. Frankly, no one, not even the best heads in the Treasury, knows the answer. Purchases of gold—we take all comers regardless—since the last week in December have passed the \$700,000,000 mark and are still rising. The gold is of no actual benefit to anyone save the seller. The Treasury, following a kind of "dust-to-dust" theory, carts the metal out to Fort Knox, Kentucky, and tucks it away in the world's biggest safe-deposit box. There, at least, it is prevented from becoming the basis of an enormous credit inflation, but this gold buying is one of this government's most luxurious and expensive undertakings. It is costing, at the present price, about \$1,500,000,000 per year. True, we have the gold, but we don't use it, and we buy it at \$35 an ounce—a price which many believe cannot be maintained indefinitely. When it is finally reduced, the Treasury will take an enormous loss. Reducing the price would also raise merry hell with commodity prices. And the farm representatives in Congress are as bitterly opposed to that as they are heartily in favor of reelection. There is a rather insistent demand that the President call an international monetary conference. In fact, Representative Martin Dies of Texas has a resolution in the House requesting the President to do so. But

the position of the Congressional money experts is that a monetary conference would be as futile as disarmament conferences have been unless the country puts its money system in order before sitting down at the conference table. The Treasury is none too comfortable about the whole problem. Neither is Congress, but even opponents of the gold-buying program, including Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, confess publicly that they haven't the slightest idea what to suggest as a substitute.

Secretary Morgenthau is credited by those who know his work intimately with doing an excellent job in the Treasury against terrible odds. He runs the department with as little politics as possible and insists upon that principle with considerable success. Unstinted praise is given to him by associates who are not trying to butter their bread. These people say that Morgenthau is the only man in the Cabinet who doesn't pull his punches when talking government finance to the President. He stalks into the White House, brushes past the ultra-violet Marvin McIntyre, and on into the President's office. "Frank, you just can't do that. We can't afford it." That is a paraphrase of his attitude, and his associates say that Morgenthau has done more than any other Cabinet member or high official to keep the Administration's financial feet close to the ground. Morgenthau is genuinely interested in setting up a system of taxation that will really work, and he has brought to Washington as his expert as able a tax man as could be found in the country—Roswell Magill of Columbia University. The Secretary has put the whole job of tax reform on Magill's shoulders and told

him to go ahead. Magill, as Under Secretary of the Treasury, will have a completely overhauled tax system to present to Congress this fall, and it can be said that it will not include the present system of hidden and nuisance taxes. He is strongly averse to the increasingly long list of excise taxes which are renewed from year to year simply because Congress is unwilling to face taxation realistically and put the burden where it belongs. Magill takes the position that income, gift, and inheritance taxes, along with those on liquor and tobacco, should be the backbone and practically the sole support of the federal government. They should be so set up that when revenues increase beyond demands they can be lowered and vice versa. In other words, he would have a basic tax system which does not originate in a Congressional convulsion every two or three years, with every revision becoming more and more complicated so that in the end you reach the point of diminishing returns because even the Bureau of Internal Revenue can't unwind the complications and administer the law efficiently. The present American tax-law tangle exceeds even that which inspired the story about the English set-up. They tell the story in London about the fellow who received his tax blanks, and having looked them over thoroughly and being unable to decide just what it was he was supposed to do, returned the tax forms to the government with the words: "Having looked over your application blank, I don't think I want to join." If Magill has his way we can expect a tax system that will not turn up \$600,000,000 short on revenue estimates, as the present one has just done.

Hitler's Spies in Spain

BY H. C. ENGELBRECHT

THREE days after the outbreak of the fascist rebellion in Spain last summer, the government militia began a search of Nazi headquarters in Barcelona. They discovered tens of thousands of documents left behind in the wild flight of Nazi agents. A few were published by the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers, but these samples merely hinted at the rich mine which remained to be worked. The complete story has been told by Franz Spielhagen in "Spione und Verschwörer in Spanien" (Paris, Editions de Carrefour).*

Here for the first time we are taken behind the scenes of Nazi intrigue in other countries, and the documentation is so complete that doubt of that intrigue is no longer possible. The evidence is contained in word-for-word quotations and in numerous photostats. Here is a primer of Nazi methods which the citizens and officials of democratic countries should study well. Spain was the locale of this particular endeavor, but the same technique is pursued throughout the world, and one has only to read with an

American locale in mind to realize the significance of the revelations. The documents disclose the names of the Nazi organizations which carry on subversive work, how their efforts are financed and what sums are expended, how the secret agents operate, what methods are employed in smuggling in propaganda material, and what is the function of German business firms, shipping companies, newspapermen, travel bureaus, and the diplomatic corps and consuls in these underground activities.

The Nazis began to work in Spain in 1930. Since Hitler had not then come to power, state funds were not available for propaganda. The beginning was therefore modest: an agent was placed in Portugal whose field of operation was the entire Iberian Peninsula. But the year 1933 marked a turning-point; the Nazis were victorious in Germany and Lerroux and Gil Robles in Spain. To solidify friendly relations with Hitler, Gil Robles attended the Nürnberg congress of the Nazi Party in 1933. From this time on the Nazis made great progress in Spain. Before long they had organized fifty local units on the Spanish mainland, in Spanish Morocco, the

*"Spione und Verschwörer in Spanien" by Franz Spielhagen may be purchased at the Moderne Deutsche Buchhandlung, 250 East Eighty-fourth Street, New York.

Balearics, and the Canaries. These Nazi cells became the nuclei of other German groups recruited from churches, schools, labor, and women. The Nazis also maintained close contact with like-minded Spanish circles. The leaders of the Nazi groups were careful not to appear as foreign propagandists. All of them held positions in German business firms, being either agents of established companies or at the head of businesses of their own which they had founded to serve as a front for their real activities. They stored their propaganda material in their office filing cabinets.

Early in 1936, when it appeared probable that the Popular Front would be returned to power, the Nazis went underground. Orders went out that all correspondence must be written on plain paper bearing no letterhead and that all Nazi affairs must be discussed in terms of business transactions. It is not difficult to understand what would be meant by the following: "The very popular meetings of our customers must be restricted, so that our competitors may not get an insight into our business practices." Official titles in the party were omitted entirely, both in the address and in the greetings of letters; postcards were forbidden. All Nazi cells were notified that they were part of an "association formed for the purpose of keeping its members informed as to the cultural, artistic, and political developments in Germany." This was their story and they must stick to it. From this time on a vast correspondence dealt with "customers," "our new stock of goods," "the new manufacturing methods of our competitors," and similar matters. In preparation for any eventuality, all "front fighters"—that is, Nazi hooligans—were ordered to report by June 15, 1936, and to be ready to aid their Spanish comrades.

These Nazi cells had the aid of various groups in Germany, including the Foreign Office, the Labor Front, the Propaganda Ministry, the Fichte Bund, and the Gestapo. All these poured money into Spain, and most of them had their own separate agents at work there. For the year 1935 sums totaling 3,000,000 pesetas are listed in the documents discovered as having been expended in Spain, but this list omits the contributions of the Luft Hansa and the shipping lines in free transportation of Nazi agents and propaganda material, the cost of printing the pamphlets, handbills, and books, the moneys diverted from relief and war-memorial funds, the contributions made to German churches and schools, and other items. These sums add up to far more than 3,000,000 pesetas for the year.

How did this well-financed organization work? Its chief spy agency was the Harbor Service (*Hafendienst*), which is under the control of the Gestapo, the Secret Police Bureau. This Harbor Service has nothing to do with the sea or with shipping; its headquarters are in Berlin, and other offices are in Paris, Zurich, Prague, and Brussels—all inland cities. The name is merely a cover for espionage work. The reports of the Harbor Service reveal the dogged hounding of Germans abroad. Everybody was under observation—German tourists, the crews of German ships and airplanes, German churches, German newspapermen, German business firms, the Ger-

man Automobile Club. If any German abroad made a derogatory remark about the Nazis or failed to show the proper enthusiasm for the new order in Germany, he immediately found himself in trouble. Close attention was also paid to Spanish politicians, hotels, newspapermen, and, above all, to Jews and Freemasons.

In spite of all this espionage some anti-Hitler Germans in Spain persisted in their adherence to Otto Strasser's Schwarze Front, with headquarters in Prague. The Nazi spies decided to place one of their men in this opposition group and did it in a way that simple and trusting anti-fascists everywhere may well remember. One of them subscribed to Otto Strasser's paper and ordered his books and pamphlets. In due time the German anti-fascists in Spain were notified from Prague that there was a new "sympathizer" with whom they ought to get in touch. They looked him up, admitted him to their ranks, and opened the way for the persecution of the entire group.

Smuggling propaganda material into Spain was one of the chief tasks of this spy service. It was easy enough since the consuls and diplomatic officials were compelled to cooperate—most of them, indeed, needed no coercion. Only small bundles were brought in. Some were addressed to the embassy and were thus immune from inspection; others were made part of a ship captain's manifest, which was never searched. As soon as a ship or a plane landed, consular or diplomatic officials took possession of the package. The embassy and the consular offices were frequently used as storage places.

The Nazis had fifty men in Spain to deal with the press and the other media of propaganda. First and foremost their attention was devoted to the press. Every newspaper was entered in a file, together with the names of the editor, the owner, and the financial backers, its circulation, its political orientation, and its attitude toward Nazi Germany. This file listed twenty-two papers as "friendly to Germany," including *ABC*, *Epoca*, *Renovacion*, and *Informaciones*. All monarchic, Catholic, and reactionary papers were in this group. Gil Robles's *Informaciones* had this notation: "Can be considered the mouthpiece of Germany." Its financial backer was given as Juan March. The weekly *Aspiraciones* was reported as the "organ of a Catholic organization of 40,000 women, which is carrying on a bitter fight against the Jews and Freemasons." This paper was suppressed later, but the "young ladies immediately founded another journal and called it *Lealtad*." All German business groups in Spain were asked to aid this paper with their advertising. It is worth noting in view of present developments that even in 1932 a Nazi press agent reported concerning the leading Portuguese journal: "The official government organ is completely in my hands."

The chief of this press supervision was a man known as the correspondent of the *Deutsche Wochenschau* a post which he himself characterized as a "camouflage maneuver." He operated by establishing connections with a Spanish news agency, the Servicio Prensa, which placed in the Spanish press the articles and news items he furnished. Whenever a Spanish paper published an article, it paid 5 or 10 pesetas for it ("this is necessary for reasons

of camouflage"), but in return received a "tip" (the word used is actually *Trinkgeld*) of at least 250 pesetas—this was the sum paid to the small provincial papers. All these financial transactions were carefully covered up; in many cases the embassy or the consuls handled the money. One is reminded of the corruption of the French press by the Russians before the World War.

These tactics were increasingly successful. In 1934, 164 propaganda articles were placed in 30 papers; 1935 was much better, with 86 articles in 25 papers in the first four months. During the Nürnberg congress of the Nazis in September, 1935, 145 items in one month made a record. The cost of this was 22,450 pesetas. In order to make newspapers more receptive to this press service, the full power of concentrated advertising was put to work. All German business in Spain had been coordinated, and Jews and Freemasons had been removed. Through their own advertising agency the Nazis placed all German advertising with the "right" papers. The impact of this centrally controlled patronage was considerable. Sometimes Spanish papers issued special German numbers, demanding ads from German business in return.

After the press in importance came traveling lecturers, Nazi films—generally shown privately—weekly Spanish broadcasts from Germany, and the translation of German books. There is a good laugh in the letter which reports that Goebbels's book "*Vom Kaiserhof zur Reichskanzlei*" could not be placed with any Spanish publisher. Goebbels demanded huge royalties, while the Spanish publishers asked subsidies, since "this was obviously propaganda." The press bureau bemoaned this "regrettable fact."

Supporting the press bureau were the Fichte Bund, the German travel agencies, the Ibero-American Institute, and other organizations. The Fichte Bund—the name is a savage irony on the Jacobin socialist philosopher—deserves special attention. Its membership is made up of non-Nazis, but it is an important cog in the Nazi propaganda machine everywhere. In 1935 it sent out 5,000,000 copies of 75 pamphlets in 64 languages and tons of books. It is one of Rosenberg's most effective agencies.

Another task set for the Brown Network in Spain was industrial espionage. It kept records of 734 German and Spanish firms and knew exactly what they were doing and whom they employed. The purpose of this was twofold: first, to prevent the industrial development of Spain, so that this good market for German manufactured goods would not be lost. Anyone who aided Spain in developing its own industries was a "traitor to Germany," and harsh measures were adopted against him. If he was a German citizen, he was recalled to Germany and dealt with according to his "crime." Secondly, the Nazis wished to discover undeveloped mines of iron, copper, and other metals and to get control of them. Many of the moves of Franco's German-dominated army have been merely a continuation of this program. The industrial spies also watched closely every official step to ease commercial arrangements between Spain and other countries, and any move tending to take trade away from Germany was sabotaged. It is interesting to learn that there are 600 of these Nazi industrial spies spread over the face of the globe.

Spanish Morocco was of special interest to the Nazis. In this small territory they established four cells—in Tetuan, Melilla, Ceuta, and Larache—from which they poured their anti-Semitic, anti-French, anti-British propaganda into French Morocco and points east. "The Jew is devouring you as vermin devour sheep, and France is his protector." "From India to Egypt and on to the frontiers of Sus in Morocco, the borderland of the Great Desert, everything is in ferment. How far have things gone when . . . desperate Arabs cry out against Jews and Frenchmen, 'Long live the Germans'?" As a result anti-Semitic, anti-French, and anti-British movements were generated in the Arab world. The Arab press was so responsive to Nazi money that its demonstrative friendliness to Germany caused apprehension. "Such open pro-German sympathies will certainly be attributed to German activities."

No move was against the rules in this diplomatic game. In 1935, for instance, a group of Germans in Tetuan signed a protest against French discrimination in Tangier. The protest was forwarded to Berlin, and the German Ambassador in Paris made official representation to the French Foreign Office about the matter. But these documents show that the entire affair had been cooked up in Berlin. Even the text of the protest had been forwarded to Africa by the Ribbentrop Bureau in Berlin.

As we draw closer to the outbreak of the rebellion, we find the Nazis beginning to smuggle arms into Spain. This was done under the guise of potato shipments. Strange that firms dealing in windmills, telescopes, and steel goods should suddenly enter the potato business! Every now and then a little slip occurred in the correspondence, and "early potatoes" and "steel goods" got a bit mixed. What was happening was that the *pistoleros* of the Spanish Falange needed guns for their rioting. The record shows that a single Nazi agent delivered 492 pistols with ammunition to a Madrid group, and there were many agents at work. Orders for rifles were also placed. Aircraft salesmen appeared in Tetuan, headquarters of both the Nazis and General Franco.

The documents dating from this period contain many references to the close contact between the Nazis and the Spanish fascists. Among those counted as allies are "our good friend, General Goded," who failed to take Barcelona and was executed; General Hillan-Astray, leader of the Foreign Legion; a high official in the War Department; the reactionary Governor-General of Catalonia, Escalos; and others. Frequent notes of rejoicing make their appearance, too: "We're sitting pretty now"; and "The realization of our desires is near at hand." The Spanish Ambassador in Berlin assured the Nazis that all would go well "in matters concerning the export of potatoes."

But "all did not go well"; the revolt so carefully nurtured failed in half of Spain. The role of the Nazis in its preparation is clear from their own records. Their purpose, in addition to spreading fascism and obtaining military raw materials, was clearly expressed in a 1935 memorandum of the Nazi press bureau: "One look at the map will show the strategic importance of Spain in a war between Germany and France."

The New German Ambassador

BY E. B. ASHTON

THE fear of fascism, hitherto confined in America to liberals and Marxists, has lately spread to other quarters. It has even struck Senator Borah and Ambassador Dodd, whose warning voices were raised, ironically enough, just after some of the most progressive members of Congress had taken the lead in killing a proposed House investigation of Nazi propaganda in this country. To be sure, a repetition of the abortive 1934 investigation of "un-American activities" would only help the forces it was meant to check; but it seems doubtful whether we can safely continue to ignore an attack on our democracy from the very source which today is threatening the last vestiges of democracy in Europe. This attack fits too well into the plans of our potentially anti-democratic elements, which are more numerous than they appear to be in a period of prosperity. We can ill afford to let Berlin forge weapons which the Liberty League and the National Association of Manufacturers will later find useful.

A recent event gives immediate emphasis to the constant need for vigilance. On May 14 the German government sent a new Ambassador to the United States. Dr. Hans Luther, who was replaced by Dr. Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff, was no Nazi either in name or in spirit. His appointment to Washington had been the price for his resignation as president of the Reichsbank to make way for Dr. Schacht. In this country he made a good diplomatic record, but he did not build up in influential sections of American opinion the pro-Nazi sentiment which the Reich needs—and which in England, for instance, Herr von Ribbentrop, has succeeded in creating despite his notorious lack of tact and diplomatic grace. Why Luther failed in that respect is obvious: he did not stoop to Nazi tactics, he did not sponsor a publicity machine, he did not seek out our economic royalists and extol to them the blessings of Nazism. He left the dirtier jobs of a totalitarian embassy to the underlings who in reality were put there to spy on him, and he attended to his duties with a discretion which ingratiated him with Americans but naturally did not satisfy his superiors. For Berlin does not really care about correct diplomatic relations. What the Nazis most desire is an American branch sufficiently influential to offset the condemnation evoked by almost every act of Hitler's Reich.

To close the American gap in Germany's international line of defense will be no easy task. The man for the job was carefully chosen. Dr. Dieckhoff had been for three years in charge of the Anglo-American Division of the German Foreign Office, and since last summer its Secretary of State. He holds no membership card in the "National Socialist German Workers' Party." This fact, wholly irrelevant in Germany, is already being played up

here to allay the normal American suspicion of any envoy of Hitler's. His experience as a career diplomat will help him to avoid the *gaffes* which have marred Ribbentrop's ambassadorial successes and which here would hardly be dismissed with the amused tolerance of the English. But Dieckhoff, who is Ribbentrop's brother-in-law and diplomatic mentor as well as Hitler's personal choice, is thoroughly familiar with all the newer methods of furthering German policy abroad. First among these is to perfect the cooperation between the German Embassy and the Nazi field organization in the country under cultivation. What is done by the German government must coincide with what is done by the Nazi Party. Only such coordination can produce the concentrated and efficient Nazi propaganda which in Austria and Hungary has been openly directed at the overthrow of the existing governments, which brought the blessing of full-fledged Nazi movements to Rumania, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, and which turned powerful political groups into Nazi allies in such former enemy countries as France and Great Britain.

If further proof is needed that Herr Dieckhoff represents the latest in German "diplomacy," we can look at his successor in the Wilhelmstrasse. Hans Georg Viktor von Mackensen has not only the distinction of bearing the name of Germany's cavalry idol; as German Minister to Budapest he directed a Nazi conspiracy that came close to upsetting Premier Daranyi's regime. When the coup failed, its guiding genius was of course withdrawn, but his transfer to Berlin was not a "kick upstairs"; it was a legitimate promotion for a man who had shown himself worthy of greater opportunities. There is no reason to believe that the orders issued by Mackensen will vary from the ones he has so faithfully executed. In fact, current gossip in Berlin indicates that the Mackensen policy will probably be marked by an intensification of the combination of ideological crusade and brutal *Realpolitik* which, under rules laid down years ago in "Mein Kampf," has been Hitler's foreign policy ever since his rise to power. Mackensen went to Berlin to direct the technique he had formerly applied in the field, and Dieckhoff has come to Washington to take charge in a sector where the technique, so far, could not be effectively applied.

Here only harmony of personnel is needed to begin operations immediately. Nazism abroad seldom seeks to become a mass movement. Its objective is a numerically small but thoroughly disciplined organization of reliable men in strategic positions, who can influence or, if necessary, coerce other and larger groups in the direction set by Berlin. Sufficient man-power is provided by the Germans themselves, who are completely *gleichgeschaltet* and often hold places of great social and economic importance,

and by those German-born Americans who either perjured themselves when renouncing allegiance to "any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty" or were enticed into the Nazi fold after their naturalization. Today probably not more than a few thousand American citizens are actually taking orders from abroad. But the effect of their activity is to be seen in the attitude of millions of "racial comrades" whom the Third Reich counts as legitimate subjects of Adolf Hitler. In America the aims of the Germans are quite different from those that they pursue among their "little neighbors" in Europe. The Nazi goal in America is to influence our foreign policy in such a way that the United States will not interfere with German plans to capture the governments of other countries abroad.

Ready for the drive to bring "Germany abroad" under Nazi direction is a highly efficient organization in this country. Four years of industrious work by the Spanknöbels and the Kuhns have not been fruitless. SA and SS units and a branch of the Gestapo have existed for a long time. The members are drilling in their own camps, and if they are not armed yet they will be as soon as their

leaders believe it can be done without adverse effects. They are already gaining in self-confidence. Only a short while ago, when the discovery that they were wearing uniforms created something of a stir, they had the impudence to cite the example of the American Legion and similar associations in support of their right to wear uniforms denoting allegiance to a foreign power.

But a field organization can function smoothly only when it is supported and supplemented by the diplomatic office. Governmental and social standing, uncontrolled disbursement of funds, safety of communication, and all the other emoluments of diplomatic immunity are invaluable factors in a campaign such as the Nazi are waging. Over here until now Hitler's expeditionary force has been handicapped not only by American resistance but by inefficient use of its own resources. Under Luther, though his lieutenants did the best they could, perfect teamwork could not be achieved. The arrival of Dr. Dieckhoff, who brings to his post the experiences of Ribbentrop, Mackensen, Papen, and all the other streamlined Nazi envoys, marks the beginning of a new era in fascist propaganda in America.

Latin America: Boycott Fascism!

BY G. ARBAIZA

IT WAS to be expected that the Spanish-speaking peoples of the Western Hemisphere, who have always boasted of *la raza*, would be stirred by the foreign invasion of Spain and take a stand against it. Yet, with one exception, the republics of Spanish ancestry have remained silent, and the champions of "the race" throughout Latin America have not raised a finger of protest now that nearly two hundred thousand Italians, Germans, African Moors, and other mercenaries are tearing Spain and "the race" to pieces. The reason for this silence is not indifference. It is suppression.

The fascist invasion of Spain has split Spanish-speaking America into two camps. The great majority of the ruling classes are for the invaders. The government of only one country, Mexico, has supported the Loyalists. Most of the others are at bottom pro-fascist, even though they hide their proclivities behind a pretense of "absolute neutrality." The well-to-do creole classes are praying for Franco.

Side by side with the rulers stand the political and military cliques, the Catholic church and its hordes of female bigots, the greater part of the press, venal editors and intellectuals, large local and foreign business interests, feudal sugar and cotton planters, degenerate tropical hidalgos that trace their lineage to the monarchist Spain of past centuries, European immigrants and adventurers who have married into the local bourgeoisie, and the first crop of Latin American fascists. They are heart and soul with Franco and his allies. They have all

united in preventing the majority of the Latin American people—students, workers, professionals, writers, artists, teachers—from knowing what is happening in Spain and from expressing themselves on the tragic issue. The only activity permitted in some countries has been the collection of funds for the victims of the war, and the feeling shown by the people with this excuse in Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Havana, and other cities leaves no doubt about the strength of anti-fascist sentiment.

Suppression of news favorable to republican Spain is general in the wealthy newspapers of Peru, Brazil, Cuba, Venezuela, Guatemala, Ecuador, and other lesser countries. One finds an impartial presentation of news in the journals of Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Mexico, Colombia, Panama, and Costa Rica, even if the undertone is in many cases pro-fascist. Many people in Latin America do not know as yet that the Italians and the Germans are fighting in Spain. Editorially, the Latin American press is applauding the invasion or condoning it or taking a cowardly refuge behind "neutrality."

President Roosevelt at Buenos Aires appealed to Latin America in the name of democratic government to help avert the catastrophe that impends in Europe and that we know the fascist powers are doing their best to bring about. The answer to this appeal is to be found in the attitude taken by the great majority of the Latin American rulers and ruling classes toward the Spanish issue. They have revealed themselves as potential allies of fascism in this hemisphere; and in one country at least, Brazil, there

is a promising crop of tropical fascists, a million strong, partly financed by German and Italian bankers and entrepreneurs.

The thing seems logical after all. If the coming struggle is to be between democracy and dictatorship, on which side would you expect to find fifteen Latin American dictators? The only countries free from dictatorship today are Colombia, Costa Rica, Mexico, and Panama. Out of nineteen rulers, twelve wear epaulets—General Justo in Argentina, Colonel Toro in Bolivia, Colonel Batista, de facto dictator in Cuba, General Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, General Ubico in Guatemala, General Carias in Honduras, General Somoza in Nicaragua, General Hernandez in El Salvador, General Benavides in Peru, Colonel Franco in Paraguay, and General Lopez Contreras in Venezuela. Add to this list four red-hunting dictators—Vargas of Brazil, Alessandri of Chile, Paez of Ecuador, and Terra of Uruguay—and you have the most formidable cordon of dictatorships Latin America has had in recent decades.

Most Latin American dictators fear that a Loyalist victory in Spain may encourage their political enemies or local radical elements to undertake organized rebellion. A Socialist Spain would be a living example and a source of Socialist literature to Spanish-speaking America. Only recently the governments of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, at the instigation of Rio de Janeiro, were planning joint measures to prevent the landing of Spanish "leftists" from Spain seeking asylum in South America.

Many of the dictators have borrowed Nazi methods, and have spread the Communist phobia in their own countries. The dictators' political enemies are no longer *revoltosos* but *rojos*; and they are rounded up and thrown into jail or exiled because of their "communistic ideas." Some of the dictators have enacted laws barring "Communists" from the suffrage and making it a criminal offense to profess "communistic" or "other dangerous ideas." Secretary of the Interior Cabrera of Chile admitted last year that negotiations had been in progress among South American countries to act jointly to "drown such ideas." *El Imparcial* of Santiago, Chile, has been urging Latin American countries to join the anti-Communist front of Germany and Japan. This phobia has been particularly virulent in Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Guatemala, and Ecuador, where it has had thousands of victims, many of whom probably never knew or had a chance to know what communism is.

Recognition of Franco by Guatemala, Nicaragua, and El Salvador has rather damaged his chances of being recognized in other more important countries. The recent virtual rupture between the Valencia government and Peru illustrates the hidden hostility against republican Spain which prevails in official Latin America. The Peruvian consul at Valencia, Ibañez, was arrested a few days ago by the Spanish authorities, charged with operating a secret wireless station in the consulate building and giving shelter to suspicious refugees, many of whom were detained. After an angry Peruvian protest, Valencia placed Spanish affairs in Peru in charge of the Mexican representative, and Lima is dealing now with the former

Spanish minister, Avilez, who still occupies the legation building and has gone over to Franco. The Peruvian dictator, Benavides, a classic *cuartelazo* colonel, is perhaps the most rabid and amusing anti-Communist in South America. His latest piece of anti-Communist legislation, his Ley de Seguridad Pública, groups among Communist crimes even the shooting off of fireworks.

What is happening in Spain is of more than racial concern to South America. While everybody expected the Rome-Berlin partnership to strike east, toward "the grain fields of the Ukraine," it has actually struck west, toward Gibraltar. Spain has mineral resources—iron, copper, mercury, and manganese—and Germany and Italy want these as well as the Spanish market. But when Nazis and Fascisti planned a fascist Spain and equipped Franco, they had larger designs. They wanted to get at the British position in Gibraltar from the rear and create a new military threat to France on its southern frontier. Thus 200,000 Loyalist Spaniards are fighting England's battle by keeping Franco's armies from turning toward Gibraltar, just as they are fighting France's by blocking Franco's way to the French frontier. The British proposal for a truce and withdrawal of foreign troops was only an attempt to get rid of the menace to Gibraltar. When the Italians landed in Majorca, they made another move in a game whose ultimate purpose is to break down English naval power in the Mediterranean.

However, the Italian challenge goes beyond the Mediterranean. It points to the Atlantic. The new Italian naval program provides for an expanded fleet with a cruising range great enough to operate in the Atlantic; the German-Italian partnership seeks to dominate not only the Straits of Gibraltar and Spanish Morocco but the Canary Islands, a strategic base commanding the sea route between Europe and South America. What, then, is the aim of a fascist armada powerful enough to cruise the Atlantic?

In the first place, to intercept and harass or destroy British trade with South America if the fascist challengers break through Gibraltar. In case of war Great Britain would be largely dependent on grains and beef and mutton from Argentina, a source of food supplies more accessible than Australia. Argentina fed the Allies right through the World War. This carries the fascist arrow of possible aggression across the Atlantic to the mineral and pastoral wealth of South America, whose exportable resources are now under the dual control of Great Britain and the United States, the two powers that hold a commanding position in South American commerce, investments, shipping and trade routes. If the fascist arrow tears this line that links South America to Great Britain, Germany and Italy will move swiftly toward economic supremacy in the southern continent. That is how fascism may come to the shores of South America. So the soldiers of republican Spain may be fighting now not only England's and France's battle but also South America's.

In the meantime the immense inarticulate majority of Latin Americans who would help the Spanish republic but find themselves besieged by fascist propaganda and "neutral" silence are badly in need of enlightenment

about the events and the implications of the struggle in Spain. An information bureau on the Spanish war, set up in New York or Mexico to distribute literature in the other southern countries, would be welcomed by millions of their inhabitants. But Latin Americans who have been aroused by the fascist massacre of Spaniards, and

the many others who would be if they knew the truth, have at their command a practical way of registering their protest and making it effective. *Let them boycott en masse the trade and traders of Germany and Italy in Latin America.* Nothing could be better calculated to restrain their murderous intervention in Spain.

Consumers on the March

BY COLSTON E. WARNE

I

A QUICKENING interest in consumer movements has been noted in the past four years. Cooperatives have expanded. Buying groups have been formed. Consumer testing bureaus have grown. Protest bodies have been launched. Consumers' strikes have occurred. The government has set up consumer advisory boards. Popular magazines have featured articles on the long-established cooperatives of Europe. Never has there been such a wave of enthusiasm "to do something for the consumer."

Few attempts have been made to analyze this profusion of recent consumer developments. Many have discovered the consumer; not all are agreed on just what to do with him now that he has been discovered. As a result conflicts exist today in the consumer movement which are reminiscent of struggles in the labor movement.

In this struggle of competing ideas, it is possible to evaluate several types of organization participating in the recent development. We have first the consumers' cooperatives which for more than a half-century have been seeking to establish the Rochdale idea in America. Local stores owned by consumers and run by democratically elected boards of directors sell goods at market prices to members, refunding "profits" on the basis of purchases after paying interest on the members' investment and setting aside suitable reserves. More than 6,500 of these local consumers' societies were reported at the end of 1935. They were federated into nine wholesale societies and capped nationally by the Cooperative League of the United States, with its headquarters in New York City. The cooperative movement is seasoned. It is built upon a wide experience here and abroad. The store organizations have followed a somewhat traditional pattern, registering a steady though not spectacular growth. Expansion has lately been marked in several new fields. Gasoline stations, restaurant chains, housing projects, credit unions, and insurance societies have been formed. Agricultural groups have been especially active, frequently utilizing in the consumer field the experience and the capital which they have gleaned from successful cooperative-marketing undertakings. The extension of the urban movement has been much more difficult owing to the weakness of trade unionism, the domination of the chain store, and, perhaps most of all, the lack of homogeneity of the population.

The Cooperative League has modified its policies in step with these developments. Up to the advent of the New Deal it had, despite some sharp dissent, been set on a doctrinaire course by its philanthropist president, James Peter Warbasse, who held fast to the idea that the Rochdale societies alone would some day in a fair and free battle usher in the cooperative commonwealth. With the appointment of E. R. Bowen as secretary of the Cooperative League, the large agricultural cooperatives which bridged across into the consumers' field were actively courted and a number of them brought into affiliation. The league's organ, *Consumers' Cooperation*, came to reflect a more tolerant attitude toward political movements and especially toward cooperative enterprises which would not meet squarely the test of Rochdale orthodoxy. Buying clubs and national cooperative mail-order houses came to be sponsored. The propaganda work of the league has vastly improved.

Possibly the most spectacular consumer-protective development of recent years has been the rise of testing laboratories to assess the merits of competing merchandise. Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink first brought popular attention to this field in their book, "Your Money's Worth," published in 1927. They demonstrated the inability of profit-seeking business to bring quality goods to the consumer at reasonable prices and noted the failure of the government either to specify quality standards or to give the consumer sufficient information to enable him to protect himself. Consumers' Research, which they founded, met with wide popular response, developing in seven years a subscription list of more than 50,000 and, despite the confidential features of its service, an audience much larger. The writer is reluctant to discuss Consumers' Research, since he is associated with an organization that might be considered competitive. But because of CR's important and pioneering role, it must be considered in an analysis of consumer movements.

Consumers' Research was a fresh idea; for a time even its sponsors scarcely knew what to do with it. The cooperatives, after some hesitation, sought to ally Consumers' Research with their cause. Only the individualistic tendencies of F. J. Schlink, dominant figure in Consumers' Research, prevented a close alliance. The crudeness of the early technical articles in Consumers' Research soon disappeared. By 1933 the publication was well con-

sidered by thousands of readers and thoroughly hated by advertisers.

It was at about this time that a new note was struck in Consumers' Research. It had previously been dedicated to one main objective—that of debunking false claims and analyzing branded products. Its director had, to be sure, clashed with the Bureau of Standards and with engineering groups. For a brief period it flirted with the idea of fostering a parallel organization to market tested articles on a cooperative basis, thus giving consumers an opportunity to put into practice the ideas which they had gleaned from the bulletins. This was finally rejected. In 1933 Consumers' Research opened a new chapter. It harshly condemned the Consumers' Advisory Board as blind to lessen consumer objections to the monopolistic trends in the NRA. Condemnations of fascist trends in capitalism appeared in the *General Bulletin* of the organization and in a book sponsored by it, "Partners in Plunder," by J. B. Matthews, a CR director. In contrast, its more recent turn to the right is well known. Matthews's later book, "Guinea Pigs No More," contains a sharp attack on labor organizations and Communists. His article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1936, upheld "private competitive enterprise" as the "best available servant of consumers' interests."

Thus it is difficult to appraise Consumers' Research. It has pioneered in consumer testing and has done a great amount of competent work. It has, however, been an isolated organization, with an eccentric director, a shifting personnel, and unpredictable policies. The strike at Consumers' Research in the fall of 1935 was the climax of years of conflict within the organization. As a result of the strike, it lost several of its leading staff members as well as many liberal supporters. The direct assault on the cooperative movement by J. B. Matthews in the *Atlantic Monthly* article referred to has not helped its relationships with that branch of the consumer movement.

The only other national consumer testing organization is Consumers Union of United States, launched in February, 1936, in New York under the direction of Arthur Kallet, author of "Counterfeit" and coauthor with F. J. Schlink of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," and Dewey Palmer, former head of the technical department of Consumers' Research. Working with Kallet and Palmer are many former staff members and technical consultants of Consumers' Research, together with a large additional number of technical authorities in various fields who have offered their aid to Consumers Union. The writer is an officer of this organization.

Consumers Union does not aim to furnish technical information of exactly the type which Consumers' Research has offered. A main purpose is to reach those on the lowest income levels. A special low-priced edition of the *CU Reports* is issued, and further reductions are made possible through group membership. In addition, it aims to establish a fairly close alliance with the labor movement by including in its bulletins whenever possible an assessment of the labor standards under which articles are produced. In twelve months of publication Consumers Union has built a membership of more than

40,000 and gained a wide audience for its monthly *Consumers' Union Reports*. Efforts to secure group subscriptions from labor and cooperative organizations have been successful. An annual Buying Guide is included in the year's subscription.

The mail-order cooperatives are the third type of consumer organization. Of these, Cooperative Distributors, of New York City, is the largest. It was launched in 1932 by E. J. Lever, a former vice-president of Consumers' Research, to sell tested goods by mail on a cooperative basis. From the start Cooperative Distributors proved an unruly child in the cooperative family. Its approach was unique and complex. It branched out in many fields, developing a testing laboratory, launching a publication, the *Consumers' Defender*, and selling goods over the counter as well as on a mail-order basis to members, non-members, and the consumers' clubs which it promoted. These consumers' clubs were organized not only to serve as distribution channels but also to act as agencies to bargain collectively for goods with local merchants. Cooperative Distributors has also fostered the maintenance of union labor standards in the factories from which it buys goods, and has sought to secure legislation for consumer protection.

The problems of this organization have been many. Its quite remarkable growth has been limited by the small investments of its more than 2,000 stockholder-members and by the dues which were for a time paid by its affiliates. Its many clubs have refused, often with justification, to conform to the pattern established by the parent organization. The enthusiasm of its management has frequently brought it into sharp conflict with existing cooperative societies and with the Cooperative League. It launched so many cooperative activities that for a considerable period it failed to fulfil convincingly its main job of mail-order selling of tested goods. Internal conflicts have developed. The organization has, however, an excellent central idea. Many of its problems are being cleared by its present management, and its relationship with the rest of the cooperative movement has distinctly improved. It is now affiliated with the national Cooperative League.

Buying clubs form a fourth channel of recent consumer effort. Such clubs have been springing up by the thousand. Some have been sponsored by the orthodox cooperative movement; some by Cooperative Distributors. Others have been launched quite independently by local groups which have sought to obtain a reduction of two cents in the price of gasoline or fifty cents on a ton of coal by centering their purchases on one dealer. (In most communities it is relatively easy to make such an arrangement.) Other buying clubs have been formed with private wholesalers, who have offered to sell goods in case lots to be delivered at the basement of one of the members. Despite their advantage in reflecting closely the needs of a local group, buying clubs are apt to be short-lived unless they are attached to some cooperative organization.

[The second part of this article will be printed next week.]

Defending Justice in Puerto Rico

BY ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

IN THE fall of 1935 five members of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico sought to make their way to a meeting which students at the Puerto Rico University were to hold to protest against certain remarks made by Pedro Albizu Campos, the Nationalist leader. The story is that the Nationalists were stopped by the police, that they shot at the police, and that, as a result of the fracas, four of the five Nationalists in the automobile were killed. It was said that they carried bombs and guns.

In February, 1936, Colonel Riggs, head of the insular police, was assassinated by two Nationalists. The assassins were seized and, while in the hands of the police, were shot. Although Colonel Riggs was popular with the Puerto Ricans and was himself a believer in independence, the cold-blooded murder of the two Puerto Rican "martyrs" aroused not only the Nationalists but great numbers of Puerto Ricans who opposed Nationalist methods. Americans thought of the murder of Colonel Riggs; Puerto Ricans thought of the murder of the two assassins.

Albizu Campos and other Nationalist leaders were charged with conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States and later, in July, 1936, were convicted and sentenced to six years in jail. Governor Blanton Winship apparently felt it was necessary to deal with the Nationalists with a heavy hand and acted to suppress not only those who were militantly demanding Puerto Rican freedom but also a united front of groups opposed to the conviction of Albizu Campos. Parades and meetings of Nationalists and other protesting groups were prohibited. The Puerto Ricans take seriously their Organic Act guaranteeing the rights of free speech and assemblage, and resentment grew apace.

On March 21, 1937, the Nationalists announced that they would hold a parade and meeting in the town of Ponce. A permit was first given by the mayor of the town. At the last moment it was canceled. The insular police commanded by Colonel Orbeta, who was acting under orders of the Governor, prohibited the parade as it was about to start. The national hymn of Puerto Rico was played, the crowd cheered, the parade advanced. Suddenly there was shooting, and when it was all over, it appeared that the casualties were 20 killed—including those who died later, among whom were two police officers—and from 150 to 200 wounded, among whom were 6 police officers.

Governor Winship reported to Washington that several "divisions" of the so-called "Army of Liberation" had arranged a concentration in the town of Ponce; that a parade was forbidden; that nevertheless the Nationalists insisted upon proceeding; that when the command "Forward march!" was given, a Nationalist fired a shot killing a policeman on the left of the chief of police and another Nationalist fired a shot killing a

policeman on the right of the chief of police; that shooting then broke out from all sides as well as from roofs and balconies where Nationalists were stationed; and that casualties resulted. He ended his report by commending the patience and consideration of the police.

The leading citizens of Ponce formed a committee of prominent citizens of San Juan and asked that they make an investigation. The proposed commission consisted of Emilio Belaval, president of the Athenaeum, who acted as secretary; Mariano Acosta Velarde, president of the Puerto Rican Bar Association; Lorenzo Pineiro, president of the Teachers' Association; Dr. Manuel Diaz Garcia, president of the Puerto Rican Medical Association; Antonio Avuso, editor of the *Imparciale*; Francisco M. Zeno, editor of the *Correspondencia*; and Davilla-Ricci, assistant editor of the *Mundo*. None of the commission were Nationalists. Request was made to the American Civil Liberties Union to appoint the chairman of the commission, and the writer was so appointed. The commission undertook to investigate not only the events in Ponce on March 21 but the general subject of civil rights and liberties in Puerto Rico.

Hearings were held at Ponce beginning Friday, May 14, and were thereafter adjourned to San Juan. Evidence as to what happened on March 21 was adduced not only from disinterested eyewitnesses but from a series of photographs which tell the story in incontestable fashion. Photographs show that the "divisions" of the "Army of Liberation" consisted of about eighty young men wearing black blouses and white trousers, about twelve girls dressed in white as nurses, and a brass band of about six pieces. The Nationalists, known as "cadets," carried no arms; the girls did not even have Red Cross kits.

A photograph shows the scene just before the shooting. About eighteen policemen, armed with revolvers, shotguns, and tear-gas bombs, stood in front of the line of these eighty boys and twelve girls; about twenty policemen armed with Thompson submachine-guns were in the rear; a number of armed police were on the street along the side; a crowd of men, women, and children stood across the way watching the parade. The Nationalists had brought their wives, mothers, and children along to see the parade. The evidence showed that there was no shooting whatever from any roofs or balconies, and this was confirmed by the district attorney of Ponce, Perez Marchand, who made the first investigation and who later retired as district attorney because, according to him, he was not given a free hand in his inquiries. One of the photographs shows a policeman actually firing at the crowd and other policemen drawing their guns, all in menacing posture. The police who were wounded or killed seem to have been caught in a cross fire.

The commission unanimously reported that the people of Puerto Rico have properly described the occurrence as the "massacre of Ponce."

I shall never forget the photograph of those cadets whom newspapers have described as "ruffians" and "gangsters," standing quietly with their hands at their sides waiting to be shot—defenseless but not one of them running away.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

No Swastikas at the World's Fair!

ONE of the very best arguments that I have heard for the reelection of Mayor LaGuardia is that if he is again put in the City Hall there will be no German exhibit at the World's Fair; it is said that Hitler will refuse to allow a German representation here if the man who said that he ought to be in a museum of horrors is still mayor. Joking aside, this is a matter of the utmost importance, one that might be giving sleepless nights to Grover Whalen and the other managers of the fair, especially as Mr. Whalen has himself political ambitions and would doubtless not be adverse to finding his way into the City Hall, after the expiration of Mayor LaGuardia's second term, as a result of his brilliant management of the fair. That there will be serious trouble if the Germans come to the fair I have no doubt. They will come with their swastika flags, which in itself is an insult to a large portion of the population of the metropolis and of the United States, and as propagandists for their cause and their mode of government. We shall have street parades, men in the Nazi uniform, speeches, lectures, demonstrations of the wonderful advance made by Germany in every field during the four years of Hitler's regime.

We have had a little example of what we may expect in a recent happening in Cleveland, Ohio, where an exchange visit of German children is going on. One hundred and fifteen arrived from Germany the other day and marched under the swastika flag from the station to the City Hall, where after being greeted by the Mayor they sang the Horst Wessel song. Of course these youngsters are ardent Nazis—they know nothing else—and the corresponding number of American children who have gone to Germany will doubtless come home stuffed with German propaganda and imbued with fascist ideas perhaps for life. It is incontrovertible that the Germans are as bent on Nazifying the world as the Communists were determined at the outset of the Soviet experiment to communize the whole globe. If there are not wholesale protests against a Russian exhibit at the fair, it will be only because our patriotic societies feel that the Russians are no longer to be feared.

As Senator Borah pointed out in a recent speech, the two systems of society, the fascist and the democratic, cannot live in peace and harmony. They are essentially inimical, and there will be no peace between them until one or the other goes down. Dorothy Thompson has put it similarly—that the light of democracy will overcome the darkness of fascism or vice versa. Hence in asking the Germans here to take part in the show we are in-

viting official representation of the country which every year spends millions of marks in propaganda for the overthrow of our institutions, which has a regularly appointed Nazi leader assigned to the United States to carry on the propaganda, whose followers appear in public in their uniforms and are beyond question a menace to the peace and order of the United States. If the Germans come to the Flushing exhibition, I shall expect great parades of protest, with the marchers carrying banners and images ridiculing or denouncing Hitler, precisely as they were carried in the parade on May 1. I know the arguments that will be brought against this—that the hatchet ought to be buried for this occasion, that we, as hosts, must behave in a gentlemanly and polite way, that having invited all the world we cannot discriminate against one country, that Mussolini, who has already accepted and by royal decree has fixed the amount of money to be spent on the Italian exhibit, is certainly not one whit better morally than Hitler, that the thing to do is just to let them come and not take them seriously.

But as I have pointed out before, this is contrary to the American spirit, contrary to the American tradition, and contrary to the right of the American people to protect their institutions. I believe that great numbers of people will boycott and picket the fair if the swastika banner flies there; if I should be around then I should wish to participate in the picketing. Will any Jew set foot in the German exhibit? Certainly no self-respecting Jew. Will any Jews be permitted in the German exhibit? That may be for Hitler to decide. It seems to me that no American who has any heart at all can afford to go into that building. If he thinks only of the thousands upon thousands of Gentiles who have been expelled from Germany and robbed of all their means merely because Hitler did not like their views on peace and other things, if he thinks only of what has happened in Spain—of the nearly 12,000 Germans sent into that unfortunate country, of the bombing of Guernica by German aviators, the greatest outrage of the whole bloody intervention—then he must refuse to have any traffic whatsoever with those who have done these things and defend them as right and proper. Many persons will similarly refuse to enter the Italian pavilion, but the Italian situation is neither as pressing nor as dangerous to us as are the Nazi doctrines. At least Mussolini has not openly declared, as has Hitler, that his whole policy is based on deceit, lying, and fraud—and ruthlessness, too.

Well, here's hoping that Mayor LaGuardia's presence will keep the Nazis away. Better yet, here's hoping that before the fair opens two years from now Hitler himself will have crashed.

BROUN'S PAGE

New Liberty Leaguers

LEGENDS die slowly in America. Long ago, before John D. Rockefeller was laid to rest, he had become a very old man who gave shiny dimes to children and even more glittering millions to universities and medical foundations. His personality had been wholly taken over into the domain of sweetness and light, and the earlier fighting days of the Standard Oil monopoly were all but forgotten. In somewhat similar fashion Henry Ford is very generally held to be an eccentric but wholly amiable collector of old fiddles and spinning wheels. Almost alone among industrialists Henry Ford has been able to create the illusion that he is a sort of medieval master of handicraft hailing all his employees by their first names and personally dropping in at every cottage with a Christmas turkey and a crock of apple sauce under his arm. It may be that Mr. Ford would truly like to play this role of the benevolent squire, but unfortunately he hasn't got a bicycle and could hardly complete the rounds of the hundreds of thousands who are on his pay roll.

Now and again some significant incident occurs to demonstrate the falsity of the picture of Ford set forth in the recent list of Fordisms. Although the good gray squire of Dearborn is often moved to talk of Wall Street and the capitalists, he knows the tricks of large-scale management a little better than any of his competitors. The labor-spy system has been developed to a high point in the Ford enterprises, and one of the chief responsibilities of the personnel manager, Mr. Bennett, has been to keep in being effective squads of strong-arm men. The recent beating-up of leaflet distributors at the River Rouge plant indicates that Ford's handymen can use brass knuckles just about as effectively as any other company thugs.

It was interesting to read an editorial in the New York *Sun* which spoke of the attempted C. I. O. "raid" on the River Rouge plant. "John L. Lewis's gangsters, who were accustomed to have their own way in affairs of violence, were thoroughly beaten," said the *Sun* editorial writer. It is unfortunate that editorial writers on the *Sun* do not even trouble to read the news accounts as they filter through into their own paper. There is no disagreement as to the fact that almost half of the small group which undertook to distribute leaflets consisted of women. And the same issue in which the editorial appeared carried an Associated Press photograph which showed six Ford employees trampling upon the prostrate body of a single C. I. O. organizer. It is also interesting to note that the gentleman who stands in the foreground of the picture seemingly prepared to kick the man who is down carries quite palpably in his back pocket a pair of handcuffs. And this is supposed to be one phase of a popular and wholly unfomented rebellion of the "loyal workers" against the "violence" of John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. organization.

In explaining the causes of the fracas in which ten or twelve women were kicked about the streets of Dearborn, Mr. Bennett said that the C. I. O. group was attacked by members of the A. F. of L. I think that he pays Mr. Green too high a compliment. I am aware that news dispatches from Cincinnati announce that William Green is now in a fighting mood, but when that mood seizes Green it is just about par if he manages to do as much as pound a fist upon a table. And yet it is significant that the personnel manager of the River Rouge plant should attribute the attack upon labor organization to the A. F. of L. It is symptomatic of the new role which Green and Frey and the rest have assumed. They are held to be the defenders of Fordisms and the whole economic philosophy of the bitter-end supporters of the open shop. The same New York *Sun* which gloated and chuckled over the fact that union women organizers had been kicked around the streets of Dearborn said very candidly in an editorial on the preceding day that the last hope of "free" industry lay in the efforts of William Green and the A. F. of L.

It is needless now to go into the disputed point as to whether the A. F. of L. chief attempted to ally himself with Sloan and sabotage the General Motors strike. He denied the story told by Lewis, but every bit of factual and circumstantial evidence which has been brought to light since points to its fundamental truth. For what reason did Green summon his cohorts to Cincinnati and call upon them to fight as they had never fought before? Was it to add a single man or woman to the ranks of organized labor? On the contrary, the whole plea of Green was that the A. F. of L. should undertake to disrupt and destroy the wave of unionism which is now sweeping the country.

As for John Frey, his utterances about Moscow control could not have been more blatant if they had come in a speech by Al Smith or any other leader in the Liberty League movement. John Frey has been balancing a red herring on the end of his nose for so long a time that it is almost impossible now to know where the smoked fish ends and Frey begins.

Among the American legends of which I have spoken is the curious myth that William Green is a labor leader. Surely no one can deny that in the last twelve months William Green has done everything that any man could possibly do to disentangle himself from all efforts for the betterment of American Labor. He is fighting minimum wages among other things on the ground that the minimum may tend to become the maximum. Mr. Green is vitally interested in the pay of one man who used to be a mine worker. The chief interest of William Green is to effect an economic set-up in which there will be no decrease in the salary of William Green, and for this purpose he is willing to work with Ford, Sloan, or anybody else who can help him maintain the status quo of his pay check.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS and the ARTS

Failure Story

*PEDLAR'S PROGRESS. THE LIFE OF BRONSON AL-
COTT.* By Odell Shepard. Little, Brown and Company.
\$3.75.

"**G**OD helps them that help themselves," said Poor Richard, but Bronson Alcott, in quest of God for eighty years, seldom thought of helping himself. Always in debt and usually without quite enough food, he did upon occasion search for a means of livelihood, but these moments were only, so to speak, lapses from which he soon returned to his reading and thinking, his search for promising "minds," his Conversations for "all who are interested in human destiny." And as Professor Shepard develops his excellent study, we realize that this was not the only commandment of Franklin's American ethics which Alcott broke. Was there one, indeed, he did not? "Plow deep while sluggards sleep," said the wily townsman, but for Alcott there was usually a conflicting event of somewhat greater importance—an incident, for instance, involving the subjection of the lower animals, or a talk with Emerson by the roadside, or a walking tour with Charles Lane. No, time was certainly not money to Bronson Alcott; was it not, rather, a symbol, a further manifestation of the divine and ruling spirit? In the other sense, the historical, there was simply no question of time, there was only the everlasting Now. If the lessons of the greatest teachers—Jesus, Socrates—were valid, then they were valid in New England in 1840, and Bronson Alcott set out not only to preach the Gospels but to practice them. If Franklin had another view of this ("Little strokes fell great oaks"), that view was the chief error of the reformers whom Alcott met, with their inability to grasp fundamental principles, their belief in inching along to paradise. They were content with the abolition of slavery. The real task, however, which could never be put off till tomorrow, was a universal spiritual enlightenment.

The usual penalty for breaking Poor Richard's precepts is worldly disgrace, and Bronson Alcott has generally been considered the eccentric and idle father of an illustrious daughter. It is Professor Shepard's thesis, however, that Alcott represents as basic an American ideal as Franklin. In the history of the American dream Alcott's failure story is as typical and doubtless as edifying as the success story of a Jay Gould or a Commodore Vanderbilt. Against the work of exploiting America's material resources, the conquest of power, the biographer places our older tradition of "radical idealism and heretical spirituality," the work of the soul. Through the history of Alcott and his friends—Emerson and Thoreau, Dr. Channing, Garrison; whom did Alcott not know?—Professor Shepard develops this argument, with a dramatic as well as a historic sense, and with so good a regard for both the personalities and the movements that his treatment of the New England scene must be considered a valuable supplement, in some respects a valuable corrective, to the most recent work of Van Wyck Brooks.

It is almost inevitable, however, that the biographer should sometimes fashion his interpretations to fit his thesis. Was Alcott, even if Fruitlands was short on common sense, the sanest man that Thoreau ever knew? One must consider

Henry Thoreau's version of sanity. Alcott's complete integrity may in fact approach a kind of pathology, just as his transcendental emphasis on the spirit may seem almost as disastrous as that complete emphasis on the material to which it was the reaction. Franklin had another view of this, too: "Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other." Yet if Bronson Alcott is a little more like Mr. Micawber and Parson Adams and a little less like Plato and Socrates than Professor Shepard will admit, it was nevertheless his chief distinction that, "doubting not that some arrangement would be made," he never learned and never wished to learn from experience.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

The Future of Social Security

SOCIAL SECURITY. By Maxwell S. Stewart. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

THIS is a book for all American voters, who shortly will be called upon for opinions on the existing social-security laws, both federal and state. Maxwell Stewart has examined the present legislation and the conditions which led to its adoption. He has reviewed the corresponding developments in European countries. And he has outlined clearly the steps which may now be taken to strengthen the existing provisions for unemployment and old age and to extend protection to those who need health insurance and adequate medical treatment for which they cannot pay individually.

In the first place, he points out, unemployment must be recognized as permanent and not as an unexpected accident. Yet it is impossible with the existing distribution of income to provide for this risk through savings. Relief as a protection for the unemployed, in the author's opinion, has failed. Experience abroad and in the United States leads to the conclusion that insurance on an actuarial basis must give place to more comprehensive and more adequate social protection. "Unemployment is not really an insurable risk," and moreover, "no country actually clung to actuarial principles during the depths of the depression." Not only is this risk unpredictable in its extent, and therefore not susceptible of actuarial provision, but the large accumulation of funds either for old-age insurance or for unemployment is actually shown to be "a threat to the stability of the capitalist system." This arises out of the disturbance to the investment structure and also because the enforced savings out of pay envelopes increase the inequality in the distribution of income, which is a further threat to purchasing power. On the other hand, a social-security program supported out of current revenue would increase stability. If this analysis is correct, it would appear on the whole that the opposition to social protection for all workers as a right by those who speak from the point of view of capitalist interest has been misguided, since the actuarial insurance which they regard as preferable would only increase instability.

It is the author's final conclusion, then, that future legislation in the United States must assume that the argument for social security rests not on economic but on humanitarian grounds. The goal is neither insurance in its actuarial sense nor relief but comprehensive social protection. He finds the

greatest encouragement for the achievement of such a goal in the present increasing vitality of the labor movement. The book ends with this statement: "It may be assumed that the future of social security in the United States, both in its broadest and its narrowest sense, is closely bound up with labor's struggle for new dignity and higher living standards."

The book is clearly written, and though not as vividly interesting as the human significance of the subject might make possible, it is an indispensable contribution to the development in the United States of clearer ideas on this new phase of the activities of government.

MARY VAN KLEECK

The Novel, No

THE NOVEL AND THE PEOPLE. By Ralph Fox. International Publishers. \$1.50.

THE major premise of this book is that the direction of the novel ought to be changed. The minor premise is that the world ought to be changed. Both of these propositions are worthy of the most serious consideration, but they cannot be seriously considered at the same time. It is true that literature is a function of society and that society itself is a variable. But we must assume that the social end of this equation is fixed, before we can understand precisely how a novel is related to the life of its time. Realism, originality, and the other criteria by which we describe novels are simply attempts to express this relationship.

Two of Ralph Fox's opinions will illustrate the elusiveness of his method. Jane Austen is an unsuccessful novelist because she "tamely surrenders" to her environment. That is an intelligible charge, although scarcely a credible one. Flaubert, who cannot be accused of an uncritical attitude toward his milieu, fails too, because he is writing of circumstances which can inspire "only disgust." The novel, then, must give more than a thoroughly realistic account of society; it must present a realistic account of the proper sort of society. And it is not always easy to distinguish between a realistic account of the proper sort of society and the proper sort of account of a society which is not real.

Fiction is such an amorphous and flexible medium that it is vulgarly identified with its subject matter. Since criticism often accepts the identification, Marxism cannot be expected to dwell upon the distinction. Fox's book carries this assumption to its extreme—content and form, the past and its novels, are swept into an all-embracing condemnation. Maxim Gorki was less peremptory. His heritage and experience had convinced him that the realistic novel was more closely allied to his own values than to those of the civilization which produced it. "Bourgeois society," he declared, in an appreciation of Stendhal, "is constantly giving birth to writers who are impartial historians of their social class, who pitilessly depict its vices, its baseness, its greed, its cruelty, and the logical evolution of its decline and fall."

Fox saw the novel of the future as a kind of epic. Was he aware that a heroic literature has always implied a static society? Certainly his formula is more likely to sponsor a revival of the epic than a continuation of the realistic novel. "Socialist realism" is an *Ersatz* product which belongs in a category with Scotch woodcock, Punic faith, and Irish confetti. It may provide much in the way of local color and specific detail, but its psychology will be conventionalized and its structure mechanical. Like the epic, or perhaps more like the film, it must celebrate a theme or cover a subject. Fox's

scenario for a novel about George Dimitrov is timely; its hero is beginning to complain to Russian writers in the aggrieved accents of the insufficiently panegyricized.

Problems of literary form are not to be settled by the importation of specious metaphysical terms. The concept of objectivity, when applied to a novelist, can have almost antithetical meanings—an empirical view of experience or an external technique of characterization. Proust is a subjective writer in the latter sense only, for his internal style proceeds from a skepticism as searching as Montaigne's. Thus philosophical objectivity is responsible for technical subjectivity in the modern novel. Conversely, those who are anxious to restore the novel to an external plane cannot do so unless they take for granted a set of standards, and until Marxism becomes the prevailing belief of the reading public, these standards will appear arbitrary and hence subjective.

The persistent weakness of radical thought is its tendency to regard the history of anything as a conspiracy in restraint of unlimited development. The strength of the reactionary position, from De Maistre to Pareto, has lain in recognizing that limitation is form. Failure to appreciate this results in seeing collusion among the great novelists of the past to keep certain plain truths from being told, or else in insisting that they lacked the means to say the things they somehow should have said. Sufficient unto a society is the literature thereof. As an institution, literature accumulates its own precedents, language, and discipline, so that its connection with life at large is specialized and often indirect.

But these are questions for those of us who have the leisure to be novel-readers. If Fox preferred social documents to masterpieces, if he sought to erect his likes and dislikes into historical principles, if he was occasionally the victim of his own metaphors, if we find his epistemology naive and his scholarship undigested, his generalizations hasty and his prophecies wishful, we must attribute these faults to the impatience of one who has tasted action. "The Novel and the People" had better be read as a credo rather than a work of criticism, for strong affirmations rather than sharp analyses. Ralph Fox's last action solved the contradiction of his last book. Change the world and the novel will take care of itself.

HARRY LEVIN

The Dreyfus Affair

THE DREYFUS CASE. By the Man Alfred Dreyfus and his Son Pierre Dreyfus. Translated and Edited by Donald C. McKay. Yale University Press. \$3.75.

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places—ambassadors and heads of states, as well as writers, journalists, politicians, workingmen, spies—finally splitting France into two furiously hostile factions which cut across all former alignments, political, religious, social, and personal. It endowed prominent men with a new fame or a new infamy and sanctified or pilloried in history characters that might have remained obscure for good or evil all their days. Finally, though it ended in victory for Dreyfus and disgrace and suicide for his persecutors, though it was a great triumph for truth and liberalism, the same depraved forces are as strong in the world today as they ever were, probably stronger and more sinister.

Alfred Dreyfus was a young officer of Alsatian birth, whose family had long been ardently Francophile and whose brilliant record in the military schools had won him an appointment to the General Staff, an almost unheard-of distinction for a Jew. He was rich, happily married, at the threshold of an enviable career. The discovery, in 1894, of the *bordereau*, the famous letter in which Esterhazy announced to the German Ambassador that he was sending him certain French military documents, necessitated an investigation and a criminal. No one but Colonel Henry, Esterhazy's friend, knew who the real criminal was. It was he who directed the hunt toward Dreyfus the Jew, already resented by some of his colleagues. There was some hesitation, for Dreyfus's record was spotless and no motive was established, but this was quickly overcome. Forged letters, articles planted in the press, whispered denunciations quickly led to the secret court martial and conviction, the public degradation, and committal to Devil's Island for life.

But almost immediately Colonel Picquart, new head of the Intelligence Bureau, discovered Esterhazy's guilt and rushed to his superiors with the information. He made such a nuisance of himself that he had to be sent to the provinces on faked missions, discredited by more forgeries by the ever busy Henry, discharged from the army. But he cautiously divulged his secret to a friend; others began to hear rumors and to have doubts. Scheurer-Kestner brought the matter up in the Chamber; Esterhazy was openly denounced and indignantly demanded an investigation, knowing it would be a sham. He was acquitted. Zola's famous letter "J'Accuse!" burst upon the world and earned him a conviction for libel. The clamor on both sides grew formidable. Cavaignac, Minister of War, rose in the Chamber to prove Dreyfus's guilt by reading certain letters which were almost immediately proved to be forgeries, and the trail now led so unmistakably to Henry that he was arrested. He confessed and immediately committed suicide. There followed the resignation of Cavaignac while his speech attacking Dreyfus was still posted on all the hoardings of France, the resignations of Generals Boisdeffre and de Pellieux, the flight of Esterhazy to England, where he disappeared, dying long after in an obscure village under an assumed name, and then the granting of the appeal to have the Dreyfus case reviewed.

But the end was not yet. Three revisions were necessary before the complete innocence of Dreyfus was officially established in 1906 and he was publicly exonerated and reinstated in the army, as was Colonel Picquart at the same time. Tremendous efforts, political battles, feuds within feuds intervened. Jaurés, Anatole France, and many others sprang into the arena to combat the doctrine, now put forth by the anti-Dreyfusard patriots, of the "patriotic forgery," justified when the honor of the army was at stake. The *Gaulois* of December 13, 1902, remarked: "Even if he did not commit the treason for which he was twice condemned, does he not remain . . .

the initial cause of the terrible social and political disorganization which we now witness. This revolution, coldly conceived and methodically executed by his companions, will bear his detested name in history. It . . . will always be called 'Dreyfusism.' "

M. Pierre Dreyfus tells extremely well the history of the *Affaire* from 1894 to 1899; the memoirs of his father bring it up to 1906. Among the new material are a number of letters from Madame Dreyfus to her husband at Devil's Island. With simplicity and restraint M. Dreyfus, the son, conveys the suffering and the fortitude of these two, their efforts to make the home life normal for the children, before and after the father's return, the devotion of his Uncle Mathieu. There is also a reference to the posthumous Memoirs of von Schwartzkoppen, the German Ambassador, who in them recorded in full the evidence of Dreyfus's innocence which he did not have the courage to make public when living. There are still some unexplained mysteries connected with Henry and the impudent, dissolute, and Germanophile Esterhazy. Here is every aspect of that grim social drama that combined Dostoevskian elements with Greek fatalism and was a more perfect mystery story than any work of fiction, for what author would dare so to overwork the forgeries, the coincidences, the villainies, the heroisms, the political involvements, the psychological enigmas. But most important for us, it is an X-ray plate of the bare bones of the political and military life of the period and essentially typical of ours, well.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Tax Reform

FACING THE TAX PROBLEM. A SURVEY OF TAXATION IN THE UNITED STATES AND A PROGRAM FOR THE FUTURE. Prepared under the Auspices of the Committee on Taxation of the Twentieth Century Fund. Published by the Twentieth Century Fund. \$3.

ORDINARILY taxes are regarded as a necessary evil. It is assumed that sound tax policy means a reduction in taxation, and that the country is going to the dogs if it does not achieve this objective quickly. No account is taken of the disposition of tax funds or of the great potential value of taxation as an instrument of social and economic control. The Twentieth Century Fund study not only explodes many of these popular myths regarding government revenues but sets forth a program for the reform of our tax system which for the most part is constructive and valuable.

The overwhelming burden of taxation about which we hear so much turns out to be, for instance, only \$100 a year for each person in the United States. This includes all forms of federal, state, and local taxation. A few persons in the higher income groups pay very much more, but the majority of Americans pay somewhat less, even when indirect taxes are taken into consideration. Similarly, the familiar complaint that the ever-increasing volume of taxes threatens to throttle normal business activity appears to be greatly exaggerated. The study finds no fixed limit to the amount of taxation that can be borne by our economic structure. The amount would vary under different conditions, particularly in accordance with the manner in which the tax revenues were used. If the money were utilized so as to supply a portion of the community with the basic necessities of life, the limit would be very high indeed. Although the authors find that a sharply graduated income tax may discourage undertakings in which

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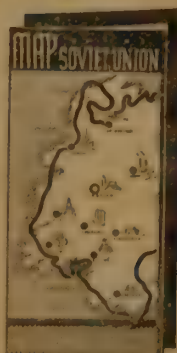
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considerable risk is involved, they discover no evidence that ordinary business initiative has been greatly affected by such taxation.

Great possibilities for the expansion of federal and local revenues are found to exist if the recovery movement continues unchecked. Merely as an illustration, the authors point out that a more steeply graduated federal surtax on incomes—ranging from 1 per cent on surtax net incomes of \$4,000 to 75 per cent on incomes of over \$75,000—would produce 50 per cent more revenue, on the basis of 1934 incomes, than the 1936 rates. If the exemptions were dropped to \$1,000 for married men, \$500 for single persons, and \$200 for children, the yield would be increased another 35 per cent. A substantial increase—running up to a billion dollars annually—would also be possible in the case of the estate tax, and added revenue might be obtained from federal gasoline and tobacco levies, as well as from state income taxes.

Although not opposed to the use of taxation as an instrument of social control, the study warns against certain abuses in tax policy. It condemns the tariff, the taxes on chain stores, graduated corporation taxes which are levied on "bigness," and tax exemptions granted to institutions or groups in lieu of cash subsidies. It favors redistribution of income as a goal in tax policy, provided the redistribution is from the wealthy to the less wealthy, and points out that many of the indirect taxes are regressive in their effect. Serious difficulties are found in the old concept of tax "justice," and it is suggested that in the future the emphasis will be shifted to capacity to pay and the impact of taxation on the operation of the economic system.

The committee's recommendations for action are on the whole definitely progressive in their implications. Most important is the suggestion that the exemptions for the personal income tax be reduced from their present level to \$1,000 for married couples and \$500 for single persons, with provision that the federal revenue gains from the lowering of exemption be offset by a reduction in other taxes that now fall heavily on persons of low income, such as tariff duties and possibly the social-security pay-roll taxes. If an increase in government revenue is desired in order to reduce the federal debt, the committee proposes that the money be obtained primarily by raising the income surtax rates in the middle brackets—between \$5,000 and \$50,000. It also recommends an increase in the gift and estate levies. On the other hand, it would eliminate sales taxes as soon as possible, as well as the indefensible chain-store tax.

Without taking exception to these conclusions in principle, one wonders whether it is necessary to reduce the exemption as much as is proposed by the committee in order to achieve the financial benefits of a broader base. The committee admits that a reduction in the exemption would bring in eight or nine millions and greatly increase the administrative tasks of the Revenue Department. Nearly four million of these returns would be from families in the \$1,000 to \$1,500 class, a group which would contribute practically nothing in the way of taxes. The argument that the payment of a tax, no matter how small, is desirable as a means of increasing the average citizen's sense of civic responsibility fails somehow to carry conviction. The study points out, for example, that from fifteen to twenty million families are already paying an automobile license tax, but it does not show how this development in tax consciousness has been of any value, except possibly to pressure groups that are seeking to restrict governmental expenditures.

The committee's recommendation for the repeal of the

undistributed-profits tax also fails to carry conviction, especially since it is linked with an impracticable suggestion that individuals be compelled to value their shareholdings each year and enter the gain or loss in their income-tax returns. To cite only one of many defects in such a plan, one wonders what revenue would have been available for the government from 1929 to 1933? Although the scheme might take the place of the undistributed-profits tax as a device for making certain that individual taxpayers pay a graduated tax on their earnings as shareholders, it would leave untouched the crucial economic problems arising from the tendency of corporations to plow under their income instead of distributing it as purchasing power. It is unfortunate that this rather fantastic suggestion, unconcurred in by the research staff, should mar an otherwise exceedingly useful and timely volume.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

The Second Empire

THE GAUDY EMPIRE. By Alfred Neumann. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

FIRST of all, this is, I must hasten to say, a typical German book, with all the pathetic features which accompany every German attempt to understand foreign psychology. Once this essential fact has been grasped, it becomes easier to judge of the value of Herr Neumann's description of the brilliant days of the Second French Empire. In many points this description is an excellent one. But the book is too long; it is boring in its endless explanations of things which can only be explained by intuition; and it gets completely off the track when it launches into imaginative stories of imagined things. In order to form a just idea of such conversations as took place at Biarritz between Napoleon III and Bismarck, one must have moved among the surroundings in which they were carried on. We live in an age when statesmen and great writers arise out of nothing, like mushrooms after a summer rain, but even writers blessed with genius cannot know all the ins and outs of the political affairs of a period like the Second Empire, when such events were kept secret and never were thrown to the man of the street for him to make his breakfast of. One who has closely followed the variations in the thought of Napoleon III as revealed by contemporary memoirs cannot quite figure to himself that the Emperor would ever have told Bismarck during those sunny afternoons when they paced together the beach at Biarritz, that "the interests of Prussia and of France were identical." This is German ignorance of foreign psychology, and it makes mincemeat of Herr Neumann's conviction that he was writing a historical work.

If his book is not that, is it a historical novel? One would read it with greater pleasure if one were sure that everybody would consider it that. But a historical novel must have more incidents and more glamor, must not fall into speculative psychological surmises; the author must remember that "The Three Musketeers" and "The Reine Margot" have survived the writer who gave them to the world because, among other reasons, they are what a novel ought to be, romantic and thrilling. There is no thrill in "Gaudy Empire"; not even in the brief description of the pathetic close of a career so illustrative of the vanity of all things as Napoleon III's.

The best pages in the book are those dealing with the plot of Orsini and the Italian policy of the Emperor. The description of both the Empress Eugénie and the famous

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Countess de Castiglione are so inexact as to be beneath notice. One great fault of the book is that while it is frequently so drawn out that it becomes confused, it is yet much too short when it comes to the final catastrophe which destroyed the Second Empire. The author could have expanded this with profit, for he seems to have a better knowledge of it than of French society during the reign of Napoleon III. One does not understand what has made him ascribe such importance to Rochefort, whose fiery and unscrupulous temperament only came really to the front after the fall of the empire, and who first became a popular hero during the Third Republic. Before its advent he was looked upon only as an agitator.

"Gaudy Empire" is decidedly a partisan book; it aims to present a period of modern history from its own point of view, the German one, and to exploit the events of that period as a justification of things which it is still too early to evaluate. It lacks conciseness, and the writer would have done better to model himself after certain French authors in his appreciation of an age still wrapped in the clouds of social and political ignorance—for example, after André Bellessort, who has recently published "French Society Under Napoleon III." It is, as a critic said the other day, "a story of men and women of whom few people possess much definite knowledge." If Herr Neumann had possessed more, he would have given us a better book.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL

War Poem

FIVE MEN: A POEM. By Craddock Edmunds. Around-the-Corner Bookshop: Lynchburg, Virginia. \$2.

LIKE Colonel Fenwick of Craddock Edmunds's narrative this is a poem full of "anger and action." Mr. Edmunds's concern here is with war: his purpose has been to objectify a universal folly in terms of individual conduct. The canvas is consequently a broad one and the colors dark almost without relief. Five men, strategically combined to embody as many different ways of life, are carried in parallels through an incident in the Battle of Rheims, while on yet another level the facts of their behavior are projected toward a fixed ethical concept. Count von Markert, a Prussian colonel of the old school, awaits the great offensive embittered by a sense of his unrecognized worth and with abuse for his bungling superiors. The English Colonel Fenwick, "clinging still to texts well learned in youth," eases a rebellious conscience by the process of supplanting the Sermon on the Mount with the excoriations of the prophets. Another and highly dramatic vehicle of contrast is afforded by the two younger men of the poem, Privates Michael and Helmut, whom the poet brings together with an effect of increasing tension and terror until the young Helmut obtains satisfaction in "that last, long, and most exquisite trembling Up to the bayonet to hand and flesh." Perhaps the most powerfully realized portrait of the five, however, is that of the American surgeon, Coles, who, on the brink of madness, serves as the poet's interlocutor and drives home the unhappy truth of the poem with a clinical simplicity that is the more deadly for its complete freedom from cant. In general, the blank verse moves with an energy that marks the style as peculiarly the author's own instrument, and the poem as a whole attains a memorable climax in the closing section. It is many years since the South has produced an achievement in sustained narrative verse as vigorous as "Five Men."

BEN BELITT

Letters to the Editors

The Struggle in Catalonia

Dear Sirs: I have just returned from several months in Spain. I was no sooner off the ship (the Normandie, May 18), than my attention was called to your issue of May 15 with its editorial entitled Uprising in Catalonia. I am shocked by the number of statements contrary to fact to be found in that brief article, the attitude expressed there, and above all that it appears unsigned and thus as the opinion of the editors of *The Nation*.

Permit me to point out a few of the misstatements:

1. "*Anarchist irreconcilables supported by the P. O. U. M. staged a little civil war by attacking the Loyalist government.*" The attack came from government troops, not from the Anarchists and the P. O. U. M. Under the pretense of building up a "treasury guard," the Department of Hacienda organized picked troops for internal civil war, called the Carabineros, up to the number of 40,000. These it sent into Catalonia to disarm and replace the Catalonian safety patrols and border service. The latter posts have been in the hands of the Syndicalists since the first day of the military revolt and were a vital factor in stopping fascism in Catalonia. The Syndicalists resisted disarmament, much as the popular National Guard resisted disarmament by Thiers during the Paris Commune. The C. N. T. had entered the Catalonian collaboration government on the express condition that the patrols were not to be disarmed. Hence the move was in the nature of a coup d'état and did not even have constitutional warrant.

2. "*Under their influence Catalonia printed its own currency,*" etc. The Catalonian nationalist autonomy movement does not spring from the Anarchists and Syndicalists. Rather one of the defects of these parties till recently was a tendency toward an abstract rejection of nationalism and the movement for autonomy.

3. "*The factories in Barcelona have contributed little to the munitions supply.*" I am in a position to declare that the bulk of the war industries of Spain have been developed precisely in Catalonia, and it is the rest of Spain, with the exception of Biscay, that has "contributed little to the munitions supply."

4. "*The dissident Anarchists and the*

P. O. U. M.—including its Trotskyist wing—had created the utmost tension because . . . many arms shipments sent by Valencia found their way into private supply depots in Barcelona." First, the resistance was not led simply by dissident Anarchists but by the C. N. T. and F. A. I., and those condemning it were in the minority. Second, the P. O. U. M. is neither Trotskyist, as is generally stated, nor endowed with a Trotskyist wing. A few of its members are former Trotskyists who long ago broke with and were expelled by Trotsky. He has attacked the P. O. U. M. The latter in turn has expelled all avowed Trotskyites, who have a paper of their own which attacks the P. O. U. M. with all its feeble might. Why was the "wing" business dragged in, anyway? Third, "many arms shipments" were not sent by Valencia to Catalonia. The flow of armaments has been mainly the other way. One of the bitter complaints of the militiamen on the Aragon front, and it was universal, was that Valencia was withholding airplanes and tanks, the only things it could have shipped since they come generally from abroad, in order to force a purge of the Aragon troops. The Syndicalist press repeatedly demanded, "All long arms to the front." This was aimed at the Carabineros, or treasury "home guards." The Syndicalists repeatedly demanded an official investigation of the systematic sabotage of the arming of the Aragon front and the prevention of an offensive there, and the government repeatedly evaded the demand for an investigation. The only recorded case of equipment, other than small arms, "finding its way into private supply depots," was the case of ten tanks, not shipped from Valencia but built in Barcelona for the Aragon front, which were stolen on forged order, not by the P. O. U. M. or Anarchists or Syndicalists, but by the P. S. U. C., the official Communist Party in Catalonia. The theft is a matter of public record but no responsibility for it was fixed up to the day of my departure.

It is the view of the Syndicalists, Anarchists, and P. O. U. M. that since the bourgeois republic in Spain has twice given birth to fascist uprisings, it should not be restored again; that since the regular "non-partisan" army has rebelled and the workers' militias have defeated

them, a unified workers' army should be developed out of those militias and not a new "non-political" army, blind instrument of its middle-class officers; that since the owners of land and industry have rebelled, their property should be socialized and the economic roots of future reactionary rebellions thus plowed under and removed; that since collaboration of the workers' parties with the bourgeois parties under Azaña led to the retention, first, of Sanjurjo till he revolted, and then of the Franco crowd till they revolted, Azaña should not again be rehabilitated so that the costly error may be repeated yet again. The coalition government (Popular Front) made possible the uprising of 1932, the reaction of 1934, and the uprising of 1936. The Syndicalists, the Anarchists, the P. O. U. M., and the overwhelming majority of the old-time trade unionists in the U. G. T.—except in those provinces, like Catalonia, where it was virtually nonexistent till after the July days of last year when it was constructed by the Communist Party and recruited large numbers of small shopkeepers, industrialists, office workers, government officials, and backward sections of the working class that had always opposed trade unionism—are determined not to return to the bourgeois republic. Not always clear about how to realize their aim, they are trying to get, and believe they are moving toward, a workers' front as against a people's front and a workers' government as against a bourgeois government and socialism as against capitalism.

It is noteworthy that the recent intrigues intended to eliminate the Syndicalists from the government were also aimed at Largo Caballero and the old leadership, the founders of the U. G. T., and that the new government includes neither U. G. T. nor C. N. T., and is headed by Dr. Negrin, under whose rule the treasury department developed the shock troops for internal civil war, the Carabineros.

The Nation may or may not agree with those views. But it has the obligation to state them fairly, to avoid confusing the issue by prejudice-arousing shibboleths like "Trotskyist."

As far as the writer is concerned, after several months of first-hand study in Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, and many

smaller towns and villages, and on two fronts, he is convinced that we have not yet heard the last of the Syndicalists, Anarchists, and P. O. U. M., and the sectors of the U. G. T. that are closest to them. Sooner or later they will hammer out, publicly or underground as necessity may dictate, the only possible leadership and program for the Spanish working class and the permanent defeat of fascism.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

New York, May 20

[The following answer to Mr. Wolfe was written by Louis Fischer at the request of The Nation. The editorial to which Mr. Wolfe objects was based in large part on first-hand information in Mr. Fischer's possession. The Nation has steadily depended upon Mr. Fischer's personal experience and continuing contact with developments in Spain to supplement the material available in the press. While the details of the recent Anarchist-Popular Front conflict are somewhat clouded by the propaganda originating from both sides, the fundamental issues remain clear. Mr. Wolfe has expounded the extreme revolutionary view effectively, but he has failed to convince us (1) that at this stage the Spanish government should be a strictly working-class government rather than a coalition of all parties and groups willing to collaborate in resisting fascist aggression; (2) that the war could be directed successfully by a government simultaneously prosecuting a program of general collectivization, or fought by a citizens' army which was not coordinated under a unified command; or (3) that under the circumstances the Anarchists were justified in refusing to turn over their arms to the government.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: In September and October, 1936, the Spanish Anarchists (F. A. I. and C. N. T.) insisted on admission into the Popular Front government. In November four of their leaders were included in Caballero's Cabinet. They thus joined with the liberal bourgeois Republican, Socialist, and Communist parties to prosecute the war and continue the social revolution. The obvious implication of their adherence to the Valencia government was cooperation with it.

Such collaboration is not comparable to the assistance which Socialist parties have in the past given bourgeois governments at war. Nor is there a parallel between the Azaña cabinets of 1932-33 and 1936 and the Popular Front of today. For Franco precipitated a revolu-

tion in Loyalist territory which is irrevocable, and Caballero and Negrin have facilitated and guided vast social changes. Seven and a half million acres of estates have been taken from their pro-rebel owners and distributed among peasants. Almost all large factories and many medium-sized industrial establishments have been seized by the state or trade unions or political parties or employees' organizations. No faction in the Valencia government has thus far opposed or impeded these steps.

The left Republicans, the Socialists, the Communists, and a part of the Anarchists differ with the dissident Anarchists and Trotskyists about something else. Is the lower middle class also to be expropriated, and should the sequestered feudal lands be taken from their new individual holders and cultivated collectively? The Popular Front maintains that the small shopkeepers and small peasants are profoundly anti-fascist. They represent no danger to the new Spain which is emerging, and if they did, they could easily be coped with. To antagonize them now would mean to throw them into the arms of the rebels at a time when to lose any supporters of the Popular Front might mean to lose the civil war. Similarly the government welcomes agrarian collectivization where the peasants themselves want it. But superimposed collectivization would make enemies of the peasantry and thus pave the way for Franco's victory. To push the revolution too far may mean to defeat it. Lenin did not collectivize in Russia in 1918.

The corollary of the Anarchists' entrance into the Caballero government was the acceptance of this principle, for you cannot work with the left bourgeois Republicans in city and village and at the same time seek to crush every vestige of the petty bourgeoisie by means of immediate and complete socialist revolution. This was not, however, merely a logical compulsion. A victory over fascism required the arrangement. When Mr. Wolfe advocates a workers' government as against a popular-front government he urges the dismissal of valuable allies who are at the front fighting enthusiastically against Franco. When he demands socialism tomorrow he means to drive out millions whose economic status would be destroyed. This "infantile leftism" would alienate potential pro-Loyalists in Franco country and, incidentally, intensify foreign hostility.

Despite Anarchist adhesion to the Popular Front, some Anarchists have

nevertheless continued to dispossess small private tradesmen and to collectivize at the point of the rifle. We have had very convincing reports about the armed resistance which was thus provoked. James M. Minifie, among others, wrote about it in great detail in the New York *Herald Tribune* of April 28 and May 6.

To cope with the hostility which they themselves were creating and to prepare for an armed struggle with the Communists and Socialists which, sadly enough, the dissident Anarchists and their Trotskyist friends considered inevitable, these groups established their own arsenals. If Mr. Wolfe knows of only a single instance of arms seized, and that by the Socialist-Communist P. S. U. C., his information is one-sided, to say the least. I have heard of many more in which Anarchists were involved. Last autumn the government issued orders that all arms be sent to the front. Mr. Minifie writes about this too. Quoting a long Anarchist defense he says, "It is plain from their own account that the Anarchists at Cullera had not surrendered their arms." This was true in many localities. The battle fronts languished for lack of munitions which were held for use in the rear. From the autumn of 1936 until May, 1937, Valencia coaxed and argued. Then it put down its foot and demanded. Thereupon the Anarchists and Trotskyists took to the barricades. Herbert L. Matthews confirms this account of the sequence of events. "The Valencia government had to send troops to quell the uprising," Matthews wrote in the New York *Times* of May 23.

The trouble centered in Catalonia. Of course Barcelona has given more munitions than Madrid and other non-industrial towns. Barcelona is Spain's greatest metallurgical city. But it has given far less than it should have, and absolutely the volume was small. There is objective proof of this. The Aragon and Teruel fronts are really Catalan fronts held by Anarchists and should be directly supplied by Barcelona. Barcelona cannot produce airplanes or many cannon. But it ought to put out at least enough cartridges. Yet for months the brigades have stood at Huesca and Teruel without making any progress and doing little fighting. At times in these places there were not more than eight rounds of ammunition per soldier. Since December, when supplies increased, Anarchist units have frequently refused to go into battle. The so-called "Iron Column" had to be removed from the front in April for this reason.

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In their forced-collectivization activities and in other work at the rear the "uncontrollables" among the Anarchists have enjoyed the ready assistance of the Trotskyists. Mr. Wolfe objects to *The Nation* calling the P. O. U. M. Trotskyist, but he himself proves that it is. The P. O. U. M. was formed by the Workers' and Peasants' Party, led by Maurin, and the Trotskyist Communist Opposition, led by Andres Nin. The P. O. U. M. rejects the Fourth International. It has also invited Trotsky's displeasure by joining a Popular Front government in Catalonia. But during most of its history, as Mr. Wolfe shows, the P. O. U. M. has opposed the Popular Front, has favored collectivization in the midst of the civil war, and wanted socialism at once. If one adds all the connotations of its violent anti-Soviet attitude, despite all that Russia has done for the Loyalist cause, one has most of the elements of Trotskyism.

Reports from Spain indicate that the prominent Anarchist leaders were opposed to the Barcelona uprising and urged the "rebels" to desist. The hope of peace among the Loyalists lies in the victory of this cooperative policy over that of the "uncontrollables." It seems to me that this is no time for dissensions which play into Franco's hands.

LOUIS FISCHER

New York, May 26

Catholic Americana

Dear Sirs: Some time ago the maid of a friend of mine came home from church one Sunday looking very depressed. Upon being questioned, she said that the parish priest had told the congregation that no good Catholics should work for Jews, as all Jews were Communists and thus enemies of the church. Furthermore, he read out the names of those girls in the parish who worked for Jewish employers and said they should leave their jobs. Two weeks later this maid left my friend's home. Recently I was told of a woman who interviewed several applicants for the position of nursemaid for her child. Three of them said they could not work in a Jewish home. When asked the reason at least one of them said that the parish priest had said they should not. The Catholic church is not having a happy time in the land of Hitler, yet it seems to be adopting his methods. If communism is out to destroy the Bill of Rights of the American Constitution, the church seems to be stealing a march on it.

A READER

Brooklyn, May 10

Dear Sirs: Can you give some publicity to the organization of the Catholic church which is operating in the Chicago public high schools? It is called "Cisca," for Chicago International Schools Catholic Association. Meetings are held in the high schools and addressed by Catholic priests. Recently in Chicago the school board and Superintendent Johnson prevented teachers of civics from sponsoring student participation in a contest favoring the city-manager form of municipal government. Mayor Kelly and most of the school board are Catholic, and Superintendent Johnson, reported a convert to Catholicism, has been a willing instrument in their hands.

A HISTORY TEACHER

Chicago, April 24

Mr. Cardiff Vindicated

Dear Sirs: You may recall my letters referring to certain litigation the Washington Dehydrated Food Company has had with the federal Food and Drug Administration, a correspondence which grew out of a swipe you took at us in your issue of February 26, 1936. The government appealed the case to the federal District Court of Appeals at Kansas City. On April 24 the court handed down its decision sustaining the findings of the lower court, which, as you may recall, were to the effect that the government was entirely wrong in these seizures. You may desire to shed some tears in behalf of your bureaucratic friends on this defeat.

IRA D. CARDIFF

Washington, May 15

[*The "swipe" to which Mr. Cardiff refers was printed in Ruth Brindze's column, Facts for Consumers. Miss Brindze spoke of a suit for "malicious persecution" brought by Mr. Cardiff against a food-and-drug inspector, and suggested that unfortunate results might ensue if administration inspectors were made personally liable for the performance of their official duties.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

No "Nix on Pix in Stix"

Dear Sirs: Through the notice given the film "Spain in Flames" in *The Nation* and through the adverse notice given it by the reactionary press, we became interested in the feature and played it May 11-13 at the Rex Theater in Thompson Falls, of which I am proprietor. The picture was well received by the audience and aroused some real thought. I cannot see why it was banned from Pennsylvania and Ohio. Out here in the sticks we seem to have a little more freedom of press and speech.

If I had my way I would show this "Spain in Flames" in every schoolroom in the country and to every religious and social organization working for universal peace. It is the greatest argument against war and fascism ever placed on the screen.

H. O. EKERN

Thompson Falls, Mont., May 21

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The Shape of Things

★

THE DOCTORS ARE FINALLY BREAKING DOWN the Chinese wall that has separated them from the world of social reality. As we go to press the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association, meeting at Atlantic City, is considering a resolution indorsing public medicine. "The health of the people," says the resolution, "is the direct concern of government." The resolution seems to have a good chance of adoption. If it goes through, it will amount almost to a revolution in the attitude of the medical profession. As such it must be hailed with delight by progressives. The action of the A. M. A. is not hard to interpret. It has been evident to all doctors except those with blinders that the present organization of medical economics cannot possibly continue. *Some* form of social medicine under *someone's* control is inevitable. The doctors are now moving to make sure that it is a form not too dangerous to competitive practice, and that they have the major hand in its control.

★

THE PRESIDENT HAS AT LAST PUT HIS shoulder to the mired wheel of public housing. "Must legislation" is now called "preferred," but a housing bill is definitely on the list. Whatever the phrasing, Roosevelt can still make or break the Wagner-Steagall bill. Unfortunately he has raised trouble for himself and the public by referring the bill to the Treasury for approval or criticism. After weeks of delay Mr. Morgenthau has now proposed that it be drastically amended. He wants the government subsidy to be paid in one lump sum at the start of each project instead of being spread in small annual contributions over many years. On the billion-dollar program provided for in the Wagner bill this would require \$600,000,000 in outright grants during the next three years, compared with the \$47,250,000 which the present bill would call for. With economy the dominant mood of Congress, any such change in the bill would of course either kill it completely or drastically reduce the amount of housing that could be built. Mr. Morgenthau also wants the proposed Federal Housing Authority put in the Department of the Interior, where its control would be subject to change with each Presidential election, instead of given the independent status which the Wagner bill provides. On these crucial points no compromise is possible. Mr. Wagner is right and Mr. Morgenthau is wrong. We hope the President

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will make his own decision and promptly—in favor of the Wagner bill as drawn. This matter has been dragged out far too long already.

★

UNTIL HE DIED GENERAL MOLA WAS THE "great strategist," the conqueror of Irun and San Sebastian. But now he will be remembered as the man who failed to take Madrid and Bilbao. When he was in direct command of the Madrid front his predictions that "we will be in the city tomorrow" never came off. Later, when he led the insurgent forces against Bilbao, the same boast steadily failed to materialize. In the report that he was killed by a time bomb set off inside the airplane in which he was traveling, there may be some truth. The fact that members of the ground crew at the rebel airport of Saragossa have been arrested for signaling to Loyalist airplanes and the report that there has been fighting among two factions of the Phalangists under Franco indicates the possibility of internal treason among the rebels. Meanwhile on the central front the Loyalists have recaptured several passes in the Guadarrama Mountains and crossed over into the plains beyond. This represents an important strategic advance as it allows them to take the offensive toward Segovia and Avila and diverts some of Franco's forces from Bilbao. At Valencia the Negrin government has been strengthened by the growing support of the U. G. T., the Socialist trade-union group whose allegiance had been problematical because of their loyalty to former Premier Caballero, and by the negotiations which the Anarchist C. N. T. has begun with a view to participation in the Cabinet.

★

MORE THAN 8,000 BASQUE CHILDREN HAVE so far been transported to France from the burning suburbs of Bilbao and nearby villages under attack. Some 4,000 were sent to England, 500 to Belgium, a like number to Holland. Another 500 have just landed in Mexico, brought over at the expense of the Mexican government. The United States still dodges the obvious obligations of humanity and hospitality. Under pressure from the American Board of Guardians, established to cooperate in the task of saving their children, the Department of State, through Under Secretary Sumner Welles, expressed its profound sympathy for the young refugees and then pointed out the many technical obstacles in the way of admitting to the United States the 500 children for whom visitors' visas are being requested. Mr. Welles implied that the Secretary of Labor had discretion in determining the eligibility of the children and insisted that the consular authorities in Paris would consider their cases in "the most humane and generous way possible under the law." Meanwhile nothing happens; except that protests against admitting the children are pouring in on Washington from Catholic societies and individuals and newspapers. Apparently the church authorities would prefer to have Catholic children exposed to the bombs of Franco and his Nazi allies than to the possible Loyalist sympathies of their American would-be rescuers.

JEAN HARLOW'S DEATH CROWDED THE STRIKE and war news not only out of the press but out of the minds of most Americans as well. That was the final triumph of a career whose brief meteoric course has done more than most others to light up the nature of the American character. For it was not only that Jean Harlow was the glamor girl of the screen, desired and desirable, a symbol of the more blatant charms that a rather blatant people values. More important was the reckless, open honesty, the downright assertion of personality, that broke through all the roles she undertook. She was not a great actress, although she had more ability than the critics were at first willing to concede to her. But she was a person whom the movie audiences felt they understood. She rose from the ranks to the big money in the only remaining part of our national economy where the career open to talent still draws its fabulous rewards. Her life was like a chapter out of John Dos Passos.

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IN ENGLAND THE NATIONAL HARMONY which Mr. Baldwin so cunningly patched together for Mr. Chamberlain to inherit still holds the day—but only on the surface. While the princes of the church averted their eyes, the workingman's pastor performed the marriage ceremony for his one-time king and added the last unbelievable touch to the abdication drama which England is trying so desperately to pretend never happened. The new Premier got off to a bad start. All the plaudits given his speech (a gem of pure Baldwinese) announcing his withdrawal of the tax on excess profits cannot hide the fact that he has been roundly beaten on his first major measure and on his home grounds of the Exchequer. Protestations of fraternity and equality at the Empire conference cannot conceal the gap between the progressive dominions and Tory England, nor the unlikelihood of any agreement on tariff revision and on dominion contributions to English rearmament. In the labor field, while the bus strike has been ended and the threatened coal strike averted, the fundamental causes of conflict in both cases remain unsettled. And in dissolving its radical wing, the Socialist League, the Labor Party has won an empty triumph. For, within the party, members of the league will continue to fight for a more leftward orientation. But nowhere is the transparency of England's façade more apparent than in the newsreels of the coronation. They reveal a ceremony so artificial and hollow that all the publicity resources of a great empire could not pour life into it.

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WE QUOTE FROM THE MAGAZINE *TIME*, which is not generally credited with having a pro-labor bias, a paragraph commenting on Henry H. Bennett's version of the encounter between "loyal employees" of Ford and the organizers of the automobile workers. Mr. Bennett, Ford's public-relations counsel, said specifically that "no Ford service man or plant police were involved in any way in the fight. . . ." Herewith *Time's* comment:

Unfortunately for Mr. Bennett's account as far as it concerned the beating of Organizer Frankenstein, there

were too many witnesses. Newshawks reported recognizing Ford "service men" as the attackers, reported that these men had asked which were Frankenstein and Reuther. Also the Ford men were not quick enough to seize the plates of photographers. One group of camera men were chased in a car at 60 m.p.h. and took refuge in the Melvindale police station, where they were followed by three men who identified themselves as Ford service men. The pictures showed that Frankenstein and friends were given no amateur beating but a standard job of mauling including well-known gorilla tricks. One of the pictures disclosed a pair of handcuffs in the pocket of an attacker, and from the photographs it seemed likely that the Ford men would be identified. It looked very much as if that brutal beating might hurt Henry Ford as much as it hurt Richard Frankenstein.

Time, for once, has told.

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NAZIS AND CATHOLICS ARE NOW OPENLY at war in Germany. Eleven Catholic priests were arrested last week in Munich, and street fights have occurred. The Nazi radicals are in earnest. The theory of the totalitarian state demands complete control over the youth of the nation. That is the heart of the struggle. The religious orders will probably be liquidated after the immorality trials, and the Catholic statistics showing how trifling is the proportion of immoral priests to the total number will do little good. The more courageous priests will continue to be arrested and will languish for years in concentration camps. What Goebels and Göring cannot brook is to have their sway over the minds of the young challenged by the Catholic youth organizations and the Catholic schools. They have however undertaken no easy task. The Catholic church is not like the Social-Democratic trade unions. It has a toughness of fiber; it feeds on martyrdom; it has survived persecutions before and emerged from them with greater strength. Meanwhile we cannot help asking, with President Frank Kingdon of Dana College, what the Catholics were doing when Hitler came to power. If they had then shown one-tenth of their present stubbornness, they would not now be called to martyrdom.

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APPOINTMENT OF PRINCE FUMIMARO KONOE to succeed General Hayashi as Premier of Japan promises to give that country a more stable government than it has had at any time in the past six years. Because of his rank and background Konoe enjoys immense personal prestige with both the army and the civilian elements. As a ward and disciple of Prince Saionji, the elder statesman, he is known to be relatively progressive in his domestic policies. Although his "national union" Cabinet contains relatively few representatives from the dominant political parties, he is assured of support by practically all parliamentary groups. Ordinarily the elimination of political friction within Japan might be expected to contribute to happier conditions throughout the Far East. The selection of Hirota as Foreign Minister suggests, however, that this will not be the case. Hirota is closely associated

with the extreme military clique; he was Foreign Minister and Premier during the period when Japanese policy was most irreconcilable toward China, and his appointment at this stage is interpreted within Japan as repudiation of Sato's relatively mild policies. Any danger that might exist in this tendency is largely offset, however, by China's increasing resistance. Tokyo is no longer the sole key to Far Eastern developments.

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THE BATTLESHIP ALWAYS SEEMS TO HAVE AN alibi; at least one is always offered for it by those who still believe in that antiquated type of fighting ship. Thus when the insurgent Spanish battleship Jaime I was bombed and disabled by loyalist airmen, it was asserted by "experts" in the British Admiralty and in Washington that that did not count because the ship was very old and lacked modern deck protection against air attack. Well, now we have the case of the Deutschland, the first of the German "pocket battleships," which caused such a sensation in the Allied navies when it was launched. This is a fairly modern battleship, yet it was successfully attacked, twenty-five of the crew being killed and eighty-one wounded. The German government officially stated that the loss of life occurred when the men were at a meal in "an unarmored part" of the ship. An unarmored part of an impregnable modern battleship? We did not know that there was such a thing. The defenders of these monsters have pointed out that the ship lay at anchor. Well, ships have to lie at anchor even in war time. To this they reply that the air attack was unexpected, as is shown by the crew's being at table. But the Spaniards assert that their airplanes were fired upon by the ship. Unfortunately the facts may never be clearly established; and so the battleship *per se* is again saved—for the moment. But the fact is undeniable that bombs hit the ship and penetrated its decks and did horrible damage. And still we Americans are going straight ahead laying down two more battleships to cost \$50,000,000 each.

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APPARENTLY ON THE BASIS OF TOM GIRDLER'S lawyer's account of what an assistant postmaster in Niles, Ohio, had said about two union officials not allowing "irregular" mail to be delivered to a Republic Steel plant, Dorothy Thompson went off on an outrage flight on June 7. We must even assume that she took off from a headline in the *Herald Tribune*—C. I. O. Censors the Mail—since the story beneath it contained an editorial summary of an Associated Press version that put a quite different light on the "C. I. O. censorship" which kept Miss Thompson in the air for a column and a half. (A subsequent story in the *Times* carried a denial by Bert Flaherty, although the facts are still somewhat obscured.) On the way up Miss Thompson cast off liberal ballast with a generous hand. She believes, she said, in industrial unionism, and even in the closed shop. But she soon ascended into the higher regions of "law and order." She accused the C. I. O. in general of interpreting the Wagner Act to mean the legalization of "any method whatsoever" for forcing recognition, and in

particular of censoring the United States mails. She failed to mention Mr. Girdler's blatant defiance of the Wagner Act. She denounced the Post Office for "capitulating to force" and taking sides in a labor dispute—although the Post Office Department is following a thirty-year-old policy in maintaining only normal deliveries in troubled areas. It is refusing to allow food to be sent by mail into the Republic plants just as it refused to accept such packages for delivery to sit-in strikers in Flint. Perhaps the high point in Miss Thompson's flight was reached at the end of a passage deploring the arming of policemen and the tendency of strikers to carry weapons of their own. "We shall never be able to disarm the police," she wrote, "until the moment when a man who spits in the face of a policeman goes to jail for it." Like Miss Thompson we deplore violence, though at this point Girdler's violence seems to us more menacing than union violence. We even think it might be a good idea if the man who spits in a policeman's face were sent to jail—at once, that is, instead of being routed through a hospital by a blow over the head or a shot in the back.

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J. P. MORGAN HAS ADDED ANOTHER NUGGET to our understanding of government and law. "If the government doesn't know enough to collect taxes, a man's a fool to pay them," he blurted out red-faced to the ship reporters. The budgetary problem becomes thus a battle of wits between the community and the rich individual, with the latter always winning because law-drafting cannot possibly keep pace with the ingenuity of the legal mind for law-evasion. Mr. Morgan should be reminded that he has expressed exactly the social philosophy we have always associated with the big racketeers.

Tom Girdler's Defiance

LITTLE STEEL," under the leadership of a glorified company cop named Tom Girdler, has enlisted every form of violence and trickery to break the C. I. O. and if possible undercut Big Steel. United States Steel, acting on good advice, signed a contract with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee; Girdler sticks to his guns, and with the help of the police he has so far brought about the death of seven people and the wounding of a hundred others in the Battle of Chicago. With the further help of Chicago's rabid press, he and his allies are now cultivating the fiction that an "inflamed mob" "attacked the police," that the "riot" was incited by outside agitators, that the strikers carried firearms, that the police were fighting for their lives, and that their beloved workers would go right back to their jobs if it were not for the "military blockade" maintained by the union.

Against this account, which follows a discredited formula, stand a few incontrovertible facts. (1) Not one of the policemen injured in the battle was shot; but the great majority of the strikers and sympathizers who were

killed or hurt were struck by bullets and many of them were shot from behind. (2) The crowd was at least one and a half blocks away from company property. "Frank A. Lauerman, superintendent of public relations for the Republic Company," said the *New York Times* of May 31, "announced that the company planned to make no statement because the riot did not occur at the plant or on company property." (3) The dead, some of whom were labeled outside agitators because they could not be identified immediately, turned out to be natives of the area affected by the strike, and with one exception steel workers. (4) The photographs printed in the newspapers, as well as numerous eyewitness accounts, including that of Meyer Levin which we print on another page of this issue, give overwhelming evidence that the police attacked—and followed up the attack with wanton brutality. And Paramount News would hardly have "shelved" its reels of the incident for fear of inciting "riotous demonstrations in theaters" if they had shown strikers beating up police.

So far the tactics of Republic Steel have not decreased the effectiveness of the strike in which 70,000 workers in seven states are involved. It seems unlikely, however, that the struggle will be fought out on the picket line. The company has met Mayor Kelly's order to cease feeding and housing workers in its plants by moving them into the unwonted luxury of Pullman cars. We wish them pleasant dreams about the Pullman strike. Five railroads in the area, backing Republic, are asking state and federal officials and the courts to break up the union's "blockade" of steel shipments. In Washington at this writing a hands-off policy prevails. There is said to be no evidence to warrant intervention in behalf of the railroads, and the Post Office is so far considered safe from union censorship. The strikers' plea for Presidential mediation has been referred to the board, which says, however, that as yet no formal action has been instituted before it.

The union may be expected to institute such action shortly, for Mr. Girdler and his defiance offer a magnificent opportunity to the Department of Justice and the National Labor Relations Board of an Administration committed, verbally at least, to a peaceful equalization of political and economic power. Girdler represents everything in the way of ruthlessness and disregard of law that the New Deal has said it would not stand for. He admits having arms in his factories. He makes a blatant exhibition of his refusal to sign a union contract even if the union has a majority of its workers. He is fostering company unions in the form of "back-to-work" movements, and raising up vigilante squads. He has violated, probably, the Byrnes Act against the importation of strike-breakers. Philip Murray of the union charges that he has entered into an "unholy alliance" with other steel companies to prevent the enforcement of the Wagner Act.

The penalty for conspiring to evade a federal statute—as Miss Stein points out—is a \$10,000 fine, two years' imprisonment, or both. The charge against Girdler should be investigated. If it proves true, we should be willing to spare Tom Girdler the fine, which he can best afford. To put him in jail for two years would greatly improve industrial relations.

The Drift to War

THE crisis which followed the shelling of Almeria has passed, like many preceding it, without plunging Europe into war. This would be cause for gratification if the concessions granted to preserve peace did not make more serious incidents inevitable. Hitler has shown the world, and the German people in particular, that he can order the bombardment of a foreign city in defiance of the League, of the Pact of Paris, and of all principles of humanity without rebuke from the democratic powers. Instead of summoning the Reich before the World Court or taking measures to check the assistance which it is giving the Spanish rebels, Britain and France have sought to conciliate the fascist powers with promises of "safety zones" and possible joint action against the Spanish government in the event of future attacks on German ships.

These tactics have been successful in averting an immediate war. But they have immeasurably strengthened the hands of the warmakers, and thereby increased the probability of an ultimate conflict. A glance at the succession of incidents by which Hitler has built up the prestige of his regime is sufficient to confirm this. Repudiation of external debts, the introduction of conscription, the remilitarization of the Rhineland, and withdrawal from the League involved no direct infringement of the sovereignty of a foreign nation. The shelling of Almeria was the first open attack on the territory of another country; yet Hitler got away with it even more easily than with some of his earlier coups. This cannot go on indefinitely. Encouraged by the passivity of the democratic states, Hitler or Mussolini is certain on some occasion to misjudge the extent to which the powers will retreat.

The capitulation of the democracies on the Almeria incident can only hasten this ultimate showdown. This was much more apparent during the days immediately succeeding the crisis than now. Italy and Germany both withdrew from the Non-Intervention Committee. Reports arrived of the landing of large numbers of German and Italian troops at San Sebastian. Mussolini announced that he would do his utmost to prevent all supplies from reaching the Spanish government. But now, temporarily at least, the atmosphere has cleared. The Italian Foreign Minister has accepted all but one of the British proposals for a new non-intervention agreement and Germany has taken a similar stand. They have agreed that both Spanish belligerents must give assurance of respect for the patrol ships and that safety zones shall be established at stated ports on both sides. But they refuse to accept the third point, which provides that the powers on patrol duty shall consult one another before taking any measures of reprisal. The British believe that this difference can be ironed out by the end of the week and the recreant nations once more safely assembled under the respectable cloak of non-intervention.

But the real menace remains. For beneath all the diplomatic wire-pulling evidence is piling up that Germany

and Italy are determined to carry the Spanish rebels through to victory. The only consideration that may move Hitler from this policy is the possibility of purchasing a promise from England that it will give him a free hand in Eastern Europe. For this he would undoubtedly be willing to pay a considerable price, even to the extent of withdrawing his troops from Spain and abandoning the Berlin-Rome-Burgos axis. For there is no more reason to believe that Hitler is playing fair with Mussolini than there is to believe he would play fair with anyone else. His foreign policy is *Machtpolitik*, and the visit of Blomberg to Rome may well be regarded as a species of political blackmail—a threat held over England, which has reason to fear a German-Italian combination. But it would be folly for England to respond. Its only feasible course, even for the safety of its own empire, is to check fascist aggression all along the world front. Whether a Tory government will have the clarity to see that is quite another question.

Washington Is a Battlefield

WASHINGTON today is a battlefield, with four major engagements going on simultaneously. The court-reorganization struggle is far from settled, although for the moment it is dormant. The adjournment of the Supreme Court without final disposal of matters so far-reaching as the powers of the Securities Exchange Commission or the status of PWA loans to municipalities for power plants was a blunder of judicial strategy that must be chalked up against Chief Justice Hughes. The failure of the courts to keep up with their schedules and the way they have acted as a drag upon the Congressional program could not have been better illustrated than in these two instances, both involving crucial parts of the Roosevelt attempt to regulate the structure of capitalist power. When a new justice is appointed to fill Van Devanter's place, the cases will have to be reargued, and that means considerable delay.

The second battle is on utilities and it is closely related to the court struggle. One of the court's acts before adjournment was a refusal to grant the government's request that a power-company suit to restrain the TVA from going on with its operations be handled by the Supreme Court instead of being sent back to the Tennessee District Court. This means, in effect, that the valiant efforts of the TVA to untangle the legal snags that have tied up its operations for so long are once more doomed. President Roosevelt's message to Congress last week asking for the setting up of seven regional power agencies modeled on the TVA will therefore be no more effective than the courts allow it to be. Already the Committee of Utility Executives has launched several broadsides against the message and against the bills introduced by Senator Norris and Representative Mansfield to incorporate it in legislation. There can be no doubt that things are shaping up

to a sharp struggle; but even if the Administration succeeds in getting a bill through, we may count on the lower federal courts to tangle it up for several years more while the country waits for concrete results.

The other two battles are on the wages-and-hours bill and the income-tax evasions. We shall hear a good deal in the coming weeks about the "fascist" character of the Black-Connery bill, about its attempts to regiment industry and place dictatorial power in the hands of five men. Undoubtedly a bill providing for a looser organization would be attacked for its looseness, as too vague a delegation of power by Congress. The fact is that the Republicans and the tory Democrats do not want a federal wages-and-hours bill of any kind. And they will fight to the death whatever bill is offered. As for the attempt to plug up loopholes in tax administration, as Earnest K. Lindley points out in his article in this issue, that is a program to which many in high places even within the Democratic Party will be sensitive. There is nothing surprising about the measure. It was long overdue, and any Administration that has the least spark of budgetary conscience would have to proceed vigorously against tax-dodgers in the upper brackets and their high-powered legal lieutenants. Here, where nothing can be said with any grace against the *matter* of the Administration's action, the cry will be raised against its *manner*; and Walter Lippmann's protest against "government by indignation" will gladden the hearts of the big-income group, which up to now has believed it had a monopoly of indignation.

The Nation has never been a Roosevelt partisan or swallowed the whole of the President's program. We think his court plan has been badly managed and should have been more thoroughgoing. We believe he might have been firmer in handling TVA policy. We have our fingers crossed as to whether the tax-evasion drive will be an isolated incident or part of a sustained policy of tax reform. We should have liked a more generous stand on relief appropriations. And we are still waiting to see what will happen on slum clearance and farm tenancy.

But one thing is certain. Mr. Roosevelt is today fighting a valiant battle for progressive legislation. He has no substantial support even within his own party; his real support and strength lie in the forces of labor. And he is fighting almost single-handed against a united front of reactionaries in both parties and a group of "liberals" who are reactionary in everything but name. He beat them in the election; they are now trying to wrest the fruits of that victory from him and the people by more devious and subtle methods than were possible in the campaign. Time and again in American history we have had reform Presidents who have flashed for a brief instant in the political heavens and then flickered out. Mr. Roosevelt, whatever else may be said of him, is not one of those. And that is why the big-income groups and their spokesmen cannot forgive him. That is why they hate him. He has violated the rules of the game of politics in a capitalist state: he has insisted upon progressive reform even after his second election, when it is no longer necessary as a political gesture.

"The Nation" Is Sold

WE PRINT herewith a statement from Maurice Wertheim announcing the sale of *The Nation* to one of its editors, Freda Kirchwey.

After some eleven years of connection with *The Nation* as a member of its Board of Directors I arranged its purchase from Oswald Garrison Villard in 1935 for the Civic Aid Foundation, a non-profit organization which I established and control. The paper was then in financial difficulties, and my object in purchasing it was to insure the future of this long-established and valuable organ of liberalism.

Since I had not the time to become the active publisher of *The Nation* but nevertheless desired to maintain its traditional independence, the Civic Aid Foundation turned over to the Board of Editors of *The Nation* on October 27 last complete control of its editorial policy. The circulation of the paper is now at its peak for all time, and I have nothing but praise for the devotion and work of its two older editors, Freda Kirchwey and Joseph Wood Krutch, as well as for its newer one, Max Lerner, who has contributed notably to this result. My thanks are also due to its business manager, Hugo Van Arx, for his unremitting and successful efforts in his field, and to the staff.

Of late, however, it has become increasingly clear that group control is not effective and that absentee ownership creates an anomalous situation. On occasions the editors have differed from the editorial associates, Oswald Garrison Villard, Alvin Johnson, and Heywood Broun, and I have often differed from views expressed in the paper. Typical of this was *The Nation* policy on the Supreme Court issue, on which both Mr. Villard and I felt constrained to write articles for *The Nation* differing from its stand thereon. Under the circumstances I have concluded that the best interests of the paper and its growing circle of readers would be served if centralized control by an active hand could be secured.

As the paper is now on a self-supporting basis, there have been many would-be purchasers. I believe, however, that its independent character and direction can best be preserved by placing control in the hands of its senior editor, Freda Kirchwey, who has had sixteen years of active association with it and who is, in my opinion, one of the truest liberals in the country.

I therefore offered her the first opportunity to purchase *The Nation*, and it is now my great pleasure to announce that on my recommendation the Civic Aid Foundation has today entered into a contract for the sale of the paper to her.

MAURICE WERTHEIM

The change of ownership takes place under promising auspices. Building on the solid foundation laid down in the last two years, *The Nation*, for the first time in its history, can confidently hope to continue to be self-supporting. The demand for an independent, vigorously liberal interpretation of events is greater than ever before. We welcome the opportunity to meet it and to go forward under our own power. The future is on the side of the independent battalions.

Tax-Dodgers on Parade

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

Washington, June 6

IF UNSEEN hands—of which many are frantically at work—can be prevented from applying the brakes, the Congressional investigation of tax avoidance and evasion should be the most interesting revelation of financial ethics and legal ingenuity in the upper brackets since the close of Ferdinand Pecora's Wall Street investigation. The potentialities of the inquiry are indicated by the denunciation that has been heaped upon it.

It is true that the parading of some rich tax-dodgers and their lawyers may be politically useful to Mr. Roosevelt. He has always been able to tighten up his loose coalition of supporters when he has been successful in focusing attention on the iniquities of the rich. He needs a unifying agent now. However, he has not had much luck politically with tax issues. His "soak-the-rich" tax program in the summer of 1935 exasperated Congress, and he made no political capital whatever of the undistributed-earnings tax in 1936. The attempt to prosecute Andrew Mellon was a boomerang. In the present instance the idea originated with the Treasury, not among the politicians in the Administration. And the Treasury wants it for extremely practical purposes.

The Treasury is hopeful that the investigation will whip up a great deal of indignation. This it wants to use for four purposes: first, to push remedial legislation through Congress; second, to stiffen the Department of Justice; third, to impress the courts; and, fourth, to hold within reasonable limits tax avoidance by devices which lawyers can contrive more rapidly than the law can be amended to stop them or which cannot be reached by statute without injustice to taxpayers who use the same devices for legitimate purposes.

Undoubtedly the view is widely held that a tax-dodging scheme is either legal, and therefore ethical, or against the law, and therefore within reach of the Treasury. The President's message anticipated the argument that if there are loopholes the Administration should persuade Congress to amend the law and not crucify taxpayers publicly for availing themselves of their privileges. One of the purposes of the investigation is to reveal that the facts are not so simple. Mr. Lippmann, for example, appears to think that the deduction claimed by a rich man for losses in operating his chicken farm is a "fake" loss which the Treasury can disallow. So it may seem at first glance to the ordinary citizen, and so it was contended by the Bureau of Internal Revenue until the federal courts decided to the contrary. By court decision a wealthy industrialist who owns a farm is a farmer, and he is none the less a farmer if he loses large quantities of money on his farm year after year. How do you propose to define by law whether a man is a farmer or is only gratifying

a hobby? Or take one of the greatest sources of losses to the Treasury—the distribution of ownership within a family of property accumulated and managed by one member. In one instance dug up by the Treasury the head of the family distributed his property through as many as sixty-four trusts with a saving of \$485,000 in taxes in one year. Congress is not likely to consider with favor such a fundamental violation of the rights of property as preventing the head of a family from distributing his holdings as he wishes among the members of his family. In the Treasury's view, the ideal would be to have all the income within a family taxed as the income of one individual.

For three years the Treasury has been narrowing and closing loopholes by regulations and with the aid of legislation. It wants more legislation. But there will always be a great volume of marginal cases difficult or impossible to cover by statute—more under corporation taxes than under individual income taxes. The volume of tax litigation is enormous. Perhaps a quarter of the cases that come before the Supreme Court are tax cases, and no small number of them are federal income-tax cases. And since property rights are involved, the tendency of the courts has been to favor the taxpayer.

The number of civil and criminal suits growing out of returns on 1936 incomes promises to be unprecedentedly high. The combination of higher taxes and higher incomes has given powerful incentives to try every new-fangled tax-dodging scheme that the lawyers can cook up. The taxpayer may expect to face a fight in the courts, but even an outside chance at victory is worth taking. In the case of the Bahamas Insurance Company cited by Secretary Morgenthau, the Treasury, once it had discovered the contrivance, convinced the taxpayers that they were in danger of being prosecuted for fraud and they offered a full settlement plus interest. The Treasury would like to spur the Department of Justice into criminal prosecutions of some of its most notable examples of tax-dodging by supposedly respectable people, but it counts on publicity through the Congressional investigation to act as a check. In short, it hopes to make tax-dodging unpopular, even among big taxpayers.

The strongest pressure to smother the investigation or keep it under strict control is coming from lawyers with Democratic political affiliations. A big part of the tax business always goes to the lawyers of the party in power. An extremely influential political leader is reported to be the lawyer who has done the biggest business in creating Bahamas corporations. Treasury officials appear to be eager to blow off the lid with complete political impartiality. Whether the joint Congressional investigating committee will be so indiscriminating cannot be predicted until its membership has been announced.

Republic Sticks to Its Guns

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Youngstown, Ohio, June 4

THE Youngstown-Cleveland-Chicago strike, involving some 70,000 steel workers employed by three corporations, centers largely around one individual. That individual is Tom Girdler, president and board chairman of the Republic Steel Corporation, and recently elected president of the Iron and Steel Institute. It is an open secret that the other two companies, Inland Steel and Youngstown Sheet and Tube, especially the latter, might have been persuaded to sign a union contract similar to the one signed by the various United States Steel subsidiaries had it not been for Tom Girdler.

By temperament, experience, and resolution Tom Girdler is an arch enemy of unionism. He was born and raised on a Kentucky farm, worked his way through college, and upon graduation entered a steel mill. This was back in 1902, when unionism in steel was being smashed right and left. He held minor supervisory positions with the Atlanta Steel Company and the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in both of which he observed the hard-boiled tactics of the steel barons and even improved upon them. In 1914 he became assistant superintendent of Jones and Laughlin's Aliquippa plant, where he remained for fourteen years and where he personally set up and supervised a reign of terror under which the workers were held in a state of virtual serfdom. In recognition of this achievement he was elected president of the company in 1928. When in 1929 the Cyrus Eaton and Mather interests consolidated a number of concerns with the old Republic Iron and Steel, forming the present Republic Steel Corporation, it was found that an iron hand was needed to weld together the various discordant elements, and Tom Girdler was hired to do the job. This phenomenal rise from poor farm boy to steel-company president has made him arrogant and disdainful of those below him in the economic scale. Workers are to Tom Girdler just inferior beings who do not know how to forge ahead. To allow them equal bargaining power with himself, head of the third largest steel producer in the country, strikes him as a preposterous idea. Even more preposterous, downright painful, is the very thought of having to bargain with outsiders.

Girdler was determined from the very beginning to give the C. I. O. a good fight. He is mortally afraid of a nation-wide union, thoroughly dislikes John L. Lewis, is more than a little jealous of Lewis's potential power, and hoped to clip that power by mobilizing a solid steel front against him. He was profoundly grieved by the desertion of two-thirds of the steel producers, who found it expedient to sign union contracts, but he is determined to go ahead with the fight single-handed if need be. Those close to him claim that he is quite obsessed with

the idea of enacting in 1937 the role played in 1919 by Judge Gary. His tactics are of the Gary school—based on thugs and bullets. The union has positive proof that Girdler's agents are busy recruiting more thugs, and that they are ordering additional supplies of arms and tear gas from Federal Laboratories in Pittsburgh.

The first result of this policy was the Decoration Day riot in Chicago. Tom Girdler cannot escape responsibility for the attack and massacre of May 30 in which seven were killed and one hundred wounded. It would probably be naive to expect Chicago's corrupt political machine to institute a thorough investigation of the riot, but such an investigation might uncover some alarming facts. Union officials claim to know and to be able to prove that the 1,500 marchers who paraded in the direction of Republic's plant were armed with nothing more than American flags; that they neither intended nor anticipated trouble as attested by the fact that many of the marchers were women and children—one of the wounded was a lad of eight; that they were several blocks away from Republic property when the attack was made; that the marchers carried no firearms, proved by the fact that not a single one of the twenty-two policemen injured suffered from gun shots; and finally, and most significant, that the regular police officers used tear gas while those among the officers who used firearms were company-hired thugs dressed in police uniforms.

Plants of the Inland Steel Corporation and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube are entirely closed. That was agreed upon in advance. Republic alone is willing to assume the cost and risk of keeping some of its mills in operation. Out of a total of some 25,000 men employed in plants within the greater Youngstown area, which includes also Canton, Warren, and Niles, the highest estimate of those at work is 2,000. Approximately 1,000 more are at work in Chicago. This force is concentrated in the Warren, Niles, and Chicago plants, and in order to maintain it the company went to the trouble and expense of providing commissaries, sleeping quarters, and airplanes to carry food supplies. Spokesmen for the corporation are rather vague about the rate of pay the barricaded workmen are receiving. In 1933, when the Carnegie Steel Corporation, in the course of a brief strike, kept a crew inside its Clairton plant, the men were paid for twenty-four hours a day, although they worked only eight-hour shifts. It is hardly likely that Republic is able to buy its "scab" or "loyal" labor more cheaply.

The issue involved in the strike is very simple. The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee is demanding that the three companies sign a contract similar to the one signed by some 150 other steel producers, a contract, that is, which accepts the C. I. O. union as the bargaining

agency for its own members. The union cannot retreat from this position without compromising its entire structure. The only alternative it can offer is that the issue be decided by a government-supervised election. To this proposal Republic Steel's reply, before the strike as well as now, is "Go ahead and hold your election. Get even 95 per cent of the votes; we still will not sign a contract." Under the circumstances gubernatorial intervention of the kind used in the automobile strike would be futile, assuming that Governors Davey and Horner could be enlisted to play the Murphy role. The primary need here is to convince Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Inland Steel that they are parties to the Girdler conspiracy, and to induce them to desert what Phil Murray calls "the unholy alliance." Left to paddle his own canoe, Tom Girdler might find the waters altogether too turbulent.

Such pressure would be decidedly in the interest of the general welfare, and the agencies naturally equipped to apply it are the National Labor Relations Board and the Department of Justice; the one because the Labor Relations Act is being violated, the other because the alliance comes definitely under the category of conspiracy.

In the course of negotiations prior to the strike, the Sheet and Tube Company was not altogether hostile to the union. At one time its representatives said they would be willing to sign a contract if the other independents could be induced to do likewise. Later they retreated from this position, telling three officials of the S. W. O. C. that they would accept the regular contract form in toto and abide by every one of its provisions, but not sign it. According to a decision handed down by the National Labor Relations Board on July 7, 1936, in the case of a St. Joseph, Missouri, stockyard firm, such refusal constitutes an unfair labor practice within the meaning of Section 8 of the National Labor Relations Act. The board ruled that while an employer is not compelled to sign an agreement presented to him by representatives of his employees, where there has been a definite "meeting of minds" and "an understanding reached," such understanding should be incorporated in "a binding agreement," and refusal to do so is a violation of the law. This decision is directly applicable to the Youngstown Sheet and Tube case, where a "meeting of minds" took place, and the board should proceed at once to enforce it.

The Department of Justice, on the other hand, should carefully look into the activities of Republic Steel. There can be little doubt that Tom Girdler conspired, is now conspiring, and is enlisting others to conspire with him, to evade both the letter and the spirit of the National Labor Relations Act. The penalty for conspiring to evade a federal statute, as provided by the Act of May 17, 1879, is \$10,000 fine, two years' imprisonment, or both.

Unless drastic action is taken, and the strike is promptly settled, there is every chance that there will be more violence and bloodshed, this time probably in the Youngstown area. The strikers are tense and jumpy, while the companies, especially Republic Steel, are doing everything possible to fan this tenseness into flames. An office has been opened in a downtown Youngstown bank building to sign up people who want to go back

to work. Straw bosses and their wives are rounding up signatories, especially among the colored employees. Wives whose husbands are on the picket line are being offered \$8 and \$10 a day to help with the back-to-work movement. Company-union adherents are being deputized by the sheriff to maintain law and order. Stooges are busy circulating wild rumors about sabotage, and about desertion from union ranks. Whites are being aroused against Negroes, Americans against foreigners.

There is a sharp contrast between this atmosphere of impending trouble and the atmosphere of liberation and good feeling which prevails in the steel towns along the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio rivers, where union contractual relations exist. In Homestead, where less than four years ago a member of the President's Cabinet could not find a meeting place, workers were debating at a meeting the other evening a proposed sitdown strike in one of the Carnegie-Illinois mills because the roller in one of the departments had not yet joined the union. "That is not a legitimate grievance for us to take up with management," argued the chairman, "because our contract does not provide for the closed shop but entitles us only to bargain for our members." The men conceded the truth of the argument, "but," they added, "we can't do our work right with a scab in our midst."

Braddock, Rankin, Duquesne, Clairton, McKeesport, to mention only a few steel towns, are working steadily and peacefully. The men are building their union, improving their bargaining machinery, setting up workers' education programs, and in some instances are nominating men from their own ranks for municipal offices in the coming election. In Aliquippa the union celebrated the signing of an exclusive bargaining contract on Decoration Day. One of the workers writes as follows.

We had the full cooperation of the local authorities in putting on the parade and mass meeting. We were given a permit for the parade and a motorcycle cop to lead us. All traffic was stopped while we marched. And afterwards the Aliquippa Gazette gave us a good news write-up. And of course we had a good turn-out; four or five thousand, . . .

The first grievance under the Jones and Laughlin contract arose out of a scuffle between two Negro workers. One of them came into the mill with a company-union button. "Don't you know the C. I. O. got exclusive bargaining?" asked the union man and unceremoniously tore it off. The foreman was about to lay off the union man when the entire department stopped work. The grievance was promptly settled by laying off both men for three days, only the union man got paid for one of those days. "My man," gloated the union adherent, "this is first time J and L pay me for doing nothing. C. I. O. sure is wonderful."

Peace, confidence, a holiday mood in one section; tenseness, fear, and murder in another. Between the two stand three stubborn companies, led by one stubborn individual, who very much prefers his \$150,000 a year job to digging potatoes, and who is defending that job, and his anti-union policies, by means closely resembling those employed by Adolf Hitler and Francisco Franco.

Slaughter in Chicago

BY MEYER LEVIN

FIELD headquarters of the Republic Company steel strikers is a vacant one-time roadhouse known as Sam's Place, Dine and Dance. A long windowless room, backed by a kitchen now used to feed strikers; a side room containing a long bar on which soup, beans, and coffee are now served. The building looks toward the open prairie; four blocks away is a little street of shabby houses facing the Republic steel plant. Two automobile roads cross the prairie to that street. The police have closed the roads.

It is a fine, a perfect day. The yard outside Sam's Place is filled with shirt-sleeved men; a large number are spruced up for Memorial Day and have brought their wives and children. From the back of a truck speeches are made; again and again speakers point out that throughout the country the right to picket is no longer questioned. But this is Chicago.

A motion is made to picket peacefully outside the plant. It is carried unanimously. The line forms with two American flags at the head. It is a mixed crowd; mostly it has a kidding, holiday air. Scattered through it or walking alongside are scores of sympathizers and many merely curious citizens who have read about the picketing ban and have come out to see if it will be enforced. I recognize many university people. A kid eating a pop-sicle tags along with his father.

I look for weapons. Only a few days ago strikers had their heads smashed by clubs. Ahead of them now the marchers can clearly see hundreds of police spread out in a warlike front. Several of the strikers carry placards tacked to sticks that might be used as clubs. One carries a baseball bat. As we walk across the prairie, a few pick up stones, but they are admonished to drop them.

Walking through the high prairie grass three blocks to the police line, the people tend to scatter and the long column is broken. The leaders halt, and call for everybody to fall back into line. The march—it is really a walk—is resumed. There is a scattered singing of "Solidarity." Presently the front rank halts, face to face with the police. The leaders explain that their followers wish to exercise their constitutional rights, only yesterday guaranteed by the mayor, to picket peacefully.

"I'm only a cop, talk to the captain."

There are at least two police captains present, Mooney and Kilroy, but they do not come forward to speak to the strikers. Several moments pass while the boys in the front rank try to find the authorities. Meanwhile, strung back across the prairie, the procession quietly waits.

I work my way to the left of the line and come up closer to the police. I see several policemen with their hands on their revolvers. Behind the double line of police are patrol wagons and newsreel trucks. I can see

a mass of men standing on a pile of material in the yard of the plant; these are scabs and company guards watching the show. The company had promised them a ball game for Sunday afternoon. A police captain walks to my end of the line, within six feet of me, and says in a conversational voice, "I warn you in the name of the law to disperse." Perhaps twenty people around me can hear him. Over a thousand are behind us.

What followed happened so fast that it is impossible for me to state, absolutely, the time order. It appeared to me that the police line concertedly advanced swinging clubs, that at the same moment a rock flew high through the air, over the police line, aimed at the yard of the plant. "The usual incident." The phrase flashed through my mind; and at the same moment I heard firing. A cloud of tear gas rolled like an immense pillow on the ground. I believed that the police were merely firing tear-gas cartridges. Instantly everyone turned and ran.

There was no firing at any time by the strikers. No policeman was shot, though the police accuse the strikers of firing. There was no "battle." The people fled. As I ran I turned and saw the police charging after us.

Meanwhile the shooting continued with the rapidity but not the rhythm of machine-gun fire. I still could not believe that the police were shooting bullets, since there had been absolutely no warning or provocation, and since it was apparent that the tear gas was sufficient to disperse the procession. A man came stumbling toward me holding his hands over his eyes. A woman ran by, her face distorted in pain, crying, "They gassed me." I attempted to guide the blinded man. "Don't worry, the effect will pass," I said, but he mumbled incoherently, "They shot me." I thought he was hysterical; a day later I read that a man had had both eyes shot out.

My mind still rejected the evidence of my senses. A man in a blue shirt dove into the grass in front of me. I thought, "He's scared they're going to fire, he's seen too many movies of soldiers lying prone, letting the bullets pass over them." Only later the peculiar flatness in the way he pitched forward remained in visual memory, and I thought, "Why, that fellow fell shot."

Starting to run again I heard a boy cry, "Pa, I'm shot." It was a kid of about ten. He was hopping, his left leg raised. His father, a stubby man, picked him up and ran on. I was just in front of them. Presently the man was exhausted. I took the boy from him. Cars, hastily volunteered, were already driving across the prairie and picking up the wounded. Two cars passed me, only in the third was there room for the child.

He was so utterly quiet while I carried him that I thought maybe he hadn't really been shot, maybe he was imagining. The firing continued all this time, yet

even though I had seen cars full of wounded, I did not believe it could be gun fire; the atrocity was so swift, so overwhelming, that my mind could not accept it.

At strike headquarters the long, dark room was already crowded. Several men lay on the floor bleeding. One was on his side; his shirt and pants were torn, revealing expanses of skin covered with dark splotches. There were a few coats, a few chairs. On each cot there were two or three with bullet wounds; wounded on all the chairs. A tiny yellow kitten stepped carefully around puddles, daintily licking blood.

The room was strangely quiet; people talked in hushed tones. The mother of the boy I had carried had found him and was cursing endlessly in a low tone. A woman held up a bleeding hand and said, "I'm lucky, I'm lucky, the cop chased me, shooting all the time, and he just hit my hand." . . . I saw a man with a wound, a small red hole directly in the center of the abdomen. It was just a red spot and did not look serious. The next day I knew that abdominal wounds are almost always fatal. . . . Several university girls, spectators, were rushing frantically among the wounded applying first aid. Three physicians had appeared from among the crowd, but they were not equipped for a massacre.

We started mobilizing cars, rushing people to hospitals. I helped carry several men out to cars. My hands were sticky with blood. "First Aid" had been scribbled on signs stuck on cars. A driver pulled up with a car full of wounded. "I had one more," he said with contained fury. "His leg artery was shot. He's bleeding to death. We had him in the car. The cops came up and pulled him out. They said, 'We want one of these sonsa-bitches.' We told them the man would die without a tourniquet. We said give us two minutes to take him to strike headquarters for first aid. They tore him away from us and threw him on the floor of a patrol wagon." The next day, under the list of "dead, unidentified," was a "man with leg wound, apparently bled to death."

Forty, fifty bullet-wounded men had been brought into strike headquarters. A driver brought back a message from the Burnside Hospital. "The head nurse asked for twelve men, anybody, to help out." It was a tiny hospital,

caught understaffed on a holiday. They needed orderlies to keep the delirious patients on their beds. I was among the twelve volunteers. We arrived at the hospital, found the doors guarded by police. They refused to inform the head nurse of our arrival. "Everything is taken care of, no help is needed," they repeated. One of us, a university research worker, got in with a newspaperman. The nurse gave him three cases to watch. Twice police and plain-clothes men tried to chase him out, though the nurse insisted to them that he was needed. We waited outside. The street filled with police cars. Four men, all bandaged, one limping, were brought out of the hospital by police and pushed into a patrol wagon.

We returned to Sam's Place. There was a call for volunteer blood donors from the South Chicago Hospital. In the car with me was a young man named French, a University of Chicago theology student, who had given blood at other times and knew he was of the universal blood type. We went to the hospital.

I watched the operations. One patient was the man I had seen on the floor. He was Anthony Tagliori, twenty-five, a Republic steel worker; the bullet, entering behind, had cut slantwise through his intestines. The man had a beautiful, powerful physique, a classic, sculptural head. He lived through the operation. "Peritonitis has already set in," the surgeon said; "he has one chance in fifty." He died two days later after a transfusion, the sixth to die. Meanwhile young French gave blood to a worker named Anderson. A bullet had entered his back and gone clear through. At this writing Anderson still lives; he is a huge, wide-shouldered man with a tremendous chest, but his chances are slim.

We went through the hospital. The wounds were in the back, in the shoulder, in the side, in the neck from behind—about 80 per cent shot from behind.

At midnight we were leaving the hospital. A policeman in the doorway was chatting sympathetically with a union man. "I worked at that Republic plant for two years," the cop said. "It's the lousiest, rottenest outfit in the whole United States." At that moment he turned and I happened to see his ammunition belt. About half of the cartridge spaces had been emptied.

Growing Pains of Mexican Labor

BY L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, May 15

ON THE eve of May 1, international day of labor solidarity, the Federation of Mexican Workers (C. T. M.) was split wide open. Three members of the executive committee walked out of the sessions of its fourth National Council charging that the council was illegally constituted, that bona fide delegates had been refused seats, and that Vicente Lombardo Toledano, general secretary of the C. T. M., was attempting to set up

a dictatorship over the federation. After two years of triumphant advance in organization and political power, the united front is seriously threatened, and bitter charges and accusations are being exchanged by the leaders of the C. T. M. and the Communist Party, which is heading the revolt of the dissident organizations.

The C. T. M. represents the first united trade-union front which the Mexican working class has ever been able to form, and in it the Communist Party has been making

its first large-scale experiment with united- and popular-front tactics. To expect that this joint endeavor, unsupported by any precedent or earlier experience, would meet with complete success was perhaps over-sanguine. The ultimate causes of the rupture are to be found partly in the general backwardness of the country, which is reflected in the organization of the working class, and partly in a clash of ambitions adroitly manipulated by interests ostensibly friendly but actually hostile to the labor movement.

The fascist threat contained in the famous Calles statement of June, 1935, awakened the entire labor movement to the imminent danger of losing all the rights so painfully acquired during the preceding thirty years. Labor's answer was the almost spontaneous formation of a Committee of Proletarian Defense, which functioned as the executive body of the united front until it gave way to the C. T. M. in February, 1936, at a congress called for that purpose. Included in the C. T. M. were such disparate and antagonistic bodies as the Communist Party, the essentially conservative railroad workers, the electricians of the Federal District, who had led a somnolent strikeless existence for twenty years, and the General Confederation of Workers and Peasants (F. R. O. C.) built up by Vicente Lombardo Toledano and his immediate followers after he split the C. R. O. M. of Luis N. Morones in 1933, taking with him a majority of its membership. Scores of other independent unions and local federations, including such powerful groups as the miners and oil workers, also participated. When the fourth National Council convened on April 27 last, it was attended by delegates from some 3,000 organizations with a total membership of well over 600,000, representing at least 90 per cent of Mexico's organized labor.

It would be silly to pretend that this enormous advance had been achieved by the efforts of labor alone. The political situation has been such that the Cárdenas government, facing the undisguised hostility of business, landowners, the church, and the conservative middle class, has desperately needed the support which only a united labor movement could give it. Unstinted government aid was therefore awarded to the C. T. M.'s organizing and educational activities, and Lombardo Toledano was soon generally supposed to wield as much power in the administration as a Cabinet minister.

The friendship for the Communist Party displayed recently by Lombardo has not been enthusiastically shared by the many minor leaders of the various regional federations, who are about as revolutionary-minded as their confreres in the A. F. of L. The willingness of the party to enter the united front and the C. T. M. and to drop its former attacks on Lombardo as an opportunist and "social-fascist" was partly due to its independent realization of the danger of open reactionary dictatorship in Mexico and partly to the new line of the Comintern. But the alliance was at best insecure. One of Lombardo's hardest tasks was to keep his followers, who had built up their own organizations over a period of years without Communist help and often in the face of bitter Communist attack, from kicking over the united-front traces

as they saw what they had come to consider their own private reserves being encroached upon.

On the other hand, there is no evading the fact that the Communist Party, suffering from the lack of a theoretical guidance comparable to that in more advanced countries, was frequently guilty of faulty practice. Only recently emerged from the period of romantic—and often heroic—communism, which has been prolonged in most Latin American countries by illegal conditions, an undeveloped proletariat, and virtual isolation from the peasant masses, it was hardly fitted to make the most skilful application of the new line. On the trade-union front the party attempted to assume a leadership for which it was not yet prepared; on the political front the support for progressive democratic governments prescribed by the new tactic degenerated into an uncritical adulation of the President and a scramble for jobs—very Mexican reactions, perhaps, but not very Communist.

Friction originally developed over the party's attempt to utilize its inside track in the Ministries of Communications and Education to organize unions of government employees and school teachers under its own domination and introduce them into the C. T. M. The first serious signs of coming conflict were the complaints of the leaders of various regional federations to the National Committee (on which Communists held two posts) that the Communists were making a hash of C. T. M. discipline by subordinating the interests of the trade-union united front to their own narrower party loyalty. In many instances this was probably true, but it is only one side of the picture. The regional federations, as I have intimated, are not controlled by a lot of little tin saints. The C. T. M. inherited from the C. R. O. M. which it supplanted an unlovely collection of petty leaders who got their training and their appetites in the C. R. O. M. school. Corruption runs through the whole trade-union fabric of Mexico. It is no secret that the Mexico City Chamber of Commerce keeps a list of those regional leaders who can be reached, with their purchase price for settling strikes and for other services. The complaints of such "labor leaders" were thus quite possibly a roundabout way of saying that Communist influence in the unions was beginning to threaten their jobs; what they denounced as breaches of discipline and underhand maneuvers to oust them have been in many cases no more than attempts to expose their thieveries and sell-outs to the rank and file. (This is not to say, however, that the party is itself over-scrupulous about the company it keeps. Several of its fellow-rebels against the C. T. M. leadership who are being very self-righteous about "trade-union ethics and morality" are badly infected with the same disease, which is endemic in Mexico's labor movement and no respecter of ideological quarantines.)

As it became evident that the fourth National Council would witness a showdown, both sides began to gather their forces. The electricians and railroad workers made common cause with the party and the other disgruntled elements it was able to mobilize. At the council sessions the struggle centered around the Communist-controlled teachers' union and the question of seating the Commu-

nist-controlled delegates, most of whom came from state federations where the fight for supremacy had given rise to alleged irregularities. When a majority of the council voted down the doubtful credentials, three members of the National Committee—the two Communists and the general secretary of the railroad union—followed by the delegates of the electricians, the railroad workers, and nine other groups, withdrew, asserting that the council had been constituted in violation of the C. T. M.'s by-laws and that they would not abide by its decisions. The three committee members, having failed to return within the twenty-four hours given them by the council, have now been suspended. Both sides are claiming the support of a majority of the C. T. M.'s membership to justify the legality of their stand. In this battle of statistics the weight of evidence seems to be for the C. T. M. A careful sifting of the available figures indicates that between 160,000 and 175,000 have lined up behind the insurgents, while at least 350,000 have remained loyal to the National Council. It is clear therefore that the party led a minority into rebellion against the executive committee of the C. T. M.

There has been some effort here to distort the conflict into a supposed dispute over fundamental principles. The impression is being fostered in some circles that Mexican labor has at last awakened to the "Muscovite menace" and has patriotically thrown off the yoke of the Comintern, while in others it is being hotly maintained that reactionary and corrupt trade-union leaders have schemed to isolate the Communists from the workers and to check their influence. Neither version is the true one. The Communist issue was not the cause of the breach. All that was necessary was for some organized minority within the C. T. M., of whatever name, tendency, or political complexion, to make a determined bid for leadership at the expense of the incumbent officials. What is involved is a struggle for power, not a clash of ideologies or the supremacy of one tactical line over another. This is confirmed by the fact that the railroad and electrical unions, perhaps the two most conservative groups within the C. T. M., have been drawn into an alliance with the Communists because their non-Communist leaders wished to challenge Lombardo Toledano's strength.

Unity is more badly needed now than at any time since the C. T. M. was formed. The C. R. O. M., encouraged by the opportune return of Morones from the exile into which he was sent with Calles a year ago, has recently resumed active hostilities in the hope of rebuilding its shattered forces. In the last two months battles between *cromistas* and *cetemistas* have taken a score of workers' lives. Such incidents have a disastrous effect on public opinion, and President Cárdenas has strongly intimated that unless labor leaders can control their followers, the government will be obliged to take measures of its own to prevent violent outbreaks. Nor is this all. A steady drift toward the right has for some time been discernible in government policy. Nothing is being done to check the rising price level, which is making a mockery of the scant wage gains registered by the labor movement since 1934. The excellent analysis of the existing economic situation

made by the C. T. M. several weeks ago has been ignored by the public officials to whom it was addressed. The agrarian program is visibly slowing down after its commendable achievements in La Laguna. There is increasing evidence that the administration has been bewitched by the current boom and will allow nothing to interfere with the hollow prosperity which is enriching a fraction of the population at the expense of the masses. A year ago President Cárdenas was hailing strikes as the means of preserving a just "economic equilibrium"; today they are distinctly less popular in official circles. If the oil workers' strike now in the offing comes to a head, it will apparently have to be fought without the backing of a united labor movement. No one stands to gain by the division in the C. T. M. except the employers, who are openly gloating over the nemesis which has overtaken "Tovarich Toledanoff," as the reactionary press fondly refers to Lombardo, and the politicians, who were beginning to fear the growing strength of the organization.

Restoration of unity now depends largely on the attitude of the insurgent minority. I have been informed that the Communists feel they were practically forced into their present position by their discovery of a plot to expel them; they preferred to leave of their own volition and in organized fashion. There is now no way of knowing if any such plot existed. Actually there have been no expulsions, only the suspensions of the three secretaries and of the electricians, who have publicly supported their delegates' action in leaving the council. The dissidents are free to return, according to the National Committee of the C. T. M., if they will recognize the validity of the council and its decisions. This may be a bitter pill to swallow, but unity ought to take precedence over pride. The coup against the Lombardo leadership has plainly failed; it has brought nothing but confusion and dismay into the labor movement. Only the prompt reconstitution of the united front can repair that damage.

Mexico City, June 5

Since the above analysis was written, the nation-wide oil strike has considerably altered the picture. The brief history of the Mexican labor movement records no strike which carries such wide implications as the present movement. Unfortunately, it is impossible here to give a detailed report of the conflict. Its most sardonic aspect has been the attempt of the oil companies to represent themselves as the benefactors of their Mexican employees, whom they call the "spoiled darlings" of the country's industry. Coming from a gang of sanctimonious bandits who in the past have stopped at neither fraud nor theft nor corruption nor wholesale murder nor subsidy of revolt to enable them to grab and hold the oil-bearing regions of Tampico and Vera Cruz, this is an unparalleled piece of impudence.

As official statistics have many times shown, the foreign oil companies, dominated by Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell and controlling 95 per cent of Mexican production, are operating here under highly favorable conditions. Taxes are considerably lower than in the United States; productivity is much greater; profits in relation

to investment are enormous; and wages stand at about one-fourth the American level. Reliable calculations place the net profits annually sent out of Mexico to foreign shareholders at more than 75,000,000 pesos, a figure which does not take into account the profits later realized on crude oil, gasoline, and other petroleum products shipped abroad.

Whether the strike is eventually won or not (and at present it seems reasonably certain that a substantial part, at least, of the demands will be obtained in spite of the companies' frantic efforts to have the government break the strike), it has had a salutary effect on the labor movement. Again the lines are being clearly drawn in Mexico. The whole of the poorer population is openly or tacitly supporting the strike, while the entire bourgeoisie, even including what some Mexican "Marxist" theorists are fond of calling the "non-monopolist, anti-imperialist" bourgeoisie, is just as actively on the side of the companies. Rising above the existing internal conflict, the organized labor movement has taken the lead in the popular struggle against imperialism, and as a result of the strike will

have sent out roots into new sectors of the population.

The Communist Party has apparently been awakened by the situation sufficiently to retreat from its recent position. *El Machete*, its official organ, carries a statement from the Central Committee calling for a cessation of hostilities between the C. T. M. and its dissenting faction and offering the services of the party as mediator between them. This statement is actually signed by one of the leaders of the insurgent group in his other capacity of member of the party's Central Committee, who is thus willing to mediate between himself and the C. T. M. It must be said that this is a rather clumsy attempt at peace-making, though it moves in the right direction. But a frank admission by the party of its error in having provoked the split would bring the day of unity much nearer. There are now signs that all is not well in the camp of the other schismatics; a revolt of the rank and file against the inept leadership of the railroad and electrical unions appears to be brewing. A general shake-up in the labor movement is not unlikely, and unity will probably be restored on the basis of the new alignment that emerges.

Indiana Idyl

BY JOE COLLIER

WHEN the boys go whirling around the Indianapolis motor speedway every Decoration Day, they do it, most of them, for coffee and cakes. Most of them know they can't win. They know, because they are shrewd judges of mechanical performance, that the cars they have managed to draw haven't a chance.

No matter how shiny those cars look, most of them are old. Kelly Petillo won the race in 1935 with a car that was built mostly of parts salvaged from other racers, with an occasional airplane part thrown in. He said afterward that for the last fifty miles of the race he was not certain whether the car would hold together. He won, took the prize money, and bought a new car. But the old car was not retired. It was given a new coat of paint, renamed, and passed on to a driver who was later killed in a dirt-track accident.

The reason for the presence on the track of far more old cars than new ones is that a racing car is specially built and when new costs approximately \$11,000. In each year's race cars are entered that have been driven into the wall by drivers who were killed in the accident. One old-time driver this year was telling a reporter that he had driven more death cars than anyone else in the history of the race. As he was about to name them, an official of the American Automobile Association slipped up and spoke to the old-timer. The story was never finished.

The track management says no one ever died on Speedway Corporation property. They all died in the ambulance on the way to the City Hospital. The best

estimates are that thirty-five have been killed in the track's twenty-five years. The Speedway Corporation won't say and newspaper morgues are incomplete. When an accident occurs, the National Guardsmen instantly surround the wreckage. They have on some occasions destroyed news cameras and beaten camera men to keep them away from the scene. Three hours later the Speedway Corporation furnishes to all papers its own pictures.

The Speedway Corporation distributes \$60,000 in winnings to the thirty-three drivers and thirty-three riding mechanics, and their owners, backers, or employers. Other companies pay lap prizes—which brings the total winnings somewhat above that. To compete for this the car owners must pay \$120 as an entrance fee. The drivers must pay \$10 each for licenses. It was estimated that last year 160,000 persons paid an average of \$3.50 to see the race. Before the race approximately 100,000 saw the qualification trials at 50 cents apiece.

Owners of land abutting on the north straightaway, far from the grandstands, have each year erected bleachers that would give perhaps a hundred persons a view of the race. These seats they have tried to sell for \$1 each. Each year the state fire marshal or some other public official has declared the hastily erected bleachers unsafe and they have been torn down before the race. The fire marshal is also supposed to inspect the wooden stands of the Speedway Corporation, which are so near the track that a runaway car might set them on fire. One Indianapolis newspaper has for several years given its staff men detailed printed instructions what to do if a

flaming car should ignite the stands. The inspectors, according to one report, walk through the stands, and when they kick up a rotten floor plank, order it replaced.

Old drivers say that fatigue or inexperience cause most of the accidents. "I won't drive back of a fellow I think is driving over his head," one of them said. "I drop back or I get ahead. Too much danger of piling into him if he spins or smacks the wall." But the only test taken by a driver completely new to the track and that sort of competition is to be clocked going a certain number of laps at each of several specified speeds, the last over 100 miles an hour. Drivers are required to carry small insurance policies with the American Automobile Association. That is all their dependents get if they are killed.

Two men risk their lives in each car—the driver and the riding mechanic. And the riding mechanic is all but useless in the race. He has two functions, and only two. He watches the right tires for signs of wear, and he massages the hands of the driver when they begin to get numb from the vibration of the car. But the riding mechanics are almost fanatically loyal to their drivers and would fight for them at the drop of the hat. They earn whatever the driver feels like giving them at the end of the race. It has been as low as \$10. Two rode this year for nothing except the ride. Riding mechanics are recruited from speed-struck youngsters, or they are old, hard-bitten men who have done little but walk the tracks with engine waste in their hands.

There is a hospital on the grounds. No newspaperman is allowed in it during the race. Beside it there stands constantly, from the first day a car appears at the track weeks in advance of the race, an ambulance from the City Hospital, a tax-supported institution. The ambulance is staffed with City Hospital internes, paid by the city. The city Fire Department maintains apparatus there for weeks on end, paid for by the taxpayers and manned by firemen on the city pay roll. And the speedway is not even within the corporation limits of Indianapolis but in Speedway City. If a citizen of Speedway City asked the Indianapolis Fire Department to come out and extinguish a blaze in his home, he would have to guarantee the cost of the run before it was made.

A few years ago someone set up an X-ray machine at the track and offered, for \$25 a print, to X-ray parts that went into the cars. The prints showed up defects in the metal and might prevent some crashes and save lives. But the car owners and drivers had to pay for the prints, and they found they couldn't afford it. That safety measure was soon abandoned.

Officials of the American Automobile Association and of the Speedway Corporation say that the race is a proving ground for new engineering ideas. They claim that balloon tires, the rear-vision mirror, and the straight-eight engine were born of the race. Firestone tires are exclusively used by the racers, filled with nitrogen instead of air. They are made one-fourth as thick as regular tires so that they won't get so hot. The tire men and the drivers have a standing feud. The drivers say that the sole reason for holding speed down is that tires wear out so fast. This year, for instance, the tires on one car wore to shreds

in four pre-race laps at something faster than 125 miles an hour. Tire men insist that the product is infinitely better than that of a few years ago, and point out that only seven tire changes were made during the whole 1936 race. A thin gray line appears on the wearing surface of the tire when it begins to get thin, and the driver, when he sees that, goes for the pits.

At about 300 miles drivers get so tired that they can hardly bear it. One old driver said that he raced for 50 miles once crying like a baby. "I couldn't stop," he said, "and I was so tired. I wanted to go to the pits." Someone in the pits, he said, sensed the crisis and marked on a blackboard a huge dollar sign. "That was enough," he said. "It picked me up and I finished."

Almost no one sees the entire race. Some get drunk and wind up in the improvised jail under the stands. Some get drunk and lie on the grass in the sun. Some merely turn their box chairs with their back to the track so they can drink more sociably. The Indianapolis newspapermen and the timing officials are about the only persons besides the drivers who pay attention to the whole long grind. The newspapermen swear after each race that they will not be there for another.

Consumers on the March

BY COLSTON E. WARNE

II

IN THE first section of this article I discussed the various types of organization initiated by consumers themselves or established by social-minded individuals or groups in the interest of consumers. Other efforts to aid consumers have been government-sponsored. With the inception of the New Deal it became evident that a consumer "front" was needed to rally support for the recovery program. Business groups were dominating the Washington scene. Labor groups were seeking to secure recognition, if nothing more. The consumers were absent. The Consumers' Advisory Board was set up to fill the gap. At the beginning the board was headed by a benevolent society woman, Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, who was flanked by a number of economists and sociologists, together with one representative of the consumers' cooperative movement. From the start this board was hamstrung. Its recommendations were not accorded a hearing. Its efforts to establish county consumers' councils were not given the appropriations necessary to place those councils on a firm basis. The councils tended to become the property of energetic clubwomen who often turned to local business men for guidance. In the AAA the Consumers' Counsel got off to a more effective start but was soon rendered less potent by the dismissal of Frederic C. Howe and Gardner Jackson, who had long been consumers' spokesmen.

Out of the wreckage of the NRA, however, some consumers' councils—now called Consumer Institutes—have carried on, have seasoned, and are looking about

for new activities. Some have gone into the cooperative movement; others are becoming local pressure groups and are seeking to establish quality standards. A small part of the WPA appropriations has been routed into aid for certain of the institutes. Through the TVA, through the Resettlement Administration, and to some extent through the self-help cooperatives set up by the FERA, the cooperative movement has received financial and organizational assistance. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has also made a number of excellent cooperative surveys. Walton H. Hamilton and his able staff, who carried on through the NRA as residuary legatees of the Consumers' Advisory Board, were transferred to the Department of Labor as the Consumers' Division. This division, now headed by Thomas Holland, is marking time waiting for better days. Consumer efforts in the Department of Agriculture have been somewhat more successful. The Bureau of Home Economics has for some time had a consumer slant. The Consumers' Counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has been rendering good service. Its organ, the *Consumers' Guide* (issued free of charge), is a limited though useful magazine. In the summer of 1936 President Roosevelt, noting the widespread interest in cooperatives, appointed a commission to study European cooperatives. The report of this commission was recently made public.

Consumers have also emerged as pressure groups. We have long been familiar with the laudable work of the Consumers' League in seeking to establish minimum labor standards through "white lists" and legislation. The National League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Women, and the American Home Economics Association, all include consumer protection as a regular part of their activities. A Consumers' National Federation was formed in New York City in April, 1937, as a result of a conference attended by members of forty-three organizations.

What is new in the situation is the rise of organizations which picket meat shops in protest against higher meat prices or join with pickets of retail stores in the effort to secure better labor standards. In New York, Detroit, and other cities headline news has been made by the arrest of these consumer-pickets. Judges have not known quite what to do with them. Legislative committees have also been invaded by organized consumer groups. Even the users of telephones now talk of joining rate-protest organizations in certain cities. These protest movements have for the first time since the war become established on something of a mass basis, and workers' organizations are fast developing a consumer consciousness. The Pontiac Local of the United Automobile Workers recently announced that its 3,000 members would start a rent strike on June 1 if rents were not lowered. Their leaders said that rent increases had absorbed wage gains made by the C. I. O. automobile strike.

In expanding so rapidly in these directions the American consumers' movement has involved itself in numerous jurisdictional conflicts. Consumers' organizations have not fitted neatly into functional pigeonholes. They have overlapped. Their ideas have been conflicting. Should a con-

sumers' organization form a buying club or should it open a local store? Ought it to engage in propaganda activities for political change? Should it insist upon the maintenance of labor standards? Should the testing organizations be attached to the cooperatives or separate? Is the government to be trusted as an agency to assist consumers? Varying answers have been given to these questions. The result has been heated conflict. Sponsors of the movement feel a natural reluctance to discuss these conflicts openly, yet they must be faced. Intelligent decisions must be made if the consumer movement is to gain a real foothold. Much of the overlapping and consequent quarreling among consumer groups must be eliminated. Objectives, too, must be clarified. Save for the isolation of Consumers' Research (which has severed itself from other consumers' movements by its anti-labor policies), grounds exist for much greater unity in consumer activity. The movement has suffered too long from dogmatic people who have become so concerned with fostering their own organizations that they have forgotten the role of the movement. It would be utopian to counsel complete unification. It is not, however, too much to hope that, with a field as broad as the United States and with most consumers only just awakening from long slumber, the movement might at least unite on some such program as the following:

(1) The unification of local consumers' clubs, which would serve as the center for protests concerning labor standards and prices, and which would also be educational agencies. The consumers' clubs would pool their local buying and would make real savings by "collective bargaining" with merchants of their town. If they felt the time propitious, they would open stores. (2) The support by the clubs and by individuals of a testing laboratory which would assist consumers, their clubs, and other consumer organizations in the discriminating purchase of commodities. Such a research organization must not only test those commodities immediately available through cooperative sources but touch a broad range of commodities used by individuals who have not yet secured the benefits of cooperative purchasing. Consumers Union will soon be in a position to furnish this service. (3) The use of government publications and such other assistance as may benefit the consumer. (4) The establishment of a national coordinating body of consumer organizations which would serve as a lobby for consumer measures. This body would bring together the cooperatives, the testing organizations, and the pressure groups of consumers to make their common voice felt in Washington.

Under this plan there would be no reason why a local club should not buy its groceries through the district cooperative wholesaler and its general supplies through Cooperative Distributors, and obtain through club rates its technical information on methods of further stretching the dollar from the reports of Consumers Union. It could also be in close association with the Cooperative League, and could discuss government findings in the consumer field. It would, in short, be part of a responsible nation-wide consumer movement.

[Part I of this article appeared last week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

An Open Letter to Norman Davis

DEAR MR. DAVIS: You have again returned from a trip to Europe as our itinerant ambassador and have been welcomed with the award of the gold medal of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, which you yourself, when president of the foundation, bestowed upon Elihu Root, Charles A. Lindbergh, and Viscount Cecil. The award is specifically for your services for peace and the betterment of international relationships. This distinction is the more interesting because, as you yourself stated, there has been and is today a serious deterioration in those relationships. You also said in your speech of acceptance that there were some hopeful signs of a realization that "if this is to be a world in which it is possible to breathe and live with any degree of freedom and security, it is necessary for nations to reverse certain suicidal policies which can only bring ultimate ruin upon themselves and upon the world." You dwelt upon the "many prohibitive restrictions on trade," coupled with an unprecedented increase in military armaments "which is reaching a stage of appalling magnitude."

Now that was absolutely true—at least as regards the appalling growth of armaments. Whether there are hopeful signs of an awakening in Europe as to where the nations are heading is not so clear to the lay observer. But what are we to think of your own statesmanship when the press reports, almost on the very day that the honor was bestowed upon you, that your chief recommendation to the Administration on your return to Washington was that we build at once three more gigantic battleships in addition to the two whose keels are soon to be laid? If this is not contributing gravely to the "unprecedented increase in military armaments," what else could? Your purpose, as stated in the press, was to let this be a warning to the other nations that the United States could build the largest navy, and so bring them to their senses about the folly of an international naval race. What a confession of failure and despair this is! In the first place, it is precisely the policy you have been urging upon our country ever since you began attending international conferences for naval-disarmament or naval-limitation treaties. As you yourself once said, you have believed that the United States must have a full pack from which to deal; that the way to get results was to show, when you sat down to the table to bargain, that you had a lot of cards in your hand.

But, dear Mr. Ambassador, what has been the result of this policy of bluff if not the greatest diplomatic disaster possible in this field? Limitation of armaments is

at an end. The Washington treaty is ended. England is building a huge additional naval force, and we are saddled with by far the greatest navy in our history—our naval bill this year is to be about \$525,000,000. Japan, too, is no longer bound by any restrictions; so that, deny it if you please, we are well along in a naval race against Great Britain and Japan, with Germany, Italy, and Russia tagging after. Is this one of the hopeful signs of a "growing realization" that "it is necessary for nations to reverse certain suicidal policies . . ."? You yourself are advocating that we take another great step toward suicide. Yet you said in accepting the Wilson medal, "You cannot have a peaceful world without economic and military disarmament." The way to disarm, Mr. Ambassador, is to disarm, not to arm!

That you have many precedents for your extraordinary attitude is true. Only a few years ago Stanley Baldwin declared that another rearmament race would drive several nations into bankruptcy and lead directly to war—not peace; and that if war came it would "bring down civilization as we know it." Yet in panic terror of the Italian fleet, and the German and Italian airplanes, he has now committed England to a \$7,500,000,000 rearmament plan. All you statesmen are utterly at a loss what to do—except to arm more and more at the very minute when you are truly saying that more armaments mean suicide. Can you deny that this is a confession of complete bankruptcy? You statesmen are fond of declaring that the spineless pacifists would leave their countries defenseless. You arm them—for what? You have said it—bankruptcy and suicide. And you have no other idea how to rescue the world than to lay down more battleships in order to overawe somebody!

Well, fortunately not even the American navy or the Administration has welcomed this advice of yours, if the press is to be believed. The navy wants to wait until it has tested the two \$50,000,000 battleships (each costs \$50,000,000) before building three more, and the Administration, bent on "economy," isn't anxious to ask \$150,000,000 for capital ships to be tied up in some harbor during the next war. It may even be that it has finally occurred to someone in authority that this sort of maneuver is thoroughly understood in other countries, even if the governments have not yet read the words just attributed to you about why you think we should do this. They can read and write in London, Berlin, Paris, Rome, and Tokyo.

Finally, one frank question: Looking back over the record of all the conferences you have attended, do you not think that we Americans would have been just as well off or a little better if we had stayed at home?

BROUN'S PAGE

The *Daily Worker*

ONCE upon a time it was a custom among New York columnists on off days to turn out a piece kidding the *Daily Worker*. Sometimes these essays would be pretty vicious, while on other occasions the joshing was amiable in its intent. I know because I have written both kinds myself. But in either case the attitude was based on the feeling that the *Worker* was not truly a newspaper even in the broadest sense of the term. Left-wing sympathizers themselves adopted a defensive attitude if you mentioned the *Worker*. They spoke of the difficulties of keeping it alive and said that capitalist critics could not possibly understand the true function of an effective organ of revolutionary propaganda.

There was something in that, but it was also true that a good many members of the staff had a chink in their Marxism. They possessed no portion of the journalistic ability of the *Tribune's* old foreign correspondent.

As a matter of fact, I have my doubts as to whether the *Worker* was an efficient piece of daily propaganda in its early days. Its appeal was pretty strictly limited to the regulars. It sold communism to the Communists. To the average American worker it was almost as bewildering and barren of sustenance as the *Boston Transcript*.

To be sure, from the beginning there were brilliant essayists. Mike Gold, for instance, was and is a superb columnist. But radical newspapers need news just as much or even more than reactionary publications. The *Worker* was strictly a house organ. Today it seems to me an excellent newspaper both in appearance and contents.

Naturally it does not interpret "fair play" as that quality is envisioned by the *Chicago Tribune* or Mr. Hearst's *New York American*. The news is not treated in a spirit of complete neutrality. But whether one disagrees in whole or in part with the ideas which the *Worker* seeks to disseminate, it has a distinct value as a paper of record in its coverage of labor news. Anybody who is interested in this vital field of events ought to read the *Worker* and the *New York Times*—its closest rival in this domain—every morning. Moreover, the two papers serve to some extent to counteract each other and furnish a balanced ration. The business departments of the two publications should get together and offer a joint subscription.

If I express an admiration for the *Worker* which I did not always feel, it may be said that perhaps my judgment is warped by the fact that I am treated much more kindly in its columns than was the case a few years ago. I doubt the validity of that explanation. Even to this day I think that one of its most effective cartoons was a drawing by Jacob Burck which was printed many years

ago when I was running for Congress on the Socialist ticket.

I was pictured as a stout infant in a perambulator clutching a bottle plainly labeled "gin." Norman Thomas in a nurse's costume was wheeling me up Park Avenue and proudly saying to a passing dowager, "Isn't he cute? He's only six months old." It is possible, of course, that I have changed my ways and views somewhat since that day, although I have not entirely eschewed the martini, the Tom Collins, or the rickey.

I am somewhat abashed on occasion by pleasant words from the left because they are based on a conception concerning me which I think is fallacious. Only the other day I read a highly laudatory article in which I was praised for having been active in the Newspaper Guild, but the writer went on to say that I had seen the light quite suddenly and that before my conversion I was an indolent playboy who spent all my days and nights acting as court jester at the dinner table in the great houses of the rich and elect.

I wonder what houses he was thinking about? I used to go to Swope's at Manhasset, but it wasn't such a great house and I wasn't so very funny. At any rate I never saw any signposts along the highway which identified it as the road to Damascus.

But here I am talking about myself instead of writing on the subject with which I started. These are old failings which even guild membership cannot cure. Probably this could have been made a good deal shorter if I had said at the very beginning that competence and skill must be combined with good intention to effect a successful performance. This is not presented as a piece of revolutionary advice to radicals. After all, ineptitude seems to be punished more severely in Russia than in any other country.

A few years ago one might have wagged a reproving finger at American radicals and exclaimed, "I don't care whether the author is a good Marxist or not. His novel is terrible just the same. And that isn't a good play or a good dance even though it is intended to be proletarian."

Such criticism would not be particularly pertinent now because men like Odets and Steinbeck, just to mention two names, have proved that propaganda and art are not warring forces. All of which brings me back to the *Daily Worker* and the observation that it is far more effective as a radical organ now that it has become a good paper instead of a poor one. And the man who writes the snappy paragraphs for the sport page is serving just as much as the writer of the editorials. And the same goes for the creator of the comic strip and the health hints. The *Worker* has made itself part of the American tradition, and that isn't going to hurt its objectives either.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NEW FORMS OF THE DANCE

BY PAUL LOVE

BUT for us, conscious beings, it is the units that matter, for we do not count extremities of intervals; we feel and live the intervals themselves." Bergson makes this point in his comparison of ancient and modern science, and it might well stand for a definition of the purpose of the modern dance. Ever since Isadora Duncan discovered the Greeks, the art whose medium is movement has attempted to lift itself out of the field of applied art into the field of the fine arts. To do so, a revolution in technique was necessary, and Duncan tried to initiate it through a return to the fundamentals of movement; as she tried to achieve a form by reviving the Greek chorus.

The ballet turned to the dramatic story. The emergence of the dance from extraneous *divertissement* to an art form in its own right was vaguely felt by dramatic critics during the early presentations of the Diaghilev Ballet. The delicate filigree of the classic "Les Sylphides" gave way to a stronger dramatic form that plunged deeper into human life. But the ballet could not bridge the gap between pure abstract movement and pantomime, and continued to mix the two haphazardly. (This unresolved conflict is the same that afflicted the Jooss Ballet in its recent "Prodigal Son," which was a decided let-down after its excellent "Green Table.")

Then, simultaneously in America and Germany, the gap was bridged by the simple, and likewise profound, realization that movement—not story, not music, not pantomime, but movement—was the substance of the dance. Technically, the previously isolated leg movement and symmetrical arm movement were fused by bringing in the use of the torso. Thus the members became part of a cohesive whole instead of isolated appendages. This final recognition, uncertainly felt by Duncan and Ruth St. Denis, of the body as an integer caused the creation of an entirely new vocabulary of movement. The ballet had been preoccupied with extremities of intervals and had denied the transitional movement between the two chosen points (poses). "But for us," the modern dancer was able to say, "it is the units that matter, for we do not count extremities of intervals; we feel and live the intervals themselves."

This recognition of the unit naturally provided the form for which the dance had been looking. We have had the good fortune to watch the definition, "Movement is the substance of the dance," groped for and finally placed inexorably in words. Under its impetus a new technique capable of expressing the complete man has been found and matured. That technique has searched for and found its principles, fusing the abstract and the pantomimic,

and testing itself in short solo flights from which it moved experimentally into short group forms, leaving the "impression," the "mood," and the obnoxious self-expression and reaching out to larger concrete phases of human life. Every major work of the past two seasons has been in group form; all have battered against reaction and convention, and through the excitement and hypnosis of movement tried to comment, condemn, and reply.

Since the method of the modern dance is extremely malleable, partly from the rigidity of the ballet method against which it reacts and partly from the dynamic principle upon which it works, a final definition of new forms would be premature. Nevertheless, experimentation has progressed sufficiently to indicate some trends. Undoubtedly the strongest work to date is that of Doris Humphrey in her trilogy: "Theater Piece," "With My Red Fires," and "New Dance." The ability to build a forty- to fifty-minute dance entirely in sequential movement, without benefit of "story" or literal pantomime, and to retain an audience's unflagging attention over that period is in itself an accomplishment. The span of attention of an audience is relatively small. If Miss Humphrey is able to increase it by as little as ten minutes, she could receive no finer tribute.

"Theater Piece" is in cinematic form, presenting today's vicious competition in business, sports, the theater, and so on, against which Miss Humphrey moves as an isolated figure, forecasting the social unity that will eventually dispel this destructive force (subsequently developed in "New Dance"). I have used the term cinematic rather than dramatic because the latter does not account for the fluidity of dance movement or for the length of time it can cover within a short limit of actual time. "Theater Piece" is composed of "shots" in quick succession, presenting such diverse elements as a woman playing golf, an elementary triangle drama, a business director, a leg-show, a symbolic figure protesting, a race, a stenographer hunting her man. The arrangement of these "shots" and their collision is montage. I use Eisenstein's definition: "Montage is not an idea recounted by pieces following each other, *but an idea that arises in the collision of two pieces independent of one another.*" Obviously, such a method is not hampered by logical time sequence or logical narrative sequence and therefore has a much wider scope and is capable of more profound expression.

"New Dance" is in symphonic form, close to abstract movement, and creates its effect by the succession of different parts similar to the "movements" of a symphony. It opens on an arena lined with spectators, in which the

leaders state their themes. The purpose of the dance is to break down the wall between the leaders and the group and to build a social unity in which there will be both an underlying group feeling and, to prevent regimentation, an individual expression within that group. The various themes, based on the two main principles of movement, change of weight and breath rhythm, are stated in the Prelude by the two leaders. The woman then extends hers to the group of women in First Theme and Second Theme, and the man his to the men's group in Third Theme. These two partial unifications are completed by a fusion of the two groups in Processional. In Celebration, built on a fugue form and a square dance, the success of this fusion is joyously expressed. At this point too many dances on social themes stop, but Miss Humphrey saw fit to carry hers on to Variations and Conclusion, in which different individuals state their own themes in counterpoint to the *basso sustenuto* of the group. These are the clearest, most concise dances that have been achieved in extended form recently. "With My Red Fires," presented for the first time this season, combines these two forms in a single dance.

Two others deserve attention: Martha Graham's "Chronicle" and Charles Weidman's "Quest," both new this season. Miss Graham has not yet arrived at the theater form which will contain the long themes of which she is capable. After watching the smooth unbroken functioning of "New Dance," it was difficult to adjust oneself to the curtain waits in "Chronicle," especially since they did not seem necessary except for changes of costume and décor which might have been avoided. The dance, on an anti-war theme, opened with a solo by Miss Graham, Specter—1914, followed by a brilliantly executed but emotionally unmoving Masque which concluded the first section, Dances Before Catastrophe. Dances After Catastrophe opened with Steps in the Street, built on hushed, purposeless foot movements going back and forth endlessly. In its restrained understatement it was by far the most moving episode in the whole dance. This section was concluded with Tragic Holiday, which was theatrically effective but overformalized. The third section, Prelude to Action, was a brilliant technical display but created no forthright impact. Throughout there was a coldness of approach which led to the impression that the dance had been scientifically built rather than created from an inner compulsion. The formal design, verging dangerously toward neo-classicism, would have been empty without Miss Graham's own personal warmth suffusing it. At the present stage her compositions too often need her to give them life. Possibly it is this difference that John Martin intended when he called her our greatest dancer and Miss Humphrey our greatest choreographer.

Miss Graham is expert at vividly portraying various states of mind, and all of her best dances have been studies of a person or group at the peak of some emotional seizure. Her form has been the result of an exploration and summation of all aspects of movement pertaining to the particular emotional state with which she may be concerned. The other forms which she has

used, such as the pre-classic dance forms—particularly the sarabande, and the pavane upon which Masque was built—seem too stilted for her larger purposes.

Charles Weidman is likewise picking his way through uncertain ground in his "Quest," relating the experiences of the artist in the modern world. Sections of this dance were in his best satiric manner, in which he remains unequaled, but others were excessively prolix. I still feel that he is more at home and gets better results in the purely theatrical field. In creating for the concert stage he is not subject to the restricted time limit and the fast tempo that govern the revue. He is best in the dramatic form he has employed in "Happy Hypocrite," "Bargain Counter," and others. "Quest" was most effective in the opening sections in dance pantomime, wherein the omniscient critics and the old harridans of patrons were pilloried. The last half lost much of its impact through the sudden, unexpected shift to the symbolic.

Besides these dancers, others have turned to the long form—among them Tamiris, Miriam Blecher, Anna Sokolov, Eleanor King, Lillian Shapero, Sylvia Manning, and Gene Martel. With these new avenues opened, the modern dance may be removed from its Sunday-evening cultism and brought into relationship with the arts and the modern world at large.

BOOKS

Roads to Tragedy

THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS. Translated by Louis MacNeice. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.75.

ION OF EURIPIDES. Translated with Notes by H. D. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

MR. MACNEICE is of the generation of Auden, Spender, and Lewis, and his translation of the "Agamemnon," as might be expected, is not unaffected by this fact. In the first place, he has benefited by the instruction of the previous generation—Yeats and Pound in their examples, Eliot in his theory that good translation does not hesitate to recreate its object in terms of a contemporary language and experience. The principal difference between Mr. MacNeice and his predecessors is that where they fell into anachronisms he quite deliberately steps into them. We are to take as thoroughly calculated effects the reference to Cassandra as "prisoner clairvoyante," to Orestes as a "tramp," and to the holocaust of dead bodies at the end as an "appetizer" for Clytemnestra's lust. But these particular floutings of the time-spirit are merely expressive of a general indifference to that special language which has grown up around Greek translation and for which there is no correspondence in any known mode of communication of man or beast. The same might be said of the preference for words like "guts" and "whore," of the blunt casualness with which ominous statements are frequently made, and of the toughness, amounting almost to gratuitous cacophony, of the rhythms. All this would be indicative of hardly more than a desire to harass the professors, in the manner of Ezra Pound, if there were

not also something like a pattern or a drift in Mr. MacNeice's contemporaneity. Of this the clearest hint is given in Clytemnestra's description of her husband and brother-in-law as "those militarists"; and there is also the allusion to a "dictatorship of the state." It must be noted, too, that Mr. MacNeice uniformly translates by "rich" those words which in the Greek may mean fortunate, noble, or simply prosperous. When the last of these words is employed, as in the following passage, it is distinctly in the more limited English sense of economically well-off:

Prosperity in all men cries
For more prosperity. Even the owner
Of the finger-pointed-at palace never shuts
His door against her, saying "Come no more."

The juxtaposition of the word "owner" (which does not happen to be in the Greek) with "prosperity" tends to restrict the application of the latter to a particular type of welfare. More often, however, the drift is evident not so much in verbal manipulations and additions as in almost imperceptible stressings of tone within a whole passage, as in the Herald's long speech at the beginning. Here the unusually strong conviction of the verse, residing in the syntactical repetition and the sharp concreteness of the key images, makes of the common soldier's account of the Trojan war a piece of modern debunking quite unlike the simple complaint of the original:

If I were to tell of our labors, our hard lodging,
The sleeping on crowded decks, the scanty blankets,
Tossing and groaning, rations that never reached us—
And the land too gave matter for more disgust,
For our beds lay under the enemy's walls.
Continuous drizzle from the sky, dews from the marshes,
Rotting our clothes, filling our hair with lice.

Unquestionably Mr. MacNeice has pointed his translation around that antithesis which has come to be taken by more and more minds as the modern realignment of the tragic forces: his Agamemnon is a bloated capitalist on the model of Cecil Rhodes or Ivar Kreuger; his Clytemnestra a bored Mayfair hostess with a taste for blood-letting; and his chorus the seething modern proletarian mass. And to say this is really to pay his translation the highest compliment; for if translation is an art and not a self-deluded attempt at an impossible ideal, it must involve the deepest attitudes of the translator, and these are better frankly recognized than left smoldering beneath the surface of the mind. In this view an ancient text becomes hardly more than the raw materials for a creative assertion of values felt in the present; and everything depends on the strength and the clarity with which they are apprehended. Mr. MacNeice is no more faithful to Aeschylus than Fitzgerald or Murray or Professor Weir Smyth; but his translation seems superior to theirs for the very reason that he has not made fidelity his ideal. He has recharged the old play with the specific qualities of a specifically contemporary experience. And since we too are necessarily influenced in our response by our generation we cannot but feel that if this is not the best translation of Aeschylus it is at least the best that has appeared in our time.

What H. D. has done to the fragmentary and little-known drama by Euripides is, of course, quite a different matter. Belonging to a somewhat older generation which regarded the past less as a quarry than as a sanctuary, she has distilled the lyricism of the most lyrical of the Greek tragic poets to the point where it tends to vanish, like the thin line of print on her page, into the blue distance. If Mr. MacNeice's score is prepared for the revolutionary fifes and drums, this is a trans-

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position for the flute. The romantic dream of Hellas is attenuated to its ultimate feminine refinement in a verse whose lightest syllable is made to seem like a violation of the silence. Like the whole romantic picture of the classical world, the effect is essentially static: even the *look* of the page suggests caryatid and Ionic order. What we have here is Greece through a temperament, that is, a style, and the style is both exquisite and charming, to use two of this poet's favorite adjectives. And since any style, even a less beautiful one than this, is a boon in a Greek translation, H. D.'s work is gratifying. But there is in this style too little of that contemporary awareness which makes for the fertile discords in a painting by Chirico or Picasso. It is hardly a proper style for drama, even for such splintered drama as this particular play.

Following the brilliant adaptations of Cocteau, Yeats's renderings of the Oedipus choruses, Messrs. Fitts and Fitzgerald's recent "Alcestis," and Francis Fergusson's "Electra," these translations give strength to the notion that we are witnessing a real revival of interest in Greek tragedy. To seek an explanation is immediately to be led into some perilous generalizations; and there is the fact that every age has its quota of translations. Perhaps the most that can be said is that here is evidence that the tragic sentiment is not only still very much alive but alive with a peculiarly emphatic force. If it has so far expressed itself only indirectly through translations rather than an original body of subject-matter, it may be that this is a necessary discipline and preparation in an epoch when even the essential pattern of tragedy has been pretty widely forgotten. This is the way that tragedy has always been reborn in the past; and this is the most encouraging aspect of the present vogue.

WILLIAM TROY

Judicial Supremacy

THE COURT DISPOSES. By Isidor Feinstein. Covici-Friede. \$1.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE NATIONAL WILL. By Dean Alfange. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

THE American doctrine of judicial supremacy, among other results direct and indirect, has led to the making of books without number—many of them scholarly and excellent. Of these two, the first is the more interesting. It is frankly a polemic against the court, but its brief pages are packed with pungent, effective, and even brilliant political argumentation. The author has studied the standard authorities and the leading cases to good effect. (Both these writers, however, have apparently overlooked the important contributions of C. G. Haines.) Mr. Feinstein deftly characterizes cases with an apt sentence or phrase, inveighs against the court as "glorified proof reader" only comparing constitutional text with statute, shows how chance in the sitting of particular judges may profoundly affect constitutional doctrine, as in the minimum-wage cases, explains the revision of view and expansion of meaning of "due process" as the "third American revolution," argues that the court's first hundred years were both the "easiest" and the most liberal, thus properly emphasizing that the extreme of the judicial veto was not an outgrowth of the horse-and-buggy days, and finally places the court in proper perspective as concerns its much-publicized role of defender of individual liberties. In a chapter entitled *The Hobgoblins Will Get You*, he discusses the bugaboo of fascism, and the court as protector therefrom, and in pointing out the restricted effect of judicial review in supporting per-

sonal rights, hazards the view that the effort to visualize the recent conservative majority of the court as throwing up judicial barricades in defense of Earl Browder or Norman Thomas "requires ■ robust imagination." His conclusion is that reform must be sought in different ways, in fact, in all ways possible—as by change of personnel, limitation of the court's jurisdiction, specific amendments conferring national power, and amendment freeing the power to amend.

The other book, recipient of the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Award, is also satisfactory, though it covers familiar ground. Perhaps it is ironical that the author's ultimate conclusions are made in reliance upon Brooks Adams's "The Theory of Social Revolutions," published almost ■ quarter of ■ century ago. But after all, Adams's critique was, and still is, definitive and final. How modern is the sound of the following:

After many years of study of, and reflections upon, this intricate subject I have reached the conviction that though Mr. Roosevelt may have erred in the remedy which he has suggested, he is right in the principle which he has advanced, and in my next chapter I propose to give the evidence and explain the reasons which constrain me to believe that American society must continue to degenerate until confusion supervenes if our courts shall remain semi-political chambers.

Actually it is Brooks Adams, writing in the spring of 1913.

The present book is a semi-popular discussion of constitutional history, with analysis of many of the leading decisions, made for the benefit of the layman. The author's final judgment is the row hardly startling one that the Supreme Court is a legislative body which acts politically. In view of the extensive labors of scholars in the field, the book's chief value may well be as an illustration of the process of education of its author, and—notwithstanding recent pronouncements—perhaps also of the distinguished judges of award. We are told that this essay was chosen from among 250 manuscripts by a committee consisting of President Dodds of Princeton, President Moulton of the Brookings Institution, Dr. Canby of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Dean Pound of Harvard, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. One cannot cavil at the respectability of the choice, but in view of the excellent work appearing regularly in the law reviews of the country, one may perhaps wonder whether the professors and students are not overlooking the desirability of competing for such substantial prizes.

Many of the books which needed to be written on judicial supremacy have now been completed. The need of making available for the layman the researches of the scholars would seem to be filled. This is not to say, however, that there are not many parts of the field yet deserving of careful research. There is a possibility of brilliant promise in the tracing of the development of constitutional doctrine in the light of the personalities of the justices, along lines made famous by Parrington in his "Main Currents in American Thought," wherein he touched all too briefly on the making of constitutional doctrine. Such a study would require exhaustive search of biographical materials in family archives and elsewhere. Again, surprising as it seems, no complete objective examination has been made of the actual incidence of judicial supremacy—what it has meant, in specific instances, to the activities of government, how it has affected the course of legislation, or its effect as a potential threat to the representative assemblies—until just this spring Professor Edgerton of Cornell has broken new ground here in the *Cornell Law Quarterly*. Ventures of this kind, however, call for the most exhaustive and painstaking labors. One might suggest that

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Closing in on Hearst

William Randolph Hearst, dean of yellow journalists, is trying to raise \$35,500,000 by selling securities on the market. They must first, however, run the gamut of the Securities Exchange Commission. Mr. James Smith describes the convincing statements that have been filed with the commission by consumer, labor, and other groups to the effect that Mr. Hearst's enterprises are not good investments for the American public.

France Lives Dangerously

Democracy in France is threatened by fascist enemies from within and without. Alexander Werth, the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Paris, will discuss the alignment of forces in the light of his extraordinary knowledge of men and affairs in France.

Great Britain, Next Phase

In the first of two articles Harold J. Laski discusses the personalities and probable policies of the new British Cabinet headed by Neville Chamberlain. In the second he provides ■ comprehensive survey of the English labor movement which is now suffering from the effects of ■ leadership comparable in its backwardness to the A. F. of L. bureaucracy.

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prize funds could well be used to stimulate, and to ease the pain of, such research, rather than to reward the reworking, however well accomplished, of ground already satisfactorily covered by able scholars.

CHARLES E. CLARK

A Parthian Glance

THE PRETENDER. By Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

POETRY, as Aristotle pointed out, is truer than history. The problem for the historical novelist is to make fact as plausible as fiction. Scott solved it by casting actual personages in the bit parts and making his hero an attendant lord or *homme moyen historique*. But it is dangerous to intermingle private destinies and public events; witness that long-suffering family of Noel Coward's whose domestic crises coincided so miraculously with the milestones of empire. The historical novels that remain novels are those in which the background is subdued, in which the echo from the cannons of Borodino is caught as it reverberates through the salons of St. Petersburg. Writing them is less a synthetic than an analytic process. Ordinarily the novelist tries to objectify his emotions in a series of situations. The historical novelist, starting from given situations, trusts to luck or in-

genuity to impose significance upon them. He must hew to the outline and let the emotions fall where they may. He is the trick artist who is confronted with a set of random points and asked to produce a picture. The test of his skill is the indirection with which he connects them.

The points which determine the story of "The Pretender" have the advantage of being few and far between. Roman historians make only scattered reference to the false Neros who turned up in Asia Minor after the emperor's mysterious death, one of whom appeared as the figure-head for a Parthian revolt at the end of the principate of Titus. Thus Lion Feuchtwanger is free to develop another of those diplomatic fantasies in which he seems to specialize. He is a past master in all the tortuous ruses of red tape and jobbery, face-saving and back-stairs intrigue. His technique is old-fashioned, the texture of his novel is a little coarse, but the plot is shrewdly hatched. At his best, it has the ironic inconsequence of Stendhal—for example, in the romance of the military commander and the vestal virgin *manquée*. At his worst, it is our old friend Oppenheim dressed up in the *toga praelectata*. Sooner or later his fictitious circumstances are brought face to face with the fact that they never happened in reality and are therefore doomed to failure in the book.

At a time when the standard social and economic history of Rome betrays the bias of an émigré Russian archaeologist, an émigré German novelist is entitled to find certain modern implications in the imperial theme. Feuchtwanger's protagonist, the megalomaniac potter Terentius Maximus, is by design a shadowy and theatrical figure, obviously cut out to be the hollow and irresponsible symbol of leadership. Behind him stands a much riper character, the expatriate Senator Varro, whose impatience with the narrow proconsular administration precipitates the crucial outbreak. One is never quite sure whether the motive is six thousand sesterces or an international ideal, but the issues between East and West, between liberal cosmopolitanism and provincial nationalism, are sharply drawn. Varro's own council table becomes a diagram for fascism; he, the rich landowner, and his friend, the languid aristocrat King Philip of Commagene, gradually discover that they have lost their puppet to the conniving slave, Knops, and the crude soldier of fortune, Trebonius. The futility of his sacrifice is underscored by the compromises he is forced to make with everything against which he took up arms.

The historical novelist is necessarily a partisan of the Cleopatra's-nose theory of history. He has a vested interest in tracing the fates of nations to the vagaries of individuals. Feuchtwanger never manages to convey a sense of anything behind the movements he is describing, an awareness of the popular reasons for disaffection which he might have learned from Tacitus—*rerum novarum cupidine et odio praesentium*. The nature of his material permits him to dispense with catacombs and chariot races and the traditional impedimenta, but he cannot resist the temptation to end on a messianic high note. It is suggested, in faint but unmistakable undertones, that the Book of Revelations may profitably be read as a sequel to "The Pretender." Dr. Feuchtwanger offers a curious contribution to the Johannine problem; his John of Patmos is neither the so-called Presbyter nor the son of Zebedee but a retired actor who is not above making a return appearance in the least authentic of the Senecan tragedies. And, for the sake of the record, it might be well to add that he has reversed the position of the two claimants to the throne of Parthia. Artabanus IV, whom he seems to regard as a legitimate monarch, was only another pretender.

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FILMS

Saltwater Setting

MERELY as a document "Captains Courageous" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is of the first magnitude. It is not a document in the strict sense, being a "made" film. But when the producers declare that "never before, in a picture with a marine background, had such inspired, undaunted effort been called for on the part of producers, directors, and players, nor such expenditure of time and technical resource required," I can believe them. And nobody can doubt that the film was made in an ocean setting which furnished an equivalent of Kipling's scene even if it did not coincide with it. It makes little difference, perhaps, that the Pacific was used as well as the Atlantic—the waters off Los Angeles as well as those off Nova Scotia. The illusion is perfect that we are at the Grand Banks, and no more is necessary.

The illusion we have that we are among Gloucester fishermen for two hours comes partly from the background and partly from the actors. The background is, of course, the sea with its many varieties of surface and its unaccountable motions, and the two sailing ships, Captain Disko's and Captain Cushman's, most often before our eyes. The ships are magnificent, whether becalmed or flying; and the frequent bursts of applause at the sight of their high wild sails are justified. If this is less true farther on when Disko and Cushman are racing home to Gloucester at the peril of their lives, not to speak of others' lives, the reason is that the narrative has at last begun to take effect. If only because we have known the passengers for an hour and a half we can feel concern lest their rival skippers take fatal risks by scudding across too shallow waters or by holding their bows too boldly into the wind. But here is where the actors come in. We are more than acquainted with Disko (Lionel Barrymore), Cushman (Oscar O'Shea), Manuel (Spencer Tracy), and Long Jack (John Carradine); we have accepted them as individual fishermen, and indeed as individual human beings. The flying of the skippers is the best human thing in the film, unless Spencer Tracy's smile is that. Mr. Tracy as the angelic Portygee who saves the little hero's life and thereafter sings to him on deck by day or night gives one of the best performances in a year of good acting. And John Carradine is again the long, lean near-villain whom he of all men knows best how to impersonate.

For the story itself there is little to say. Kipling's he-mannery has never been palatable to me, and it is not so here, where if anything the direction has underlined it more heavily than Kipling did. The contrast between Harvey Cheyne's sybaritic land life and this stalwart life into which he drops from an ocean liner is too baldly stated to carry moral meaning—unless the moral is that we all should take to the Banks, and probably shall when we discover that there is not a single unattractive feature about them. The part of Harvey Cheyne, by the way, had to be made seven years younger in order to accommodate the presence in it of Freddie Bartholomew.

It is no fun to have to record that Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, who have been descending since their first fine song-and-dance picture of not so long ago, have apparently struck bottom in "Shall We Dance?" (RKO-Radio), which is long and dull, and so infatuated with the senseless details of the story it tells as to leave little time for the principals to do what anyone has gone to see them do.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Harvard's Civil War

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lamb's article on the "dismissal" of Messrs. Walsh and Sweezy from Harvard University, in *The Nation* of May 15, seems to me to serve a good cause badly because of its over-simplification of the problem. I am moved to protest because I agree that the "dismissal" was a mistake.

Mr. Lamb speaks of "dismissal." The inference which unwary readers will make is that the two men were forthwith fired. If President Conant, on whom Mr. Lamb wants to put the responsibility, was determined to rid himself of radicals, he was strangely inefficient. He need not have renewed their appointments at all, whereas he reappointed them for two years.

Mr. Lamb speaks of "budgets in the departments of history, government, economics, and sociology" as "frozen," the implication being that these departmental budgets were "frozen" in order to hamstring the social sciences. If Mr. Lamb will consult the official report of the university, he will discover that all departmental budgets are "frozen," that thirteen departments last year incurred deficits which the university had to meet from its general fund, and that as a consequence the general fund was dangerously reduced. The social sciences are not being financially "starved" (his phrase) to any greater degree than other departments.

Mr. Lamb states that President Conant is "not sympathetic with the social sciences." He may not be. I don't know. If the situation were reversed—if, for example, student concentration in the social sciences were about 1 per cent, as is now the case with the classics, and the classics were drawing the greater bulk of the students, I suspect Mr. Lamb would complain. But is President Conant notably unsympathetic with the social point of view? He has "asked a group of our faculty who are interested in the historical development—political, social, and intellectual—of this country to draw up a report on the possibilities of extra-curricular study in this field by undergraduates." "It seems clear," he writes, "that it would be desirable for every college graduate to have a knowledge of the cultural history of the United States in the broadest sense of the term." I

find it difficult to reconcile the picture of an administrator notably unsympathetic with the social sciences with the picture of one going out of his way to acquaint college men with the "cultural history of the United States in the broadest sense of the term."

What is valuable in Mr. Lamb's article has to do with the status and future of younger scholars in the teaching profession. This problem, which is not peculiar to Harvard, must be solved, but we shall not solve it by reckless attacks upon university administrators.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Cambridge, Mass., May 14

Dear Sirs: "Literature is not a social science; it is a cure for social science." The speaker, Professor Howard Mumford Jones, was addressing the Modern Language Association at its Richmond meeting last December.

Today Mr. Jones, the friend of the social sciences, rushes to the rescue of Mr. Conant, who is, Mr. Jones assures us, also a friend of social science. The proof? That Mr. Conant proposes to give the students in Harvard College extra-curricular instruction in American literature and history. No doubt as "a cure for social science."

Word comes from Cambridge that Mr. Jones is the only member of the committee on extra-curricular instruction in the cultural history of the United States who understood Mr. Conant to propose a program for amplifying the work in the social sciences and thus underlining the presidential sympathies with these social subjects. The members of the committee were drawn from the departments of American history and literature, and not from economics or political science. The emphasis was on the word *cultural*, and not on the words "in the broadest sense of the term," that is, by Mr. Jones's unique definition, pertaining to the social sciences.

It would appear that Mr. Jones is in the arena as the friend of all parties, since he is also in agreement that "the 'dismissal' was a mistake." To be sure, he nowhere advances any grounds for such agreement, a strategic move with which the sideline observer cannot quarrel. Fortunately, it is now possible to record him as lined up solidly with the administration, since Mr. Conant him-

self, in a statement mailed to the Harvard Board of Overseers on May 26, has for all practical purposes announced his agreement that there may have been a mistake, and that he will accept the services of a committee of nine professors, nominated by 131 junior teaching officers of the university interested in further investigation of the "dismissal."

ROBERT KEEN LAMB
Williamstown, Mass., June 5

Boycott of the Record

Dear Sirs: The *Philadelphia Record* has fallen under the ban of the Roman Catholic church in the Philadelphia diocese because of the paper's alleged pro-Loyalist attitude toward the Spanish war. First came letters of protest from the church and then stronger action in the form of a small pamphlet entitled "The *Philadelphia Record* Weeps for Catholic Martyrs." This was distributed at masses on Sunday, May 16, and is still being circulated in the diocese. Charging that the *Record* gives only the side of "the red government of Valencia," the pamphlet suggests that the recipients show it to the advertising managers of the stores where they shop and make a personal complaint at the same time to the proprietors. The parishioner is also urged to see that his neighbor gets one of the pamphlets and to spread them among members of parish societies. The booklet also recommends that *Record* circulation agents should have the door slammed in their faces.

The Catholic protest is issued under the auspices of an organization calling itself the League of American Democracy. Two of the leading lights of the society are the Reverend Joseph S. Hogan, S.J., professor of philosophy at St. Joseph's College and High School; and the Reverend Richard McKeon, dean of the school, which is conducted by the Jesuit fathers. The school is the central distributing point of the pamphlets. Thus far 14,000 of them have been given out. Father Hogan, who is understood to be the author of the pamphlet, has been conducting a one-man crusade against communism here by way of the lecture platform, radio, and correspondence columns of the newspapers. His brother is the president of Fordham University. To date the *Record* has made no reply to the

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protest or to editorials criticizing its stand which are appearing regularly in the Catholic *Standard and Times*, official publication of the church in the Philadelphia diocese.

I thought the present incident might interest you since, to my knowledge, it is the first overt action taken by the Catholic church in this country to strike at a newspaper on the issue of the Spanish war.

JOSEPH M. THOMPSON
Upper Darby, Pa., May 28

A Champion for *The Nation*

Dear Sirs: Cyrus H. Eshleman accuses *The Nation* of having become an obedient organ of tyranny and terrorism because you approve of the Wagner Labor Act. In my estimation *The Nation* has always been ahead of the times. Certainly, anyone who doesn't approve of the Wagner Labor Act is way behind the times. It is a pity that the leaders of this magazine can't run the country. If your kind of farsightedness is tyranny, keep it up!

J. FRED L. SIMPSON
Savannah, Ga., May 27

A Rebel Turned Loyalist

[*The following letter is reprinted from the April issue of the Spanish weekly Juventud, published at Paris.*]

Dear —: When the rebellion started I was doing my military service at Melilla. For five months I remained there, taking part, because I had to, in the massacre of all those who were suspected of being faithful to the republic.

One night at Majadahonda I was sentry at an advance post. Behind the parapet a corporal and two men were sleeping. At one o'clock I had to send one of them to the officer who was about half a mile away. After sending the messenger I told the other soldier to light a fire while I went to see if the other sentries were still awake. As the others could not see me in the fog, I seized the occasion to escape.

I marched all the next day, weakness and fatigue nearly overcoming me. I had not eaten for two days. In the evening I arrived at Torreladones, where I slept in a stable. The next day I met a friend who told me that he belonged to the U. G. T., and that he came from Majadahonda. When I realized that he was one of us I told him my troubles, and seizing me by the arm he took me to his home and gave me food. While I was eating, his brother communicated my arrival to the sanitary post. A short

time later he came back with a lieutenant. We clasped each other warmly by the hand and went together to the Comandancia of Galan, where I was welcomed heartily by the comrades. I felt that I was beginning a new life: there hunger, thirst, cold, misery—here good treatment and freedom.

JOSE FERNANDEZ GRACIA
Valencia, March 24

The "Dictionary of Slang"

Dear Sirs: Mr. Genzmer's review of my "Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English," in your issue of April 24, was both generous and discriminating; and it is in no carping spirit that I accept several of his implied challenges and answer several of his queries.

I may have, indeed I know I have, in a few instances, omitted to mention an American origin; but my delimitations of British Empire usage (for example, "mad money," "stick up") are, I am certain, correct; indeed, I know most of them personally.

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between genuine slang terms and mere idiosyncratic neologisms, yet I think that I have succeeded tolerably well. I have at least excluded these trivial coinages whenever I knew or was fairly sure that they were such. Dr. Genzmer's examples are unhappily chosen: "Athanasian wench" was common in convivial London; "confiscate the macaroon" (considered worthy of notice by Professor Ernest Weekley) had quite a vogue some years ago; "arrested by the bailiff of Marshland" was once so very colloquial that it verged on the proverbial. Your reviewer and your readers may rest assured that nothing was included without close scrutiny.

ERIC PARTRIDGE
London, May 21

Doctors for Elk City

Dear Sirs: Our organization, naturally, was extremely interested in Mr. Rorty's article on the Elk City Cooperative Hospital. Having just returned from a short visit there, I should like to take the opportunity to concur in everything that Mr. Rorty says.

Dr. Shadid has demonstrated that the cooperative type of voluntary health association can, in rural areas and under tremendous difficulties, set up a workable, helpful plan. At the present time Dr. Shadid is hamstrung because he cannot get the type and number of doctors he needs. Will those interested in furthering this type of work communicate

with me at this bureau, 5 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York. We particularly desire to find doctors who would be interested in going to this or a similar set-up.

KINGSLEY ROBERTS,
Medical Director, Bureau of
Cooperative Medicine
New York, May 29

CONTRIBUTORS

ERNEST K. LINDLEY, when he was Albany correspondent of the *New York World*, contributed to *The Nation* in 1930 an article on Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor, in which he predicted the Governor's election to the Presidency in 1932. As Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Mr. Lindley has followed Mr. Roosevelt's career as President with interest and sympathy. He is the author of "The Roosevelt Revolution: First Phase" and "Half Way with Roosevelt."

MEYER LEVIN, a Chicago journalist, has been appointed head of the Citizens' Rights Committee to investigate the Memorial Day riots at the Republic Steel plant in Chicago.

ROSE STEIN, author of "M-Day," has kept in close touch with labor developments in the steel industry.

L. O. PRENDERGAST, a journalist now living in Mexico City, has on various occasions interpreted Mexican events for readers of *The Nation*.

JOE COLLIER is a reporter on the staff of the *Indianapolis Times*.

PAUL LOVE has been dance critic of the *World-Telegram* and has written on the dance for various other publications.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English faculty of Bennington College.

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INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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The Shape of Things

★

IT WAS NO SURPRISE WHEN THE SENATE Committee on the Judiciary reported the President's court bill unfavorably. For weeks the warring camps within the committee had fought each other with press statements and publicity handouts. The committee report itself, signed by ten of the eighteen members, must be seen as the latest of these maneuvers on the battle ground of public opinion. As we studied it we found it less the work of a committee reporting back to its parent deliberative body than a political broadside, studded with vague stereotypes and filled with often nonsensical fears about the future of our government. The only group that has reason to be happy over the report is the Republican National Committee, and the fact that Democratic Senators have had a considerable hand in the writing of it only serves to reveal more sharply the cleavage within the party. We should be surprised if the report changes any votes, either within or outside the Senate. We may expect that august body to settle down now to a long process of trench warfare, with Senatorial courtesy definitely suspended during the period of hostilities. The final line of defense for Senator Wheeler and his forces will be the filibustering brigade, while the hot Washington summer will help the President. It is no secret now that Mr. Roosevelt will be willing to accept something less than the six additional judges he asked for. It is no secret also that the Senate "liberals" who opposed the measure originally because of their zeal for a constitutional amendment have now entirely forgotten that they ever mentioned so dangerous a topic.

★

BILBAO MAY, BY THE TIME THESE LINES ARE read, be the scene of the most critical fighting of the Spanish war since Madrid was in danger. Franco knows that if he does not capture the city now his whole game is up. Its loss would be a heavy blow to the Loyalists on several counts. It would release a large body of rebel troops for the other fronts; it would sway England to some extent, since Bilbao is the principal port for British trade and mining concessions; and it would help to repair Franco's severely shattered morale not only in British eyes but also in those of Mussolini and Hitler. The report from Rome that the two fascist dictators are giving their Spanish comrade, Franco, a final chance and have planned the raising of a new army of 100,000 Moors and Spaniards backed by

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fascist armaments, officers, and technicians, has an authentic ring, despite its obvious exaggeration. It shows again how complete a farce is the pretense of fascist "non-intervention," and it points the way to atrocities beside which the bombing of Guernica and the shelling of Almeria will seem petty. While Bilbao is evacuating its women and children at about 4,000 a day, principally on the road to Santander, the city is sure to be stubbornly defended. And whatever the fate of Bilbao, the essential strength of the Loyalist government, which lies in its popular support and its heroism, is unimpaired. The new offensives on the Aragon and Cordoba fronts are fresh proofs of that strength. What Mussolini and Hitler are probably aiming at is to improve Franco's tottering fortunes sufficiently so that a "peace" formula will be considered that will allow the fascist dictators to retire from their disastrous Spanish adventure without too drastic a loss of face.

★

A MASS PETITION TO THE GOVERNOR OF Alabama and to the state prosecutor is about to be circulated by the Scottsboro Defense Committee asking that the boys be set free, and the week of July 1 to July 6 has been designated as national Scottsboro week. We hope every organization and individual interested in common justice will get behind this move and roll up a list of signatures that the state of Alabama cannot ignore, for there is at least a chance that the mass pressure which has kept the boys alive for six years can now actually bring about that much-to-be-desired ending to the case. Haywood Patterson's fourth conviction has just been upheld by the Alabama Supreme Court; the other eight defendants go on trial again in Decatur on July 6. It is clear to those who have watched this dreary spinning out of race prejudice that the cases will continue to go from state court to federal court and back again until all constitutional issues have been exhausted and the local court has at last found ways to make its convictions stick. Yet even in Alabama it is admitted that the case against the boys has been shown to be highly doubtful. There is the further fact that Jackson County, where the cases have been tried, has exhausted its resources in the attempt to send the boys to the electric chair. In general Alabama is said to be "tired" of the Scottsboro case.

★

IN THE MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, *ADVERTISER* of June 12 there was published an editorial which in its first half defended the newspaper's unyielding support of the state's past conduct of the Scottsboro case and in the second half suggested that a "decent compromise" be made, "... since nothing worth while can be gained by the state in pressing its prosecutions to the bitter end." The *Advertiser*, to be sure, makes no specific recommendations, and "compromise" is an ugly word in connection with the Scottsboro defendants whose lives have been placed in jeopardy, practically if not legally, over and over again for the same unproved crime. The *Advertiser* does note the fact that the boys "committed whatever crime they may have committed in extraordinary circumstances and against two women who by all

accounts never before had put a high premium upon their virtue." And the editorial concludes, "Enlightened public opinion in Alabama will, in the *Advertiser's* opinion, applaud any official concerned who now strikes out for an honorable, fair, and just settlement of these messy cases." In our opinion an honorable, fair, and just settlement is the one set forth in the petition we have mentioned—that the boys be set free. Such a settlement would, among other things, immensely increase the prestige of Alabama throughout this country and in the far corners of the world where the fate of the Scottsboro boys has come to be the touchstone of American justice.

★

WHILE HOME-TOWN MAYORS ENLIST THE local legionnaires and make red, white, and blue speeches about the right to work for the lords of Bethlehem, Republic, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube, labor is calling out its own reserves. The C. I. O. has an entente cordiale with the railway brotherhoods; Lewis has called out several thousand workers in seventeen captive mines owned by Bethlehem and Youngstown in an attempt to cut off their coal supply; the C. I. O. now threatens to tie up Great Lakes shipping in order to stop the supply of ore to the steel companies that continue to defy their organized workers; and Van A. Bittner has suggested that 600,000 United Mine Workers might be called upon to do their bit in keeping coal away from the struck steel plants. Mr. Lewis also rolled into place a battery of facts to show that William C. Potter of the Guaranty Trust Company and Eugene Grace of Bethlehem are offering inducements to Republic Steel to continue resisting the demands of the union for a signed contract in the hope of "breaking" the C. I. O. and also of preserving Bethlehem's present advantage over other steel companies in the matter of wages. Meanwhile Governor Davey's efforts at mediation have met with no success. The Wagner Act has been invoked against Inland Steel, and the Senate Civil Liberties Committee began investigating the Memorial Day massacre in South Chicago—the eighth victim has now died. Elsewhere labor is on the offensive in strikes designed to capture a greater share of the profits of recovery or to extend its organized strength. Concurrently the rivalry between C. I. O. and A. F. of L. mounts, with the Lewis forces gaining. The Brewery Workers' Union was the first A. F. of L. affiliate to refuse to pay an assessment to the federation's war chest to fight the C. I. O. And major defections in membership from the federation to the C. I. O. have taken place or are pending.

★

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD WENT C. I. O. at its annual convention in St. Louis. It also voted to take in other "white-collar" employees in newspaper offices, and thus became an industrial union. It was reported that the Guild now has a membership of 11,112 as compared with 5,716 last year; under the industrial-union policy, the next year will see a much greater increase both in membership and in signed contracts, which now stand at forty-seven. For the rest, the Guild convention put itself on record as favoring a WPA job for every

able-bodied man in the country who needs one; it backed enlargement of the Supreme Court, along with a constitutional amendment "putting basic rights beyond the reach of judicial quibble"; and recommended labor legislation designed to guarantee collective bargaining. On the whole the newspapermen in St. Louis revealed an enlightened attitude to the problems of the day which their bosses might well emulate.

★

THE SUM OF SOVIET EXECUTIONS INCREASES.

Eight generals have gone to their death as traitors and left behind them a deep dismay which shows itself in every press dispatch from Moscow and even in the cautious statements of diplomats. Coming as a climax to more than a hundred executions of persons, many of them high officials and old revolutionaries, charged with a wide variety of crimes against the state, the death of the generals has created a new wave of rumor and speculation. Every one of the accused was a man of military repute. None was primarily a politician. Tukhachevsky in particular had been looked up to as an almost legendary hero. It can hardly be argued even by opponents of the Stalin regime that the government might be attempting to gain credit in the eyes of the bourgeois world by exterminating revolutionary extremists. On the contrary, the international effect of the trials is bound to be unfavorable. Already Germany is insinuating that the Russian army is not to be depended upon and that France struck a bad bargain in the Soviet agreement. Already diplomatic gossip is hinting that the British government will more openly favor Berlin and will try to draw France away from its Soviet connection. The recent executions have, in fact, provided a field day for the enemies of Moscow at a time when Soviet policy in Europe needs all the friends it can find.

★

THE MYSTERY THAT STILL OBSCURES THE

earlier trials undoubtedly accounts for the suspicions that surround the present one. Certainly the official explanation is in this case the most plausible. In the absence of facts only speculation is possible, but it is not hard to believe that Soviet officers were involved in a plot planned and executed from Berlin in support of Hitler's announced ambitions in the Ukraine. For many months rumors of close relations between high officers in the Red Army and the Reichswehr have been widely repeated, and correspondents point out that most of the convicted generals came from the Baltic states, hotbeds of Nazi propaganda.

★

MUSSOLINI'S TERRORIST CAREER HAS REACHED

a climax in the assassination of Carlo Roselli and his brother at the hands of fascist agents in Paris. Not since the murder of Matteotti by Mussolini's blackshirt gangsters in 1924 has Italian fascism dared so brazen a political crime, or one of such importance. Carlo Roselli was not just another émigré, eating his heart out in the French capital. He was the determined leader of the world's anti-fascist Italian forces. Against disheartening

odds he had built up a powerful organization which maintained amazingly its underground contacts in Italy. Mussolini might pride himself on having sealed Italy against the world, but one import he could not prevent was that of news from the outside, and one export he could not prevent was news which revealed the weaknesses of the Italian regime. Two recent instances were the disclosure of Mussolini's censorship orders to the Italian press, which we discuss below, and the steady flow of letters from Italian prisoners captured by the Spanish loyalists to their families at home—a flow which the Italian anti-fascists in Spain did their best to expedite. Mussolini had reason to suspect Roselli of being involved in both these activities. It was his paper, *Giustizia e Libertà*, which first published the press censorship orders; and Roselli had just come back from fighting in the International Brigade in Spain. The only way that Mussolini knew to meet the danger that Roselli represented—the danger of the truth—was to lure him, with his quite unpolitical brother, into a trap and kill them both. Roselli's organization was effective because it was built on workers, peasants, and intellectuals, upon a new generation that no longer mourned the Italy of the past but fought resourcefully for the Italy of the future. If Mussolini thinks that by killing Roselli he can destroy this organization, he is self-deceived.

★

DICTATORS ARE EXCELLENT JOURNALISTS—

in reverse. Mussolini's censorship orders to the Italian press from January 5 to May 10 have been published abroad, and they make far more interesting reading than the flabby and flamboyant fare dispensed to the people of Italy. To the shrewd observer they offer material for a reconstruction of Italian policy during that period. To the plain citizen in a democratic country they are at once a warning and a revelation of the enforced mass ignorance and delusion that lie just around the fascist corner. Take, for instance, the news from Spain:

January 18. Don't publish any news of bombardments of inhabited centers by the Nationalists in Spain, and, above all, refrain from mentioning Italian or German aviators.

February 9. Don't picture the military situation of the Spanish reds as disastrous. Be less optimistic.

March 5. Absolutely suppress any news of the arrival in Naples of wounded volunteers from Spain. . . .

Above all, "Dun't esk!"

★

SURELY THE HALF-BRAINED MILLIONAIRE,

whose story enthralled the American Medical Association convention at Atlantic City, is a figure fit for an epic of contemporary Americana. An unsuccessful business man, he underwent an operation which left him minus one lobe of his brain. In consequence he was minus also the faculties of sensitivity, perception, and discrimination with which the ordinary four-lobed individual is burdened. He no longer worried, he no longer could feel embarrassment, he no longer nagged his wife, he never

became tired, he lost all self-consciousness; in short, he developed, as the doctors described it, all the characteristics necessary to success in business. He could sell anybody anything—and did. In no time at all he made a million dollars. What the press delicately styled a "remarkable" feature of the case was that his intelligence declined in direct proportion as his riches increased. This should be of interest to Mr. Roosevelt. With the scientific evidence now at his disposal he will, we feel sure, change his attitude toward millionaire tax evaders to one of kindly sympathy. For tax evasion can doubtless be shown to be simply a pathological weakness of the lop-lobed.

Settling Strikes: Law and Reality

SETTLING strikes is a tough and tangled business. We only wish that it were as simple as it is sometimes depicted. Scratch your favorite columnist almost any one of these mornings, and you will discover a fervent crusader against the Wagner Act and a deep skeptic about the National Labor Relations Board. Scratch an editorial on Order or Anarchy? or The Industrial War, and you will find an indictment of the "one-sidedness" of the Wagner Act and the need for annexing to it all sorts of repressive labor legislation in order to correct its "bias." If we are to believe the capitalist apologists, all that is necessary in dealing with the strikes that surround us is an adherence to the law-and-order ideal, a whiff of tear or emetic gas, and a set of laws making it clear to labor that it has duties as well as rights.

If this were true, the daily thunder from the editorial sanctums of the newspapers would be the beginning and the end of wisdom. With a godlike assurance that sits well on thunderers, the editors dismiss the progress of decades of labor legislation with a phrase, and resolve complex issues of labor law with a flourish of the pen. Nor are they alone in this assurance. There is a tendency in labor circles as well to talk as if the Wagner Act, like the Dalai Lama, embodied some divine and messianic spark; as if it could serve as a cure-all for the ills of industrial struggle. All of which, on both sides, is not only nonsense but dangerous and mischievous nonsense to boot. There is no magic in the Wagner Act by itself which will or should make out of it a complete code of industrial relations.

The realists on both sides know this. You will not find among them either the dismissal of the act or the excessive dependence upon it that you find among the more naive capitalist and labor apologists. They have a perfectly understandable, hard-bitten, and pragmatic way of approaching the act. Some of the employers, of whom Myron Taylor of United States Steel is the archetype, have decided to accept the present arrangement as a necessary evil, and get over with it and on to the business of making profits. Of this conciliatory group, some

are frightened to death of Lewis and are hastening to sign agreements with A. F. of L. unions; others respect the ability of the C. I. O. leaders and have decided that the future of American labor organization lies with them. There is another group of employers, however, who have decided to fight the Wagner Act in every way, direct and devious, that is at their command. While pretending lip-service to the letter of the act, they are actually sabotaging it at every turn. To this group belong Republic Steel, Youngstown Sheet and Tube, and the other steel independents. It is they who are now resorting to the stratagem of pretending a willingness to bargain collectively with the steel unions, but refusing to reduce their agreements to writing. It is they who are shooting tear gas through the interstices of the Wagner Act. And behind them is a concerted drive of the smaller manufacturers, organized in the United States Chamber of Commerce and the Manufacturers' Association, who regard the present steel strike as the decisive battle in the new unionization movement.

The labor realists, on the other hand—and the C. I. O. leaders are nothing if not realists—take an equally hard-headed attitude toward the Wagner Act. They know that a law on paper cannot in itself achieve for them their demands: those demands can be achieved only by economic action in the field—organization, education, strikes. They welcome the Wagner Act because it does more than any other law has done in American industrial history to strip the capitalists of their enormous advantage and give labor at least a fighting chance. But they know that they can only make use of that chance if they fight.

It is that, more than anything else, that explains some of the seeming contradictions in the present steel strike. Many people ask, Why did not the steel unions immediately invoke the Wagner Act before they went out on strike? Why did they not call for an election under the Labor Board? The answer, of course, is that they were wholly unsure of having a majority at that time. The present strikes are not only revolts against the industrial tyranny of the Girdlers and the Purnells; they are also organizing strikes, calculated to unite the workers to the point where the Wagner Act can operate effectively. It is foolish to talk of collective bargaining until men are organized to bargain collectively with the already organized aggregates of capital. To those who ask why the Wagner Act empowers only the workers to invoke it and does not give the same power to the employers, the answer is clear. To give the employers this power would be to place in their hands a weapon for smashing any organizing drive before it even had a chance to get started. As soon as an employer saw evidences that his workers were organizing, he would invoke the Wagner Act and call for an election: and that would be the end of it. In short, legal and economic action complement each other in the industrial struggle. One begins where the other leaves off.

The sharpest legal issue that the Republic and Youngstown strikes have raised is whether the employer is compelled under the Wagner Act to reduce the collective bargaining agreement to writing. The employers, and

their newspaper henchmen, profess to be completely certain that a written agreement is unnecessary. Like the now lamented Lawyers' Committee of the Liberty League, they have gratuitously provided the courts with an answer beforehand. In acting with such assurance, they are seeking to make a mockery of the Labor Board. The fact is that the federal courts have not yet passed specifically on this issue. The Labor Board has, however, given clear indications, in a whole line of administrative rulings, that when the issue is specifically presented, its own answer will probably be to require the reduction of the agreement to writing. In an early case (that of the Pierson Manufacturing Company) the Labor Board said, "Only a written agreement can give both parties the sense of certainty and security which is essential to lasting industrial peace." In 1934 in the National Aniline and Chemical case the board asserted that "if an employer assents to . . . proposals, the resulting agreement, unless reduced to writing, will be so unpractical of enforcement and so fruitful of disputes concerning terms that an insistence by an employer that he will go no further than to enter into an oral agreement may be evidence . . . of a denial of the right of collective bargaining." On July 7, 1936, the board held in the St. Joseph Stockyards case that the Wagner Act imposes upon employees the duty of embodying any understanding reached by genuine collective bargaining in a binding agreement for a definite term. The decision did not explicitly order a written agreement, but from its whole tenor (it quoted the National Aniline decision) it is obvious that such was what the board had in mind. For if a real meeting of the minds has been effected, a written agreement is a logical consequence. It is an insurance against later evasion and a guaranty of responsibility. And surely the employers who have been calling for more responsibility in labor relations should welcome such a guaranty.

The fact is that we are in the early stages of the fashioning of a new body of labor law. We have already, in the rulings of the National Labor Relations Board, a growing body of administrative decisions on labor relations under the Wagner Act—a body of decisions which is admirable in its ability and its scrupulous fairness. Publicity is given to the cases in which labor unions have won their demands, but little is said about the large number of instances in which labor complaints have been thrown out. The final word, under our system, lies with the Supreme Court. The Wagner Act decisions have settled many issues, but by no means all. We are sorry to see so careful a commentator as Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* write in his column that Chief Justice Hughes "stated with exactness that no employer is required by the Wagner Act to make a wage agreement." We assume Mr. Krock refers to the Jones and Laughlin decision. But unfortunately what the Chief Justice "stated with exactness" on this point was clearly a dictum, not a necessary part of the decision of the court and not taken as such. The rulings of the board itself, moreover, have been consistently broader than this dictum would tend to indicate.

The point may be slight, but it is symptomatic. In the

present state of labor law, it is best to await the rulings of the Labor Board and the decisions of the Supreme Court, and to keep one's eye on the economic realities of the labor struggle.

The Doctor's Dilemma

THE net results of the American Medical Association deliberations at Atlantic City have turned out to be quite different from the impression made by the first newspaper reports. The record of the convention as a whole shows that narrow economic self-interest still dominates the policies of medical officialdom. Whatever recognition was given to the government's direct interest in the health of the people was dictated more by a desire of the doctors to feather their own nests than by concern over the economic problems of the public. The doctors want to get something quite specific out of the government for themselves: compensation for treatment of the indigent. For some years past a drive to this end has been carried on in medical circles—even though nothing has been said about reducing the high fees which have been justified as compensation for free treatment of the poor. One of the proposals of the New York delegation, which did not make the headlines, was perfectly frank about it. "The immediate problem," it said, "is provision of adequate medical care for the indigent, *the costs to be met from public funds*" (italics ours).

But it is not the indigent who suffer most from the organizational shortcomings of American medicine. It is the wage-earners and the middle-bracket families, whose heavy and unexpected doctors' and hospital bills have become a pressing national issue. The only possible solution of this problem is insurance in some form—payments of relatively small amounts made regularly into a fund which supplies medical care, or from which the bills are paid when illness occurs. But the A. M. A. remains as hostile as ever to any such proposals. The Board of Trustees' report, indorsed by the convention, said that the action taken at Atlantic City "does not constitute in any sense of the word indorsement of health insurance, either voluntary or compulsory, as a means of meeting the situation." Groups of enlightened doctors and patients who set up such plans will presumably be persecuted by organized medicine in the future as they have been in the past.

Apart from this implied condemnation of health insurance in any form, the final record shows very little action by the convention to meet a problem that challenges immediate and decisive action. The deciduous teeth of the New York resolution were carefully extracted in the report that was finally adopted. Even the qualified support of the extension of public-health activities—provided local doctors indorse them—was dropped. The House of Delegates did not openly demand government compensation for treatment of the indigent nor did it give its official sanction to the responsibility of the government for the health of the people. It merely offered to make its "records, reports, source material, and experience" available to any

governmental or other qualified agency . . . contemplating the development or operation of plans for medical care"—to what end can easily be guessed.

The emasculation of the New York delegation's demand that treatment of the indigent be paid for by the government shows that those in control of the convention see in it a new doctor's dilemma. If the doctor calls on the government to help him by meeting these costs he admits the direct interest of the government in the health of the people. But how then can the doctor consistently oppose the most obvious way in which the government can be of help to the public—through the provision of some system by which people of small and moderate means can budget their medical bills? The doctors cannot have it both ways. If they grasp one horn of their dilemma they will more easily be impaled upon the other. But in the long run a sound system of health insurance would be for their own interest, as official medicine in Great Britain has freely admitted. Unfortunately American medicine has been as slow to recognize its long-range interests as have the industrialists. By fighting off reasonable measures such as health insurance and voluntary group-payment plans the organized doctors are paving the way for more drastic forms of state control and more extreme action by the exasperated consumers of medical service.

Winship Must Go

THE pot of discontent still bubbles ominously in Puerto Rico. Fourteen young men have just gone on trial in connection with the massacre at Ponce on Palm Sunday. Governor Winship in a report to Senator Tydings has denied the chief charges arising from the inquiry into the Ponce killings described by Arthur Garfield Hays, chairman of the investigating committee, in *The Nation* of June 5. Pedro Albizu Campos and seven Nationalist Party associates were immured the other day in Atlanta penitentiary for conspiring to overthrow the government of the United States, and eighteen hours later—on June 8—some unidentified men in a car fired a dozen shots at Robert A. Cooper, the district judge who sentenced Campos.

The fire under the pot is the intense desire for freedom and civil rights that animates the Puerto Rican masses. Torn though the island is by political differences and social discord, unable to agree on a single measure of independence or autonomy, the one overwhelming popular impulse is to end the repressions associated with American rule.

In commenting on the Hays inquiry two weeks ago we said that the report had asserted that civil liberties were dead in Puerto Rico. This statement brought a quick reply from Ernest Gruening, Chief of the Division of Territories and Island Possessions, who pointed out that the report had used words exactly contrary. We accept the correction and express regret that our comment was written from a résumé of the report before the full text reached us. But it is perhaps significant that the résumé

conveyed an impression fairly summarized in our quoted words. And it is equally significant that the report's statement that civil liberties still exist was but a mitigating fragment in a general bill of infringements of those same liberties. Let us quote a few pertinent lines from the conclusions of the Hays document:

1. The facts show that the affair of March 21 in Ponce was a "massacre."

2. Civil liberties have been repeatedly denied during the last nine months by order of Governor Blanton Winship. He has failed to recognize the right of free speech and assemblage. Force has been threatened toward those who would exercise these rights.

3. The Ponce massacre was due to the denial by the police of the civil rights of citizens to parade and assemble. . . .

4. The regulation of the University of Puerto Rico . . . is designed to curb academic freedom and should be canceled.

5. The people demand and have a right to free speech, free assemblage, and to petition by parade for a redress of grievances. . . .

The commission does not want this report to be interpreted to mean that civil liberties are dead in Puerto Rico. The mere fact that this commission has held public meetings both in Ponce and San Juan is an indication to the contrary. There has been a free press; there have not been prosecutions for criminal libel. The claim of discrimination in work because of men's views is not sustained by evidence, although suspicion is still there. . . . Civil rights are never dead until they die in the hearts of the people. Governments do not make liberty; the people do. . . .

The answer of the Governor of Puerto Rico on this point is not to our minds convincing. He flatly denies all abrogations of the people's rights by the authorities and makes the broad statement that in his belief "there is no place either in Latin America or in the continental United States where civil liberties have in reality been given wider scope." He stresses the violent methods of the Nationalists and the need of repression. The Nationalists are undoubtedly extremists; they have resorted to acts of terrorism from which they must be restrained by force and they must be disarmed if they possess dangerous weapons. But surely this necessary police job should be accomplished without the hysterical violence that resulted in the slaughter at Ponce.

The truth is that in spite of good intentions and large public works the authorities have alienated a great proportion, perhaps a majority, of the Puerto Rican people by administrative measures which outrage their pride and their intense belief in personal freedom. Civil liberties may not be stone dead in Puerto Rico; but they have been amputated and mutilated. We do not pretend that the basic troubles of the island can be cured by the simple act of protecting those liberties. But we are certain that the long, complex process of social and political reform will be facilitated by such a measure of appeasement. To achieve even this elementary step one immediate change must be made. Governor Winship must be removed.

"The Nation's" Future

THE NATION has been sold twice in the last two years. The first time was in the spring of 1935, when Oswald Garrison Villard, owner since 1918 and editor from 1918 to 1932, sold the paper to Maurice Wertheim. This week *The Nation* has again changed owners, coming into the hands of one of its editors, Freda Kirchwey. The occasion tempts us to a few reflections on the source of the journal's strength, of that quality which remains unchanged through changing times. In the seventy-two years of its existence, first as an affiliate of the New York *Evening Post*, later as an independent journal, *The Nation* has spoken the opinion of its editors. This was as true under the individual direction of Oswald Garrison Villard as under the group control of a board. It was true under the ownership of Maurice Wertheim. The persons who have directed the destiny of the paper have recognized the crucial facts that people can only write well what they believe and that editorial opinion hammered out by a group of like-minded persons is usually better than that of any one of them. This double-barreled policy is not always a simple one to carry out. It calls for a subtle combination of tolerance and pugnacity. Agreement reached through mere acquiescence is as feeble as agreement forced by bulldozing. Only the honest effort of minds to meet produces potent editorial thinking.

While Mr. Villard was editor, *The Nation* passed through a time of strenuous testing. The last year of the war, the fateful months of treaty making, the revolutionary upheavals in Europe, the years of post-war corruption and reckless expansion in American life, the predestined plunge into economic depths—all these forced *The Nation* and the men and women who made it to mighty efforts of clear vision and sanity. Throughout those years Mr. Villard acted as editor in the best liberal tradition. He was steadfast in his opinion but equally committed to the democratic method. He was a constitutional rather than an absolute head. And under his direction the character of the paper emerged more and more clearly. Looking back, we should describe it as courageous and outspoken and free from guile; well informed and catholic in its interests; moral and sometimes naive; sharp and challenging in attack and rather lacking in constructive program; positive and free in its manner of expression. It was radical without being dogmatic or even wholly consistent. Above all it was independent; it spoke its collective mind completely; it had no overt or unspoken commitments except to the shaping of a decent social order.

Financial independence and independence of opinion too seldom go together in journalism. The more militant the paper, the less has been its chance of financial security. *The Nation* was no exception to this rule, although its losses were surprisingly small in proportion to its budget. Throughout those years losses were met, and *The Nation* sustained as an independent journal, largely through the courage and personal sacrifice of the editor and the help of a few steadfast friends. Cynics referred to the liberal journals as the "deficit group," but the term concealed

many virtues, among them faith and hope and charity.

In 1932 Mr. Villard turned over the direction of *The Nation* to its editors in order to follow a no less active career as writer and speaker, continuing to contribute to the paper a weekly page of comment under his own name. Did the character of *The Nation* change? Some of its old readers thought so, but neither the circulation nor the general run of correspondence reflected any marked difference. The election of Franklin D. Roosevelt presented new problems, demanded more careful analysis and sympathetic criticism than the do-nothing conservatism of previous administrations. The rise of Hitler crystallized and brought into focus the desperate maladjustments of post-war Europe. In addition the editors were faced with problems of internal adjustment, editorial and financial, under a strictly cooperative regime. But *The Nation* for two years achieved a state of self-support reached only once before in its history—in 1928.

Maurice Wertheim had for many years served, with other liberals, as a member of *The Nation's* board of directors. He had advised the editors during the period following Mr. Villard's retirement. When after two solvent years a deficit again loomed in 1935, Mr. Wertheim offered to buy the paper and help it to its financial feet. He did this in full agreement not with the editorial policy of the editors but with the more fundamental policy of independent editorial control. Through the Civic Aid Foundation he owned but refrained from operating the paper. He contributed financial help and advice and occasionally a timely dose of skepticism. And under this generous treatment the paper flourished.

The times helped too. Never in our experience has the demand for clear-cut, radical analysis been so great. Liberalism itself has achieved a new respect, especially among its former left-wing opponents. The example of fascism in Europe and a half-conscious dread of similar repression in the United States has led even the more dogmatic radicals to seek salvation in democratic method and liberal approach. And liberalism itself has taken warning and toughened its defenses against the day of testing. As a representative of radical democratic thought, of realistic liberalism, *The Nation* has drawn in thousands of new readers who have become friends and advocates.

Maurice Wertheim's reasons for deciding to sell *The Nation* were expressed in his statement in last week's issue. He differed from our policies; and he believed that editorial and financial control should be combined, that absentee ownership was anomalous and unsound. The sale was agreed upon, announced, and has this week been consummated. We are grateful to Mr. Wertheim both for his help and for his decision to sell. We believe that militant liberalism has come of age and can pay its own way. In our opinion the necessity of self-support can only heighten editorial initiative and that quick sense of the public mind that creates live journalism. *The Nation* intends to support its own views by its own efforts. One of our most venerable friends, Henry W. Nevins, has adopted as his motto words which we do not hesitate to appropriate for *The Nation* in the years ahead—"The older, the bolder."

Washington Looks at Steel

BY THOMAS L. STOKES

Washington, June 13

STEEL still sits, a bird of uneasy omen, above the Administration's door. Summer finds President Roosevelt and the National Labor Relations Board plagued and confounded by the persistent refusal of three Midwest independents—Republic Steel, Inland Steel, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube—to sign a contract with their workers, a refusal which has provoked and prolongs bitter and bloody industrial warfare. The situation is further complicated politically by the recurrent smoke screens sent up by the companies to obscure the issues from the public. The most noxious is the "freedom-of-the-mails" issue raised by the Post Office Department's denial of the use of the mails for strike-breaking, now the subject of a Senatorial inquiry.

As this article was written, President Roosevelt was under renewed pressure to intervene and attempt to bring about a solution. John L. Lewis called for federal intervention to restrain Tom Girdler, chairman of Republic Steel, "before he turns the steel district into a bloody shambles" and suggested also that state governors be induced to close the mills until the strike is settled.

Meanwhile the National Labor Relations Board laid the groundwork for a legal test on the question of requiring a signed contract under the Wagner Act. The Labor Board has at last found a morsel upon which it can try its teeth. It has issued a complaint against Inland Steel charging violation of the act. It alleges that negotiations with the workers were in bad faith, that the company did not and does not intend to enter an agreement, and that therefore the company is guilty of violation of the act even though the terms proposed by the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee are acceptable.

The NLRB thus skirts about the vexing question of whether there must be a signed contract, but this complaint, set for hearing June 21 at Chicago, is expected to become a test case on that point which will take the Wagner Act through the courts again and up to the Supreme Court for clarification of the statute. It is that for which the Labor Board is preparing. The way was opened for action by the complaint filed by the workers. Inland offers good proving ground as it is estimated to be about 80 to 85 per cent organized. Meanwhile, the Labor Board and the Justice Department have investigators in the field seeking other grounds of action.

The confusion still existing over the question of when a collective-bargaining agreement is an agreement, as well as over phases of the Wagner Act—recognized as a vague document when passed—readily explains the insistence of President Roosevelt on Supreme Court reform and his caustic criticism of the high court for closing its door and dispersing. The recent Supreme Court

decision left many questions unanswered. The bosses of little steel squat before what they think is a loophole and thumb their noses at Washington.

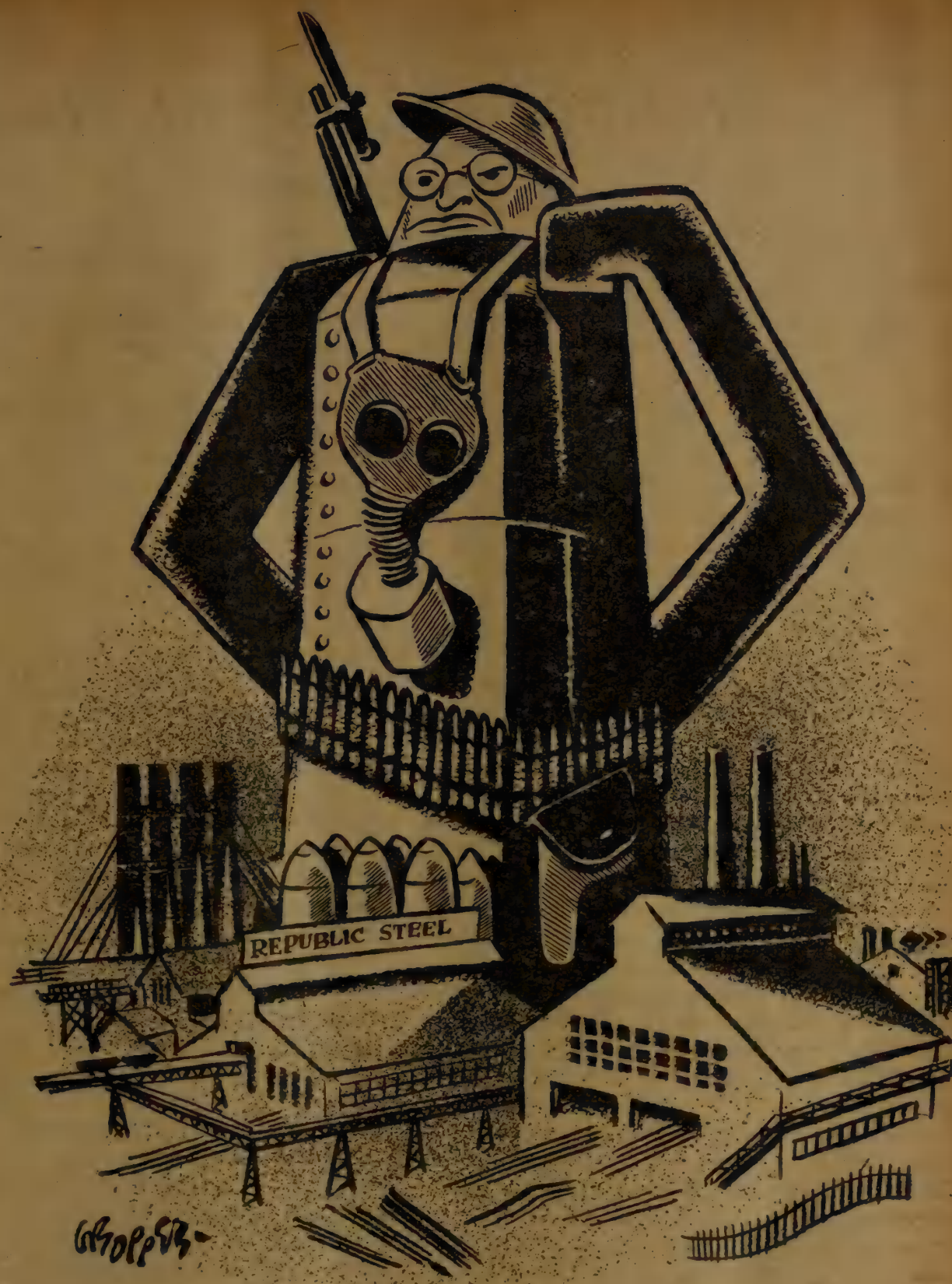
As the legal machinery lumbers into action, the politicians gnaw on the "freedom of the mails," the latest of red herrings. This was the contribution of Republic Steel. The story is being exploited in all its details, with all sorts of interpretations placed upon the trick of Republic lawyers who took packages of food to post offices at Niles and Warren, Ohio, and got the expected refusal to shuttle the supplies by mail service through picket lines to beleaguered loyal workers.

The dapper and energetic Senator H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire caught the red herring on the fly and flung it into the Senate. Enraged reactionaries pounced hungrily upon it. As a result, the Senate Post Office Committee is currently engaged in what we call a "preliminary inquiry" that may blossom into a full-fledged investigation of goings on among the little brothers of steel.

For as government is constituted in the New Deal, these red herrings are no longer taken at face value. Administration lieutenants are alert and eager to detect whether they stink as well as shine in the moonlight. Senator Joe Guffey of Pennsylvania rose to this occasion. He was quick with a counter-proposal to do a bit of investigating of tactics used by the companies against their workers. He asks whether they have sequestered machine-guns and, as he calls it, "other war paraphernalia." He would inquire into the "moral conduct of both parties." And, finally, he wants to know whether the companies are violating the Wagner Act. Senator Guffey has permission to call his own witnesses. Under capable Administration guidance this investigation might be very valuable in throwing light on some unsavory practices of the independents.

Grover Cleveland is being dug out of his innocuous desuetude as a Democratic symbol and extolled anew by Republicans for using United States troops to open the railroads for the mails—and thus break the Pullman strike. No one, however, has mentioned the subsequent report of Cleveland's special investigating commission which condemned the Pullman Company and way back there in the hard-boiled nineties suggested that employers should recognize trade unions, both for their own good and that of the workers.

Mr. Girdler and his colleagues in the strike have been castigated by Senator Guffey, who said, "Honest men do not hesitate to reduce to writing and to sign their names to an agreement previously reached in verbal discussion. . . . They say that under the Wagner law they do not have to sign a contract. I say that the obvious intent of the Wagner law, once an agreement has been



Portrait of Tom Girdler

reached, is to sign such an agreement. It is true that specifically the Wagner law provides for collective bargaining; that is, the company must meet with representatives of its workmen and seek to reach an agreement. It is possible that an agreement cannot be reached in certain situations. Obviously, where there is no agreement there can be no signed contract. But in the present instance these steel companies that have brought strikes to the nation's number one industry say they will accept the agreement. They have reached an agreement. But they will not sign."

The NLRB has assumed that signing of a contract, in

the event an agreement is reached, is a natural and necessary conclusion to collective bargaining. A year ago it ruled on the general question in the St. Joseph Stockyards case, in which the company was willing to negotiate on all matters but declined to enter an agreement. The board said: "The act imposes upon employers the duty to meet with the duly designated representatives of their employees, to bargain in good faith with them in a genuine attempt to achieve an understanding on the proposals and counter-proposals advanced, and, finally, if an understanding is reached, to embody that understanding in a binding agreement for a definite term."

Spain: A Socialist View

BY NORMAN THOMAS

THE train from Valencia to Barcelona pulled into the station on time. It was a glorious morning on one of the most beautiful seacoasts in the world. Our friends met us with the bad news that early that morning Barcelona had been bombed; that no military objective had been achieved, and no public building hit, but that much devastation had been wrought in residential districts and perhaps a hundred lives lost.

We visited first one of the working-class districts most damaged. What we saw and heard was pretty much a repetition of what we had seen and heard in Valencia when German or Italian fliers had bombed it twenty-four hours earlier. The principal emotion of the people was anger. If Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco think that these attacks are destroying the morale of the Spaniards, they are entirely mistaken. The dictators have not put enough planes into the Spanish war to destroy great cities as they destroyed Guernica. Foreign aviators can rain sudden death or a living horror worse than death upon sleeping Spanish cities and the women and children in them. But they cannot conquer Spain.

Yet this murder of women and children is the background for that bombing of the Deutschland which had such grave international repercussions. I do not profess to know for certain whether the German or the Spanish version of that incident is correct. In no case was Hitler justified. He took his despicable retaliation by bombarding Almeria, a city in no way responsible for the act of aviators over the harbor of Palma. He asked for no adjudication of fact and no reparation before he thus brutally avenged his "honor." The European press, and for all I know the American, in discussing this whole affair largely lost sight of the fact that, as every Spaniard along the Mediterranean coast knows, Majorca is in Italian hands, and that it is the base for attacks like those on Valencia and Barcelona. The men and women gathered among the ruins of their own or their friends' homes were not cursing their Spanish foes in a civil war but the German and Italian "assassins," whose attacks may not even have been known to Franco until after they occurred. For a rough parallel imagine that during our American Civil War the English had occupied Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and (supposing aviation to have been then developed) used them as a base for night attacks upon Boston and New York.

I dwell upon this because perhaps my chief impression of Spain is the degree to which this accursed war is a war of the fascist dictators. Before me as I write are two books; one, Spielhagen's collection of documents showing Nazi complicity in Franco's revolt; the other, the Spanish White Book, which overwhelmingly proves the case against the Italian military units which fought

at Guadalajara. This is only part of the evidence that Germany and Italy are making war on Spain.

The fascists' claim that they fight only against "Russian intervention" or "Spanish bolshevism" is utterly false. Russian aid to Spain has been very valuable, but it has been definitely limited in amount and was not begun until after German and Italian intervention was an established fact. As for "bolshevism," Spanish Communists are so thoroughly subordinating every revolutionary consideration to the winning of the war that there is a Spanish jest to the effect that if a man is too conservative to join the left Republicans, he joins the Communists.

Indeed, it was for us a grimly ironic experience on coming out of Spain to read in certain of the English and French papers new talk of Spanish "anarchy" or "bolshevism"—the learned editors were very careless in their interchangeable use of the words—as a result of the Deutschland incident. Of "anarchy" in the popular sense of disorder and violence there is amazingly little in Loyalist Spain.

I went with two American newspapermen and two Spaniards, a guide and a chauffeur, to the Teruel front. Twice in rather thinly populated mountain country we had trouble with the car; both times we Americans visited farmhouses while our chauffeur caught a ride in a military car to the nearest large village in search of an inner tube. Our hosts reported not only that all was quiet in their village, but that it had been quiet even in the early days of the Franco revolt when churches were often fascist fortresses and committees of the revolutionary workers were sometimes responsible for considerable violence. Their priest, they explained, was a good man and a worker, so he was not hurt.

The civilian population in Spain is at work. The cities show more than the normal activity. Schools are in session, trains run, and trams also, despite some trouble about fuel. When we first went to Barcelona there were still barricades in the streets, after the disturbances early in May, but the people went about their normal business, and I walked with officials from place to place with far less fuss and show of actual or potential force than in some other countries where there is no war.

Of anarchy, or anarcho-syndicalism, in the exact sense there is more in Spain than in any other country. And it has certainly not been proved that Anarchist philosophy and methods of organization work sufficiently well for present-day society in times of war or peace. Plenty of stories, some of them funny and some of them serious, can be told of Anarchist methods in Catalonia and at the front. The Communists and other enemies of the Anarchists charge that their ranks contain hundreds of racketeers and fascists. Yet I received the distinct im-

pression that many of the best elements in Spain, as well as, perhaps, a few of the worst, could be found in the C. N. T. Certain it is that in the early days of Franco's revolt it was the C. N. T. together with the U. G. T.—the latter generally Socialist in philosophy—that saved Spain from Franco; and the rather considerable work of collectivization which has been done has been almost entirely the achievement of the labor unions and not of the political parties. The general testimony was that these unions are now doing a surprisingly good job in running many factories, stores, hotels, and transport lines.

Unquestionably the grim business of war requires a far more unified and disciplined army and a far more centralized government than Spanish Anarchists or the extreme Spanish regionalists like. That army is being built. I saw something of the process under a very high type of commander at the Teruel front. He was doing more than building an army. He was fighting illiteracy, and he was keeping something of the revolutionary fraternity between officers and men without sacrificing discipline.

Supplies far more than man-power are the problem for Loyalist Spain today. Once, perhaps twice, the International Brigade saved Madrid and rendered other invaluable service, but today it is not men, except highly trained specialists, which the Spanish government needs. It is, of course, to a considerable extent, arms and ammunition. It is such everyday necessities as milk and wheat and soap. There is a shortage of these things, but Spain is by no means starving, and I judge that the problem of feeding the civilian population as well as the army is serious only in Madrid and Bilbao. Spain has every reason for pride in the way it has been able to care for refugees—men, women, and especially children.

The Spanish are a brave, sometimes violent, but essentially non-warlike and non-military people. They want peace. Over and over they said to us, "Come and see us when our country is not cursed by war." They do not want peace badly enough to yield to Franco, and it will be a tragedy if the final victory over Franco requires their militarization. The best-informed opinion that I could discover, both in Spain and in France, is to the effect that the victory over Franco would soon be won if Mussolini and Hitler would discontinue their active support. A bona fide withdrawal of all foreign soldiers, volunteers or regulars, would be overwhelmingly to the advantage of the Loyalists, and it would give them the chance, which in their hearts all Spaniards want, to settle their own problems.

We Americans should of course continue and increase the kind of aid that the North American and medical-aid committees are giving. But our greatest service will be to bring whatever practicable pressure we can upon the fascist dictators to stop their war. Now that our country has gone in for "neutrality," it is clearly the duty of the President, the Congress, and the people to consider by what right we continue to trade with Germany and Italy if they continue their present war on Spain. In Paris, just before I sailed, I read in *Time* (May 24) that twelve out of eighteen rightist planes temporarily interned in

France were of American make. I raised this question at the American embassy, which expressed grave doubts of the accuracy of the story. It is a matter which must be looked into by lovers of justice.

Sooner or later, I repeat, unless the fascist dictators greatly increase their present efforts in Spain, Franco will be defeated. During the two months that I was in Europe I observed a marked shift in English and French sympathy in the direction of the Loyalist government. In so far as the British government is concerned, I am afraid that its slight shift in sentiment is at least partly born of its conviction that a Loyalist victory will not, after all, mean the triumph of social revolution. Certainly there is a disquieting tendency in Spain to put the winning of British favor too much in the foreground of domestic planning.

As matters stand, it is quite true that the first task in Spain is to win the war. If Franco should win, it would be impossible to exaggerate the consequences to Spain and the world of that triumph of reaction. War or no war, the building of a happier new society requires the cooperation, not the alienation, of the peasants. In that society there must be freedom of religion. I think that the Roman Catholic churches, which outside of the Basque country are now closed, can and will be opened in adequate number whenever there are definite assurances that the church will act as a religious body and not as a landlord or as a major counter-revolutionary force.

But Spain's woes have sprung primarily not out of the monarchy which has been abolished, or out of fascism which has not yet been established, or even out of clericalism, but out of the old order, partly capitalist and partly still feudal, which the workers have already taken long steps to alter. If these steps are retraced, or if they are checked by some unsatisfactory compromise in the name of winning the war, there may perhaps be temporary peace, but it will not be long before a new and violent struggle will break out. Even a temporary peace satisfactory to the dominant groups in England and France may be at the price of a quasi-military dictatorship in Republican Spain. I do not say this because I have turned Anarchist, or because I support the P.O.U.M. (temporarily allied with the Anarchists, whose positive program is not theirs) especially in its more recent policy; the contrary is emphatically the case. I say it because I was disquieted not to find a more definite economic and social program in the new Cabinet's policy or among the leaders of the parties which support it.

Caballero's downfall was probably due in part to his shortcomings as an executive, of which his critics make much. The new Cabinet seems to have a very genuine popular support based on the hope of greater vigor and efficiency in the war. While I was talking with Señor Negrin, the Prime Minister, he was called to the telephone and on his return told me that the majority of the council of the U. G. T. had voted support of his government. He also said that he had private assurances of support from some of the Anarchist leaders. It is certain, however, that no one in the present government represents as completely as did Caballero the aspirations of the workers who originally were responsible both for

checking Franco and for advancing the social revolution.

But perhaps I am borrowing trouble. We friends of Spain with our limited knowledge have no right at long range to try to dictate her future. If in the modern world the future is to be a happy one, it must be in comradeship with the workers of other lands. Spain is not in a strong enough position to achieve socialism within her own borders against the active hostility of the capitalist world. Nevertheless, the Spanish government and the

Spanish workers should not be subjected to the dictation of any nation, be it Russia, England, or France.

Certainly our immediate task is to give the wisest and most generous help we can to Loyalist Spain in its struggle against fascism. More than any one factor which I discovered in Europe, it has been Spanish resistance to fascism which has checked its onward march and given new hope to lovers of true democracy. To aid Loyalist Spain is not an act of generosity; it is a debt of honor.

Stanley Baldwin Steps Down

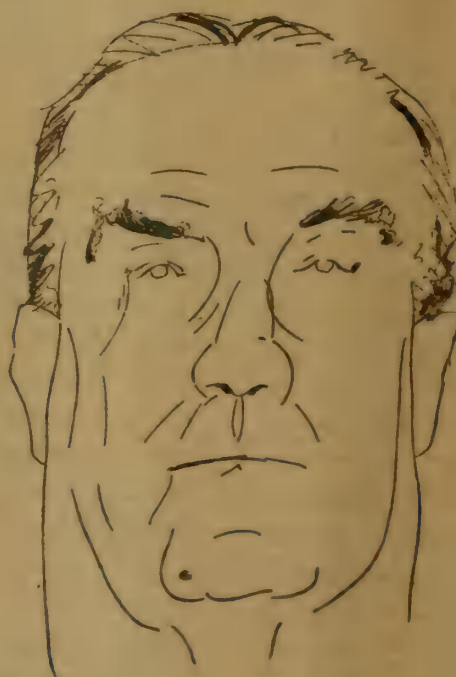
BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, June 1

MR. BALDWIN has gone with all the fanfare of trumpets that modern publicity can devise. An earl now, and a Knight of the Garter, he retires to a dignified leisure at the highest point his reputation has reached. With him go Mr. MacDonald—already half-forgotten by the public—and Mr. Runciman, of whom it is perhaps simplest to say that he has spent the last six years in action intended to show how mistaken and futile were the principles he expressed in nearly a generation of previous political life.

The new government is not, in essentials, any different from the old. Mr. Chamberlain differs, no doubt, very considerably from Mr. Baldwin. Precise, unsensitive, narrow-minded, unimaginative, he will carry on the work of reaction without that touch of organized simplicity which was so distinctive a trait in his predecessor. There will be no real change in policy under his direction, but the left will learn, far more incisively than it did under Mr. Baldwin, that "national government" is the British capitalist's alternative to fascism.

Most of the old team goes on, though there has been some shuffling of offices. Sir John Simon goes to the Exchequer. Partly, I think, that is the result of hard bargaining; he wished to mark himself out as the second man in the government. Mr. Chamberlain, after all, is sixty-eight. Mr. Duff Cooper, having made a mess at the War Office, is transferred—even the *London Times* cannot understand why—to the Admiralty. Sir Samuel Hoare, who is a careful administrator, goes to the Home Office; Mr. Hore-Belisha, who has at least a zest for publicity, goes to the War Office, where his special gifts will be valuable in that recruiting campaign in which Mr. Duff Cooper so notably failed. Mr. Oliver Stanley, having



Drawing by Bert Hayden

filled two Cabinet posts without energy or distinction, is now given a third opportunity at the Board of Trade; and Lord Stanhope, who is pleasant without being remarkable, becomes Minister for Education. Ramsay MacDonald leaves his son in office as a legacy; and Lord de la Warr and Dr. Burgin are brought in to preserve the balance as it stood in the Baldwin Cabinet. Both having become Tories in all but name, their promotion implies no real change. Mr. Chamberlain keeps Mr. Eden and Lord Halifax; they, with Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare, are likely to be the effective inner Cabinet.

What, of course, really matters is the resignation of Mr. Baldwin. I think his exit will in a brief time make a considerable difference to

the status of the government in the country. He had the power to cast a spell over both the House of Commons and the electorate. What was his secret? In foreign affairs, at least, his record is a grave one. Manchoukuo, Abyssinia, Spain—he bears a heavy responsibility for each of these. He helped to wreck the disarmament conference; he has cooperated in the virtual annihilation of the League. His public professions of faith to great international ideals have been compatible with actions each of which has been a major incident in their betrayal. In domestic policy the warm advocate of social reform and industrial peace, he has no single important statute to his credit in the first realm, while in the second he has cooperated in legislation attacking the trade unions, the cooperative movement, the unemployed, and, in the Sedition Act, the means of free expression. The man who won the last general election on a platform of peace proceeded without warning to the largest rearmament program in British history; and he cheerfully confessed to the House of Commons that he concealed his

intentions from the electorate because he feared defeat if he avowed them.

Mr. Baldwin was not a simple man, though he liked to pose as such. In one sense, indeed, he fulfilled Bagehot's definition of the ideal statesman—he was an extraordinary man of ordinary opinions. His hold on the British mind has been exceptional; only Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lloyd George have rivaled it, in their very different ways, in our time. Not very energetic, trusting his intuition rather than seeking the reason of things, skeptical of the really first-rate man, wholly traditional in his major assumptions, how did he manage to retain power for fifteen years? He was in office twice as long as Mr. Asquith, and three times as long as Mr. Lloyd George. Man after man challenged his supremacy in the Tory party—the press lords, Mr. Churchill, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Amery; he defeated them all without difficulty. What has been the secret of Mr. Baldwin's ascendancy?

First and foremost, I think, his remarkable intuitive insight into the Britain with which he was dealing. It was a tired Britain, unprepared for, even afraid of, any major innovations. It shrank from the burden of thought about fundamentals. With Russia on one side, with Italy and Germany on the other, the price of radical reconstruction seemed to most men too high; and in any case the left never inspired them—look at the record of the two Labor governments—to believe that this was possible. Mr. Baldwin at 10 Downing Street was an assurance that the old ways would go on. He seemed to the man in the street to keep the ship of state on an even keel. He was always genial, never remote, spoke his thoughts simply, was, within the framework of his assumptions, as honorable as anyone in politics, shrewd in handling men. The extremists of his own party never captured him. He had the great art of speaking his conservatism in liberal accents. He knew, as few men have ever known, how to appeal to the indifferent voter who does not desire disturbance. He used the great platitudes of conventional life as his platform; and millions voted for him in the belief that when they chose him they were securing the continuance of national habits. Above all, he knew how to play the great game of politics in such a way that he always gave the appearance of being an amateur making his way among professionals. Mr. Baldwin made himself a legend, and out of it grew the sense that he was entitled, as no other figure in politics, to respect and affection. That was a triumph it is difficult to exaggerate. It is, also, a triumph achieved by no other figure in the post-war years in Great Britain.

How deep it went was shown by the abdication of last December. Whether one agrees or disagrees with his policy on that occasion, one cannot, I think, deny that he was the only man in Great Britain who could have fulfilled it successfully. His critics could make no headway against him. He held the House of Commons in the hollow of his hand. He staked his whole existence against the most popular prince of modern times, and so organized the issue that he had an overwhelming public sentiment in his favor. That was a triumph of character the

like of which British politics has not seen in my lifetime. It illustrates, as does no other incident, the hold Mr. Baldwin had on the popular mind. And to depart from the scene at the moment when the glow of the achievement is at its full—when, so to say, it was he who was crowned the other day in the Abbey—shows the insight of the man abundantly. Never again will his stature be so high. He goes universally respected. He leaves all the problems to his successors.

That is the clue through which alone a proper assessment of Mr. Baldwin can be made. The bills have yet to come in for the policies of which he has been sponsor. He has defeated any serious attempt at industrial or social reconstruction. His transformation of Great Britain into a protectionist country, added to his move toward a closed imperial economic system, makes the future of the staple export trades a grave problem for future statesmen. He has killed both disarmament and collective security as the price of maintaining a temporary peace; we have still to learn how many men must die because Mr. Baldwin preferred the old balance-of-power politics to the new League system. In a word, he has maintained the old habituations by postponing all questions of adjustment to the urgencies of a new world. His skill has been that men have been persuaded to gratitude for that maintenance. A few years from now the perspective of Baldwinism will, I predict, look utterly different from its contemporary appearance. The judgment then, I believe, will be that in a period which offered immense opportunities for creative adventure, Mr. Baldwin deliberately put them on one side. He preserved a superficial national unity by evading the problems the nation has sooner or later to face. He kept the peace by a systematic surrender of the opportunity of dealing with the causes of war. He was a caretaker, rather than a constructor. It was his advantage that he dealt with a Britain that he was able to persuade to shrink from confronting the cost of constructive effort.

I do not deny for a moment that his has been a very considerable feat. Fifteen years ago Mr. Baldwin was hardly known in Great Britain; he retired as a national institution. The difficulty of his retirement lies in the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has none of Mr. Baldwin's healing touch. We are moving toward a period of labor unrest and intensified international crisis. Mr. Chamberlain does not understand the first, and the assumptions upon which he approaches the second belong to that habit of power-politics which, as the years before 1914 made clear, is incapable of resolving its problems. Mr. Baldwin can say with Sir Robert Walpole—whom in a way he curiously resembles—that "there have been ten thousand men killed this year in Europe and not a single Englishman." One wonders whether Mr. Chamberlain will be able to say as much on the day of his retirement. If he finds himself a war minister, the key to the conflict in which Great Britain will be involved will, I feel confident, be found in the international policies of the post-war years, for which the major responsibility belongs to Mr. Baldwin.

Spain's Homeless Million

BY LELAND STOWE

AT LEAST 5 out of every 100 Spaniards are homeless today because of the fascist invasion of Spain. Another way of saying this is that, according to Valencia's Ministry of Public Health, there were 1,250,000 war refugees in Loyalist territory alone at the beginning of April. This means 1,250,000 uprooted, helpless, penniless, and hungry human beings out of a total population of 24,000,000. Transpose these figures into an equivalent ratio for the United States and the result is eloquent. One need only suppose that artillery and aerial bombardment had driven 6,500,000 trans-Mississippi Americans into the states east of Old Man River; that the nation was fighting with its back to the wall; that federal funds were exceedingly limited and outside help almost non-existent; and, finally, that no WPA or other governmental agency existed with which to succor the 5 per cent of our population in acute distress.

It is almost impossible to appreciate the magnitude of the refugee problem in Spain, as it is incredible that the outside world has scarcely raised a finger to alleviate the suffering. A few facts should be enlightening. Last January the province of Valencia was flooded with 160,000 refugees in addition to its normal 926,000 inhabitants; Ciudad Real had 112,000 refugees to 427,000 inhabitants—was supporting every fifth person as a war derelict; Catalonia had its population swollen by 350,000 persons; in Murcia one out of every seven persons was a refugee. The situation in Albaceta and Almeria was almost as serious, while the lowest total in thirteen other provinces was 32,000 refugees in Castellon above a normal population of 306,000. Since January these figures have increased by tens of thousands.

Such a brief summary may prompt the query, With the enemy at its gates what has the Valencia government been able to do for this horde of uprooted humanity? The facts have been assembled by two Paris lawyers, Marc and Marie-Louise Jacquier, in a report published by the International Bureau for the Right of Asylum and Aid to Political Refugees. Organization of refugee aid has developed in three steps. A Refugees' Committee was formed last October on a national scale. By a decree of January, 1937, the functions of this body were assumed by the Ministry of Public Health and Social Aid. Finally, in February, the provincial committees were replaced by the "Offices of Stages," which are administered through the Public Health Ministry. With this improvised organization the Loyalists' refugee-aid activities have fallen into four groupings: evacuation of endangered civilian populations, registration of refugees, transportation and distribution of refugees in different provinces, and provision of lodgings and sustenance.

To handle the refugee army extraordinary efforts have

been required. An individual card system has been established whereby the homeless are catalogued and provided with identity cards for presentation at federal or municipal shelters or at private homes. Army barracks, convents, hotels, public halls, and abandoned villas have been converted into refuges. In Madrid two large refuges have been used for evacuation purposes, one housing 1,500 persons and the other as many as 4,000. In Barcelona the huge Montjuich stadium has been equipped with dormitories, shower baths, and an infirmary and can shelter 6,000 persons in emergencies. Valencia is now completing the Marguerita Nelken Refuge in addition to a children's shelter near the railroad station. Refugees are accommodated in two ways: they are settled in colonies or are billeted with private families. The latter method has imposed a tremendous burden upon Spanish homes, for several hundred thousand refugees have been taken in, fed, clothed, and "adopted for the duration of the war." A February decree provides that each family shall feed and house at least one refugee. Of course the average Spanish family exists upon a bare subsistence level; yet there has been no protesting or grumbling.

A large number of *guarderías*, or colonies for children, have been founded in the various provinces. Clothes, food, and medical care are especially necessary for the homeless youngsters. In this work municipalities contribute according to their means, in addition to federal and private aid. In and near Barcelona a number of model children's colonies have been established. Almost everywhere the members of the staff are volunteers and unpaid.

This rescue work for homeless children demonstrates clearly that the self-respecting Spaniards are caring for their own to the limit of their capacity. The Basque refugee children, therefore, constitute a special case. In Bilbao there is no alternative to consigning the children to charity abroad. Strangely enough it was not until the first of these had to be carried away to safety that the outside world began to realize that the Basque refugee problem is merely a small fraction of the great problem throughout Spain.

What has already been done for the Spanish refugees by their own government and their own private citizens has passed almost unnoticed amid the thunders of the war, but it is an inspiring and noble story. The brutal fact remains, however, that 1,250,000 older men and women, mothers, children, and infants are objects of charity in Spain and may go hungry tomorrow. They need aid from abroad, urgently and without stint. In 1914 the world's heart responded swiftly to the plight of the Belgian people. What cruel irony that Spain's human derelicts should awaken no such outpouring of generosity!

Will the SEC Wreck Hearst?

BY JAMES SMITH

THE Hearst newspaper empire may be wrecked by the Securities Act of 1933. The act requires that companies selling securities disclose their true financial condition without concealment of relevant facts. The Hearst organization, overloaded with debt and possessing tangible assets whose balance-sheet totals are negligible, is trying to bail itself out by selling \$35,500,000 of debentures to the public. In early March Hearst registered \$13,000,000 for Hearst Magazines, Inc., which owns the *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other periodicals. Three weeks later a registration statement was filed covering \$22,500,000 for Hearst Publications, owner of many of the Hearst dailies. The Hearst issues, under the provisions of the Securities Act, had to remain on exhibition twenty days before they could be released for sale. Meanwhile, omissions and falsifications were sought by the SEC. Their public offering is still pending. Protests to the SEC followed quickly upon the registration of the issues. They deal with irregularities in Hearst's finances and with the effects on his business of his fascist news and editorial policies, his labor relations, and other matters.

An analysis of the registration statement of Hearst Magazines, Inc., was made and sent to the SEC by Paul Kern, Civil Service Commissioner of New York City, and Bernard Reis, author of the recently published "False Security." The brief declares that when a magazine company sells securities, the "investor has a right to assume that the moneys to be thus procured will be used for the acquisition of new profitable assets connected with its operations, working capital, or the liquidation of liabilities of the magazine business," and that "the conduct of the business previous to the issue was of such a nature as a reasonably prudent magazine publisher would have conducted." Since this is the natural assumption, established in law, says the brief, deviations should be clearly described. Otherwise "a magazine publisher could use the proceeds for the acquisition of a yacht."

The brief shows that practically all of the \$13,000,000 is to be used for purposes foreign to the ostensible business of the company and that this fact becomes discernible only after close scrutiny; the conclusion is that the provisions of the registration statement "unquestionably verge on legally actionable fraud." Citing much legal precedent, the brief says:

A statement is not legally accurate merely because a careful accountant or expert may find it so. It must be accurate to an investor of "ordinary prudence." This long and involved registration statement, with its cross references, footnotes, and complexities, is not accurate to the ordinary prudent investor unless it succinctly summarizes the use of the funds to be obtained. . . .

The authors go on to point out that the statement, to be legally accurate, would have to "contain a prominent disclosure" of such facts as these: that part of the proceeds were to be used for the purchase of Hearst's British estate, St. Donat's Castle; that a building was being purchased from the New York *Evening Journal* at a price \$500,000 higher than the appraised value in order to relieve the Hearst Magazines of a contract which, in essence, required that it pay the *Journal's* rent; and that over a three-year period the surplus of Hearst Magazines had been greatly depleted through the payment of dividends (to Hearst) in excess of earnings.

Dealing with the same facts, the Labor Research Association stated to the SEC that no business management actually responsible to its company would countenance such operations unless there existed a "contract, verbal understanding, or working agreement between management of Hearst Magazines, Inc., and the parent companies under which the earnings and capital of the registrant are diverted to the parent companies." Failure of the registration statement to mention such an agreement, it was charged, constituted a "material omission in violation of the Securities Act of 1933." Pointing out from facts contained in the registration statement that diversion of company moneys to parent companies and to the top parent, William Randolph Hearst, was not the exception but the rule and routine, and that debt claims against parents appeared likely to grow without limit, the Research Association concluded that "the value of the present securities can be judged only after the financial condition of the parents has been disclosed." Since Hearst is the final borrower, this would include him.

Whether through the intervention of the SEC or otherwise, the existence of the equivalent of such a working agreement was disclosed when the second issue, the \$22,500,000 Hearst Publications debentures, was filed. An obscure footnote said:

The company, its divisions, and its subsidiary have . . . been under a common ownership and executive management with other Hearst companies, and all have been operated from a practical standpoint as though they were branches or divisions of a single business, to an extent that intercompany advances and exchanges of working-capital funds have been a common practice; joint facilities, commodity, features, news, and other services have been conducted in some instances without contracts and on non-uniform bases of charges therefor, and lessor and lessee relationships have not . . . at all times measured occupancy benefits.

Such an admission obviously makes even more essential the disclosure of the whole set-up as demanded by the Labor Research Association. Otherwise an organization might segregate its best assets in a single corporation,

which alone would issue securities and whose condition alone would be disclosed, even though the proceeds were diverted to other units about which the public would be told nothing. This hypothesis fits the Hearst case.

Protests were not limited to the financial condition of the Hearst organization. The American League against War and Fascism in a carefully documented thirty-five-page brief told the commission of the existence of the boycott against Hearst. "Since such a boycott obviously limits the possible expansion of the registrant," reads the brief, "the American League against War and Fascism respectfully requests that the Securities and Exchange Commission require that the registration statement and the prospectus state that such a boycott exists." It also asked that the release of the securities for public sale be delayed until organizations boycotting Hearst had been given the opportunity so to testify in public hearings, as permitted under the act.

The claims made by the Good Housekeeping Institute were denied by the Consumers Union. The institute tests household articles and upon some places its "Certificate of Approval." Articles not receiving such approval are forbidden the advertising pages of the magazine. The Consumers Union listed scores of articles which had been subjected to cease-and-desist orders of the Federal Trade Commission or placed on the black list of New York City without loss of the privilege of advertising in *Good Housekeeping*.

As a labor union, the American Newspaper Guild avoids such issues as Hearst's financial irregularities, his fascist policies, and his false advertising claims. However, after Hearst Publications had admitted that there was but a single Hearst organization, in which separate companies were mere "branches," the *Guild Reporter* pointed out that this laid Hearst open to the demand for

a single union contract covering all the newspapers. To date such demands had been countered by the assertion that wage scales of one paper had no bearing upon those of others. Since assets and working capital are admittedly shifted about at convenience, this claim is no longer tenable.

Without consulting the Guild, one of the central trade councils in New Jersey called the attention of the SEC to the heavy strike losses sustained by Hearst in Seattle and Milwaukee. Pointing out that other papers lacked Guild contracts, it contended that the registration statement must note this fact and call to the investors' attention the possibility of similar strike losses in the future.

The effect of these and other protests, if successful, may bankrupt the Hearst companies. The organization needs its \$35,500,000 quickly. However, bankruptcy may be avoided. Hearst himself has been credited with possession of a large personal fortune. Failing to sell securities to the public, he may at least return to the companies the large sums extracted by such methods as appropriation of surpluses in the form of dividends and sales of real estate to the newspapers. Another possibility, although equally remote, is that Hearst will make full disclosure and that the public will still buy his securities.

Meanwhile the attack upon Hearst holds significant lessons for labor unions and organizations dealing with anti-social corporations. Both for new and already listed securities they are within their rights in demanding that companies disclose tear-gas costs and payments to spies and strike-breakers. They might insist upon disclosures to the investor of consumer boycotts. Demands for union recognition and the strike losses that might result from refusal should certainly be shown, and specific information about suits by the National Labor Relations Board should be required.

Social Credit: Troubles in Alberta

BY DONALD LESLIE

PREMIER Aberhart of Alberta, head of the first Social Credit government in the world, is the central figure in a controversy that grows in bitterness as the months pass. Alberta has had for eighteen months a government pledged to a program of Social Credit, but that economic theory has not yet been translated into fact. Mr. Aberhart's supporters regard him as a sincere, honest, and capable leader struggling to bring about a new economic order which shall provide "Social Credit dividends" every month. They see him thwarted in his efforts by the greed and obstinacy of the "possessing" classes, with orthodox finance as the chief obstructionist. The opponents of Social Credit call the Premier a humbug, a demagogue, a seeker after power.

It has been a troubled eighteen months. All sorts of things have been tried—"prosperity dollars," for in-

stance, which were issued last year with the assurance that if only the people of Alberta would accept these quite illegal substitutes for currency (of course the illegality was not mentioned), every unemployed man in the country would be put to work on road construction and the necessity for relief payments would be eliminated. The scheme collapsed and has been officially abandoned. Last year also a number of complicated codes were set up to govern a variety of businesses and trades. Somewhat after the fashion of the NRA, these codes aimed to bring about a needed reform in the conduct of business. Examinations were held, licenses were issued, and fees collected therefor, but the codes were abandoned when the first court challenge revealed that it would be impossible to enforce them. The fees have not yet been refunded. The basic theory of Social Credit

stresses the necessity of supplying purchasing power to the entire population to balance and absorb production. Increased taxes of course decrease purchasing power. The government, however, has been forced by the pressure of immediate necessity to collect more revenue. Nor has this come from the well-to-do only; the 2 per cent sales tax, for example, affects everybody.

William Aberhart, in the days when he was still a high-school principal, was appalled by the condition of financial servitude to which great numbers of Albertans had been reduced. Low prices, glutted markets, mortgages given in boom times, unpaid and compounding interest, vanishing savings, failing hope—a story too well known, sadly enough, to require much telling—aroused his pity and strengthened his determination to find a solution. He believed that Social Credit offered a way out. When as Governor he could not give immediate effect to Social Credit, he passed two measures to deal with the financial burden. One reduced to a maximum of 3 per cent the rate of interest which the province would pay on its bonded indebtedness. The other provided that all debts, and this especially affected mortgages, which had been incurred prior to July, 1932, should be subject to a new set of conditions, regardless of the original contract. The principal as of July, 1932, was to be reduced in the amount of all the payments, including interest, which had been made since that time. The balance was to be divided into ten equal amounts, to be paid in ten annual instalments, without interest, beginning with 1937. It meant the abolition of all interest on incurred debts from 1932 until 1946, and it extended the time of payment.

These two acts raised a fury of opposition in financial circles, while among persons saddled with an overwhelming burden of debt they kindled hope once more. Both acts were challenged in the courts, and owing to the division of jurisdiction between federal and provincial governments, both were disallowed. The verdict is to be appealed. Meanwhile a temporary moratorium is in effect to prevent foreclosure or recovery actions until the government can devise another method of dealing with the debt question.

During the recently adjourned session of the legislature the government proposed a licensing measure which would confer upon it very wide powers. A transport board was to be set up to issue licenses for trucking and to regulate trucking rates. Licenses were also to be required of business men, office, mine, and factory workers—everybody, in fact, except farmers and casual laborers. Fees were to be collected and penalties to be inflicted upon anyone daring to earn his or her living without government permission. It is difficult to see what these proposed measures, savoring strongly of fascist control, have to do with Social Credit, and protests arose as soon as their details were made public. Resolutions were passed describing them as "unwarrantable invasions of personal liberty which place every individual completely in the control of the state and stultify his freedom of conscience." It would be ironic if the people of Alberta, after electing a Social Credit government

in their search for economic freedom, should lose their freedom of employment.

After holding office for eighteen months without being able to put Social Credit into operation, Mr. Aberhart in March addressed to his usual Sunday radio audience an explanation and a challenge. He blamed the organized powers of finance and the press for the delay. He reaffirmed his belief in the possibility of setting up Social Credit if the people would continue to back him. The response was surprising. An insurgent movement, led by Dr. H. K. Brown, within the ranks of the Social Credit members of the legislature obtained sufficient numerical support to impose its demands upon the government. Protesting that Mr. Aberhart had no intention of bringing in a measure to give effect to Social Credit, the insurgents blocked the budget proposed by the government for the ensuing fiscal year until something should be done. This budget was of the most orthodox type, providing for the paring down of expenditures and the collection of a still higher revenue and contemplating an inevitable, though reduced, deficit.

After much wrangling and uncertainty a temporary compromise was effected. One-quarter of the budget was voted, sufficient to last the government for three months; a Social Credit Act was passed; a commission of house members was empowered to search for three "experts in Social Credit" to administer the act. The licensing bills were held in abeyance; the government's measure for dealing with debt was held up; the moratorium was prolonged; an invitation was extended to Major Douglas, the originator of Social Credit, to come to Alberta in person and put his theory into operation; and the legislature adjourned until June 7.

Meanwhile the issues between the Social Credit adherents of Premier Aberhart and the Social Credit insurgents are being argued in the constituencies with much passion and confusion. The opposing political parties—Conservatives, Liberals, United Farmers, and Labor—are considerably cheered by this split in government ranks. An effort is being made by the People's League to consolidate into one unified force those elements in the electorate which oppose the party now in power.

It is difficult to foresee what will happen. One may perhaps guess. The People's League will need something much more constructive than mere dislike of Social Credit and a promise of return to orthodox finance to gain support at the polls in the event of an election. The insurgents probably will not press their opposition to Mr. Aberhart if by withholding support for the budget they can force him to give effect to the Social Credit Act. Mr. Aberhart is less sure of support in the constituencies than he was in 1935 when the forces of Social Credit were undivided; resort to an election would therefore be a gamble he may not care to risk. Unless defeated by a majority in the legislature, the government still has three years to hold office.

The majority of the people in Alberta, who voted Social Credit into power in 1935, want to find out once and for all whether this hitherto untried theory will work or not. Apparently they are soon to know.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mr. Hearst Asks for Help

ONCE more William Randolph Hearst has turned to the public for aid to carry on his publications. In 1928 and 1929 he induced the public to buy nearly forty million dollars' worth of securities which he personally guaranteed. Later, after the depression had begun, he sold fifty million more to the public and his employees and did not have to guarantee their repayment. Some of these bonds are coming due; Hearst's companies have not the money to redeem them; and so he is asking investors for \$35,500,000 more—\$13,000,000 for Hearst Magazines, Inc., and \$22,500,000 for Hearst Publications, Inc. If the public swallows the bait again, there will be \$125,000,000 of other money than Hearst's in that monstrous edifice of interrelated corporations which he controls, almost as involved a bit of financing and ownership of ownership as the corporation pyramids erected by Samuel Insull. Except for one thing it is probable that Hearst would be helped out again. That obstacle is the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington, created to safeguard the investing public from blue-sky financing.

If the SEC should authorize this additional Hearst financing, it might as well go out of business. I do not see how it possibly can sanction it, for a more unblushing proposal has surely never come before the commission. The whole financial set-up is so complicated that the proposed issue should be rejected on that ground alone. The application is ninety-three pages long; no individual investor could possibly understand the involved language and financing unless he were a banker or an investment expert. Let us take one example: of the \$13,000,000 to be obtained for Hearst Magazines, Inc., \$1,900,000 is to be used for the repayment of bank loans which had to be guaranteed, before Hearst could obtain them, first, of course, by Hearst Magazines itself; secondly by its parent company, the Hearst Corporation, Inc.; thirdly by the latter's parent company, American Newspapers, Inc.; and finally by Hearst himself. Originally, as Charles E. Hughes brought out years ago when campaigning for Governor of New York, these companies within companies were created in order to protect Hearst from legal liability for his reckless and slanderous statements. Now they are doubtless closely related to income-tax questions and to the difficult financing of this huge, unwieldy, and in some cases unprofitable group of magazines and dailies.

When we come to examine in detail what some of the money intended for Hearst Magazines is to be used for, the unblushing effrontery of the whole proposal becomes clear. Thus \$1,461,471.19 is to go for the purchase of

stock of an English company, the National Magazine Company, Ltd., which is controlled by Hearst in the usual involved, wheels-within-wheels manner. The stock is to be sold by Hearst's American Newspapers, Inc., already cited. Now what are the assets to be purchased from the latter? They are beyond belief: (1) net tangible assets of the National Magazine Company, Ltd., of \$189,676.75; (2) the good-will of this company, which has lost more than \$45,000 a year for the last three years; (3) the excess of the cost over the par value of the National Magazine Company's investment in the *Connoisseur*, a magazine which has lost \$15,000 a year during the past three years; (4) the good-will of this same *Connoisseur* and of the Good Housekeeping Restaurants, whose losses for the last three years total \$9,500 not counting depreciation; and (5) most astounding of all, St. Donat's Castle and estates and Bradenstoke Abbey and land, all located in Wales, of a book value of \$1,323,351.24. A castle and an abbey, the good-will in some unprofitable restaurants and magazines, and the net tangible assets of National Magazines, Inc., all jumbled up together to be unloaded on investors for the sum of \$1,461,671.19! Have I adequately characterized this transaction? I think not.

Let us go a step farther. St. Donat's Castle was bought for or by Hearst in 1925 for £24,694 (approximately \$120,000). It was subsequently "rehabilitated" by Hearst and so ruined that there were indignant public protests at the desecration of this historic castle. It was turned over to the National Magazine Company, and the Hearst statement before the SEC declares that "use of it is made from time to time to promote good-will for the publications of the National Magazine Company, Ltd." Moreover, the indenture securing this bond issue specifies that neither the registrant nor any subsidiary "will expend any money for restoration or alteration of this property, *though reasonable amounts may be expended for necessary maintenance and repairs*" (italics mine)!

This breaks all flotation records. The public is asked to give money to purchase a castle in which Hearst and his family may, as in the past, live and entertain in order to influence persons to give advertising and other aid to the limping magazines of this company! Publicly endowed toadying and bootlicking! Hearst was never known to be other than lavish in his entertaining. Would not *he* decide what were "necessary maintenance and repairs"? And it is seriously contended that the burden of running this property should be lifted from Hearst and placed upon a company which has only \$189,676.85 of actual tangible assets.

I can only say that if this proposed public financing goes through, we ought to make public apologies to the brothers Insull and give them the thanks of Congress.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Drang Nach Osten

HITLER'S DRIVE TO THE EAST. By F. Elwyn Jones.
E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.

DR. SCHACHT'S cagey economic penetration having provided an opening, the Austro-German agreement of last July was utilized by Hitler as a step toward the re-creation of a Mittel Europa; Vienna was to be the spearhead of the drive which would bring the Balkans into the Nazi corral. Beginning in 1933 the Germans imported extensively from the economically dependent Balkans. Large Balkan credits were soon built up and "frozen" in the Reichsbank, and the Balkan nations were then informed that they could only liquidate their frozen assets by buying German industrial products. Otherwise the credits would remain "frozen," or—as a final argument—the blocked Reichsmark would be devaluated. It was a neat financial trick, and it worked so well that last June Dr. Schacht pulled his trump card: "Use your blocked Reichsmarks to buy German arms."

The countries capitulated in turn. In Yugoslavia Dr. Schacht's plan was assisted by the damage which sanctions against Italy had done to Yugoslavia's considerable export trade. Germany "undertook to import 60 per cent of the Yugoslavian goods normally taken by Italy, and within a few months Yugoslavia had 21,000,000 Rm. credit blocked in Berlin." And although the Comité des Forges and Skoda had already armed Yugoslavia up to the hilt, Dr. Schacht eventually managed to get at least \$9,000,000 worth of semi-military orders from Belgrade. Two-thirds of the "frozen" Greek credits have been spent on German arms, although the Italian and British tenders were both lower. Bulgaria was easy prey. With 64 per cent of her export trade and 53.5 per cent of her import trade in Nazi hands, most of her "frozen" credits went for German arms.

Mr. Jones proceeds to a brief and arresting survey of the new Balkan dictatorships. The mailed fist of General Metaxas has made the government of Greece about the most stringent dictatorship in Europe. Police power is arbitrary. Metaxas has frankly told the press that "liberty is a fiction." The labor movement has been suppressed—or rather "nationalized"—and the electoral system abolished. Local mayors, for example, are now "selected" by the central government. In Rumania, since the overthrow of the M. Titulescu, the liberal and Francophile Foreign Minister, the Nazis have found the going rather easy. Army officers have succumbed to Nazi influence, and the peasants and students are increasingly anti-Semitic. Corneliu Codreanu's fascist and anti-Semitic "Iron Guard," composed of fanatics and terrorists, was openly supported by certain high officials and financed, in part, from Berlin. A military league has ruled Bulgaria since 1934. It was supported by Professor Tsankov's "social" movement, which was in turn backed by Nazis. Last July two Tsankov ministers were included in the Bulgarian Cabinet. For many years Yugoslavia has been held together by a strong, military central government. But while Nazi economic penetration has been considerable, Yugoslavia's position is undecided. The court is reactionary and the Foreign Minister pro-German, but the fascist bloc in Europe is frankly revisionist, and Yugoslavia is desperately anti-revisionist.

Such is Mr. Jones's brief sketch of the latest Nazi edifice. It is imposing but full of cracks. Yugoslavia has lately turned back toward Italy, France, and England at the expense of Germany. In Greece unrest is increasing. Sure neither of the army nor the navy, General Metaxas relies increasingly on his augmented police force. But Greeks and police are notoriously fickle and, like the "Republican Guards" of 1926, may turn against their creator. A Popular Front is being secretly established, and three-fourths of the university students are said to be anti-fascist. In Rumania the nationalism of King Carol and his more liberal ministers has been aroused by Nazi effrontery, and the new decrees against the Iron Guard and other fascist organizations mark a more liberal trend. Moreover, the important French and British economic interests will not be passively pushed aside by further German penetration. As for Bulgaria, it "has no desire to be dominated entirely by Nazi Germany. In October, 1936, the Bulgarian government made this clear by the dismissal of its two Tsankovist Ministers."

But the strongest forces against further Nazi infiltration are just beginning to function. The Balkan Entente, with the partly interlocking Little Entente and the new Yugoslav-Bulgarian pact of friendship, may conceivably form a stout weapon of common resistance to any foreign meddling. Furthermore, the cooperation between Italy and Germany is "in secondary interests," and underlying it is their "veiled opposition in primary interests." The current revival of international trade, moreover, has strengthened the internal position of all the Balkan and Central European governments and placed them in a more favorable bargaining position with regard to Dr. Schacht. Finally, with the British rearmament program nearing completion, the British are playing a more forceful role in Continental politics.

Mr. Jones concludes with a plea that England lead Europe "in the direction of collective security within the framework of the League." Many Englishmen may object to this, and Mr. Jones's epilogue—one hastens to admit—is a bit emotional. But the body of his book is meaty, realistic, and highly informative. There are few books on the subject, and Mr. Jones is one of the few writers in contact with the leading anti-fascists and radicals working underground in Central Europe and the Balkans.

JULIAN S. BACH, JR.

Tomb for the Twenties

AFTER THE GENTEEL TRADITION. AMERICAN WRITERS SINCE 1910. Edited by Malcolm Cowley.
W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75.

MR. COWLEY and eleven other critics review in this volume the literature of America between what they call the genteel tradition and now; between, that is, the birth and the death of a literary movement which, struggling to exist in the second decade of the present century, had already passed its prime by 1930. It will be remembered that the latter year was the occasion for many obituaries of the ten which had preceded it. Mr. Cowley's volume is merely the last of those obituaries, and doubtless the best. Its twelve critics, all of them able, bury a great many books with well-

directed blows of a single spade. For they have a single point of view—the only one which to any of them seems possible—and if it occurs to none of them that this also may pass, there is after all nothing remarkable about the fact, which has been familiar for centuries. One can even suspect that most of them would acknowledge the transitoriness of their truth with a melancholy pleasure. They are committed to history, and love to date the deaths of things, including perhaps their own. One can imagine them designing a tomb for their point of view, and saving the design as a critical guide for such young spirits as shall come after and be as little satisfied with the thirties as they themselves are with the twenties. The literature of a decade is for them something to be swallowed and digested as a whole; food for its time and for no other; a gesture that has served.

What they have to say about the literature of the twenties is pointed by Mr. Cowley in his opening and closing remarks, but it is said clearly enough in every chapter. The era of Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Willa Cather, Van Wyck Brooks, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, James Branch Cabell, Robinson Jeffers, Edna Millay, and Ernest Hemingway was liberating—and therein valuable—but it did not go far enough. These authors liberated themselves from the genteel tradition, but once alone with themselves they were confused as to what should happen next. For they were still lacking in the one thing which for our twelve critics is essential: they had no relation to society, or rather they had been born too soon to have the right one. They were middle-class people who had rejected their class without finding another one. So they went off into their various hiding places: Willa Cather and O'Neill into religion, Brooks into the problem of the individual writer and finally into descriptive literary history, Mencken into billingsgate, Lewis into panic and revulsion, Cabell into sheer trifles, Jeffers into his hawk-haunted tower, Hemingway into the bled veins of dumb animals, and so on. A chapter on John Dos Passos by Mr. Cowley and another one on Thomas Wolfe by Hamilton Basso are thrown in at the end to show that there is hope for the future, since both of these writers, it appears, possess the happy secret of keeping "open and unclogged the channels that ought to flow between the lives at the base of society and the literary consciousness." The words are Newton Arvin's and the context is Carl Sandburg, but they will do.

The thesis explains much, and explains it brilliantly; Lionel Trilling, Robert Cantwell, Louis Kronenberger, Peter Monroe Jack, and John Peale Bishop have published essays here which should be standard for years. Yet their very unanimity will inspire a perverse reader to look for alternative theses. What is being explained, of course, is the decline of several reputations. The tendency of most reputations to decline is, I suppose, not much of a thesis, since it can be stated in half a dozen words and associates itself in the mind with such commonplace facts as change and fashion and natural death. At any rate it suggests itself as something that might have prevented a good deal of the intellectual strain present in some of these essays; though at the same time it would have prevented some excellent prose. And about this business of the hiding place—either for an author who has lost his original power or for one (it may be merely this) who in his maturity has grown tired of being significant, representative, organic to his times, and what not, and like many another graying man insists on devoting his last days to himself. It has happened before. Shakespeare's final plays are a riot of magic and make-believe; Milton hid his head in autobiography; Tolstoy took to writing tracts. Such behavior may be repre-

hensible, but I do not know that it is more so than age and death, or that friend and enemy whom we call change. And it actually has produced good works: "The Tempest," "Samson Agonistes," "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" Or so it can seem with the passage of time and the conquering of our disappointment that the authors of these masterpieces did not continue their close contacts with every current thought.

It is not so much, then, or is it at all that our dozen historians are wrong. They are often in fact very shrewdly right. It is rather that they cannot possibly be as wise as they sound, wisdom in literary history being so extremely rare and having to wait so long upon its proofs. As for their criticism, the pressure behind it upon all authors to find at once the correct social attitude or die is a little terrifying. There are, nevertheless, two grains of comfort in the volume for anyone who is not yet ready to jump. Mr. Cowley announces the permanent death of William Dean Howells in apparent ignorance of the fact that Howells foresaw no literature for the twentieth century except under socialism, and said so. And Hamilton Basso calls upon Thomas Wolfe to "submit to the rigid discipline of his craft" if he cares to survive. That is the only reference in the whole volume to the superstition that writing is among other things an art. But it is a reference.

MARK VAN DOREN

Fable and Prophecy

TRUMPET OF JUBILEE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

IN A symbolic prologue Mr. Lewisohn dramatizes the struggle of man in the Western world today. He presents a Christian whom he calls Peter, a Jew named Jehuda, and an infidel, a Saracen of course. The infidel—who is also Mr. Lewisohn's particular devil—is a revolutionary, although he may also be a fascist. To Mr. Lewisohn there is no difference. The struggle between these adversaries is not a three-cornered one, however, for Peter and Jehuda fight side by side to uphold man's spiritual nature, his love as an individualist for liberty, his desire to create as well as pray, against the totalitarian state with its deadly monotony, its lack of imagination, its cupidity, its cruelty. But before Peter and Jehuda join hands they must discover what they are: Peter must know himself for a Christian, Jehuda must acknowledge himself a Jew. If the infidel defeats them, as he has in the past and may again in the future, they will at least know what they are dying for.

To illustrate his fable Mr. Lewisohn takes his reader to Germany in 1933. The anti-Semitic terror is rising. Kurt Weiss, the lawyer, has an Aryan partner and many Christian friends; he has hardly ever thought of himself as a Jew, nor has his wife, who is perhaps three-quarters Gentile. They are Germans, cultivated, intellectual, honorable, law-abiding. But Kurt Weiss, before he is shot in the head, knows the extremes of Nazi brutality; his wife and child are permitted to flee, first to Paris, then to America. They discover that the Jews they meet in those countries are desperately eager to deny their Jewishness. And their lives are hollow, unsatisfying, unhappy. These American Jews want to forget the Nazi terror, they want to pretend that all is well with them, that they are no different from their neighbors, that they are Americans—just as the German Jews wanted to believe that they were Germans. But the infidel is just around the corner, and in a prophetic look ahead that takes the

reader some ten years into the future, Mr. Lewisohn describes the coming struggle and indicates for believers their salvation.

Mr. Lewisohn is well known as a novelist of power and imagination. Now and then he indulges in too many adjectives, but his style is for the most part pure and penetrating. There can be no quarrel with his description of Germany today. We know it as he knows it. Its brutality and stupidity would be incredible except that they are true. But long steps into the future are always dangerous. To many persons Mr. Wells's Utopias are boring when they are not silly. Mr. Lewisohn, writing history in 1948—and in his epilogue much farther in the future than that—runs the risk of losing those readers who have not had his particular brand of revelation. The only world we know is the one we live in; we interpret the past in terms of the present; the future is mercifully dark. Man may eventually experience the breakdown of civilization; but if the Dark Ages come again, they must come in their own way and in their own time. Mr. Lewisohn would of course admit this. But he would add that man should be prepared, by knowing his God again, to meet them with courage, wisdom, and a high heart. It may be so. Meanwhile, ■ ■ member of that race which has produced both jesters and rabbis said: "If I don't feel it, I don't feel it." Revelation comes or it is denied. More perplexing still, the revealed truth of today may be the apocrypha of tomorrow. And finally, if one more distorted proverb is not too many, you may lead a man to the bread of life but you cannot make him eat.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

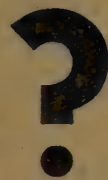
Claude Kitchin Vindicated

CLAUDE KITCHIN AND THE WILSON WAR POLICIES. By Alex Mathews Arnett. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

PROFESSOR ARNETT has excellently portrayed Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, one of the bravest and most sterling figures of the days leading up to America's entry into the World War. Indeed, Professor Arnett does not exaggerate when he terms him "one of the ablest statesmen of his time and one of the most honorable and courageous of all time." No man in our whole history was more severely tried as by fire. He went down to defeat and premature death with serenity and courage despite the bitter injustice of the attacks upon him. Because he, unlike hundreds of others in the House of Representatives, remained true to his beliefs and refused to yield to the arrogant demands of President Wilson and the warmakers, he was lynched by almost all the newspapers of the United States with a barbarity, ■ mendacity, a deliberate falsification unsurpassed in the records of our press. No incident of the last quarter-century of our journalism would make an honest editor or writer hang his head lower unless it were Hearst's contribution to putting us into the war with Spain.

Not only did the newspapers indulge in incredible vilification of Mr. Kitchin—the New York *Herald* (deservedly deceased thereafter) printed an "interview" with him every word of which was invented, and editors all over the country based editorials on it, while the *Herald* refused to print one word of retraction or correction—but they made a determined effort to lie and howl down every man in public life who dared to be true to his conscience if it told him to oppose our entry into the war. If it were in my power I should make this book required reading in every school of journalism in the

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United States and in every college class in American history. No book we have had since Walter Millis's "Road to War" has brought out more clearly how a country may be misled into a war with which it has no concern. Moreover, it is a valuable addition to the historical record of the United States in the World War. If Mr. Kitchin's family had placed on his tombstone the line "Killed by the American press for being true to America," it would but have told the truth. Of course, if he had not been hounded into his grave at fifty-four ("He was as much a casualty of the war," wrote his home-town daily, "as any soldier killed on the battlefields of France"), he would have lived to see the most complete justification of the stand he took and would today be one of the most highly respected and beloved of American political leaders. He would have had the satisfaction of reading that 70 per cent of a poll taken by the Institute of Public Opinion upheld in 1937 his view in 1917 that our entering the World War was a dreadful, an utter mistake. More than that, he, like Bryan, would have seen the measures he urged in 1915-17 in a storm of calumny, written on the statute books in our new neutrality law—forbidding Americans to travel on belligerent ships save at their own risk, laying an embargo on munitions, and the like.

Professor Arnett has set all this forth not brilliantly or as dramatically as might have been done, but earnestly, painstakingly and with every desire to be just to all sides. He has also brought out admirably the other phases of Claude Kitchin's public activities—his genuine financial statesmanship, his mastery of taxation, his devotion to the cause of low tariffs, his efforts to prevent profiteering,—all the things which won him the respect and admiration of all who came into close contact with him. Professor Arnett is much more kindly to Woodrow Wilson than this reviewer could have been. I have found only one serious error and that is his statement that the Lusitania "was carrying great quantities of highly explosive munitions in her hold." This is altogether wrong. Dudley Field Malone's report as Collector of Customs shows that she carried only small-arms ammunition which might or might not have been set off by the explosion of the torpedo. Two matters of great historical value have been brought into the light by Professor Arnett, the first a letter from John Bassett Moore reviewing, after nearly twenty years, the armed-ship controversy. At the time he "could not help wondering whether there was any limit to our credulity and subserviency to England." Now he still feels that "by the position actually taken, the United States was committed, while professing to be neutral, to maintain a belligerent position."

The other matter on which Professor Arnett sheds important light is the famous "sunrise conference" at the White House between Wilson and Congressmen Champ Clark, Harry Flood, and Kitchin in April, 1916, at which the President announced his determination to go to war against Germany at once. The time of the conference has always been in dispute as well as what happened. But to the testimony of the late Gilson Gardner and others Professor Arnett has now added a letter of Kitchin's to C. H. Claudy of Washington which leaves us no doubt that the conference took place in April, 1916, and that the President "seemed anxious to go to war with Germany immediately." Mr. Wilson cooled off when told that all three men—the Democratic leaders of the House—would fight any such proposal on the floor of the House, and pretended neutrality for another year, when the hue and cry made it possible for him to dragoon what was at heart an unwilling Congress into voting for the war.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Our Nietzsche

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NIETZSCHE. THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA, BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL, THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS, ECCE HOMO, THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY. The Modern Library. \$1.10.

HUNTINGTON WRIGHT tells us in his introduction to this Modern Library "giant" of Nietzsche that no other philosopher since Kant has left "so undeniable an imprint on modern thought." But there are several considerations which militate against the acceptance of this statement. One is that it is hard to think of any truly original discovery of Nietzsche's which has had deep-reaching influence. A second refers to the enormous amount of nonsense one has to wade through before one can come upon any valid insights. A third reason why we must disagree with Mr. Wright lies in Nietzsche's utterly false conception of the role thought plays in directing the course of history. Having his roots in the subsoil of German idealism, he believed that poets were the creators of value. Later he assigned this role to the philosophers, and to himself in particular. But Nietzsche neglected to tell us by what practical means his great transvaluation was to be brought about. Today we know that neither poet nor philosopher creates values. What they respectively do is to express and clarify them. In one sense both activities involve creation. But unless the values so expressed or clarified refer to existing communal, not private, needs, they remain inert.

This does not mean that Nietzsche is an unimportant figure in modern thought. He was a very subtle "literary psychologist." And he still remains a prerequisite for full moral maturity. For if he does nothing else, he washes one clean of soggy, pietistic reverence. But Nietzsche fulfils more important functions. There was in him, wrapped up in a great deal of sheer sadism, a very powerful and sincere drive toward excellence. He craved tension, and self-fulfilment through difficult effort. He hated the laziness and the philistine good-fellowship which, hiding frequently behind the pretense of liberal democracy, permits vulgar and mediocre men, by pandering to the worst demands of the crowd, to gain positions of influence. Is this irrelevant to our contemporary world? Not at all, for at least a part of the appeal of Hitler and Mussolini is that they offer what their followers, not knowing anything better, take to be an opportunity for heroic self-fulfilment, the need for which our liberal democratic leaders do not seem even to suspect.

These points, and others for which there is no space, need emphasizing today, particularly since Nietzsche has been adopted by the Nazi barbarians. It is one of the ironies of our world that men for whom Nietzsche would have felt a profound disgust should claim him for their own. Nietzsche might have fallen for their sword rattling and at times even for the wholesale murder to which they are addicted. He was probably deprived of tin soldiers as a child, and in spite of his own unhappy military experience as a young man, retained throughout his life an essentially immature conception of the value of war. But he would not have had any use for the totalitarian state. The type of discipline, the order of rank of which he dreamed in his best moments were for free men, not slaves. Further, though he was himself to no small degree an actor, Nietzsche had a deep revulsion for political histrionics, and Hitler's and Mussolini's operatic posing and vulgar logorrhea would have turned his stomach. Lastly, we

all know what a deep contempt he often expressed for the anti-Semites. He was a good European. And he would not have tolerated the parochialism of the barbarians. But be that as it may, there is much in him which we can use and they can never claim for themselves.

ELISEO VIVAS

Saving Democracy

POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY. Edited by Max Ascoli and Fritz Lehmann. With a Foreword by Alvin Johnson. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

THIS volume, in which many of the fundamental issues confronting contemporary democracy are reconsidered, grew out of discussions held by the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research in 1935-36. While each member has made his individual contribution to the book, the editors wish to have the whole work looked upon as a "collective effort to understand the problems of democracy by a group of men who have experienced at personal cost what the eclipse of democracy means." It is a unique document in that it merges the special scholarship of men and women in different fields in a united endeavor to evaluate anew the potential future of democracy.

The first half of the volume is concerned with the economic difficulties which modern industrialism has created. Such subjects as economic planning (Gerhart Colm), trade unionism (Alfred Kähler), labor arbitration (Frieda Wunderlich), and cooperative associations (Karl Brandt and Horace M. Kallen) receive special attention. It is the firm conviction of the authors that democracy is compatible with and capable of dealing with the tasks which contemporary economic life presents. But in order to do so democracy has to be developed and expanded. In these days when the "crisis of democracy" is on everyone's lips, it is refreshing to see stress laid upon the fact that we should be concerned with building democracy rather than merely with maintaining it. Too many people at the present time are altogether too ready to look upon democracy as an achieved ideal which requires no more than preservation.

It is clear that this group of thinkers is not willing to admit that the conflicts of economic interest in contemporary society are so deep that nothing short of a regime of violence, a dictatorship in behalf and in the name of somebody or something, will do. They attempt to show, each in his own sphere, that important changes might be effected within the governmental pattern of a democratic society which would go a long way toward dissolving the present conflicts. There are, of course, significant differences of opinion. Some of the writers are more inclined to place confidence in general efforts, others in specific regulatory devices. In the field of economic planning Colm argues that comprehensive planning is incompatible with the maintenance of democratic life, because of the impossibility of persuading the property-owners to accept expropriation "lying down." But more limited and specific efforts, amounting to what Colm calls planned intervention, are conceivable. "Planned intervention, if it is to work with, not against, modern technical conditions, must proceed from mere restrictive measures to positive actions for establishing economic equilibrium." In looking upon such positive actions as "interventions" the author shows his liberal bias. Intervening with what? The "natural" functioning of economic life? The price mechanism? Social justice is a more real goal than economic equilibrium.

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While the economic sections of this book abound with specific suggestions for change and adaptation, the political chapters are more interpretative in nature. Parliamentarism (Simons), parties (Ascoli), bureaucracy (Brecht), law (Ascoli), leadership (Saloman), public opinion (Lederer), nationalism (Mayer), and foreign policy (Simons) are analyzed in turn, the essential positions being stated and developed. One wonders whether these tools of modern democracy are really destined to remain as stationary as these essays would lead one to believe. They are certainly striking illustrations of how much more difficult it is to invent in the irrational realm of politics than in the rational sphere of economics. The observer's detachment is complete in Hans Speier's able essay on social stratification. "In a democracy of universal suffrage the ease with which social plights are presented as political issues makes for a relatively high degree of political instability. But this instability can be reduced by democratic consensus, that is, by mutual respect for political rights." This thought leaves the reader to whatever hope in the natural goodness of man he can marshal. Yet it is probably true enough.

In a concluding essay on the substance of *American* democracy Alvin Johnson does not gather up the several threads of the preceding analysis but rather furnishes the foundation for hope which is so urgently needed as a complement to the scholarly detachment of science. In moving sentences he recalls the irrational bases of the American democratic spirit, the jury system providing civic experience and education in the meaning of law and justice, the town meeting, and the broader movements of Jeffersonian, Jacksonian, and Lincolnian democracy. It was not and is not, he rightly insists, a matter of definitions and clear-cut arguments but a complex of impulses more or less trained and of experience more or less substantial deep in the heart of the individual democrat. Perhaps he does less than justice to genuine democracy in Europe; for was it not Rousseau who spoke of the real constitution of the state, which is not graven on tablets of marble or brass, but on the hearts of the citizens? And is not democracy as felt and real a thing, and indeed more ancient, in Rousseau's homeland, Switzerland? Democracy and the democratic spirit are more universal, and the American heritage is not unique. But it is mighty, and one is grateful to Alvin Johnson for pointing out to those who would despair of the future how readily a social institution adapts itself to new conditions once it has incorporated itself in the tissue of life.

"The anti-democratic forces are powerful, but they were powerful in the days of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln." To clear the way for such creative adaptation of a living tradition is a noble task for the scholar and scientist. "The forces must grow out of the people itself . . . [but] it is the mission of scholarship to hold fast to the underlying substance [of democracy] through all the process of change and to discover the new forms . . . that men of good-will shall not fall into despair over losses that are only such in seeming, or waste themselves in clinging to obsolete forms from which the substance of democratic life has migrated."

CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

CORRECTION

The price of "Social Security," by Maxwell S. Stewart, published by W. N. Norton and Company, is \$3, not \$3.50 as stated in *The Nation* of June 5.

RECORDS

WE know music only as it is performed; our idea of Tchaikovsky, in particular, is the one we have from performances which have converted his drama into melodrama, his intensity into hysteria; and this overstatement is now the standard by which mere statement is found inadequate. Noses, I hear, are being turned up at Ormandy's performance of the "Pathetic" Symphony with the Philadelphia Orchestra on Victor (five records, \$10); it is being found inadequate compared with Koussevitzky's old Victor performance. But the difference between statement and overstatement may be heard in what the two conductors do with the middle section of the second movement (2¼ inches from the first groove on Ormandy's fifth side, 2 inches on Koussevitzky's)—in the effect of the slow tempo that Koussevitzky adopts at this point without any direction from Tchaikovsky. And a similar difference in effect, produced in the same way, is to be heard in a passage in the first movement (⅔ inch on Ormandy's third side, 1/16 earlier on Koussevitzky's), of which Koussevitzky hammers out the conclusion at a pace twice as slow as Tchaikovsky's Allegro vivo. As a matter of fact, there is tremendous excitement in the music as Ormandy plays it—the right kind of excitement, created by the nervous alertness and tautness of the performance instead of the usual frenzy, like the flash of lightning as compared with the rumble of thunder. Contributing to this effect are the refinement in splendor, the elasticity and lightness in manipulation of even the greatest sonority, which are new in my experience of Ormandy's work. Add one of the finest of recording jobs; and you get a set worthy of the superb pages in this work.

There are the same brilliance and nervous excitement in Strauss's "Don Juan" as played by the London Philharmonic under Fritz Busch (Victor: two records, \$3); the recording is excellent but a little noisy and harsh with a steel needle. The performances of the Adolf Busch Chamber Players in Bach's Suites Nos. 3 and 4 (Victor: five records, \$7.50) are again a source of amazement and delight (Busch's solo performance in the famous Air of No. 3 excepted); they are excellently recorded; and two movements of the neglected No. 4 are finds: the fugue in the Overture, and the Bourrée. Kreisler's String Quartet, played by Kreisler, Petrie, Primrose, and Kennedy (Victor: four records, \$8), is the idiom of the little salon pieces in extended form—in other words, tripe.

On Victor single records Marian Anderson's beautiful voice and musicianship continue to be devoted to minor matters: two Finnish folksongs, "Summer Night" and "The Little Shepherdess," and Sibelius's setting of "Come Away, Death" (\$1.50); the recording of Caruso's singing of "O Paradiso" and the Flower aria from "Carmen" is a little noisy, but the voice is recognizable and marvelous (\$2); McCormack's style in Händel's lovely "Where'er You Walk" makes up for a dryness of voice that becomes unpleasant in Händel's "Caro Amore" on the reverse side (\$2); Miliza Korjus's remarkable soprano is heard to advantage in Martha's aria from "The Czar's Bride," and in the Hymn to the Sun from "The Golden Cockerel," which suffers from an atrocious orchestral accompaniment in Hungarian cafe style (\$1.50); and Margherita Perras exhibits an accurate but unattractive voice and no style to speak of in two arias from "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (\$1.50).

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Letters to the Editors

The American Writers' Congress

Dear Sirs: Some weeks ago I received an invitation to the Second American Writers' Congress, held in New York, June 4-6. I read the statement of the aims of the congress: to mobilize American writers against fascism and to enable left-wing writers to discuss their common problems. These seemed to me wholly admirable objectives, and I sent in a dollar and became a delegate. Your readers might be interested in my experiences.

I am ardently opposed to fascism, and I assume that all the other participants in the congress, whose anti-fascist directive was stated quite clearly, shared my opposition. The logical question before the congress, it would therefore seem, was not, Is fascism to be fought? but rather, How is fascism to be fought? As is well known, the Communist Party has one answer—the popular front in defense of democracy. But the Socialist Party has another—the class struggle against capitalism. The existence of this deep divergence of opinion among radicals expresses itself in every field. To writers it poses questions as to the freedom with which the critic who is sympathetic to the building of socialism should comment on Soviet art and letters, the relationship of the writer to political parties, the attitude of writers who accept the people's front in politics toward revolutionary literature—must they shift their allegiance to liberal-democratic literature?—and the reason why left-wing literature today has not come to more impressive fruition.

My politically sophisticated friends warned me that the congress was merely a maneuver of the Communist Party, and that I was naive to expect any such discussions—since discussion implies the possibility of disagreement. But the call to the congress made no mention of adherence to the Communist Party political line as a prerequisite for participation. Indeed, it stated: "We are not advancing these ideas as fixed theories that have to be accepted on pain of intellectual excommunication. On the contrary, we believe that they should be discussed among writers as freely and widely as possible." No such discussion took place. The congress assumed an

a priori agreement on Stalinist policies," despite the failure of the call to mention any such thing and despite the fact that the signers of the call were practically all non-Communist liberals.

The congress was one long "pep talk," reminiscent of the rallies I used to attend at Phillips Exeter Academy on the eve of the annual football game with Andover. In this case, Andover was replaced by fascism. A great many intensely earnest people told us over and over that we must lick fascism, but as to the strategy—that was entirely up to Quarterback Stalin. Anyone who criticized his tactics was a Trotskyite wrecker and assassin (read: "lacking in school spirit").

At the opening session a well-known littérateur named Browder launched a venomous attack on Trotskyism and its "liberal stooges." I suppose I am one of the latter since, while not entirely convinced of the correctness of Trotsky's line, I am critical of Stalinism. Mr. Browder was prolific in epithets for such as me—"innocents . . . seekers after truth . . . gentle souls . . . sentimentalists and muddle-heads." This gratuitous political attack on a minority of the delegates to the congress threw a queer light on the nature of its "united front." The victims had no spokesman that evening, or in the rest of the meetings. A Republican, a Farmer-Laborite, and a Communist were invited to address the opening session. But no Socialist appeared on the speakers' platform, then or later.

The remaining two days of the congress were devoted to sessions limited to delegates. Innocuous, non-controversial papers were read. A refined lady in a jaunty hat gave a history of Italian literature in the best ladies' club manner; Malcolm Cowley presented a "Time Marches . . . On!" sort of summary of recent literary events, Albert Rhys Williams told us that billions of books are published in the U. S. S. R.; Henry Hart was of the opinion that publishers are out to make money and have little real feeling for literature; and almost every one warned us in convincing detail that fascism is inimical to culture. After every paper, a discussion period. But, alas, there was little discussion. This seems to have disturbed some of the more innocent sponsors of the congress.

As the congress dragged on, its su-

perbly simple strategy became increasingly clear. At Friday's mass-meeting, when no rebuttal was possible, Browder attacked the critics of Stalinism. During the next two days' sessions, when discussion was possible, the speakers confined themselves to purely factual talks or to statements of truths so obvious as to permit no dissent.

What is one to think of a "united front" congress of anti-fascist writers which includes Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, Carl Van Doren, and Marc Connelly and excludes Edmund Wilson, Louis Hacker, Lewis Corey, Sidney Hook, Benjamin Stolberg, and James T. Farrell? (Mr. Farrell seems to have been invited, but for some reason didn't think it worth attending.) Indeed, what is there to say except that for such a writers' congress the "united front" is, as these names indicate, indefinitely extensible on the right but on the left is strictly limited to the Communist Party?

It is not necessary to dwell on the hypocrisy of a congress which pretends to be creating a united front of anti-fascist writers while actually excluding and even slandering a considerable group of eminent anti-fascist writers. This exclusion has nothing to do with fascism, communism, or democracy. It is simply that these writers, with whom I am proud to ally myself, are critical of the present bureaucratic regime which is distorting socialism in the U. S. S. R., and critical of the policies of its American branch. Again and again, in public and in private conversation with the leading spirits of the congress, it was made quite clear to me that radicals with my heretical views about Stalinism were not welcome. One of them cut short my criticisms with, "Well, if you don't like it, stay away." I submit that this is not an intelligent way to build up a united front of American writers against fascism.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

New York, June 8

P.S. The Congress wound up by electing as president for next year the well-known left-wing writer, Donald Ogden Stewart.

[Next week we expect to print a letter from a correspondent who also took part in the American Writers' Congress but whose reactions to it were more favorable.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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American Isolation

Dear Sirs: In the issue of May 1 Oswald Garrison Villard, speaking about neutrality for the United States, strongly advocates keeping your country out of any future war. Who would not wish to keep his country out of war? The real problem is how it can be done.

Fascism is a challenge not to democracy but to the failures and weaknesses of present-day democracy. One of these failures is the indifference and unwillingness of the United States to cooperate in solving the problems of Europe and of the world. The German and Italian peoples, not to speak of others, have certain grievances. The powers which are satisfied and have the greatest slices of the world's good things are unwilling to share these with the "have-nots," just as the super-wealthy are probably unwilling to share their riches with the under-dog. This kind of thing breeds intense nationalism, and intense nationalism breeds wars. The democratic powers, including America, should get together and find out what these grievances are before it is too late.

AUGUSTUS VINCENT

Geneva, Switzerland, May 28

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CONTRIBUTORS

THOMAS L. STOKES is Washington correspondent of the New York *World-Telegram*.

NORMAN THOMAS, leader of the left wing of the Socialist Party and three times Presidential candidate, has recently returned from Spain, where he interviewed Loyalist leaders.

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the London School of Economics, has just emerged from a heated political controversy in England which resulted in the dissolution of the Socialist League of which he was a founder. He will retain his membership in the Labor Party as a leader of its left wing.

LELAND STOWE, for nine years Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, is now on its editorial staff in New York.

JAMES SMITH is the pseudonym of a securities analyst.

JULIAN S. BACH, Jr., is a young American who has been studying in England and Europe. He has begun a journalistic career with some articles on a trip through the Balkans.

DONALD LESLIE describes himself as a Scot, a resident of Alberta for thirty years, and "verra respektit."

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The Shape of Things

✱

MEDIATION, MARTIAL LAW, AND DIRECT Presidential intervention have made their appearance in the steel strike since we last went to press. The first session of the board of mediators appointed by Secretary Perkins proved fruitless when Tom Girdler and Frank Purnell emerged from a seven-hour conference still refusing to consider a signed contract. Fortunately their plan to reopen Youngstown plants was scotched when Governor Davey imposed martial law to preserve the "status quo." Without question his action prevented a bloody riot, and President Roosevelt was wise in extending moral support by his request to the companies that they refrain from opening their plants. Governor Davey followed the example of Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, who had already declared martial law in Johnstown in order to prevent open warfare between "outraged" citizens and strikers from both steel mills and coal mines who are also outraged. Governor Davey's orders included the disarming of all persons not peace officers. This order would apply to both vigilantes and those union members who feel constrained to get out the family rabbit gun. So far, so good. But the state and federal governments should also enforce the systematic disarmament of the steel companies, whose caches of machine-guns and tear gas are a genuine menace to public peace.

✱

THERE MUST ALSO BE GRAVE CONSIDERATION of what happens when fully armed police go berserk and use as moving targets women in their Sunday best and children with holiday ribbons in their hair. The description of the suppressed Paramount news film tallies all too well with the eyewitness account by Meyer Levin which we printed two weeks ago. The sadists dressed up as policemen whom that film reveals must go to jail; the film itself must be released to the general public. Tom Girdler and his cronies boast of "public support." We should be glad to let the American public decide whether Tom Girdler's precious "principle" which keeps him from signing a contract is worth the ten lives that were sacrificed in Chicago on Memorial Day.

✱

A FEW DAYS AGO THE SHIFTING CROSS currents of European politics found a focus in the announced visit of Von Neurath to England. A new crusade was under way to accomplish an old purpose—

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the alignment of Britain with Germany and the alienation of France from the Soviet Union. And a new method was obviously about to be employed: ingratiating was to be substituted for threat and bluff. The pre-Hitler polish of Von Neurath was to replace the Nazi-agent methods of Von Ribbentrop. The moment was opportune. Internal difficulties in France, the Soviet executions, and the obviously conciliatory temper of the new British government were three excellent cards in Hitler's hand. Now, as we go to press, the methods are suddenly reversed. The visit of Von Neurath has been canceled. "The situation created by repeated red Spanish attacks on German warships" requires his presence in Berlin. And to Von Ribbentrop is intrusted the job of bringing about "immediate, forceful action" by the chief non-intervention powers—Russia being omitted. The velvet glove is thus peeled off before it has suffered any wear; and a new international crisis is prepared in Berlin.

★

WHAT EVENTS BROUGHT ABOUT THIS change? Chief among them, undoubtedly, is the alleged torpedoing by Loyalist submarines of the German cruiser Leipzig—the "attacks" referred to in the statement above. The Valencia government has denied the charge in most vigorous terms, denouncing it as a "vile maneuver"; but whether it is true or not may prove of small moment. The Germans obviously intend to assert the incident and then blow it up into a full-fledged crisis. The German press, an exact gauge of official purpose, announced the attack in huge spread heads calling for immediate reprisals; Hitler rushed back to Berlin from a rest on the Rhine; the Von Neurath visit was canceled; and the demand for action was made. Undoubtedly the more radical Nazi elements, Hitler included, have been chafing for action ever since the Deutschland incident; the barbarous reprisal on Almeria was considered inadequate vengeance. If the submarine attack really occurred, it would probably be sufficient to outweigh all caution and moderation. If the attack is an official invention, it may serve to hide other reasons for aggression even less fit for publication. The final fall of Bilbao and the probable consolidation of Franco's hold on the rich region around it may well have inclined the Germans to a renewed interest and a more aggressive policy in Spain. In either case, an incident and a quick appeal to the non-intervention powers is expected to serve Hitler's purposes better than the more conciliatory methods represented by Von Neurath. Whether the tactic will succeed depends ultimately on Britain. The first reaction of the Foreign Office is annoyance. It is one thing to plan gentlemanly deals with the gentlemanly Von Neurath but quite another to find the arrangements canceled without warning and then be expected to help snatch Hitler's chestnuts out of the raging fires of Spain.

★

WITH THE FALL OF BILBAO THE SPANISH picture takes on sharper contours. Italy is openly claiming credit for the rebel victory, and is hailing it as the Italian

triumph that wipes out the disgrace of the Guadalajara rout. The forces that finally battered down Bilbao's defenses were the forces of Germany and Italy—the hundreds of Heinkel and Junker bombing and pursuit planes that rained down death on the Basque soldiers and civilians and valiantly shot down the refugees streaming out of the city; the German artillery that shelled the city continually; the Italian infantry, conscripted for a war not theirs. Such was Franco's "triumph." He owes it, however, not alone to the ruthlessness of his fascist allies, but also to the so-called Non-Intervention Committee, which faithfully patrolled the coasts to keep out all aid for the Basques while it allowed hundreds of German planes and tens of thousands of Italian troops to stream in and bolster Franco's last desperate bid for power. Nothing in recent history can equal the travesty of international justice which the Non-Intervention Committee presents, or the sheer gall and brazen assurance with which the fascist dictators have alternately browbeaten and hoodwinked Anthony Eden. The Loyalists are by no means beaten. They have the man power, the resources, and the morale with which to win; they have built up an excellent army, and they have the mass of the population behind them. The real danger is continued foreign intervention, carried on under the cloak of the Non-Intervention Committee.

★

THE PAST RECORDS OF GERMAN DIPLOMATS make interesting reading; and they are instructive, too, as a gauge of Nazi methods and intentions abroad. A new German consul general, Baron Manfred von Killinger, has been appointed at San Francisco; he arrived in New York secretly last week nine days before he was expected, eluded the ship reporters, and is now safely ensconced in his new post. The Baron was a U-boat commander in the World War and later became a member of the reactionary Erhardt Marine Brigade and Erhardt's right-hand man. He was prominent in the equally notorious "Organization Consul," known as O. C., a secret league of former officers organized in protest against Germany's surrender at Versailles. It was members of this league who assassinated Matthias Erzberger in 1921 in revenge for his conciliatory attitude in the armistice and peace negotiations. Von Killinger was tried with a group of others for complicity in that fateful murder; but in spite of revelations of reactionary plots and terrorist activities in his organization he was acquitted for lack of evidence of the particular crimes charged against him. His path led logically into the National Socialist camp and he soon became leader of a Nazi outfit in Saxony, the Wiking Bund. Since the advent of Hitler, the Baron has followed a consistent course. As Nazi Commissar for Saxony he urged the formation of kidnapping bands working across the Czechoslovak border to wipe out, as the press put it, "Marxist, democratic, and Jewish plague spots in Bohemia." During Hitler's blood purge in 1934 von Killinger, then Premier of Saxony, landed in a concentration camp. Hitler released him, but in March, 1935, he discharged him from his office "with thanks for his

services" during a phase of disaffection with the aristocrats. Hitler's gift to San Francisco is more than a mere Nazi agent and putschist, however. He is also an author. Among his contributions to world literature are two volumes with the engaging titles "The S. A. in Word and Picture" and "Serious and Cheerful Incidents in Putsch Life." The appointment of this man bears out the analysis of Nazi intentions in the United States made by E. B. Ashton in his article on Ambassador von Dieckhoff in *The Nation* for June 5.

*

WE QUOTE HEREWITH AN EXCERPT FROM the extremely interesting report of the Committee on Jurisprudence and Law Reform of the American Bar Association, a report unanimously adopted by the association at its annual meeting.

It seems to your committee that the most important subject for inquiry in this connection is the composition of the Supreme Court of the United States. The great extension of federal legislation to many subjects with which formerly it did not deal and the many questions of difficulty arising out of the war have thrown a heavy burden upon that court. This burden could be relieved in one of two ways:

1. The right of appeal to the Supreme Court could be materially limited.

2. Provision could be made for increasing the number of the justices of the court to eleven, besides the Chief Justice. Six justices as now would constitute a quorum (Judicial Code, p. 215). The concurrence of five should be necessary to render a decision.

The latter method would enable the court to be in session almost continuously, and thus to dispose of a much greater amount of business without impairing uniformity of decision. . . .

All of which is respectfully submitted.

EVERETT P. WHEELER, CHAIRMAN, HENRY W. TAFT,
THOMAS J. O'DONNELL, H. B. F. MACFARLAND,
J. F. LOUGHBOROUGH, ROBERT P. SCHICK, RANDOLPH
BARTON, JR., TORE TEIGEN, WILLIAM HUNTER,
JOHN R. HARDIN

This report was made and adopted in 1921. It may therefore seem a bit dated to some of our readers; but we are sure it will seem fresh to that school of thought which holds that what was bad enough for John Marshall is too good for us.

*

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN BY LOSING A BATTLE has won a campaign. His abandonment on June 1 of his National Defense Contribution (NDC) which had the unique fate of being bitterly opposed both by the moneyed interests in the City and by the Laborites, was one of the most gracefully executed retreats in British parliamentary history. The new NDC that now rises from the ashes of the old bears a stern visage for the British capitalists. Instead of being a tax on recent excess profits, aimed chiefly at the war industries, it is a 5 per cent tax for the next five years on all business profits over £2,000 a year. Added to the existing income tax of 25 per cent,

it will mean virtually a 30 per cent tax rate—the steepest in British public finance since the last year of the World War. This is "Tory socialism" with a vengeance. But the British financial groups can scarcely complain. First, because in offering extreme unction to the earlier proposal they announced their readiness to bear "a simpler tax with a larger yield"—and Mr. Chamberlain has taken them at their word. Second, because Mr. Chamberlain's government is their government, his purposes their purposes, and the military force he is building up will be used to protect their interests and power. There is method in the fortitude with which the British ruling class bears its tax burden.

The Fall of Léon Blum

THE fall of the Blum government has rescued Blum himself from an intolerable position. What its effects will be, however, for the Popular Front, the fortunes of French labor, and the international situation far transcends M. Blum's own fate.

The logic of Blum's strategy in accepting defeat without a harder fight is not far to seek. He is surrendering power, at least temporarily, with the same adroitness with which he has carried it for over a year. Even the Senate obstructionists had evidently not expected the Cabinet's decision to dissolve. Blum's intent is clearly to place the onus for the fall of his Cabinet on the Senate reactionaries, stand by while a new government seeks to guide French destinies without trade-union support, and when it has floundered beyond its depth, to come back with increased prestige. It is a perilous strategy, but Blum's success during his year in power would have been impossible without such audacity.

Last March M. Blum asked his colleagues in the Popular Front for a breathing spell for the nation. He has instead granted the breathing spell to himself. He found himself in a real impasse. He had survived the successive crises of the sitdown strikes, the Spanish war, the deflation of the franc, the Clichy massacre. He had passed valuable hours-and-wages legislation, helped the workers get collective-bargaining agreements. He had nationalized the munitions industries, relaxed the grip of finance capital upon the Bank of France, and almost succeeded in getting a new press law. He had purchased these reforms by a rigorous discipline over labor, an ineffective Spanish policy, and a tax program that bore heavily on the cost of living. Above all, he had incurred the deep hatred of France's "200 families" and the 314 old men in the Senate. The economic conflicts that lay behind this program and finally combined to force Blum's fall are described on another page of this issue in an article written before the crisis by Alexander Werth.

It was the steady campaign of the capitalists which led to the flow of capital out of France and depleted the country's once plentiful gold reserve. A treasury deficit of nine billion francs was in prospect for the current fiscal year, and even the indirect taxes to which Blum

had finally consented would not have met the deficit. Blum had been placed in the position of having to shun on the one hand the orthodox capitalist remedy of removing restrictions on capital and thus attracting back the migrant capital. He had on the other hand been unable to force through a drastic Socialist program of commandeering capital by nationalizing the banks and controlling the processes of capital accumulation. He was compelled to steer a middle course which satisfied neither group. After finally getting the assent of the Communists and trade unions last week, he found the Senate obstruction too great; and without forcing the issue to a vote of confidence, he chose to dump the baby into the lap of the Radical Socialists. He met failure at the very point where every labor government must face its sharpest crisis—on the financial front, where at least the tolerant cooperation of the capitalists is needed unless the government is ready to take revolutionary action.

In a parallel way the new government is bound to meet its sharpest crisis on the labor front, when it seeks to cope with the problem of wages, prices, and labor organization, and when it needs the tolerant cooperation of the trade unions. At present writing the new government has not yet been formed, but the indications are that it will be Radical Socialist, with the aid of the center parties. Blum will probably do his best to keep labor in line and avoid demonstrations and strikes. But to maintain labor discipline within a Popular Front government is one thing; to maintain it while labor's enemies are in power is quite a different thing. Jouhaux, the head of the C. G. T., is on record as having said, "If the government is overthrown, the trade unions will not accept the verdict." The temper of the workers may be judged by the smashing defeat of the fascist Jacques Doriot in the parliamentary by-election the day before Blum fell. They are unlikely to stand by passively while the gains they have won with so much difficulty are being destroyed. Thus if the new government departs too drastically from Blum's policy, there may be serious trouble. If it stays close to Blum's policy, the Popular Front will get some of the fruits of power without the responsibilities of office. The dilemma is a serious one, and neither Chautemps nor anyone else attempting to form a government is to be envied.

Robinson on Relief

TODAY the millions on relief are doubly the disinherited. The rising productivity of labor and the increasing population will tend to keep constant the present total of 7,000,000 unemployed. But in the blazing light of recovery this mass of permanent unemployment has come to be regarded as merely a minor obstruction to a view of permanent prosperity. Hopkins, with his persistent and intelligent forecasts of the unemployment problem, has become Cassandra to an Administration pledged to raise the standard of living. President Roosevelt's glowing fireside talks about a better life for

the "submerged third" are matched in Congress by an inadequate demand for \$1,500,000,000 for relief; and even this modest request had been subjected to fierce attack in the Senate, while those enlightened individuals like Maury Maverick who would approach the relief and unemployment problem in terms suitable to its magnitude are voices crying in the wilderness.

The consideration of the relief bill happened to coincide with the stampede of the Solid Southern Senators off the Roosevelt reservation; and Senator Robinson, for once, was able to give full play to his genuine attitude toward relief, an attitude which is enlightening in connection with his aspirations to the Supreme Court. The most vicious as well as the most shortsighted line of opposition is the horse-and-buggy drive to reduce relief to a subsistence dole and push the whole problem back into the holes of local relief, where it is hoped it will be hidden from the national view and cease to be a drain on the federal purse. This was the motive of both Senators Byrnes and Robinson in advocating that local governmental entities be required to pay at least 25 per cent of the cost of all new WPA projects. "A time of prosperity," said Senator Robinson blandly, "is the time to put our house in order." And to his school order means cutting down relief arbitrarily when at least 7,000,000 persons are still unemployed, putting those on relief on the unproductive dole instead of setting them at wealth-creating work, and in general slashing purchasing power and preparing for a future disaster to the national credit that will make the present budget, deficit and all, look like the picture of health. Fortunately the Administration forces in the Senate, led by Barkley of Kentucky, were able to defeat both the Byrnes and Robinson amendments.

As it stands, the relief bill means drastic cuts. Harry Hopkins, when he testified before the Senate appropriations subcommittee, stated that \$1,500,000,000 would cover relief needs on the assumption that the rolls were reduced by business recovery from 2,200,000 to 1,640,000 people during the next fiscal year. But with curious logic the people are to be dropped before the business recovery takes place; according to figures given out by Senator La Follette, 427,359 will be dropped by July 15—and no one pretends that they have other jobs to go to.

What these cuts will mean in terms of food and shelter in a period of rising prices can be imagined. They will also mean a definite cultural setback in so far as they curtail the arts projects which have been one of the most distinguished as well as one of the least expensive contributions of the New Deal. These projects have the right to survive. The least of their virtues is that they have enabled artists, writers, musicians, and actors to make a self-respecting living at their own trade. In the three years of their existence they have enriched the life of the American community to a degree not to be measured in dollars and cents. They have also made valuable contributions to the several arts. It was irony enough that these activities began only because the country was passing through its severest depression. It would be an even greater irony if this genuine cultural advance were to be slowed up *because prosperity has come back.*

The Upper Bracketeers

HENRY MORGENTHAU, Roswell Magill, Elmer Irey, Herman Oliphant, and their associates in the Treasury are now engaged in an anatomy lesson before the joint Congressional committee on taxation. They are revealing in their testimony the complete structure of tax evasion. They are offering a surgical dissection of the capitalist mind at its moment of greatest tension—the moment when taxes have to be paid.

David Lawrence has charged the President with demagoguery and a desire to foment class hatred in his campaign against the big tax evaders. Much of the resentment against the President in the upper tax brackets proceeds from a belief that he has become "a traitor to his class." For how could treason be more crucially displayed than by violating one of the sacred unspoken (except by Mr. Morgan) rules of the capitalists—that where the government is concerned, it is cricket to get away with what you can? Whether Mr. Roosevelt is that sort of traitor we leave for a court of honor of his own class to determine. But as for the charge of political shenanigans, we see nothing in it. The simple fact is that receipts from income taxes have fallen far short of the Treasury estimates made in the January budget. This is not the fault of the estimates: anyone who knows the Treasury mind knows that above all else it fears to be caught in an over-optimistic estimate. It is rather the fault of the last campaign. The campaign struggles generated among the upper bracketeers a hatred of the national government unparalleled since the Southerners' hatred for Lincoln. What more natural than that a Big Enterpriser, frustrated by Roosevelt's sweep, should have sought revenge by an uncommonly avid collaboration with his equally resentful tax lawyer?

Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Morgenthau in their statements cover much the same ground. They list the eight most popular devices for tax dodgers: the foreign personal holding corporation (the "Bahama corporation"), the domestic ditto, the Bahama insurance company, the incorporated yacht or country estate, the fake write-off of interests and losses, the multiple trust for relatives, the intra-family partnership, and the pension trust. For tax lawyers and government experts these are a twice-told tale. But for the common man the list will furnish a revealing insight into the way his betters utilize the law to enjoy the fruits and avoid the responsibilities of government expenditures. In Mr. Roosevelt's phrase, here is "civilization at a discount."

No one has yet disputed the facts of the indictment. Its truth is underlined by the haste with which many of the millionaires under scrutiny, caught red-handed, are offering to pay up the taxes they sought to dodge, plus interest charges, in order to escape the publicity which the Congressional committee insures them. Three questions of enduring interest, however, remain.

One has to do with the distinction currently made between tax evasion and tax avoidance. Evasion, it would

seem, is the use of the devices enumerated above with fraudulent intent. Avoidance, we are told, is merely a hard-headed Yankee insistence upon paying the government as little as is legally possible. To our mind the debate over this distinction is an empty one. From a legal view, as Justice Holmes pointed out, the only question is whether you have kept on the safe side of the law or been caught on the unsafe side—and that depends on who the judges are that ultimately make the decision. From an ethical standpoint, there would seem to be little to choose between fraud and guile in the upper brackets. A cynic might say that fraud is when you are caught and guile is when you are not. Our own statement would be that there are clear cases of fraud and clear cases where the taxpayer has stayed within the spirit of the law; but that the Treasury's concern is with the cases where the tax dodger has deliberately used the letter of the law to make a mockery of its spirit.

The second question is more serious. Secretary Morgenthau referred, in his statement to the committee, to the unequal contest that the Treasury was waging, pitting the 2,800 field agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau against 45,000 tax attorneys and accountants. What is involved here is not only the tried ingenuity of the American tax lawyer in getting around the law. More tragic for democratic government in a business economy is the fact that even if the Treasury succeeds in plugging the law's loopholes it is necessarily waging a losing fight. Suppose that the joint committee recommends funds for hiring more revenue agents: the Treasury will find that it is only turning out more experts than the upper bracketeers will be able to use in the tax dodging of the future. For the Treasury is a sort of training school in tax manipulation. As soon as a young official learns the ropes under the government, he is caught up by business men who can afford to pay him handsomely for his knowledge.

The final question concerns the place which the campaign for tightening up on tax collection will have in the total tax program of the Roosevelt Administration. It is significant that the Administration has had "tax trouble" ever since it came in. In 1933 there was the Pecora investigation of the Morgan income-tax payments, which showed an intimate tie-up between the Morgan firm and many high Administration officials who were on the Morgan "free list." In the spring of 1935 there was the Mellon tax case. In the summer of 1935 the surtax rates on incomes in excess of a million were stepped up, after stormy Senate hearings, but the Administration inheritance-tax proposal was defeated. In 1936 there was the turmoil over the corporate-surplus tax. In 1937 we have already had the government tax prosecutions of du Pont and Raskob. And now the campaign against the army of tax dodgers. Many will interpret this record as proof that the Administration is out to soak the rich. To us it is rather the record of a government that is trying, as no previous government has tried, to distribute the incidence of taxation with some concern for the capacity to bear it. But we find also that it is acting in the face of immense odds, stubbornly and bitterly opposed at every turn, and without the benefit of a clearly articulated philosophy of taxation.

Garner Turns on F. D. R.

BY THOMAS L. STOKES

Washington, June 20

YOU can get all sorts of reasons around here why Vice-President John Nance Garner, just when things were getting hot in Congress for his "boss," as he calls the man in the White House, bundled himself and his wife into their long official limousine and started across country to that far-distant border metropolis known as Uvalde.

It is one of those mysteries that Washington loves. It is the sort that Mr. Garner himself loves. People say, among other things, that the Vice-President left in a huff, that he was thoroughly displeased with the course into which President Roosevelt was steering the New Deal—though this course, aside from the Supreme Court plan, had been charted publicly long ago. This is all true as to the Garner temper and mind. To those who have watched "Jack" Garner operate, under cover and openly, for many years, the logical explanation is that the Vice-President knew when he left—even though he had announced such a visit weeks ago—that stories immediately would appear that he was sore about the way the President was running the government. The stories were written. Futile was his own belated denial that anything was wrong between him and the President. He had done the trick, one of the neatest seen about here in a long time.

He selected the proper psychological moment. Feeling was bitter over the Roosevelt court-reform plan. Senators and House members were getting weary of going around in a circle—as they were being forced to do because the President held back his legislative program behind the court bill. When he began to feed them his program, starting with the involved and complicated—for the Congressional mind—wages-and-hours bill, they saw mountains of worry piled up before them for months ahead. Suddenly they forgot the overwhelming mandate of last November, became fatigued of well-doing, and were ready for the siren voices of those who would adjourn Congress and let them go home, on the old excuse that they would come back next year "refreshed" for further reforms.

Jack Garner's departure crystallized a lot of ill feeling which he, in his furtive way, had helped to nurture from the anonymity of the Vice-Presidency. The long smoldering revolt broke into the open. Others were encouraged to grumble. The inevitable warfare between old-school conservatism in the Democratic Party, largely lodged in the South, and the New Deal was exhibited to the public gaze.

Things began to happen which of themselves served to throw light on past events. The Vice-President's automobile had not been long gone from the pavements of

Washington before his "front man" and agent in the Senate, "Jimmy" Byrnes of South Carolina, opened his fight against the Roosevelt relief program with the proposal to make the states and localities pay 40 per cent of the cost of work-relief projects. This coincided with other adverse developments for the Administration. The Judiciary Committee majority, including seven Democrats, came forward with their report damning the Roosevelt court-reform bill in language skilfully embroidered by the master-hand of Senator Borah of Idaho. The President resented the strong personal rebuke. His friends passed the word to the committee minority to issue a report defending him. But none heeded. Senator Ashurst of Arizona, committee chairman and supposed champion of the measure—though actually nothing of the kind—finally broke a mysterious silence to telephone reporters and ask facetiously: "Whatever became of the President's court-reorganization bill?" Its death was being plotted deep in the night in a series of quiet and intimate little dinners sponsored by the wealthy Democratic Senator Gerry of Rhode Island, to which were invited conservative anti-court-reform Democrats and also Republicans—even including John D. M. Hamilton, now virtually useless as far as the Republican Party is concerned.

Again there were reports that the court plan was to be shelved. The seriousness of the Congressional dilemma became manifest when the President at a press conference struck right and left, and sought to appeal to the public over the head of Congress with a restatement of his objectives for the common masses. The next day the White House announced that great jamboree—or "love feast" as it was cynically called—on Jefferson Island, where the President in three days of good fellowship could meet and talk with all Democrats in Congress who were willing to go to the retreat in Chesapeake Bay.

Then, alas, faithful Joe Robinson, who had earned the title "good soldier" by staunchly supporting measures which, in the bottom of his rough conservative heart, he did not approve, deserted the ship and joined Byrnes in the plan to have localities pay part of the relief bill—25 per cent Joe suggested. Jimmy acquiesced in the reduction. Jack must have chuckled to himself in far-distant Texas.

The Garner cabal was bearing its fruits. That such a cabal long has existed is no secret in Washington. Its headquarters are off the Senate lobby, where of an afternoon the Vice-President and his cronies gather to swap yarns, pointed up with sly legislative suggestions. Jimmy Byrnes is most often there.

Its first open skirmish came earlier this session when Jimmy suddenly rose during consideration of the Guffey

coal bill and offered an amendment condemning sitdown strikes. This was intended to embarrass the labor allies of the President. The Vice-President was behind it. Basic in the open rift now developing is the Administration's friendship for labor. The reason can be found in the "Congressional Directory" biographies of Southern leaders, which show that most of them were born and reared and now live in small towns where the issue is seldom allowed to appear. It's the old conflict between the bourbon Democracy of the agrarian South and the mass

democracy of the big industrial cities North and East. That they have worked side by side under the New Deal thus far is a miracle. The test of strength is fast approaching. It may come on the question of whether Congress remains here to enact the Roosevelt program this session.

As he ponders his legislative problems President Roosevelt often must think of the cost of the block of votes which Jack Garner threw into his pot at Chicago in 1932 to clinch his nomination.

Behind the French Crisis

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, June 9

THE Deutschland incident was a serious blow to the equanimity of Paris, where it was thought that everything would be nice and quiet for at least a few months—both internally and externally. The Exhibition opened two weeks ago, and even those who had treated it as "a national humiliation" realized that, in spite of delays and countless difficulties, there *was* an exhibition after all, and even a very fine one; that there was already enough for visitors to see to fill up two or three days; and that in two or three weeks' time everything would be practically finished. In the last weeks crowds of foreign tourists have been coming to Paris; many of the hotels are completely booked till October; and it began to look as though the great illusion of European peace and prosperity and of that international solidarity which, as we are told every day, the great Paris Exhibition symbolizes could be successfully maintained for five or six months. Spain, no doubt, was a nuisance, the petit bourgeois thought to himself, but, after all, Spain was stewing in its own juice, and nobody seemed to be either winning or losing, and it was said that Germany and Italy were becoming tired of the whole show and that with luck it might fizzle out somehow without bringing on any new complications. There was also a widespread conviction that Germany and Italy were in great economic difficulties, that they could not fight a war, that they were frightened of British rearmament—the greatest new peace factor in Europe—and that, in short, 1937 might pass without any major explosion. The next few weeks will show whether this relative optimism was justified, and whether the new developments in Spain will not destroy it.

The Blum government has now been in office for a year. I need not describe all that it has done in the way of social reforms; as everybody knows, it did more during its first eight months in office than any other French government before it. Its principal reforms were collective contracts, holidays with pay, the forty-hour week—reforms which were accompanied by a tremendous

growth of the French trade-union movement—the Office du Blé, the reform of the Bank of France, the nationalization of war industries, and compulsory arbitration. There has been a large increase in wages; there has been devaluation, and also a great rise in prices and costs of production. This increase in prices and costs is the weak spot in the armor of Blum's New Deal; it continues to have an adverse effect on France's export trade and on her public finances, and may ultimately precipitate another big financial crisis. This may in any case be difficult to avoid if, as seems probable, France is obliged to borrow in 1938 another 35 or 40 billion francs. After five years of intensive borrowing, her borrowing capacity is naturally much weaker than that of England and the United States. And yet borrow she must if she is to keep her armaments at a safety level.

In a speech the other day Blum admitted that it was "almost paradoxical" for France, already overburdened with military expenditure, to enter upon a vast program of social and labor reform. Yet that is what has been happening in France in the last year. Already in February it became clear that the two could not continue at the pace that had been set if the currency was not to be wrecked; and since military expenditure could not be cut, some of the social expenditure, particularly public works, had to go overboard. Hence the "pause." The problem could have been solved by autarchist or semi-autarchist methods—to which several trade-union leaders, who placed great store on public works, were distinctly favorable—but it would have meant the end of the policy of economic and financial "liberalism" embodied in the Three-Power Declaration of September 25, and it would have shaken France's financial and political relations with the United States, and especially with England. And England gave Blum a serious warning against solving his difficulties by resorting to exchange control.

The decisions taken on March 6, with their concessions to the banks—including a curtailment of the public deficit by 6 billion francs, from 32 to 26 billions—in return for which they agreed to make the 10½-billion defense loan a success, were the most important episode

since devaluation in the evolution of Blum's "New Deal." The "financial liberalism" dear to the heart of London was saved, and Blum imagined that even if his concessions to orthodox finance were a retreat they were not a surrender; and he claimed that the "pause" was not in contradiction with the program of the Front Populaire.

He was horrified to find that the working class was taking his retreat with very bad grace. The hostile reaction of the more extreme elements of the working class was symbolized in the Clichy riots, which broke out ten days after Blum's "surrender," on the very day of the startling success of his National Defense loan. For two months the relations between the government and the working class remained very strained; and toward the end of April the C. G. T. leaders, startled by the violent temper of their rank and file and afraid of losing their grip on them, broke almost into open rebellion against the government. Léon Jouhaux made a number of angry speeches in which he summoned the government to provide 10 billion francs for public works and declared that in the revolution which was in progress in France the working class was not yet playing the important part in the management of the affairs of the state to which it felt entitled. It seemed as if the C. G. T., with its five million members, was claiming the role of a super-government which could dictate its will to the democratic government of the republic. People in Blum's immediate entourage felt very bitter about it, and complained that the Blum government had done more for the working class than any other government had done—"and now look at the way they treat it."

Blum rejected the more extravagant demands made by the C. G. T.—particularly the 10-billion-franc loan, which he said was financially out of the question; and it seems that the C. G. T. leaders realized that they had gone too far in their pressure on the government. The Radicals were becoming restless, and M. Campinchi, their leader, angrily declared that if France abolished the "sacred rights" of capital, it did not mean that she would put up with the "sacred rights" of labor; and that the claim made by certain trade unionists that the C. G. T. be given a labor-market monopoly was intolerable in a free country. "The idea that only a person holding a C. G. T. membership card may get a job is fascism of the worst sort," he said. Jouhaux hastened to reply that the C. G. T. had never really asked for such a monopoly, but that it was necessary to control the enlistment and dismissal of labor in view of the grossly unfair and illegal discrimination against union labor of which only too many employers were guilty. This was true in a sense; and Blum promised to set up an impartial organism which would control enlistments and dismissals, in order to check abuses coming from both sides.

The C. G. T., surprised by so sharp a rebuff not only from the government but also from the Radicals and the greater part of French opinion, lowered its pitch, and since then Jouhaux, together with Blum, has been preaching moderation to the rank and file. On May 28

he said that the working class, in gaining new rights, must also be aware of its greater responsibilities toward the state.

It looks as though the danger of major labor disputes had been averted for some time. Although the cost of living has gone up steadily since last year, prices have tended to become stabilized, and thanks to successive wage increases and the various labor reforms, the working class is in the main still better off than it was a year ago. The automatic extension by six months of the collective contracts which expire in the near future—an extension for which a bill has been tabled at the Chamber—should also help to ward off trouble during the "Exhibition truce." What is more, the working class cannot deny that in spite of the "pause" the application of the Front Populaire reforms already passed is progressing: thus the application of the forty-hour week has been extended to almost every trade, and the nationalization of the war industries has been extended in the last month to the Schneider and Hotchkiss works, two of the most important armament firms in France.

Even so, there are a few trades which are thoroughly discontented, and chief among them is the building trade. The building trade is hard hit, and since the men at the Exhibition feared that once it was finished they would be out of work, political agitation, *ca'canny*, and other difficulties—including some serious outbreaks against the use of non-union labor—were inevitable. The curtailment of the public-works program on March 6—a program which the Exhibition workers thought was to guarantee them new work when the Exhibition was finished—was largely at the root of the trouble, and has tended to turn the Exhibition into the playground for all forms of labor extremism. Only a few days ago the building unions again uttered a threat to occupy the Exhibition if they were not guaranteed reemployment within two months. The Exhibition workers have been assured that everything will be done that is "humanly possible" to find them work, but from their point of view that is not quite sufficient.

This is one of the big problems with which the Blum government is faced. Another, even greater, problem, to which Blum referred on May 28, is the fall in output. "Trade unionism," he said, "must not be the synonym of underproduction and laziness." For a large number of reasons production in France is tending more and more to lag behind consumption; with the result that prices may again increase, and that the adverse trade balance may grow. The Blum government is asking for plenary power in tariff matters. Much will depend on how it will use these powers if it gets them. Will it lower tariffs in some cases to send down home prices? Will it in other cases raise them so as to protect home wages and reduce the adverse trade balance, even at the cost of increasing internal prices? In any case, the problem of output per hour, and of output in general, is the biggest one with which the Blum government is faced at home. Will it solve this problem? The answer to this will also be an answer to the all-important question whether the forty-hour week can in the long run be a success.

C. I. O.: Far Western Front

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Oregon, June 11

DELEGATES representing 120,000 workers in the fir and cedar and pine forests of the Northwest listened intently. Abe Muir, international vice-president of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, was making the American Federation of Labor's last desperate attempt to prevent the secession of the largest union west of the Mississippi River. William L. (Big Bill) Hutcheson, the carpenters' international president, was 350 miles away in the logging town of Omak; he had not accepted a challenge to come and defend his organization but had sent his lieutenant instead.

Muir's voice nearly broke as he reached his peroration: "I warn you that you are being misled and duped by Communists and Communist sympathizers." The silence of his listeners was shattered. "Show us! Show us!" they shouted. Someone cried, "Prove it!" Harold James Pritchett, wiry thirty-three-year-old president of the Federation of Woodworkers, was on his feet. "Any man is pretty badly off when he gets around to using the red scare and the Communist bogey," he said, "and a labor leader is ten times worse off."

A few minutes later a lopsided vote ordered a referendum among the federation's 120,000 members on the question of affiliating with the Committee for Industrial Organization. Pritchett declared he would stake his position on 75 or 80 per cent of his membership favoring the C. I. O.

The director of the C. I. O., John Brophy, left Portland jubilantly after the woodworkers had decided to hold a referendum. It is virtually taken for granted among the adherents of both the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. that the loggers and the sawmill and timber workers will follow John L. Lewis. Since the days of the "wobblies" they have headed the progressive and radical labor forces in the Northwest. The Woodworkers' Federation itself was formed last year to place lumber strictly on an industrial-union basis. It includes men who fell firs in the high Cascades and men who carve furniture in workshops and factories.

The secession of the woodworkers will leave the A. F. of L. in the Far West greatly depleted in financial resources and political strength. What cotton is to the South and automobiles are to Michigan, lumber is to Washington, Idaho, Oregon, and northern California. Three years ago Harold Pritchett and his five children were existing on a federal relief allotment of \$47 a month in British Columbia. Today he leads more men than any other labor official west of the Mississippi, and by the end of the year he expects the Woodworkers' Federation to have at least 200,000 members. He thinks the woodworkers have a potential membership of more

than 1,000,000. In dozens of mills and camps Pritchett has challenged Bill Hutcheson to meet him in open debate and explain why these men should stay in the A. F. of L. Hutcheson never shows up.

The A. F. of L. meanwhile faces another big defection on the Pacific coast. The Maritime Federation of the Pacific in convention here this week unanimously recommended that its 40,000 members vote to join the C. I. O., and a referendum was ordered on the issue. Harry Bridges announced that a rank-and-file vote on the C. I. O. issue would be held immediately among the 22,000 long-shoremen under his leadership. The result of this referendum is practically a foregone conclusion. The 6,800 members of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific already have gone on record in favor of bolting the A. F. of L.

Closely connected with these developments is the report that Bridges will be made C. I. O. director in the Far West. When Brophy was here, it was Bridges who acted as his guide and adviser. This seems to indicate that Lewis is determined to overlook possible red-baiting and other liabilities for the sake of aggressive and militant leadership. Bridges is portrayed in numerous newspapers as an *agent provocateur* of revolution—and an alien one at that. The attacks upon him were accelerated a few weeks ago after he spoke at the University of Washington and prophesied the ultimate end of the employing class. "The employer and the employees," he said, "have nothing in common." The sharpness of the conflict in the West was symbolized in the reaction to Bridges's speech by the one A. F. of L. leader who may be able to hold the wavering line of craft unionism along the Pacific Coast. Dave Beck, shrewd and pudgy vice-president of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, termed it "plain communism," and then went on to appeal to the business men and industrialists for assistance in combating the C. I. O. Some of the finest individuals in the world, Beck declared, were employers. He also indulged in fulsome praise of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. "There is nothing but the finest working relationship between us," he asserted. "I want to work with them, and the people I represent want to work with them."

With the exception of Beck, the Western leaders of the A. F. of L. have scarcely put up even perfunctory opposition to the march of important key unions into the C. I. O. Beck, however, has already demonstrated the technique by which he will seek to stop the advance of industrial unionism. He speaks before innumerable groups, such as the American Legion and the Rotary clubs, talks more conservatively than the representatives of the Law and Order League, and the open-shop Seattle *Business Chronicle* frankly refers to him as an "exploiting capitalist." Back of Beck's verbal barrage

is the famous "beef squad" which has made him the boss of Seattle for the past two years. In May the rank and file of the newsboys' union in Seattle revolted and showed alarming C. I. O. tendencies. The brutal beatings which they suffered at the hands of Beck's bruisers were described by Justice James T. Ronald of the Superior Court as "so shameless and disgraceful as to parallel the lawlessness witnessed at times in certain saloons in pioneer days." The warehousemen's division of the longshoremen would have won a department-store strike in Portland this month had Beck and his "beef squad" not ordered the teamsters to walk through the picket line. Rank-and-file teamsters who rebelled at the command were summarily set right on the situation. When teamsters in Oakland refused to march past longshoremen pickets at a warehouse, Beck hurried south and suspended their charter. In both Seattle and Portland teamster-controlled Central Labor Councils threw out the warehouse workers affiliated with the longshoremen. All along the Pacific seaboard Dave Beck has been functioning on the theory that if the C. I. O. is to be stopped in the West, it will be by "beef squads" and suspensions and picket-line penetrations and employer alliances.

The labor struggle in the Far West is a political as well as an economic combat. Under the influence of the C. I. O. the Commonwealth Federations of Washington and Oregon have abandoned the slogan "Productions for Use" in favor of a more moderate economic program, and the emphasis has been shifted to the building of a popular front against fascism. C. I. O. leaders like Bridges and Pritchett want a program which will keep reactionaries out of public office; they frankly admit they would rather take a chance on a mild liberal like Murphy of Michigan than run a Farmer-Labor candidate and risk electing an extreme conservative who would use troops during strikes and labor disputes. In all probability the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. forces will split next year over the gubernatorial candidate in Oregon.

How long the American Federation of Labor can remain an economic and political power in the West without the lumber workers and the maritime unions is a question which will be answered this year. With these groups gone, it will be largely an organization of teamsters, and it will not even be that if Bridges has any success in the daring and hazardous adventure of chartering C. I. O. teamster unions—a project he is said to be contemplating.

Japan's Dilemma

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

I
UNTIL a few months ago it was feared that nothing could stop Japan's military expansion in China, or her economic expansion in the markets of the five continents. But now Japan appears suddenly to have reformed. She has announced her willingness to compromise in China. Perhaps the most concrete sign of her changed attitude is her recent concession in the silver controversy. All last year Japan stubbornly refused to comply with the new Chinese law nationalizing all domestic supplies of silver—this measure in large part enabled China to overcome the financial panic of 1936. But Japan has finally agreed to turn over to the Central Bank of China all of her Chinese silver stocks, which are estimated to amount to 9,000,000 yuan. Moreover, Japan will surrender her silver "on terms similar to those applicable to other foreign banks," an enormous climb-down from customary Japanese demands for privileged treatment from the Chinese government. Japan's retreat is bound to remove an important obstacle to Chinese recovery. Certainly its psychological importance as a blow to Japanese prestige is enormous. Moreover, Japan is actually in need of silver and is importing it steadily. Her compliance with Chinese demands therefore reflects a really changing situation in Asia.

The lull in Japan's offensive against China may be explained by the severe economic crisis which recovery throughout the rest of the world has perversely caused

in Japan. Recovery outside has restored raw-material prices to their pre-depression levels, and thereby struck a deadly blow at Japanese prosperity. For the power of Japan's armed forces and the profits of her magnates hinge alike upon her ability to obtain raw materials cheaply. In effect, the rise of raw-material prices has already operated against Japan as a kind of unplanned but international application of sanctions. The sheer expensiveness of the raw materials necessary to her military and economic offensives has punished her more cruelly than the fiasco of formal sanctions did Italy in 1935.

Japan's export victories during the depression years were primarily victories for her cotton, woolen, and rayon textiles. Textile exports have provided her with much of the revenues she has needed to supply her armed forces on the Asiatic mainland and to develop her heavy industries at home. But her textile industry is almost wholly dependent upon imports of raw materials—raw cotton, raw wool, and pulp. The end of the depression in these three commodities has suddenly precipitated a violent textile depression in Japan. In 1926, when raw cotton sold for 17.5 cents a pound, Japanese competition was still a negligible factor in the world textile market. But when cotton sank to its depression low of 5 cents a pound, the manufacturers of New England and Lancashire—who could buy their cotton just as cheaply—were clamoring for relief from "Japanese underselling." Today, with cotton up again to 12 or 14 cents, Japan has

all she can do to supply her mills. What the recovery in raw-cotton prices has cost Japanese cotton manufacturers is shown by the following figures: in 1931, 143 square yards of cotton cloth were exported in payment for every 100 pounds of imported raw cotton; in 1933, 200 square yards; and in 1936, 235 square yards.

A recent letter to the *Wall Street Journal* reflects the straits of the Japanese industry. The author, a partner in a well-known New York brokerage firm, was on his way to the Far East at the time of the West Coast shipping strike. The strike had of course held up the shipment of cotton to Japan. And according to this experienced witness, Japanese mills had been operating on so small a cotton reserve that the strike all but caused a cotton famine there. Now if the Japanese had been in funds earlier in 1936 they would have filled their warehouses with every available bale of American cotton. Many American manufacturers did precisely this in order to protect themselves against the rising price. But the Japanese have been, and still are, compelled to operate on a hand-to-mouth schedule. And now they must pay the prevailing market price for their cotton. In desperation they have been turning to the inferior but less expensive brand of cotton produced in India; cotton imports from India exceeded those from America in 1936. They have also been sinking vast sums in the promotion of ambitious cotton-cultivation schemes in China and Korea. These attempts to become independent of the world cotton market will admittedly take years; the Korean program will be completed in 1952.

Wool has run parallel to cotton. The 1926 average price of wool at Boston was 46 cents a pound. During the depression, when Japanese exports first became a world factor, wool fell to 14 cents. The March, 1937, price was again 44 cents, or 2 cents less than the 1926 average. With raw wool at this price the Japanese woolen industry has run into trouble. The manufacturers estimated their 1937 needs at 1,000,000 bales of raw wool. But the authorities, fearful of the drain upon Japan's limited foreign exchange, granted them a quota of only 800,000 bales; this was subsequently increased to 840,000 bales. The "manufacturers allege," says the *London Statist*, "that . . . they will now have to curtail their mill operations below those of last year." A decline in production must in turn be followed by a decline in exports. And a decline in exports means a decline in foreign-exchange receipts. But the foreign-exchange situation has already called forth import restrictions. Thus the circle is completed.

Rayon manufacturers have encountered the same problem. Japan must import some 90 per cent of the pulp consumed by her rayon mills. In 1932, when the Japanese rayon offensive was still getting under way, only 102,000 metric tons of pulp were imported. In 1936, when the industry had reached maturity, it imported 331,000 metric tons. But its 1932 pulp bill was only 15.3 million yen, while its 1936 bill came to 67.1 millions. Pulp imports had roughly trebled in volume; their cost had more than quadrupled.

To complete Japan's misfortune, the only raw material

which has failed to participate in the general recovery movement is silk—formerly Japan's chief export staple. The 1926 average price was \$6.19 a pound. The depression cut the price to \$1.10, and to date it has not recovered to \$2. Moreover, it is doubtful whether silk will reach \$2. Preliminary estimates of the spring cocoon crop point to a 10 per cent increase in output—a familiar depression tragedy. Also, Italy and China are each expected to produce a greater silk crop this year. Japan's silk customers, anticipating an increase in silk supplies and a consequent fall in prices, are understandably displaying no great eagerness to buy at present prices. The continued depression of silk prices is particularly unfortunate for Japan because her greatest silk market is in this country. And with silk sales here yielding her a disappointing return in dollars, her purchases of American goods become increasingly difficult to maintain. Yet maintain them she must, for in addition to cotton she must buy here about 50 per cent of her pulp, 63 per cent of her oil (oil prices are rising too), and large quantities of materials for the manufacture of armaments.

The rise in the price of raw materials—with the lone exception of silk—is therefore the first of the factors which have caused the current Japanese crisis. The second is the failure of Japanese textile exports to participate in the general revival of world trade. In fact, the revival of world trade has actually resulted in a setback for cotton goods, the most important section of Japan's textile industry, exports of which last year declined in volume and in value. In 1937 this decline should grow more marked because of the quotas and restrictions being imposed against Japanese textiles in a number of countries.

Depression conditions were ideally adapted to the needs of the Japanese textile industry. Raw materials were cheap, and there was no need to invest cash in accumulating stocks for future use. Since the future price was bound to be lower than the present, it was profitable to delay each purchase as long as possible. Moreover, the manufacturers in the countries whose markets Japan was invading were unable to stabilize the price of finished goods. Demand was limited, and costs could not be cut beyond a certain limit. The Japanese manufacturers had only to offer goods at still lower prices, and the American or Peruvian manufacturer, as the case might be, shut his mill rather than produce at a loss. The Japanese industry, profiting from cheaper labor, more modern machinery, and lower interest charges, functioned perfectly in a falling market. The recovery has changed all that. Prices have risen so much that Japan's low production costs are no longer decisive. And since the principal textile markets suffer from a shortage, prices are still rising in complete disregard of Japan's now frantic attempts to cling to the markets she has won in recent years. She can do little in the face of the restrictions against her textile exports being imposed at the instigation of competing manufacturers.

The Philippines provide a case in point. Considerable publicity has been given to recent Japanese inroads there. But in January of this year "the volume of orders placed

in Japan was much reduced as a result of higher prices [Japanese prices rose 30 to 40 per cent] and the inability of Japanese mills to provide prompt delivery." Another illustration is afforded by Australia, Japan's chief source of raw wool. Japan's inroads into Australian textile markets had been sensational, but Japan and Australia have recently engaged in a bitter trade war from which Japan has emerged the loser. During the next eighteen months the volume of Japanese exports of cotton goods to Australia will be 18 per cent less than they were in 1935, and rayon exports will be 23 per cent less. It is true that the new quotas represent a considerable advance over the 1932 figures, but in 1932 Japanese exports had not yet provoked a trade war. Moreover, with raw-wool prices rising and armament bills mounting steadily, Japan cannot be content to see her export quotas reduced below their 1935 value. Her increasing financial difficulties demand, rather, a substantial increase. The Australian agreement is accordingly a grave Japanese defeat.

Brazil is another market of great importance to Japan. During the depression, partly because of Japanese demand, Brazil greatly increased her cotton crop, Japan paying for her purchases of cotton and other Brazilian raw materials with textile exports. Recently, however, Brazilian capitalists, and American capitalists as well, have undertaken to increase the native textile output, and with such efficiency that Japanese goods are now being challenged by Brazilian products not only in Brazil itself but throughout the whole of Latin America. Thus another profitable source of raw materials is disappearing for Japan, who cannot afford to trade one way with any country, however valuable its raw materials.

In Egypt Japan's boom ended earlier. As the result of a 40 per cent tariff imposed by the Egyptian authorities at the end of 1935, Japan's cotton-goods exports to Egypt fell 35 per cent in 1936, and her rayon exports 50 per cent. Egypt is of course a large-scale producer of raw cotton. A final example of the obstacles now rising everywhere before Japanese textile exports is offered by Iraq. For 1936, "in cotton piece goods . . . Japan . . . practically displaced Lancashire. . . . As to rayon, Japanese supplies amounted to . . . \$1,500,000 out of a total of \$1,925,000." But at the turn of the year Iraq signified her "intention to return to England for her piece-goods imports." A dispatch to the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* explains that "as a result of recent restrictions against Japan by the Iraq government the price of Japanese goods has gone up 50 per cent . . . [and] Japanese firms cannot today effect immediate shipments." This instance is typical.

In the market where she can least afford to lose purchasing power, the United States, Japan has just suffered a staggering defeat. During the depression Japanese cotton-goods sales in this country had grown sensation-ally. From a mere 2.8 million square yards in 1932, they had leaped to nearly 75 million square yards in 1936. By January 21, 1937, furthermore the Japanese had already contracted to sell here 155 million square yards of cotton goods—double last year's figure; in 1936 Japan sold more than this amount in only three countries.

Japan's invasion of our cotton-goods market was, however, summarily stopped as a result of the agreement signed at Osaka on January 21 by representatives of the textile industries of the two countries. While the agreement permits Japan to fill orders up to the 155 million square yards she already has on her books, it reduces her 1938 market in this country by one-third of this—although with the provision that if Japanese sales here do not reach the quota maximum, 1938 shipments may compensate for the difference.

The coincidence of rising import costs and falling export revenues netted Japan a trade deficit of 130,000,000 yen in 1936. On top of this, "the first two weeks of this year alone saw an excess of imports over exports of almost 70,000,000 yen"—more than half the entire 1936 trade deficit. To a certain extent this may be discounted as seasonal; Japan's first-quarter trade deficit is usually greater than her annual trade deficit. This year, however, the first four months have shown a deficit fully 49.9 per cent greater than that for the same period in 1936. This increase cannot be discounted as purely seasonal. It reflects the colossal increase in the demand of Japan's armament industries for imported raw materials and the growing embarrassment of her textile industries, which in large part have been expected to finance the rising costs of imports. Yet today more than ever, with production and Treasury indebtedness mounting hand in hand, Japan needs a favorable trade balance, or at least a greatly reduced trade deficit. For unless Japan can pay for raw-material imports, it is utterly useless for her to build armament and semi-armament factories designed to be run on materials purchased abroad. As a matter of fact, there is reason to believe that Japan expected a period of negligible trade deficits as recently as last year—when, actually, the 1935 trade surplus was turned into a deficit. The *Oriental Economist*, a financial publication of great authority, went so far as to estimate that Japan's 1936 trade deficit would be only 4,000,000 yen instead of the actual 130,000,000 yen, and that 1937 would again produce a surplus.

Finance Minister Yuki recently announced that Japan would begin to finance imports by gold payments. At the end of March, accordingly, 50,000,000 yen in gold was shipped to this country. But Japan's gold reserve is only 540,000,000 yen, and, to quote the *London Financial News*, "Japan, as a country which seems to anticipate war more strongly than any other country, owns hardly anything but this gold as a reserve for such an emergency." Since March imports have risen so rapidly that the Japanese government has had to ship another 177,000,000 yen in gold to this country, although the original gold allotment for export during the entire year was only 130,000,000 yen. The acceleration of gold exports clearly underscores Japan's inability to foot the bill for the armament program demanded by her military.

Clearly, then, the answer to the question, Why have the Japanese military relaxed their demands on China? is to be found largely in the economic crisis into which world recovery has plunged Japan.

[Part II of this article will appear in an early issue.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Letter F.D.R. Ought to Write

John Smith, Painted Post, New York

Dear Sir: Your letter of June 10 is one of many hundreds inquiring about my position in regard to certain recent labor happenings. I have chosen to reply to it because you also ask if Arthur Krock of the New York Times is justified in saying that my silence on these questions is "a studied policy," and you ask, "a studied policy of what?" I take this opportunity to set you and Mr. Krock right and to tell you and everybody else just where I stand on some recent anxiety-creating developments in the labor situation.

Let me say at once that I am entirely opposed to lawlessness on either side in labor disputes. I hold it criminal for employers to use force to break strikes, to hire professional thugs from those abominations the so-called "strike-breaking agencies," to stir up trouble where there was none. I hold it equally reprehensible and still stupider for labor to use force to achieve greater rewards and better living conditions. I well know that labor often says, "We must meet force with force; we must defend ourselves against the brutalities of employer-owned police by similar tactics." I deny that absolutely. I go farther. I believe that whatever may seem to be the justification for reprisals, every time labor violates the law or seeks to take it into its own hands, it does itself tremendous harm. It alienates supporters, sloughs off friends, and strengthens those employers who resort to corruption and trickery, to brass knuckles, clubs, and tear gas. Both sides become anti-social, hostile to an orderly public life, when they declare that the end justifies the means. Neither side has the right to violate the law. Neither side can assert that two wrongs make a right. Within the framework of the law we can adjust our differences. If the laws favor one side or the other we can alter them promptly, just as we have made many, many new laws and altered many old ones since I became President. But at bottom we must maintain respect for our courts and the civil authority. Without that we are well on the way to the chaos of utter lawlessness.

No one will accuse me, I am sure, of being unfriendly to labor or indifferent to its needs and aims. Under no other Administration has labor made such strides. Never before has collective bargaining been written upon our statute books. Never before has so great an advance been made for labor as that which is embodied in the Wagner Labor Act, the Social Security Act, and other legislation to which I have affixed my name. I have the right, therefore, to criticize labor when in my judgment it deserves it. I do so now. I say that picketing which by force keeps

out of factories people who have the right to enter them is not picketing but violent blockading. As such it is entirely beyond the law governing picketing. I am opposed to sitdown strikes because the sitdown is the forcible taking over of other people's property without their consent.

And when labor or capital seeks to prevent the United States mails from being delivered, it is guilty, in my judgment, of a criminal conspiracy. You also ask my opinion of the withholding of mail by the Post Office from blockaded and besieged factories. I regret that this has happened, and I have made it clear to the Post Office Department that because it has lacked courage it has appeared to take sides and that that *must not be*. A department which boasts that neither heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor snow deters it from delivering its mail cannot afford to be frightened off by picket lines. The next time this happens we shall resort to armored trucks and, if need be, United States guards. Neither labor nor capital has the right to suspend the legitimate functions of this government, and neither will be permitted to do so as long as I am in the White House.

Perhaps you will wonder why I have not said these things before. Frankly I had hoped that it would not be necessary for me to speak out. I have recognized the extraordinary character of the present labor crisis. Labor is readjusting itself to new conditions and is naturally aroused when it comes into head-on collision with reactionary employers determined not to yield their hitherto complete economic supremacy. I had hoped that its new leaders would not permit their men to get out of hand and that the men themselves would exercise self-control, be conscious of their responsibility to their leaders, their cause, and the public. But this has not always happened. Indefensible local strikes have been called; pulling the switches which threw a whole valley into darkness was treason to workers everywhere. In no fewer than 195 communities industries were crippled, homes and hospitals deprived of electricity, essential services stopped. I should like to say to the misguided men who thus abused their power, just *after* they had won a remarkable victory over their employers, that that action did an injury to the cause of the workers from one end of the country to the other, everywhere strengthening the forces of reaction; especially as there was no grievance whatever to palliate the act.

When this happened, it was, needless to say, impossible for me to remain silent. I could not lay myself open to the charge of playing politics or of cowardice in order to gain a political advantage.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

BROUN'S PAGE

Some Sleeping Beauties

LIBERALS, blown-in-the-bottle liberals, are fond of saying that their every action is guided by high principle and that under no circumstance would they ever stoop to mere opportunism. That sounds well and it may be true, but unfortunately it carries its corollary, which is equally veracious. This may be expressed simply in the aphorism, "Once a liberal always a sucker."

I am not talking, of course, of shrewd and spurious politicians who are lightning-change artists in the matter of putting on or taking off the cloak of liberalism and getting back into their tights. I speak of the much more dangerous breed of liberals who know not what they do. Since practical politics is a sordid game, these gentlemen take pride in their impracticality. As a result, liberals are constantly being used to help the purposes of sinister groups. A little befuddlement will make them serviceable to any cause, and befuddling a liberal is far simpler than rolling off a log.

It would be idle to deny that a few of the liberals who leaped into the fight against President Roosevelt's court proposals were utterly sincere. Because of their sincerity and deserved reputation for honesty of purpose they were used as shock troops by the Old Guard. The words of such men carried great weight, and while they were talking the boys in the back room cooked up their plot and may be in a position to put it over.

It must be apparent by now, even to a liberal, that the drive against the Roosevelt plan has become a piece of camouflage behind which reactionary forces are assembling to sweep away every semblance of the New Deal. This fact has not only been admitted but proudly proclaimed by such organs of the Republican Party as the New York *Herald Tribune*. And the proudest boast is that the alliance for reaction is bipartisan. Never have any Democrats received such praise from the opposition as is now being showered on the seven Senators who turned against the platform on which they were elected.

It has been said that the majority report of the Senate Judiciary Committee reads more like an impeachment proceeding than a report. There may well be significance in this. There are a great many Democrats who would be delighted to impeach Franklin D. Roosevelt, if that were possible, and put John Nance Garner in his place. The astute Mr. Krock of the New York *Times* has pointed out the analogy between the present situation and the revolt of the Republican reactionaries in 1920 which led to the nomination of Warren Gamaliel Harding. Plenty of Hardings can be found within the Democratic ranks, and the bourbons of the party would like to have one in the White House by 1941 at the very latest.

The present drive aims not only to stop the entire Roose-

velt progressive program but to scrap what has already been accomplished. Real liberals are not in favor of this vast swing to the right. They can say with justice that Mr. Roosevelt's approach to court reform was far from ideal. And yet I have always felt that there was soundness in the gambler's answer in that very ancient wheeze. You may remember he was warned that the wheel on which he was about to risk his dollars was not above reproach, and that he replied, "What the hell! It's the only one in town." Mr. Roosevelt's plan in regard to the Supreme Court may have its faults, but it is the only one available.

A few months ago there was a great deal of talk by some very reactionary people that a clarifying, or even a broadening amendment would be all right with them. Some even went to the length of asserting that they fought the scheme of additional justices chiefly because they desired some more fundamental plan to protect progressive legislation. Many weeks ago I ventured the opinion that no amendment whatsoever would have any chance if the Roosevelt plan were killed. It isn't killed yet, but it would be foolish not to admit that it has been stopped dead in its tracks. And in that situation is it so that the old fervent amendment boys are rushing forward with their plans? You have only to read the newspaper headlines to realize that nobody has peeped about an amendment in months. And if anybody does, no attention will be paid because the Tories feel that they have won the fight to preserve the status quo.

Again it is well to remember that even the most ardent foes of the major portion of the President's plan spoke in friendly fashion of some of the minor elements. There was articulate agreement that the lag between the passage of a law and its test before the High Bench provoked much hardship and confusion. The provision for hastening such cases up to the court of last resort met practically no opposition. And yet in its report the majority of the Senate Judiciary Committee has no kind word for any part of the plan. The reason is hardly mysterious. Those who represent the large interests love the law's delays.

Mr. Roosevelt said that one of the difficulties in the path of an amendment was the bottle neck provided by those small states which could by combination defeat the will of a very large majority. His theory has been made good. The Senators from the rotten boroughs make up the band of last-minute converts which has made the reactionary drive possible.

It is difficult to convert a liberal. I merely ask those who have unconsciously aided in a great betrayal to look at the record. Liberalism will never be a useful force in America until the children of light have made up their minds that they must be at least half as smart as the children of darkness. Oswald Garrison Villard please note.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE SUPERIOR VIRTUE OF THE OPPRESSED

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

ONE of the persistent delusions of mankind is that some sections of the human race are morally better or worse than others. This belief has many different forms, none of which has any rational basis. It is natural to think well of ourselves, and thence, if our mental processes are simple, of our sex, our class, our nation, and our age. But among writers, especially moralists, a less direct expression of self-esteem is common. They tend to think ill of their neighbors and acquaintances, and therefore to think well of the sections of mankind to which they themselves do not belong. Lao-Tze admired the "pure men of old," who lived before the advent of Confucian sophistication. Tacitus and Madame de Staël admired the Germans because they had no emperor. Locke thought well of the "intelligent American" because he was not led astray by Cartesian sophistries.

A rather curious form of this admiration for groups to which the admirer does not belong is the belief in the superior virtue of the oppressed: subject nations, the poor, women, and children. The eighteenth century, while conquering America from the Indians, reducing the peasantry to the condition of pauper laborers, and introducing the cruelties of early industrialism, loved to sentimentalize about the "noble savage" and the "simple annals of the poor." Virtue, it was said, was not to be found in courts: but court ladies could *almost* secure it by masquerading as shepherdesses. And as for the male sex:

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound.

Nevertheless, for himself Pope preferred London and his villa at Twickenham.

At the French Revolution the superior virtue of the poor became a party question, and has remained so ever since. To reactionaries they became the "rabble" or the "mob." The rich discovered, with surprise, that some people were so poor as not to own even "a few paternal acres." Liberals, however, still continued to idealize the rural poor, while intellectual Socialists and Communists did the same for the urban proletariat—a fashion to which, since it only became important in the twentieth century, I shall return later.

Nationalism introduced, in the nineteenth century, a substitute for the noble savage—the patriot of an oppressed nation. The Greeks until they had achieved liberation from the Turks, the Hungarians until the *Ausgleich* of 1867, the Italians until 1870, and the Poles until after the war were regarded romantically as gifted poetic races, too idealistic to succeed in this wicked world. The Irish were regarded by the English

as possessed of a special charm and mystical insight until 1921, when it was found that the expense of continuing to oppress them would be prohibitive. One by one these various nations rose to independence, and were found to be just like everybody else; but the experience of those already liberated did nothing to destroy the illusion as regards those who were still struggling. English old ladies still sentimentalize about the "wisdom of the East" and American intellectuals about the "earth consciousness" of the Negro.

Women, being the objects of the strongest emotions, have been viewed even more irrationally than the poor or the subject nations. I am thinking not of what poets have to say but of the sober opinions of men who imagine themselves rational. The church had two opposite attitudes: on the one hand, woman was the Temptress, who led monks and others into sin; on the other hand, she was capable of saintliness to an almost greater degree than man. Theologically, the two types were represented by Eve and the Virgin. In the nineteenth century the temptress fell into the background; there were, of course, "bad" women, but Victorian worthies, unlike St. Augustine and his successors, would not admit that such sinners could tempt them, and did not like to acknowledge their existence. A kind of combination of the Madonna and the lady of chivalry was created as the ideal of the ordinary married woman. She was delicate and dainty, she had a bloom which would be rubbed off by contact with the rough world, she had ideals which might be dimmed by contact with wickedness; like the Celts and the Slavs and the noble savage, but to an even greater degree, she enjoyed a spiritual nature, which made her the superior of man but unfitted her for business or politics or the control of her own fortune. This point of view is still not entirely extinct. The other day, in reply to a speech I had made in favor of equal pay for equal work, an English schoolmaster sent me a pamphlet published by a schoolmasters' association, setting forth the opposite opinion, which it supports with curious arguments. It says of woman: "We gladly place her first as a spiritual force; we acknowledge and reverence her as the 'angelic part of humanity'; we give her superiority in all the graces and refinements we are capable of as human beings; we wish her to retain all her winsome womanly ways." "This appeal"—that women should be content with lower rates of pay—"goes forth from us to them," so we are assured, "in no selfish spirit, but out of respect and devotion to our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters. . . . Our purpose is a sacred one, a real spiritual crusade."

Fifty or sixty years ago such language would have roused no comment except on the part of a handful of feminists; now, since women have acquired the vote, it has come to seem an anachronism. The belief in their "spiritual" superiority was part and parcel of the determination to keep them inferior economically and politically. When men were worsted in this battle, they had to respect women, and therefore gave up offering them "reverence" as a consolation for inferiority.

A somewhat similar development has taken place in the adult view of children. Children, like women, were theologically wicked, especially among evangelicals. They were limbs of Satan, they were unregenerate; as Dr. Watts so admirably put it:

One stroke of His almighty rod
Can send young sinners quick to Hell.

It was necessary that they should be "saved." At Wesley's school "a general conversion was once effected, . . . one poor boy only excepted, who unfortunately resisted the influence of the Holy Spirit, for which he was severely flogged. . . ." But during the nineteenth century, when parental authority, like that of kings and priests and husbands, felt itself threatened, subtler methods of quelling insubordination came into vogue. Children were "innocent"; like good women they had a "bloom"; they must be protected from knowledge of evil lest their bloom should be lost. Moreover, they had a special kind of wisdom. Wordsworth made this view popular among English-speaking people. He first made it fashionable to credit children with

High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

No one in the eighteenth century would have said to his little daughter, unless she were dead:

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year
And worships't at the temple's inner shrine.

But in the nineteenth century this view became quite common; and respectable members of the Episcopal church—or even of the Catholic church—shamelessly ignored Original Sin to dally with the fashionable heresy that

. . . trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

This led to the usual development. It began to seem hardly right to spank a creature that was lying in Abraham's bosom, or to use the rod rather than "high instincts" to make it "tremble like a guilty thing surprised." And so parents and schoolmasters found that the pleasures they had derived from inflicting chastisement were being curtailed, and a theory of education grew up which made it necessary to consider the child's welfare, and not only the adult's convenience and sense of power.

The only consolation the adults could allow themselves was the invention of a new child psychology. Children, after being limbs of Satan in traditional theology and mystically illuminated angels in the minds of educational reformers, have reverted to being little devils—not theological demons inspired by the Evil One, but

scientific Freudian abominations inspired by the Unconscious. They are, it must be said, far more wicked than they were in the diatribes of the monks; they display, in modern textbooks, an ingenuity and persistence in sinful imaginings to which in the past there was nothing comparable except St. Anthony. Is all this the objective truth at last? Or is it merely an adult imaginative compensation for being no longer allowed to wallop the little pests? Let the Freudians answer, each for the others.

As appears from the various instances that we have considered, the stage in which superior virtue is attributed to the oppressed is transient and unstable. It begins only when the oppressors come to have a bad conscience, and this only happens when their power is no longer secure. The idealizing of the victim is useful for a time: if virtue is the greatest of goods, and if subjection makes people virtuous, it is kind to refuse them power, since it would destroy their virtue. If it is difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, it is a noble act on his part to keep his wealth and so imperil his eternal bliss for the benefit of his poorer brethren. It was a fine self-sacrifice on the part of men to relieve women of the dirty work of politics. And so on. But sooner or later the oppressed class will argue that its superior virtue is a reason in favor of its having power, and the oppressors will find their own weapons turned against them. When at last power has been equalized, it becomes apparent to everybody that all the talk about superior virtue was nonsense, and that it was quite unnecessary as a basis for the claim to equality.

In regard to the Italians, the Hungarians, women, and children, we have run through the whole cycle. But we are still in the middle of it in the case which is of the most importance at the present time—namely, that of the proletariat. Admiration of the proletariat is very modern. The eighteenth century, when it praised "the poor," thought always of the rural poor. Jefferson's democracy stopped short at the urban mob; he wished America to remain a country of agriculturists. Admiration of the proletariat, like that of dams, power stations, and aeroplanes, is part of the ideology of the machine age. Considered in human terms, it has as little in its favor as belief in Celtic magic, the Slav soul, women's intuition, and children's innocence. If it were indeed the case that bad nourishment, little education, lack of air and sunshine, unhealthy housing conditions, and overwork produce better people than are produced by good nourishment, open air, adequate education and housing, and a reasonable amount of leisure, the whole case for economic reconstruction would collapse, and we could rejoice that such a large percentage of the population enjoys the conditions that make for virtue. But obvious as this argument is, many Socialist and Communist intellectuals consider it *de rigueur* to pretend to find the proletariat more amiable than other people, while professing a desire to abolish the conditions which, according to them, alone produce good human beings. Children were idealized by Wordsworth and un-idealized by Freud. Marx was the Wordsworth of the proletariat; its Freud is still to come.

BOOKS

Torrents of Spring

WHITE MULE. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. \$2.50.

IT IS a fine thing that Dr. Williams's "White Mule" has at last been brought out in book form. Dr. Williams, though among the most bracing and original talents in American letters, has never received the recognition so frequently accorded to those who denature and conventionalize the new attitudes and techniques launched by people like himself. That he is detached from all efforts at popular appeal goes without saying. Kenneth Burke once said of Williams that he was engaged in "discovering the shortest route between subject and object," but the reader, unfortunately, having become accustomed to the fatigue induced by long detours, has come to regard the short cut as an aberration of literary faddists.

Williams is too hardy a frontiersman of the word to permit himself the idle luxuries of aestheticism. There are too many things to be seen and touched, too many cadences of living speech to be listened to and recorded; and his novel is as busy doing that as his poetry. What happens on the most ordinary level of American living is the theme of this narrative of a man, his wife, and their two children. Like the spokes of a wheel all the episodes in the book radiate from the first chapter, called *To Be*, which describes the birth of the second child and its first few days in the world. As in a microcosm the author's creative credo is embodied in this chapter, so instinct with natural piety and pure in its virile tenderness, so alive with sensory detail recreated in language that is swift, bare, tonic, and elated by its closeness to the object. Such plain and humble subject matter is characteristic of Williams, who has a passion for the anti-poetic, which he sees as the solvent of the unreal in art. Moreover, it is this very quality which causes his elements to move with such simple grace and which releases in him a sensibility of springtime that in itself becomes the source of a new poetics. In this sense, if a good deal of modernist writing represents a vision of the end of the world, Williams's distinct strength lies, conversely, in calling forth a vision of its beginnings. And this would explain why he has been able to work within the modernist medium without sharing its decadence.

The novel as a whole, however, is not content with the perception of facts and the feeling of them. There are certain problems, obviously, that the aesthetics of neo-primitivism cannot encompass. Continuing in a different vein the intense search for America that marked his prose work "In the American Grain," Williams employs his characters as instruments to register with unwonted sensitiveness the peculiarities of the American scene. Joe Stecher, the foreman of a printshop, is an Alsatian who came to America in early youth, and his wife, Gurlie, is Norwegian. As foreigners, they are acutely aware of the contrast between the old world and the new and singularly perceptive of American qualities. Gurlie is so rife with the natural humors of a wife that she emerges as a veritable goddess of the home, but since it is an American home she is constantly urging her husband to get into the game, beat the other fellow, and make money. Joe's prin-

cipal motivation, however, is his pride of workmanship; he is the pure artisan, the man who has not yet been alienated from the product of his labor and who thinks of money as the reward of labor and nothing else. Hence he takes a middle position between employer and worker. He is assailed by vexatious questions, such as are the unions merely businesses or do they represent a higher principle of social justice? Yet essentially he regards both sides in the struggle as interfering with the efficiency of production. Ambition stirs him, and despite himself he gradually becomes more and more involved with the employers. As this is only the first book in what promises to be a series, it is premature to predict the eventual resolution of Joe's beliefs.

It is interesting to observe that Williams too, like most American writers, has not escaped the political baptism of our decade. Patently, there is a correspondence between Joe Stecher and himself. Joe's philosophy of workmanship also defines the relation of Williams, a writer who is primarily a craftsman, to the literary trends of recent years. It is not difficult to see how to him the conflict of classes in literature might seem to be interfering, and perhaps gratuitously so, with the clean functioning of the written word. He would naturally be affronted by the automatism with which the phrase springs to the lips of the political fanatic. Hence, not the least of the tasks he has set himself in his work is the discovery of an attitude toward society that will prove compatible with his creative methods as a writer.

PHILIP RAHV

"There Is a World Dimensional"

HART CRANE. THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN POET. By Philip Horton. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

IT IS well that a young critic, Philip Horton, and not one of Hart Crane's many literary friends undertook to write his biography, for Crane's life, like Poe's, is a tragic study of frustration. A friend would have written with a predominantly personal bias; Horton, working from letters and documents, presents his materials objectively and impersonally. He treats the poet with reverence but without sentimentality, and he has no ax to grind. This biography is consequently a dignified analysis of a complex and tortured mind.

Crane was an extraordinarily sensitive person affected by every conceivable personal and social force. Neither his middle-class family nor the period into which he was born afforded him security. He believed, nevertheless, that "there is a world dimensional for those untwisted by the love of things irreconcilable." Like Whitman he placed entire faith in an ecstatic and mystic love. But in daily life he was a strange and very difficult person for companionship. He sought complete identity with humanity and with the physical world, but everything in his life tended to isolate him and to increase his defense of extreme individuality and egotism. Finally even his faith in his own powers went, and he committed suicide.

Mr. Horton has been able to obtain from Hart Crane's mother and family all the important letters and records. He has obtained, too, letters from many New York writers who knew Crane well. Those to Gorham Munson, for example, begin while Crane was in his late teens. Waldo Frank, Malcolm Cowley, Allen Tate, Laura Riding, Slater Brown, and others have doubtless contributed to the author's fund of information. Horton has also been given access to papers containing early versions of many of the poems we now know as

Crane's finest work. Indeed, he dates carefully almost all the poems. Probably many other letters of Crane's will still be found, and many other interpretations will be made of some of the materials at Horton's command. But in general this biography is authoritative. It does Hart Crane justice, and that is saying a great deal.

As a child Crane was subject to strange neurotic attacks. From the age of seven he was completely aware of hysterical struggles between his parents. His own life became the battle ground of two persons entirely mismatched. His mother was emotional and far too inclined to throw herself on her son's mercy. His father, the typical American business man, was more than harsh with a son whom he could not make into another business man. The result was that Crane was denied until too late any financial security whatsoever. He was forced in the most important years of his life to beg and to borrow, to seek any kind of work he could get. He wrote copy for advertisements when poems were teeming in his mind. In New York as a boy and later as a young man in his twenties he often knew himself to be dependent on the hospitality of his literary friends. The middle-class morality and standards which he accepted were in complete conflict with his acknowledged sexual abnormality and his inability to earn a living. The society in which he grew up denied his idealistic mysticism. First betrayed by his father, he was later inevitably to feel himself betrayed by friend after friend.

The twenties in America scintillated with literary battles to little purpose. The younger writers either thrived on competition or retreated from it to Europe, where they made a last stand against their own age and its materialism in their "little" magazines. In time they joined the revolutionary school of writing or were left solitary in their ivory towers. Crane disapproved of the exodus to Europe. He did not join literary schools. Influenced most by the Elizabethans and the modern French poets, he took from his reading whatever most stimulated him creatively. He was unspoiled, for he had not gone to college. All was fresh to him—language and its magnificent and subtle expressiveness, the stimulating new designs evident in modern painting and modern music.

Nevertheless, the attempt to conquer his own medium and at the same time to support himself was too difficult a task for him. He came early to rely on drink for stimulus in writing when he was overtired by work or worry. He talked divinely but too much. Even the friends who encouraged his pranks and follies fled from him and left him desolate. He had taken, moreover, the opposite direction from that of the leader in poetry, T. S. Eliot, for he was concerned with building a whole myth for America when most poets were writing of the disintegrations of a culture. His wholly individual point of view and his difficulty in synthesizing his vision with his real scene caused him to be misunderstood. Critics were very harsh, and Crane was sensitive. Finally, believing that he had come to the end of things, he leaped overboard on the return trip from Mexico, where, too late, he had been sent on a Guggenheim fellowship. This was in 1932, during the depression. Hart Crane, returning home without a job, believed himself too much the individualist to accept the current political cure-alls. He was, however, I firmly believe, the one poet of his period who might have found his greatest poetic convictions substantiated, his mystic faith posited, by the Marxian philosophy. In his psychology and in his financial situation he was alien to his own class. Had he lived to know himself the voice of a great movement, he might have become the first poet of revolutionary belief.

Philip Horton's last chapters are devoted to a very level-

headed analysis of Crane's poetry. The earlier versions of the poems prove how wrong academic criticism of Crane may be—how wrong, in fact, even so acute a critic as R. P. Blackmur has been. Crane worked with words as an artist does with color and design, moving pieces of poems from one composition to another, shifting phrases for better effect and association. For him poetry was plastic. Horton is right about Crane's method of realizing his own meaning through sound and association of image rather than through idea. Music and words aroused him to ecstasy. He played the phonograph constantly while he composed. Words and phrases came very unclearly at first; then, as they were written down, their significance cleared and mistakes could be corrected. But revision for Crane meant the reexperiencing of the original emotion; he had constantly to throw himself back into the strange mood of a poem's inception. At times he wrote with speed and great intensity. Two comparatively brief intervals saw most of his great poems composed. The weaker sections of "The Bridge" were written when Crane was mentally ill. As for "The Broken Tower," the one masterpiece of the last year of his life, it was thought of at least a year before it took final shape in his mind. I have a letter from Crane dated January, 1931, in which he writes, "Give my greetings to Léonie Adams and tell her that I think her poem 'Bell Tower' makes me long to do something half so perfect as its delicate and yet majestic overtones achieve." I mention this because of disagreement about the date of the poem's composition.

EDA LOU WALTON

Education of a Maverick

A MAVERICK AMERICAN. By Maury Maverick. Covici-Friede. \$3.

THIS Maverick American has put his personality into his autobiography with remarkable fidelity. In general it is the personality of a typical American—I had almost said "from the frontier"; but one thing that Maury Maverick will not stand for is to have Texas called the frontier. With that state his people have been identified for a long time. It was his grandfather who, by refusing to brand his cattle, put the family name into current English usage as an adjective. He has in his ancestry everything that the average American of the South likes to boast about, and he tells you about it with his tongue in his cheek. He sees through it, knows that it is bombast and fustian, and yet revels in it.

It is an extraordinary story that he has to tell, and though he tells it with unsparing self-condemnation, the narrative is chock-full of humor, sarcasm, and a characteristic delight in the frank exposure of humbug. The most moving part of the story is the part concerned with his war experiences; this would be wholly touching if it were not full of humor from beginning to end, humor to arouse the envy of a Charles Lever. Never was there a military career more delightfully recorded; never were the stupidities of our army life and the folly of our participation in the World War better shown up than by this erstwhile commander of a machine-gun company. It may not be generally known that when he reached the firing-line, his men, his fellow-officers, and finally he himself were one after the other wounded or killed—and for eighteen years afterward a bullet in his spine made it impossible for him to have one waking moment without pain. When he first went to Washington a Capitol policeman arrested him for drunkenness because he could not walk steadily! Finally, the Mayos sawed off pieces of five vertebrae

and took out a spinal-cord tumor. The moral for him is characteristic of the man, and here it is: "It is a damned outrage that a poor man can't go to a doctor. Mayo's fee was low. Their work was far more than satisfactory. But why can't every man be operated on when he needs it? Why should people watch their children die? Why should a man in moderate circumstances have to die because he hasn't got the money for an operation and hospital expenses?"

It is also characteristic of him that although he was making \$18,000 a year between his salary as a tax-collector and returns from his business, he dropped it all in the middle of the depression to ride the freights with hobos in order to study what was happening to the victims of the great disaster. He found that the men and women, though helpless and broke, were not professional hobos: "They had no views; neither had they resentment. They did not know why they were hungry and unemployed, and they did not seem to care. They did not even discuss solving their problems. . . ." Of course he went to work to make the lot of these people, at least when they came into his town, bearable. He founded a freight-car colony, only to find that it didn't work as soon as these pitiful people got money. Every time that he touches human nature he learns from it, and that is one of the engaging things about the man and about the book. You feel that because he does go out and meet human nature halfway he is growing all the time. If his book is a delightful jumble, it is because he has found life a jumble, and he has recorded it as he has lived it and seen it.

It was an impudent undertaking, this writing of his autobiography by a man who is just at the outset of his career. It smacks somewhat of the Chauncey Depew who presented his own monument to his birthplace and then made the dedicatory address at the unveiling. Yet I have to admit that the autobiography is absolutely warranted. In his first term Maverick made himself one of the foremost figures in Congress; in his second he has had what he considers the high honor of introducing in the House the President's own Supreme Court reform bill. If San Antonio knows what it is about, it will send Maury Maverick to Congress as long as he can stand up, and then send him in a hammock or on a litter.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Cafe Philosophy

INVERTEBRATE SPAIN. By José Ortega y Gasset. Translated by Mildred Adams. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75.

THE general content of Ortega's "Invertebrate Spain" dates back to the 20's and therefore has only an indirect bearing on the present military rebellion in Spain, for which it supplies landscape and background. As regards the background one must point out that, for all of impressions to the contrary, Ortega is not a thinker. His thought structures, large or small, consist mainly in finding a verbal name for the thing, and then explaining the thing in terms of the logical implications of the name. Such thinking can pass as thought only in circles in which rationalist and scholastic methods remain as yet untouched by the historical method and the methods of science proper.

This comment applies to Ortega's study of Spanish "particularism" in this volume. Why is it that in Spain regional differences are so sharp and, when they come into action, so bitter? Why also are horizontal scissions and schisms equally clean-cut and impassable? Why is a general a general and not

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a Spaniard, a priest a priest and not a Spaniard, an Anarchist an Anarchist and not even a Catalanian? To answer that they are suffering from "particularism" is like saying that water is not as dry as we might like it to be because it is suffering from wetness. As a matter of fact, history and the social sciences have much to say on the phenomena that Ortega describes as "particularism." "Particularism" is not a new phenomenon, nor even a locally Spanish phenomenon. Its laws are on the whole fairly well understood. Do not go to Ortega, however, for that sort of discussion. From the thing he takes us to the name and then from the name back to the thing, and that is the end of it.

The thing, nevertheless, is interesting, and one should read in this connection Ortega's essay on the Spanish military class, which he describes as "a loaded rifle with no one to shoot it." It is to be hoped that Ortega will some day give us equally illuminating essays on the priests, the capitalists, the nobility, the urban workers, the farmers—each class, besides, with its vertical and horizontal divisions. For looking at Spain at long range I have always been interested to note that in Spain we used to have the lower clergy unionized against the hierarchy, and in the army, junior officers unionized against the generals, the monarchy, and the republic.

Ortega's landscape is exceedingly interesting, and along with it the sidelights that he throws on the temperaments of the inhabitants of the different regions—especially the Castiles, the Asturias, the Basque country, and Andalusia. The essay on Andalusia is inimitable: "Let us not exaggerate the indolence of Andalusians. . . . They must do all that is necessary, for Andalusia continues to exist. Their laziness does not completely exclude work. Rather it becomes the meaning of work and the air which work takes on." That is Ortega at his best, and it is such a high grade of best that one wishes he would not waste so much time on his cafe philosophy and sociology.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Sweet Beulah Land

KENNEBEC: CRADLE OF AMERICANS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IN A headlong, rapturous mood Mr. Coffin inaugurates the first of a series of books written under the general editorship of Constance Lindsay Skinner. He recasts the history of the Kennebec from the time Hakluyt and Purchas described the first Abenaki Indian down to the day when the last shad net was hung up in the deserted houses on the shore, and does it in a spirit of high romance that would do credit to any scop, gleeman, or jongleur, past or present. Plainly the rhythms of Maine's finest river have cradled him from childhood, and now the whole state's rocks and rills, fir and furniture, fish and people are presented like an all-star Griffith production with technical advice from Swinburne.

Mr. Coffin's enthusiasms are happily contagious and his style is eminently readable. If launched a month sooner this book might well have been responsible for a seasonal deflowering of other sections of New England. For the Kennebec strawberry that comes in the sweet of the year would most surely have been sought out by summer flannels, and the fresh-water clams and fish, under the hot ardors of his pen, become delicacies that would have made company for dinner in every Maine fisherman's home.

Even the actual history of the river is all pretty much

Sweet Beulah Land to Mr. Coffin. I thought at first it was something for the children, and the policemen who didn't like the WPA play about the beavers. And then I found myself liking it as well as any historical fairy story I had ever read. The Indian queen with whom Aaron Burr fell in love seemed much comelier than Pocahontas, and the craggy men of Maine somehow had a much more direct way of polishing off the French and Indians than had, say, General Harrison. (Incidentally the shoe industry and Powers Hapgood are not mentioned.)

Almost everything else and everyone who ever walked the Kennebec are mentioned. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is described as she left the First Parish Congregational Church at Brunswick to hurry home and write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Longfellow, Hawthorne, Abbott, Millay, and Robinson are other names the Kennebec can claim. And the rapids of the Cobbosseecontee saw, besides English colonials, Moravian Germans, Irish, Huguenot French, French Canadians, Poles, Finns, Swedes.

I am delighted that I have had more than one summer on the Kennebec; otherwise I should feel with the hairy ape that I didn't quite "belong." But perhaps when Mr. Havighurst writes of the upper Mississippi and Mr. Burt of the Snake River, there will be a similar wish to have been cradled where cradling was best, as Mr. Coffin suggests with major accents.

Reading his story of the Kennebec is actually like looking at one of Maine's own patchwork quilts, where the brightest colors stand out the clearest. For although Mr. Coffin at the end of the book briefly deplores the fact that his river has been befouled by greed and that it must continue to take summer boarders until its three great nourishers of life—fisheries, forests, and merchant marine—are reopened to activity, he never examines the reason behind the reason or suggests, as a historical writer, any possible solution to the Kennebec's stagnation. He hopes for the day when alewives can fill Merrymeeting Bay again, but in the meantime he is romantically certain that his salt-of-the-earth Yankees will continue to fill the cradles with the best Americans.

STANLEY YOUNG

King into Office Boy

THE MAGIC OF MONARCHY. By Kingsley Martin.
Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

FOR many years historians and students of government will debate the issues surrounding the abdication of Edward VIII and the accession of George VI. In these discussions they will make frequent references to Kingsley Martin's contemporary account of events and of the course of British opinion. Sympathizing in many respects with Edward and frequently critical of the Cabinet, Mr. Martin nevertheless does not take the view stated on the floor of the House of Commons by James Maxton—who is not the least picturesque member of the Labor opposition: "Mr. Baldwin and the National government have demonstrated in a most effective fashion that the greatest and best-loved monarch this nation has ever known can be scrapped like an office boy and that within twenty-four hours another office boy can be started in his place."

In Mr. Martin's interesting little book—much of which has been published in the *New Statesman*, which he edits, and in the *Political Quarterly*, which he helps to edit—two principal points are explicitly dealt with. There are also oblique



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references to what might have happened but did not, and underlying the whole discussion is a fourth consideration which in the future may be of far greater importance than the other three.

Mr. Martin begins with an analysis of the mystical aura which for some years had been surrounding the monarchy. For the occupant of the throne the people had come to have something approaching reverence. Adoration was so extreme as to be irrational. Even before the accession of Edward VIII the press had ceased to devote any serious attention to the functions of the Crown. That showed a marked change from the attitude toward monarchy during the reign of Victoria. *Punch* made ribald jokes about her first pregnancy. The newspapers talked plainly about the Prince Consort and freely expressed what they conceived to be the truth concerning the abilities and the characters of other members of the royal family. Until some years after Victoria's death there was nothing resembling reverence.

The change came about partly because the monarchy had behaved itself for so many years and partly because, in Gladstone's phrase, there had been a gradual and beneficial substitution of influence for power. That transformation spelled the defeat of the republican movement. At the time that influence is exerted, however, no one outside the government or the court circle can know just how great royal pressures and resistances are. This is Mr. Martin's second point. Queen Victoria's correspondence, recently published, shows that she was by no means the figurehead Walter Bagehot declared her to be. On this an incisive and still authoritative analyst of the British constitution was in error. But on the psychological importance of monarchy Bagehot made shrewd observations when he argued the importance of the theatrical functions of government. He was more prophetic than he knew, since he could not anticipate the zenith reached in the recent Coronation. For that he would have had to be a Barnum, not simply an economist, or "a wit and a seer," as Woodrow Wilson called Bagehot.

The consideration which is hinted at rather than fully discussed by Mr. Martin belongs in the realm of what Sir Henry Maine called "hypothetics"—"the science of that which might have happened but did not." If the discussion of Edward VIII's romance had not been taboo in the British press, if talk of it had not been limited to Mayfair groups, what would the popular attitude have been? The magic of monarchy encouraged a conspiracy of silence until the Bishop of Bradford, whose family name appropriately is Blunt, made his statement—apparently without reference to Mrs. Simpson—that the King was failing to appreciate the value of God's grace. If the news had not been broken so bluntly, would the Baldwin government have had to attempt to bring the dominions into line for amorganatic marriage? After the event it is easy for Englishmen to answer such a question with a decided no. But what would have been the attitude of the British government if the crisis had come weeks later, when visitors from the dominions were already en route to the Coronation; when any change of plan would have been devastatingly "bad for trade"? The historian will at least say that the King did not think of a time table that might have permitted him to keep his throne and still have the woman he loved.

The underlying issue which may become acute in the future is one that was discussed by the Labor Party before George V died. Members of the Labor Party, like Sir Stafford Cripps, suggested that if Labor had a clear majority in the House of Commons and sought to drive legislation to the statute books,

there would be determined opposition from the Crown. Such opposition might be decisive if the King refused to pack the House of Lords. Under such circumstances what would be Labor's strategy? The precedent of Ulster's resistance to Home Rule in 1913 was declared to be ominous. The King's share in the fall of the Labor government in 1931 and the formation of a National government, while incompletely known, held out no assurances to the Labor Party.

Edward VIII was more of a "constitutional king" than any of his predecessors had been. He agreed with the Baldwin government that in a matter which intimately affected his private life but was of great public concern he must bow to the will of his ministers supported by the House of Commons. Will the present or a future king similarly yield if he learns from Labor ministers that they, backed by a majority of the House of Commons, insist that in a matter of public importance which outrages his private opinions—say, the nationalization of industry—he must bow to their will? In the case of Edward VIII the Labor Party supported Mr. Baldwin. In the second case will the Conservative Party support a Labor government? Perhaps the Labor Party should have asked for such an assurance before it joined in sacking the office boy.

LINDSAY ROGERS

Modern Government

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS.

By Carl Joachim Friedrich. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

EVEN political scientists have become isolationists today, separating their interests into water-tight compartments from which no leak is allowed. Books are concerned with the American Constitution or with the governments of fascist or of communist countries, and there is little attempt to discover any common threads of pattern in the web of government as a whole. Much less is there any effort to trace the reasons why so many of the threads appear short, broken, and unrelated. To this neglected field of comparative government Professor Friedrich has brought a welcome and important contribution. He believes that modern political science is not concerned with either existing or ideal forms of government but rather with instruments of political action in terms of the objectives that government is supposed to serve. Therefore his emphasis is on the working of political institutions and procedures and what he calls "common-sense" notions concerning them.

The first part of his book is devoted to modern government in the making. The microscope is first focused on the major objectives of government today and the means by which they are achieved. Beginning with a consideration of the forms of government and the methods of political action, Professor Friedrich soon deserts the beaten path and comes to grips with his subject in his illuminating discussion of the bureaucracy—using the term in no invidious sense—as the core of modern government. In the second part of the book he is concerned with what is somewhat cumbrously called "constitutionalizing modern government." Starting with the common hypothesis that a constitution means primarily the process by which the action of government is or may be effectively restrained, he canvasses the various means for such restraint with clarity and insight. His far-reaching scholarship is apparent particularly in the chapters on federalism and the territorial division of powers. The discussion of the Constitution as a political force and of political parties is thinner at the edges and makes one wish that Professor Friedrich had kept his spotlight on them until the picture emerged more clearly.

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The chief difficulty of the volume is the lack of clarity with which its audience is envisaged. It is written, the author says, for those who are puzzled about the future of constitutional government and democracy. But these embrace a great and various multitude, and he seems to aim first at one and then at another in the throng. For persons with considerable technical knowledge, many of his discussions do not go beyond those of a college classroom, as, for example, the paragraphs on administrative law and administrative action. Technicians will also miss a developed theory of the state today. On the other hand, the novice will find some of the material hard going—for instance, the excellent theoretical treatment of responsibility and its enforcement.

Professor Friedrich has great belief in scholarship expressed in the vernacular, but at times he finds it impossible to develop some of the philosophical ideas which are his concern without resort to the language of the study and the lamp. The resultant mixture is at times a curious hybrid. Nevertheless the attempt to develop the ideas of the scholar in language intelligible to the uninitiated is a laudable one. Professor Friedrich also despises the idea of a bibliography, which he thinks might well be "washed out," but his own important and exhaustive bibliography will not be despised by those who desire to venture farther along the path where he has so brilliantly led.

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Letters to the Editors

The American Writers' Congress

Dear Sirs: To Mr. Macdonald the American Writers' Congress seems to have been (1) a maneuver of the Communist Party; (2) like the pep talks which precede the Exeter-Andover football game; (3) innocuous and boring; (4) an unintelligent effort to build up a united front of writers against fascism.

There were 358 delegates to this congress, and the only persons who thought of the congress unfavorably were Mr. Macdonald and four others who sat assiduously with him at all the sessions, and one Trotskyite who did not sit with the Macdonald group. Mr. Macdonald suggests there would have been others had they not been excluded, and that these others would have revealed to the delegates the machinations whereby they were strung on a "Stalinist" line.

Excluded? Was Mr. Macdonald excluded? Or those who sat with him? Or the other Trotskyite? The call to the congress was widely published, and in it all writers of standing were invited to sign the call and secure their credentials. Why did not the writers whom Mr. Macdonald says were excluded apply? James T. Farrell, who, Mr. Macdonald says, "didn't think it worth attending," belatedly turned up in a tropical sun helmet just before the great public meeting began, but was unable to buy a ticket as hundreds, unfortunately, were being turned away.

There is something very pathetic, and something very serious, in the attitude formulated in Mr. Macdonald's letter. It is pathetic that a man as intelligent as Mr. Macdonald is, and as honest as I once knew him to be, can see nothing in that really remarkable meeting at Carnegie Hall—where Archibald MacLeish, Donald Ogden Stewart, Earl Browder, Walter Duranty, Muriel Draper, and Ernest Hemingway spoke to an audience that overflowed the topmost seat. It is pathetic that he can see nothing in the whole congress but a "Stalinist" plot. It is serious when those with whom Mr. Macdonald has become temporarily associated attack the congress in the reactionary *Saturday Review of Literature* and elsewhere, and are praised editorially therefor in Hearst's *New York American*. By varied and circuitous routes

the enemies of mankind enter the Valley of San Simeon.

The proceedings of the congress will soon be published in book form. Readers of *The Nation*, and the public, will then be able to decide for themselves whether the papers were as innocuous and dull as Mr. MacDonald implies.

Mr. Macdonald seems to think that questions about "the freedom with which the critic who is sympathetic to the building of socialism should comment on Soviet art and letters," or "the relationship of the writer to political parties," or "the attitude of writers who accept the people's front in politics toward revolutionary literature—must they shift their allegiance to liberal-democratic literature?" or "why left-wing literature has not come to more impressive fruition" were not answered. They were answered—by Newton Arvin, B. A. Botkin, Malcolm Cowley, Martha Gelhorn, Albert Rhys Williams, Granville Hicks, Eugene Holmes, and myself, as well as by the speakers on Friday night at Carnegie Hall. The answers apparently were not what Mr. Macdonald wanted to hear, and he was psychically deaf to them. I sincerely hope he will not be psychically blind when the book about the congress comes out next fall.

The second American Writers' Congress has made possible a national organization of writers in which the regional writers' groups (three—the Pacific Coast, the Midwest, and the Southwest—have already had congresses of their own) will be integrated and important parts. The possibilities of a national League of American Writers for enabling writers to obtain insight into the relationships between day-to-day events and the main stream of world trends are tremendous and of prime importance in the defeat of fascism. In another year, or two at the most, the new League of American Writers should be well on the way to exerting a creative influence upon American letters, and its rising tide will probably inundate the palsied inconsequence of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. For the first time in this country there will be a cultural organization, with its roots in the masses, that will actually have meaning and power.

To Mr. Macdonald this may seem only "a Communist maneuver." To those of us who are working to bring it about,

it is neither a maneuver nor Communist. It is a direct effort to encourage and enable the writer to take his rightful place at the van of life. The phrase "Communist maneuver" is meaningless. It is as politically wrong as Mr. Macdonald's statement that the Socialist Party is opposed to the people's front. Is it in Spain? Or in France? No, it is not. Mr. Macdonald shouting "Communist maneuver" at the Writers' Congress is like William Green shouting "Communist" at John L. Lewis.

HENRY HART

New York, June 14

"A Cardinal of the Medici"

Dear Sirs: I am not sure that the case against Mrs. Hicks Beach's "A Cardinal of the Medici" is as strong as Mr. Weaver makes out in his review in *The Nation* of May 29. It seems unjust to blame her because her publisher has advertised her as "the wife of the brother of a lord." And the fact that she has devoted years to mastering the intricacies of a historic background does not necessarily imply that that she is deficient as a writer of fiction.

I believe that some of the points Mr. Weaver scores against the book are points in its favor. A vulgar formula of historical fiction is to smuggle one or two fictional characters, usually lovers, into the company of the historically illustrious and to involve some exalted historical character in the solution of their problem. Mrs. Beach has chosen for her fiction element a woman plausibly and significantly related to history. As the mother of the illegitimate hero she would have been forced to play an obscure part in the events of the time. Her activities would necessarily be limited to the realms of thought and feeling. In short, she is the perfect observer according to Henry James.

In complaining that the story should have been told from the point of view of the hero, Mr. Weaver disregards a theory of fiction indorsed by some very eminent practitioners. Dramatically there are considerable advantages in viewing the hero from the outside and working out his motives by impassioned inference. Mrs. Beach's point of view seems to me admirably chosen.

In comparison with most other fiction and popular biography with the back-

ground of the Italian sixteenth century, Mrs. Beach's book is remarkable in its order and restraint. To have presented so crowded and turbulent a period in terms more subtle than those of melodrama is almost a unique achievement.

The temper of Mr. Weaver's review is revealed in his rather picayune objection to Mrs. Beach's transference of a phrase of Keats to the sixteenth century. Surely Keats transferred many sixteenth-century phrases to the nineteenth. And Shakespeare's Cleopatra wore stays.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

New York, June 9

A Policeman's Lot

Dear Sirs: While in the office of a high police official some time ago, I noticed a copy of *The Nation* on a table. "Why, lieutenant," I said to the officer, "what are you doing with such seditious literature around?" The lieutenant blushed and stammered, "Oh, we have to keep track of what these enemies of the people are doing!"

SAMUEL BEER

New York, June 10

The Third Degree

Dear Sirs: Whenever major crimes come into the day's front-page headlines, as in the Gedeon, MacKnight, and Tierman murders, it seems clear to the reader that the technique of the police in obtaining information is fundamentally unsound. In these recent cases, and in various others described in the 1937 press, the suspect has very convincingly declared that what he said to the police was false, drawn from him under circumstances amounting to torture.

If mental and physical barbarities were successful in obtaining the truth from criminals, the public might perhaps be willing to condone them. But according to news accounts, the modified forms of torture so widely practiced in this country under the mild title of the third degree are proved over and over again to be just as ineffectual at getting at the truth as were the quainter wheels and spikes of our ancestors.

The public is tempted to wonder whether the breach between the psychologists, lie-detector inventors, and social workers on the one hand, and the practicing arm of the law on the other is not in itself one of our time's major defects. We are not surprised when policemen who have learned about criminals through night-stick contact sincerely believe in the efficacy of mental and physical torture. But we are disappointed

when scientists who have in their hands more efficient methods of obtaining results by humane means neglect to apply their knowledge here and now, even if this requires emerging from their ivory towers.

WILLIAM D. ALLEN

New York, May 27

Wall Street Won't Heil

Dear Sirs: I am a conservative myself, and I think I know a pretty representative cross-section of Wall Street capitalists. But reports of what business men are thinking that appear in *The Nation* have frequently no relation whatever to my experience.

In the article on *Time, Fortune, Life*, in the May 22 issue, Dwight Macdonald says: "The business classes are becoming aware that something beyond old-style capitalism is necessary. This means, if they have anything to say, some form of fascism." My worry is how Mr. Macdonald can discover something in the minds of the business classes that I cannot. I feel quite sure that business men are becoming aware that unless they return to old-style capitalism, they are lost. Hitler had a certain popularity in the dingiest corners of Wall Street a year or so ago, but his sympathizers now are negligible.

I feel particularly sensitive about Mr. Macdonald's observations, as I have just returned from Vassar where I assured a palpitating class in economics that fascism had lost almost all its appeal for Wall Street.

T. H. GAMMACK

New York, June 15

Latin American Dilemma

Dear Sirs: In regard to Señor G. Arbaiza's article, Latin America: Boycott Fascism, in *The Nation* of June 5, I should like to make a few brief comments. (1) The reason for Latin America's silence in the Spanish war is not so much suppression as impossibility of action. The few people who would do something in behalf of the Spanish government—writers, workers, teachers, students—are too poor or have too little influence to help. (2) Spanish American dictators have not borrowed Nazi methods. We claim the dubious honor of being the forerunners of fascism. Mussolini and Hitler are disciples of Dr. Francia, Solane López, Rosas, Porfirio Diaz, Benavides. (3) How can Latin Americans boycott en masse the trade and traders of Germany and Italy when all bankers, importers, brokers, and buyers are also fascists? (4) Great sums of money are needed to counter

the influence of thousands of fascists and Nazi agents throughout Latin America.

I agree with most of Señor Arbaiza's opinions but it is impossible to begin an effective boycott without a complete house-cleaning.

A. TORRES RIOSECO

Berkeley, Cal., June 11.

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